

From Secret Clan to the Divine Dynasty

Chapter 361 Testing and Teleportation

"Boom!"

The thunderous sound of distant artillery fire rose and fell like the whispers of demons, ceaselessly eroding people's psychological defenses. Each explosion came with the trembling of the earth, as if the whole city was on the verge of collapse amidst the quaking ground.

Citizens hid in sturdy buildings or tightly grasped the hands of their loved ones in basements. Fear and anxiety filled almost everyone's eyes.

Banyoles City was tightly suffocated in the iron grip of the enemy armies, as if a heart was being relentlessly squeezed by a merciless hand, each beat accompanied by suffocating tension. The air was rife with a mixture of gunpowder and dust, stinging people's nostrils and fraying their tightly strung nerves.

People gathered together in the shelters, beads of sweat forming on their foreheads as they tensed with extreme anxiety; some hung their heads in silence, their gazes hollow as they tried to suppress the fear in their hearts.

"When will the war end? Mom... I want to go home."

An expression of confusion and helplessness flowed over a child's face as they looked up at the adults surrounding them with wide eyes.

The child's mother remained silent for a long time before finally embracing her child tightly.

"It will end soon. Don't worry, we will be fine, nothing will happen to us."

"This city is protected by the Romann family, as you know. Duke Black Iron and the Dark Night clan are the most powerful! No matter who the enemy is, they will emerge as the victors of the war!"

The child continued to ask with a puzzled look, "But didn't the Duke pass away?"

Everyone's faces changed, showing signs of waning spirit.

The mother quickly said, "Duchess Ariel, as the daughter of Duke Black Iron, with Lord Aldrich assisting her, can also protect us. Don't be afraid."

However, everyone present clearly understood that the now-deceased Duke Black Iron was the object of adoration for countless people in the city, and the old man's departure had a great impact.

Meanwhile, above Banyoles, the extraordinary powerful experts from both sides had already begun to fight.

Streaks of light fell like the stars themselves, seeming to turn the heavens and earth upside down, with each fighter releasing breath-stopping power, every strike potent enough to shake the ground.

In the sky, Monarch powerful experts streaked across the horizon like shooting stars, their bodies moving at speeds so fast they were nearly elusive.

They used various extraordinary powers, or condensed huge amounts of energy, each confrontation accompanied by thunderous explosions and blinding light.

The earth trembled under the force of the Monarch powerful experts, as if it could crack open at any moment. Houses were easily shattered, trees uprooted, and entire streets turned to ruins.

Amidst the billowing dust, the Monarch powerful experts kept dashing and darting, their figures flickering in and out of sight.

As one extraordinary power after another collided, the resultant energy waves surged like huge ocean waves, engulfing everything around them in an instant, with thunder, lightning, and storms ravaging the area. Banyoles City seemed to have become a giant energy field, with the ordinary Extraordinary Exponents feeling an unprecedented shock and pressure!

Although the battle seemed fierce, Byrne was clearly aware deep down that both camps were still holding back quite noticeably.

So far, no one had used any Forbidden rare artifacts.

It was as if everyone had an unspoken agreement.

"Blood of Salvation" of the Adley Royal Family, Prince Noah, hadn't even entered the battlefield and was hiding somewhere outside the city.

And the Alchemy Council's "Spirit Essence," also known as "Silver Poet" of the Words of Tranquility, Aphrodus, still only sent a mute puppet to fight.

The rest of the nobility each had their own designs, conserving their combat strength without going all out, not using Forbidden rare artifacts.

Because the Monarch powerful experts also had the constant supply of "sustenance" from their armies, there was no immediate risk to their lives.

Byrne's prediction before the battle was entirely accurate!

The Adley Royal Family had weakened, and a civil war broke out abruptly after the former Cyart King died, causing the prestige of the Adley Royal Family to plummet to rock bottom.

Byrne was very clear that among the nobility, perhaps only Aldrich Romann was truly loyal to the Adley Royal Family.

But now that the Adley Royal Family was manipulated by the Words of Tranquility, whether for the Romann family itself or for the entire Cyart population, Aldrich Romann had to put aside the loyalty entrusted by Duke Romann.

No matter what, they had to defeat the Adley Royal Family!

Byrne and his companions were also constantly on guard against the Wordless Elder, who might not be completely dead yet.

Clearly, that hidden figure was the most terrifying person.

Right then, a voice belonging to "Ghost", a Monarch powerful expert of the "Ruins Song Spirit" Middell family, echoed from the sky.

"The Prince has ordered a retreat!"

Suddenly, Prince Noah, who hadn't appeared before, ordered his army and the Extraordinary Exponents to withdraw.

The battle thus came to an end.

Aldrich too didn't order a pursuit. Although none of the Monarch powerful experts had died, the regular Extraordinary beings and the army had suffered heavy casualties in the aftermath of the war.

After they returned to the military camp, Aldrich spoke:

"The battle just now was merely a probe, the real battle is yet to start."

Byrne shook his head and said, "I believe a real battle won't take place during the siege because it's difficult for the current Adley Royal Family to make these great nobles fight desperately in a civil war."

"If they keep attacking the city, they might not be able to take it for months."

Aldrich nodded in agreement and said, "Indeed, Cyart people fighting against Cyart people, and under the orders of a new king at that... no one wants to be cannon fodder. During the Rhea war, each family suffered sacrifices and deaths; now they've learned their lesson."

At that moment, a prophecy from the great Lord of the Lost suddenly emerged in Byrne's mind!

"Hmm? Lord Aldrich, I'll be back in a bit!"

Byrne exchanged a glance with the silent Chris, then immediately left the military camp and went directly to a deserted place in the city.

Aldrich was momentarily stunned, but he didn't follow.

Byrne and Chris stood there, and the next moment, they were enveloped by black mist.

In the blink of an eye, they had crossed through the black mist to find themselves thousands of miles away in Nasir City!

The streets seemed to turn into a raging fire dragon, with terrifying flames wildly dancing in the darkness, illuminating every inch of land, as the flames, like a ferocious beast, devoured everything around them!

The air was thick with the scent of scorching, the unique odor of wood, fabric, and unknown materials being baked at high temperatures.

Byrne could feel the scalding heat on his face; even the wind seemed distorted by the fire, sweeping over every inch of his skin with blistering temperatures, as if intending to roast one's soul.

"Marquis Vlad, or the Meyer family?"

On the streets, the faces of the people of Nasir City were contorted with fear as they screamed and ran, trying to escape the clutches of the flames. Yet, the fire, like a merciless demon, burned ever more fiercely, engulfing everything in its path.

Against the backdrop of the raging inferno, Marquis Vlad, known as the "Volcano Dragon," stood like a phoenix undergoing rebirth, erected at the heart of the flames.

His figure flickered in and out of view amongst the fire, as if merging with the flames to become an indestructible monster.

"Eh? How is this possible, why are you here? There shouldn't be any Monarch Level experts in Nasir City!"

Marquis Vlad was astounded, staring in disbelief at the suddenly appeared Byrne and Chris.

"Aha, we meet again, Marquis Vlad."

Byrne laughed heartily, then said with utmost coldness, "We are messengers sent by the gods to kill you, our sudden appearance is part of a divine sign."

"So, it's quite normal that you can't understand."

"Hahahahahahaha!"

Unable to contain himself, Marquis Vlad burst into a wild laughter as if he had heard the funniest joke in the world.

He draped himself in a black alchemy battle robe that flickered like flames under the light, giving him a blindingly brilliant appearance.

"Just the two of you?"

Within the flames, he sneered, like a king commanding fire, each step he took was upon the flames, as if the flames were his servants, obeying his every command.

"Byrne Fischer, have you forgotten your previous experience in my hands? How you were burned till your clothes were gone and you looked like a roasted fish?"

Byrne, composed as ever, remained expressionless and unfazed by the remark.

The next moment, Marquis Vlad's hand tightly gripped a flaming longsword, seemingly filled with endless power!

With a light swing, the tip of the fire sword sliced through the air, bringing forth an incredibly hot blade of fire Sword Qi, instantly striking towards the two men.

"Fishermen from the East Coast of Nasir City! Traitors rebelling against the Royal Family! Hahahahahahaha! I want to see the extent of your power!"

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

Chapter 362 Volcano! Shadow of the King!

"Instantaneous Transfer!"

Byrne waved his hand and instantly transferred Chris directly onto Marquis Vlad's face, and fierce combat immediately ensued between the two.

On the battlefield interlaced with flames, the clash of Sword Qi and blades was like a scene of cataclysmic intensity, profoundly shocking to witness.

The raging flames of Sword Qi surged forth as Marquis Vlad brandished his sword, transforming into a blistering inferno that streaked across the sky like a fire dragon, coiling and roaring with unmatched ferocity as it raced towards Chris.

Wherever the flaming Sword Qi traveled, the air ignited in an instant, crackling and booming, causing the surrounding temperature to skyrocket, such that even people in the distance could feel the scorching breath.

Meanwhile, the blade on the opposing side was like the tip of an iceberg, cold and sharp.

Under the pressure of the advancing Sword Qi, it did not retreat, but instead met the attack with even greater resolve.

When the Sword Qi collided with the blade in Chris's hands, it produced a deafening roar, as if the entire city were trembling.

"Is that all?"

Marquis Vlad's eyes were filled with malice and the domineering arrogance of tyranny, and at this moment, the collision between the fiery Sword Qi and the blade peaked.

Chris was still far less powerful than Marquis Vlad and was nearly submerged in a sea of fire in the blink of an eye; however, through the power to manipulate flames from the "Secret Spell Lake," he directed those flames away from himself.

"Eh? You can control flames too?"

Marquis Vlad swiftly sensed something amiss; the flames he unleashed were being diverted at the last moment by some extraordinary power, surely the work of that man.

Silent and unresponsive, Chris sought an opportunity to unleash the "Eyes of Conviction," but had yet to find his chance.

Throughout the battle, it seemed as though Marquis Vlad was consciously avoiding eye contact with Chris.

Byrne couldn't help but ponder, could Marquis Vlad have had prior knowledge of Chris's combat information?

It seemed unlikely to him; all enemies who had witnessed the Eyes of Conviction were dead, and the allies of the Fischer family didn't seem like the kind who would leak such information.

In fact, Marquis Vlad had merely sensed Chris's intent, and, though unclear about the specific reasons, was avoiding allowing Chris to succeed.

In the battles of Extraordinary Exponents, due to the diverse effects of extraordinary powers and Forbidden rare artifacts, "detecting the enemy's intentions" is an important capability.

Those who have lived for centuries and are truly battle-hardened extraordinary powerful experts usually have extensive combat experience and can predict many things in life-or-death struggles.

Wholly suppressed, Chris suddenly activated the rune power of "Rift Moment."

Time seemed to be lightly pressed by an invisible hand; all movement suddenly halted, and the air grew heavy and solid, like a block of transparent amber that encapsulated everything within it.

Light lost its usual vivacity and grew still and inert.

It silently illuminated all, but could no longer drape the dynamic cloak over everything; the whole world was painted with a layer of vague stillness, like a frozen oil painting.

Even sound vanished at that moment, leaving only tranquility and peace, as if even heartbeats and breaths were suspended by time.

Marquis Vlad's movements were frozen in an instant; his gaze, expression, and posture all solidified into an eternal moment, his thoughts stilled by time, unable to think, feel, or imagine.

Amidst the many frozen flames, Chris moved agilely; each swing of his blade was as ferocious as a sudden storm!

Yet, the black alchemical battle robe displayed a strength Chris had never encountered before; and after finally penetrating it, he shockingly discovered fire dragon scales clinging to Marquis Vlad's skin!

All his strikes struggled to penetrate deeply, only causing superficial wounds.

Chris's blade shimmered with cold light; each swing landed precisely on his enemy's vital points, with blood splashing out and spattering on the surrounding flames.

Time resumed its flow.

"Ahhhhhhhhh! Fischer! Not bad at all! I was planning to kill just one of you, to balance the forces! Now, I've decided to wipe you all out!"

The next moment, an intense energy fluctuation surged!

With a low roar from Marquis Vlad, the surrounding air began to vibrate violently; his skin turned red in the flames, and each muscle was infused with renewed strength, swelling and tensing.

Then, his body underwent astonishing changes; the bones cracked loudly, muscles surged like lava, and the skin shone with dazzling light.

His limbs gradually elongated into dragon claws, sharp and powerful, easily tearing through every obstacle; his back started to bulge, with scales growing rapidly beneath the skin, gleaming with a metallic luster. Finally, a pair of huge dragon horns stretched out from both sides of his forehead, eyes red and spewing raging flames.

When Marquis Vlad fully transformed into the Volcano Dragon, the entire Nasir City seemed to tremble under his presence, his body like a volcano ready to erupt, emitting a scorching aura.

"Roar!"

The Volcano Dragon roared, the sound deafening, as if the city itself quaked in response, and each breath he took incited a wave of fiery disasters.

Elemental dominance.

Chris had already made a tactical retreat, calmly watching his transformed opponent, aware that his own capabilities were being countered by Marquis Vlad.

His powers were well-suited for killing off those extraordinary powerful experts who were not particularly strong in defense.

Even theoretically, a mid-level Monarch extraordinary powerful expert, if not significantly strong in defense, could possibly be slain on the spot by Chris.

However, as the Volcano Dragon, Marquis Vlad possessed formidable defensive power and life force, and even after being heavily injured by a series of attacks, he did not die immediately but instead grew increasingly mad!

Chris thought that even if he used Angel's Cage right now, he might not be able to defeat his opponent.

Because he would instantly lose all his combat ability, and Byrne, who was not adept at dealing lethal blows, might not be able to kill the physically extraordinary Marquis Vlad.

"Hmph!"

Marquis Vlad crazily used his spiritual power to heal himself, and then he violently stomped on the ground!

"Boom!"

Suddenly, a stream of lava burst forth from beneath the earth, piercing through Byrne's body, nearly charring him in an instant, as his fire manipulation ability, acquired from the "Mysterious Scholar," was not as good as Chris's.

"Father!"

Lilian, who was hiding in the shadows, looked worried and decisively used the Spirit-returning Tree to heal her severely injured father.

"I've long heard that the Fischer family had an Extraordinary Exponent capable of healing!"

Transformed into the Volcano Dragon, Marquis Vlad took notice of Lilian, his overwhelming oppressive force rendered her unable to move, and then he launched a breath attack at her without any hesitation!

"I'll deal with you first!"

He opened his massive jaws, and a scorching stream of lava erupted from his throat!

The lava was as hot as the sun, burning fiercely, carrying the power to destroy everything.

It gleamed with a dazzling light, casting everything in the vicinity into a golden hue and tracing an arc in the sky, leaving behind a spectacular trail.

The temperature of the lava was extremely high; everything it touched turned instantly to ashes, and the rocks glowed red from the heat.

"He will protect me!"

Lilian was struck by the lava on the spot, but she did not die; instead, she fell to the ground with severe injuries, unable to move at all.

The moment she was burned by the lava, she was transported out of the flames' range by Byrne using Instantaneous Transfer, and there was a reason why that split-second breath attack did not kill her.

An invisible chain, at this moment, was bound to Lilian, Byrne, and Chris, linking the three of them.

It was the Extraordinary power "Battle Chains" of the "military family"!

The injury Lilian suffered in that instant was shared among them, which was why she did not perish.

Byrne took a deep breath, grateful that he had provided Lilian with "Battle Chains" the moment he was healed.

Although both he and Chris were burned in the process, it was not a serious issue, and they could endure it.

Lilian was murmuring to heal herself, and soon she would once again provide healing for both Byrne and Chris.

"How could this be?"

Marquis Vlad's eyes were full of astonishment, unable to understand what had just happened. How could his powerful strike fail to instantly kill an Extraordinary Exponent at the Transmutation Level?

What exactly happened, was it the effect of a Forbidden rare artifact?

At that moment, he suddenly felt a strong sense of oppression and heard the voice of an elderly man.

"Sentencing has arrived!"

"You, are guilty!"

Marquis Vlad soon saw Moore not far away, wielding the power of the "Arbiter".

Yeager and Darren, a few 4th Rank Extraordinary experts, were not in Nasir City at this time, and Moore, with his white hair, took a deep breath, executing the Arbiter's ability to read the charges and administer Sentencing.

"Marquis Vlad, I strip you of your power!"

Although the magic word technique of "Sentencing" was successfully activated, he was well aware that it couldn't have a significant effect, given the vast discrepancy between them.

Marquis Vlad gazed at his opponent.

Just an Extraordinary Exponent at the Transmutation Level?

No, that's wrong!

That sense of oppression was not coming from him!

Standing not far away, Byrne muttered to himself, "The ritual is finally ready, come forth, projection of the past..."

Marquis Vlad turned his enormous dragon head and was shocked to see a familiar old man appear before Byrne, feeling an instant and immense fear, nearly panicking as he retreated several steps!

"How is this possible! Absolutely impossible! The Cyart King!"

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

Chapter 363 Chaos

"You were already dead!"

Marquis Vlad couldn't believe it!

Byrne remained silent; it was certainly deliberate—every time, he summoned those projections that could shock the enemy.

While there was no direct damage, the mental impact was quite useful.

Marquis Vlad looked at the former Cyart King with disbelief and uncertainty.

"Your Majesty! You are actually still alive. I thought you had already..."

The projection of the former Cyart King suddenly opened its eyes, glinting with golden light.

Marquis Vlad instantly sensed hostility and became angrily alert.

"What exactly are you?"

His battle experience was very rich, and he keenly sensed something was amiss.

Then, the projection of the former Cyart King suddenly cut his own palm, and golden blood slowly flowed out from the wound.

This blood, full of the power of salvation, was not the ordinary red but shone brilliantly like liquid gold.

As the golden blood flowed out, the old king's projection chanted ancient spells, a voice deep and powerful as if it could penetrate all obstacles, and the golden blood began to coagulate into a powerful energy wave.

The energy wave grew denser and eventually formed a huge golden halo.

The halo shone with an unbearably dazzling light, turning the entire sky gold.

The projection of the former Cyart King suddenly waved his arm, and the halo instantly turned into countless golden rays that scattered in all directions. These golden rays, like sharp blades, cut through the air with a piercing whistle. Where they passed, even flames were sliced and consumed.

The golden light attacked like a sweeping deluge over the Volcano Dragon; Marquis Vlad was powerless against this incredibly strong force and could only watch as he was consumed by the golden light.

"What's going on!"

He stared angrily at Moore, the recent "Judgment" had weakened part of the Volcano Dragon's defensive power!

Though it judged only a portion of sins, it still consumed a lot of Moore's spiritual power, and he was nearly brought to his knees by Marquis Vlad's furious gaze.

"Aaaahhhhhh!"

The Volcano Dragon roared incessantly. Its powerful defensive power and life force could not stop the attack of the Blood of Salvation, and those troublesome droplets of blood were gnawing at its flesh and spreading rapidly.

In the end, the entire battlefield was covered with golden light, and the old king's projection stood tall and alone in the sky.

Just as with the previous mismatch, although Marquis Vlad's power of Bloodline restrained Chris, he was likewise countered by the "Blood of Salvation."

Byrne had long understood in his heart that the true strength of summoning past projections with extraordinary power lay in the fact that as long as he was knowledgeable enough, he could always produce a powerful force that restrained the enemy!

However, his spiritual power was soon exhausted, and the projection of the former Cyart King disappeared.

The golden light also completely dissipated, and Marquis Vlad, nearly killed, fell heavily to the ground, his massive body like a volcano causing a tremendous noise as it struck the street!

"Is that some kind of extraordinary power? A projection?"

His eyes were filled with bitterness and determination, yet he still didn't give up, scouting the surroundings as if searching for a chance to turn the tables.

Even facing a desperate situation, Marquis Vlad still maintained the pride and dignity of the "Flaming Blood Proud Dragon."

But this time Marquis Vlad was gravely injured again. His wings, once sweeping thousands in the battlefield, now hung weakly, and his tail dragged powerlessly on the ground.

It was clear that if the battle dragged on, he was doomed.

Marquis Vlad analyzed decisively. His spiritual power was nearly depleted, and the Fischer family's army was already rallying to their aid; he must escape the city now.

The great body of the Volcano Dragon trembled continuously, each breath accompanied by heavy gasps. The steps it took after rising were heavy and slow, each one resonating deeply. Its scales were scarred, some still oozing blood—marks of today's shameful retreat.

"Damn Fischer!"

Byrne and Chris had both expended a lot, but the Fischer family's reinforcements were quickly catching up, and Lilian had already risen again to heal them with the "Spirit-returning Tree."

The scales of victory had completely tipped.

The next moment, Marquis Vlad suddenly turned into numerous pure white bubbles and vanished. The white bubbles scattered for a long time in the sky, slowly dispersing.

Upon seeing this, Byrne furrowed his brows and said, "Did he use some Forbidden rare artifact or alchemical tool?"

Chris nodded slightly in agreement but said nothing.

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He scanned the vast expanse with the powerful perception common to Consecution Extraordinary Exponents of the 5th Rank and did not detect any trace of Marquis Vlad. The latter must have escaped to a place beyond tracking.

Byrne fell into deep thought, regretting not having killed Marquis Vlad; however, the defeat would likely deter him from returning.

"However, it is certain now that Marquis Vlad harbors a rebellious mind, and that is indeed a good thing," he mused.

For the Fischer family at present, defeating a mid-level Monarch Extraordinary powerful expert was not a challenge at all. They had yet to use their trump card, the power of sacrificing life force to summon divine miracles.

"Should we call upon the great Lord of the Lost, he could be killed in an instant. Moreover, there are more than ten devout followers of the Dawn Church in Nasir City alone, so we wouldn't even need to expend Lilian's limited lifespan."

Shaking his head, he murmured to himself:

"But let's keep this trump card hidden for now. After all, our enemies are not limited to Marquis Vlad alone; we cannot lay all our cards on the table at the onset of war."

At that moment, the black mist of the Lord of the Lost emerged once again, and in the blink of an eye, Byrne and Chris were dragged back to the city of Banyoles, thousands of miles away.

In a city within the territory of the "Flaming Blood Proud Dragon" Castleton family in Glenborough Province:

Underneath the peaceful exterior, an undercurrent was surreptitiously stirring—the once-busy and orderly streets suddenly filled with a tense and restless atmosphere. The

citizens were no longer their usual composed selves; their eyes flickered with an anomalous glow, as if each person had been ignited by an indescribable emotion.

What started as isolated voices of protest soon spread like wildfire among the crowd. These voices began softly but quickly swelled into a flood that swept through the entire city.

"We need more bread!"

"We support Marquis Vlad as the new king! Noah is unworthy!"

"Marquis Vlad, he should be our king!"

"Down with the Salvation Church! They're just a bunch of tax-collecting dogs over our heads!"

The citizens took to the streets, shouting various slogans of dissatisfaction that rose and fell in waves. As the crowd gathered, the once orderly city descended into chaos.

Shop windows were smashed, street trees set ablaze, and in moments, everything was a shambles with anger and discontent written on the people's faces.

This insurrection came so suddenly, like an unforeseen storm, thoroughly disrupting the city's order—no longer were the citizens docile townsfolk, but now they were angry warriors!

Soon, many forces within the city mobilized to suppress the insurrection, with people injured and arrested, but many more chose to stand firm.

The city's nobles and officials were puzzled at the sudden support for Marquis Vlad as king and the cries to overthrow the Salvation Church; such rumors could lead to a terrible mess if spread.

What was most frightening was the complete lack of warning before the rebellion—it was as if everything had happened all at once.

And those resisters, they were equally mystified...

As a distant relative of Marquis Vlad, the mayor in the council hall suddenly shouted, "Quick, bring the leader here! The Flaming Blood Proud Dragon family had no such plans, why would they do this!"

After some time, the nobles and officials in the council hall met with the leading figure.

It was an extremely elderly man with a stooped back and a black cloak, possessing only one eye and purple hair.

He took out a black heptagram carving.

"The 'gift' He bestowed upon me still holds fifteen 'places', and you here just happen to number fifteen—clearly, everything is preordained," he said.

"Let you become one of us!"

The mayor was stunned.

"Stars Embrace Order..."

That was the heptagram representing the Stars Embrace Order!

This is not good!

Although he wanted to do something, it was already far too late.

The next moment, including the mayor, everyone in the council hall uncontrollably moved to the window and looked up at the sky in unison!

A massive black constellation appeared beyond the sky!

That black constellation, dotted with numerous gigantic eyes, looked down upon the world with eminently strong malevolence, its chaotic power seemingly endless, and the feeble will deep within the people of the council hall instantly plunged into frenzied chaos!

"Aaaaaaaahhhhh!"

Their hands bore the mark of the Stars Embrace Order, a black heptagram filled with the breath of chaos!

The one-eyed old man silently gazed upon this scene and said calmly, "There's no doubt about it, now is the best time to overthrow this nation, let the situation descend into ultimate madness!"

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

Chapter 364 Relief

Three months of besieged life had shrouded Banyoles City in a haze of gloom. Every day and night, the people within the city endured their lives amidst fear and anticipation, their existence eroded by endless anxiety and unease.

The erstwhile clamor of the city streets was gone, replaced by a silence only occasionally broken by the footsteps of patrolling troops and the distant rumbling of artillery fire.

The destruction caused by the battles fought by the Extraordinary Exponents was too vast. Although not a single Monarch powerful expert had perished in three months, and the city's barrier remained operational, the aftermath of a dozen battles had almost completely reduced the entire city to ruins.

The lives of the residents of Banyoles had become extraordinarily difficult, food and water extremely scarce. People had to rely on the army's rationing and limited reserves to sustain themselves.

Every morsel of food seemed precious beyond measure, each drop of water like the source of life itself.

To conserve resources, the citizens of Banyoles had to take various measures: saving fuel, conserving water, everyone contributing their strength to the struggle for survival.

However, in these unprecedented hardships, the people of Banyoles exhibited remarkable resilience and unity. They supported each other, and even groups of volunteers, believers in the Silver Moon Lady and the Lord of Salvation, formed teams to provide essential help to the city's residents, braving dangers and moving through every corner of the city to bring hope to those in pain.

These volunteers could leave the city under the guidance of priests from the True Gods Church and then return to Banyoles, but each time they could only bring limited amounts of food and medicine, and they were always rigorously checked for weapons and extraordinary materials, with no Extraordinary Exponents among them.

The weather turned colder, and the long siege of Banyoles tested the citizens' mental endurance enormously. They were constantly worried about the safety of their family members, fearing the loss of loved ones and friends.

The only good news was that the Frosac and Jones families had not yet entered the battle, and though the Adley Royal Family continuously urged action, they dared not offend them at such a time.

"Mommy, I'm hungry."

The little boy and his mother begged for food, but the worried mother just sighed deeply.

Suddenly, the sky quietly changed color, shifting from a deep leaden gray to a soft silvery white. A slight cold breeze swept by, carrying a subtle chill with it.

Those immaculate elves gently fluttered down from the sky, growing more and more dense, like countless tiny hands softly caressing the forgotten city.

They twirled and spun in the air before slowly settling on rooftops, streets, treetops, and ancient architectures weathered by the years.

The contours of the city blurred with the sprinkling of snowflakes, as if donning a mysterious veil; the originally dreary tones replaced by soft silvery white, instilling a sense of tranquility and solemnity.

The besieged citizens peeked out from their hiding spots, surprised at this sudden change. Some showed expressions of joy as if glimpsing the first light of hope; others remained furrowed with worry, apprehensive about the unknown future.

Meanwhile, the troops of the Royal Family outside the city were also stunned by the snowflakes in the sky.

"It's snowing!"

After three long months of siege, the troop faced unprecedented difficulties. The weather grew severely cold, and the soldiers from various regions were mentally and physically exhausted to their limits.

Despite their valiant fighting and fearless bravery, this city seemed to have endless resistance, preventing them from breaking through the defenses.

The soldiers' mood shifted from initial high spirits to heaviness and despondency, feeling utterly helpless as if completely enveloped by endless darkness.

The prolonged combat and marching left them drained, their steps heavy and slow. At night, they lay in their simple tents, too physically and mentally fatigued to sleep, the tumult of the battlefield and the calls of their comrades echoing incessantly in their minds.

The long duration of the battle also filled soldiers on both sides with confusion and bewilderment, not knowing when the war would end, uncertain of their fate.

The uncertainty and sense of powerlessness were perpetually excruciating.

In the military camp outside the city, the aristocrats, led by the Adley Royal Family, were now gathered together.

"It's snowing?"

Marquis Vlad stepped out of the tent, gazing at the sky filled with sparkling translucent snowflakes. As they approached him, they would silently vanish due to the invisible high heat.

Three months ago, he had made a surprise attack on Nasir City of the East Coast Province and almost died there. He had used a Forbidden rare artifact to make a narrow escape.

Marquis Vlad quickly returned to the vicinity of Banyoles and was astonished to find out something – Byrne Fischer and Chris Fischer had apparently never left the area.

"How is that possible? I clearly saw them there!"

He was extremely shocked, feeling that there were only two possibilities: Either one of the Fischers impersonating a Monarch powerful expert was fake, or the Fischer family possessed the ability for ultra-long-range movement!

"Did they use some kind of Forbidden rare artifact?"

Marquis Vlad pondered the possibility but couldn't be sure.

In fact, the aristocrats of the Adley side were also facing tremendous pressure; they needed to devise appropriate strategies and plans. That they still hadn't taken Banyoles after a full three months was somewhat beyond everyone's expectation.

"It's hard to say how long this battle will go on. The Star Society is causing trouble back in my hometown, hmph!"

He had already received news about citizens being misled and seizing towns, and he had dispatched Extraordinary Exponents from his family to quell the unrest.

Marquis Vlad turned and went back inside the military camp, where "Sword of Salvation" His Majesty Noah sat calmly in his seat.

The young king, with his golden locks, always seemed very calm, a calmness that was even a bit unusual.

Besides the two of them, "Silver Poet" Aphrodus was also present.

She silently stared at Marquis Vlad, saying nothing.

Marquis Vlad had long noticed that this "Silver Poet" was a metal puppet, and the real Aphrodus was hiding somewhere, not having truly appeared for three months.

"Your Majesty, it has started to snow," said someone quietly.

The new king, "Sword of Salvation" Noah, nodded and said softly, "I know."

Over these months, Marquis Vlad had always found it strange that whether it was the "Silver Poet," the new king, or even his old friend "White Spirit," every one of them was reluctant to speak.

In the end, it was always he who spoke alone.

What a bunch of inexplicable people. As his patience mysteriously drained away, he shook his head and turned to leave the tent.

A while later, Marquis Vlad came back, looking terrible and holding a letter in his hand.

"I must withdraw the troops, Your Majesty."

"Why?"

The new king Noah lifted his head and looked at Marquis Vlad, his gaze seemingly devoid of any emotion.

"My homeland was attacked by the Fischer family, suffering heavy losses. Fischer's Byrne and Chris somehow appeared thousands of miles away, dammit!" he exclaimed.

If this had happened three months ago, Marquis Vlad could have endured, but after an entire three months of fruitless siege, he was now very eager to leave!

Noah did not respond, just silently pondered.

The recent attacks had almost no effect because both sides of the battle had become passive, and continuing in this vein would achieve nothing.

But he did not want to give up just like that.

However, then came more nobles who entered, stating the need to return to their homelands because their lands had been attacked by the Fischer family!

All the lands under the nobility's control were like their own blood and flesh. Rather than helping the Royal Family win the civil war, they cherished their own interests more!

Noah did not take a stand, but in the following days, more and more nobles boldly expressed their desire to leave, and the morale of the whole army dissipated easily.

Marquis Vlad was also astonished.

"The Fischer family, can those two really appear anywhere in the country at will? How did they do it?"

Nevertheless, no matter what the truth was, there was one thing now clear to everyone—the siege battle would not continue.

The nobility was also deeply fearful within their hearts, unable to figure out how the Fischer family managed it? Those two had always been on the front lines!

"The enemy is retreating!"

The moment the Royal Army pulled back, the long-besieged city seemed to awake from a heavy dream, bursting with unprecedented vitality and vigor.

"They have finally retreated!"

"We won!"

"Fantastic! Praise to Banyoles! Praise to the Romann and Fischer families!"

The citizens cheered and whooped uncontrollably with emotion!

Excitement filled the air in Banyoles, as if emotions bottled up for countless days and nights were all released in that moment!

People poured out of their homes onto the streets of the city, their faces beaming with radiant smiles, eyes sparkling with excitement, shouting loudly, their voices merging into a powerful torrent echoing above the city.

Children ran and played in the streets, their laughter as clear and sweet as silver bells, seemingly forgetting all past panic and unease, while adults gathered together, embracing and kissing each other, sharing this hard-won joy.

When night fell, the people of the city lit fireworks, and beautiful blossoms burst forth in the night sky.

"We've finally made them pull back," Byrne of the Romann family manor's drawing-room took a deep breath. Over these three months, he and Chris went behind enemy lines, wreaking havoc, gradually piling up pressure on that motley crew.

The heavy snow was the last straw that broke the camel's back.

Eventually, the Adley Royal Family's army withdrew.

However, he was very clear about one thing: the matters were not yet over.

"The war hasn't ended like this. We can only be certain of one thing—they're unlikely to attempt a concentrated attack on major cities again easily. What's likely to follow will be a long stage of attrition and struggle," he surmised.

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

Chapter 365 Witch Born!

The East Coast Province was surrounded by lush oak forests, with the occasional squirrel leaping between the tree tops.

At the center of the village stood an ancient Tempest Church, its spire reaching towards the sky, its windows inlaid with colored glass through which sunlight formed a multicolored pattern on the ground.

The church bells rang out promptly in the early morning and evening, melodious and solemn, echoing in every corner of the village.

On the edge of the village lay a wide field of golden wheat swaying in the breeze, the scent of wheat wafting through the air, and at the end of the field, a winding clear stream teeming with visible fish.

This afternoon should have been just like any other, a very peaceful one, yet the village's harmony was shattered by a sudden military attack!

"Help!"

"It's the Royal Army! The Adley Royal Family!"

"Why? Why would Prince Noah attack his own people!"

The once peaceful sky was enveloped in smoke and flames, the sound of horse hooves and war drums intertwining, the army flooding out from behind the distant hills like a tide.

They were clad in uniform armor, holding sharp weapons, their eyes gleaming with coldness and resolve, like a steel-cast nightmare that swept across the entire village in an instant.

"Ah!"

"Save me!"

"Don't kill me!"

The villagers were panicked, running everywhere, their faces filled with fear and helplessness.

"I'll fight you!"

Some of the young people bravely stood up, taking up arms in an attempt to resist the soldiers' onslaught, to protect their homeland.

But the assault of the army was fierce and swift, sweeping through the villagers as easily as autumn winds blowing away fallen leaves, houses burning in flames, the air filled with the choking smell of gunpowder and scorched earth.

In the chaos, the Tempest Church became the last line of defense.

The villagers rushed into the church, praying for the protection of the vast Tempest Overlord, the church bells sounding even more solemn and heavy amidst the war.

However, the soldiers' assault did not cease; they surrounded the church, trying to force the villagers to surrender.

"Come out, and you will not die!"

"Come out!"

"Keep hiding and we'll burn you alive!"

Although the soldiers threatened continuously, they never dared to lay a hand on the Tempest Church, even though its priest was only a high-level Beginning Extraordinary Exponent.

But clearer than anything was the fact that openly assaulting a church meant provoking the powerful church!

Compared to the ancient and colossal True Gods Church, the entire Cyart Kingdom was nothing.

When the fires of conflict were finally dying down, the village was beyond recognition, the once beautiful fields turned to ruins, the sudden army attack bringing endless suffering to the village.

After failing to make much headway attacking major cities, the armies of both sides began to disperse across the land, continuously attacking each other's villages and towns.

The strategy of slow but steady progress was undoubtedly correct; as long as villages and towns were significantly occupied and destroyed, city production and the supplies needed for the army would soon become unsustainable, and even the extraordinary materials required for city-level barriers would run out.

The war had entered a complete stalemate, both sides locked in attrition, and the ordinary Cyart people entered the most painful period, their plight even worse than during the war with Rhea.

Above the ruins of the village, the afterglow of the setting sun cast a golden glow on the broken walls and remnants.

On the land ravaged by war, a devout follower of the Tempest Church knelt among the shattered stones, his eyes full of endless sorrow and longing.

His hands clasped tightly together, palms facing up as if he was lifting a heavy prayer, his lips trembling slightly, his voice low and firm.

"Great deities, vast Tempest Overlord, please hear my call," echoed the follower's voice in the empty ruins, with a subtle quiver barely perceptible.

His eyes were tightly shut, tears swirling in his eyes but never falling.

"Look upon this land ravaged by war, look upon these innocent lives taken, they are Your people, they once prayed devoutly on this land, asking for Your protection and blessing."

The follower's voice rose gradually, filled with grief and unwillingness.

"Now they need Your help, Your miracles to save them, please grant us strength to rebuild our homes, to make this land thrive again!"

The follower's hands gripped even tighter as if trying to grasp the elusive and sacred power.

The air around seemed to solidify, only the call of the devout echoing in the empty ruins, and nothing happened.

He pleaded like this for three days and three nights without any response.

Suddenly, deep in his heart, he couldn't help recalling a vile rumor.

The gods had completely departed!

No, he could not think this way!

He let out a yell, picked up a stone from the ground, and struck his own head with it, blood flowing down.

Tears streamed from the follower's eyes, and just then, a voice came from not far away.

"Only He can help you."

He sharply raised his head, seeing a young man with wolf ears, crying out loud:

"Who are you?"

The young half-orc's face was resolute and handsome, with a wild unrestraint in his brows, and his eyes were deep and bright, as if they could peer into one's soul.

"I am Alger, a faithful follower of the great Lord of the Lost."

He was the youth Lilian had saved all those years ago.

The believer was stunned for a moment before tremblingly saying, "Evil cultist! You are an evil cultist!"

"Evil cultist?"

Alger shook his head calmly and continued, "My village was also destroyed by the distortions and absurdities of this world. He bestowed a miracle then, allowing His messenger to save me."

"He saves the people, so how could He possibly be an Evil God, and naturally, I am not an evil cultist either."

"Now, I can also offer you a chance to be saved by Him."

He looked into the other's eyes and said coldly,

"Or you can stay here, continuing to plead with your storm until it's all too late."

After speaking, Alger turned and left.

Gritting his teeth, the believer hesitated for a long time before standing up and following him.

He needed a god who could save all beings!

Alger was aware of this scene but did not look back; instead, he headed straight for Nasir City.

He was searching for the person who had saved him back then, the messenger of the Lord of the Lost.

Nasir City.

Beneath the night sky, the splendid Fischer Manor was brightly lit, illuminating every anxious corner awaiting the event, as Christine, who was about to go into labor, lay quietly in her ornately decorated bedroom, her face slightly pale, yet her eyes shimmered with the radiance of motherly love.

Andre, Lilian, the present Madam Vanessa, and her often-absent father, Chris, were all gathered around her now.

Even the usually impassive Chris had in his eyes a barely concealed concern as he gazed at his daughter.

Lilian smiled and said, "Don't worry, nothing will go wrong with me here, my Lord will bless Christine."

Andre nodded gently, taking a deep breath.

He felt that tonight was more nerve-racking than countless life-and-death battles.

Byrne and others had not come because there were more urgent matters on the battlefield, one after another, and even the assassination Chris had planned for tonight was put on hold due to his daughter's childbirth.

Outside the bedroom, numerous servants bustled about in an orderly manner, each with an expression of tension and anticipation.

"Hurry, hurry! Move faster!"

"Don't block the way!"

The female servants whispered amongst themselves, their hands carrying clean towels, hot water, and carefully prepared medicines, ready to assist with the impending birth.

The old butler of Fischer Manor, Theo, patrolled the corridors, his face etched with sternness and focus.

"We can't afford a single mistake, remember that!"

He constantly checked whether everything was ready, ensuring that Christine's labor would proceed smoothly.

A determined light flickered in the old man's eyes; he would protect this family and welcome the new life.

But deep down, there was always a troubling thought.

"Will the new miss be like Christine, Karno, and Madam Vanessa, born cursed and disabled?"

The male servants of the manor were also busy, some preparing food and drinks, others cleaning the rooms, and some guarding the entrance of the manor to ensure there were no outside disturbances.

The whole manor was pervaded by a tense and sacred atmosphere, as if the universe was praying for the nascent life about to arrive.

As time passed, Christine's breathing suddenly became rapid, she clutched Lilian's and Andre's hands tightly, her face etched with determination and bravery.

"Hold on!" Andre said anxiously but firmly.

"You won't have any trouble, trust me," Lilian also nodded and smiled.

Finally, with a loud cry, a new life arrived in this world, the entire manor erupted, cheers and blessings resounded!

Christine, having just gone through childbirth, relaxed, a tired but content smile on her face.

"Thank God..."

Her injuries were quickly healed by Lilian.

In that moment, however, Chris fixed his gaze on the newborn baby, frowning as if he had discovered something very troubling.

"What's going on..."

Suddenly, the night sky flared with strange colors, meteors streaked through the sky like rain, eventually converging into a dazzling beam of light that shone directly above Fischer Manor.

The entire Fischer Manor seemed to be imbued with a mysterious force, guiding this beam of light toward the cradle of the newborn.

When she opened her eyes for the first time, her pure white irises sparkled with profound white light seemed to penetrate everything in the world, as if they could lead all things to destruction!

A catastrophic, overwhelming energy was about to burst forth!

Chris suddenly reached out, quickly covering the baby's eyes, his face showing a trace of astonishment.

Meanwhile, Karl, who had been silently observing everything, looked on as if things were unfolding as he had expected and felt like smiling.

"Just as I had suspected, Vanessa's ancestors were merged with and cursed by a soul shard of the Witch of Demise..."

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

Chapter 366 "Demonic Woman

...

The complex red brand appeared on the back of the baby's hand.

Lilian murmured to herself, "So it is, she is the reincarnation of the 'Witch of Demise'..."

Looking at his daughter in his wife's arms, Andre took a deep breath, his hands shaking slightly, clearly feeling the distinctiveness of his daughter.

It was a distinctiveness that was innate.

Andre just wished for his daughter's happiness, and it wouldn't matter at all if she wasn't an Extraordinary Exponent, but he had never imagined she would be the reincarnation of the Witch of Demise.

She was fated to live a life that could never be ordinary...

Christine looked at her daughter for a long time, feeling that the small baby in her arms was like a fragile porcelain doll, so frail that it seemed she would shatter the moment she loosened her grip.

Even as someone who had long been regarded as quite cold-hearted in her family, a special emotion welled up from deep within her at that moment.

Her heart softened, softer than it had ever been.

I will protect you forever.

No matter what makes you different, no matter what happens, no matter what kind of hardship and pain fate has in store for you.

Christine gently kissed her daughter's forehead, then looked up at Andre and said, as agreed, "Give our daughter a name, Andre."

Andre nodded, smiling unconsciously as he looked at his daughter.

"Let's call her Hecate."

The Last Blood, who also call themselves the Witches' Seclusive Order, are also known to outsiders as the witch cult.

It was a very ancient secret organization; although there were not many members within the organization, all were composed of Extraordinary Exponents, and they possessed some ancient techniques and alchemical items.

For thousands of years, the secret organization revered the "Witch of Demise" as a deity, believing her to be even more powerful than the so-called True Gods.

She is one of the legendary elements of destruction, it is said that if certain special conditions are met, the "Witch of Demise" will be fully resurrected, bringing destruction to the world in an instant with its revival.

The Last Blood is, in other words, the bloodline of the "Witch of Demise."

For many years, the three drops of blood left behind by the "Witch of Demise" have been incredibly powerful extraordinary artifacts, known to the world as the "Last Blood."

Each drop of 'Last Blood' possesses drastically different formidable powers, almost on par with single-digit numbered Forbidden relics.

The most important thing is, members of the Last Blood can use them without any personal sacrifice; they just need to offer sufficient sacrifices to activate them and unleash their tremendous power.

"It is said that the soul of the Witch of Demise was divided into seven, and the reincarnation of the seven witch soul shards will become seven Witch Candidates."

"Each soul shard has the potential to resurrect the 'Witch of Demise,' or rather, the division into seven was perhaps intentionally orchestrated by the 'Witch of Demise' herself to ensure her own successful revival."

"The leaders of the three Last Blood factions split several decades ago; unable to persuade each other, they decided to conduct a grand free-for-all, or rather, a terrifying and cruel 'ritual.' Only the last person standing among the seven will become the true vessel, used to resurrect the fearsome 'Witch of Demise'..."

Christine looked tenderly at the daughter in her arms, suddenly finding it strange that Hecate, who had just been born, had not shown any signs of crying, but instead was smiling.

She quickly recalled the information Uncle Byrne had mentioned, murmuring to herself:

"That's right, based on the information we have, 'Madam Ice Wine,' also known as the 'Silver Poet,' 'Spirit Essence,' this silver descendant woman with three identities is also one of the reincarnated soul shards of the Witch of Demise."

"As for who the other Witch Candidates are, we're still not sure... but my daughter, she must also be..."

Andre furrowed his brow deeply, speaking decisively, "If that's the case, we are destined to be enemies with the Last Blood!"

"It seems so," nodded Lilian.

Chris had been silent all along.

He seemed to be pondering something.

The heretics of the secret organization known as the "Last Blood" had always done little, unlike the Stars Embrace Order and Words of Tranquility who were much more active. They spent most of their time playing a murderous game among themselves, so the various forces couldn't be bothered with them.

And the Fischer family had basically never had direct contact with the Last Blood; the two were like parallel lines that never crossed.

But the sudden turn of events changed everything.

Their sudden, irreconcilable conflict with the Last Blood had emerged!

As everyone fell into contemplation, and Christine and Andre's expressions grew ever more bitter, Lilian suddenly spoke up excitedly.

...

"The great Lord of the Lost has issued an oracle!"

Everyone was jolted and turned their gaze to Lilian, with Christine and Andre in particular looking most excited and tense.

Their hearts were in turmoil, completely unsure whether their daughter's current situation was a blessing of destiny or a terrible curse.

But perhaps the oracle from the Lord of the Lost could shed light on her future.

Lilian took a deep breath and said seriously,

"There is no need to fear, all of this is arranged by the Lord of the Lost, it is fate, nothing bad, but a blessing from the Lord. Your daughter is not only a candidate for a witch but will also become the pride and future of the Fischer family."

Karl could distinctly feel the uniqueness of those eyes, which contained tremendous energy.

Owing to having a seventh of the Witch of Demise's soul shard, Hecate was born with an extremely powerful spiritual power and possessed a talent that not even Chris, Karno, or Helen from the three families could compete with.

It might be due to Destiny's Trajectory influencing each other in secret, similar to how Irene's Holy Grail Destiny's Trajectory once allowed those around her to succeed more easily, thus the Fischer family had a much higher likelihood of birthing a genius compared to other Blood Receivers.

And so-called genius aptitude is merely the threshold of the Heavenly Enlightenment Level; ninety-nine out of a hundred powerful experts of Heavenly Enlightenment are considered geniuses, and the remaining one, generally speaking, would be akin to a player who cheats.

According to Karl's conjectures, the fallen Witch of Demise might have possessed a power almost godlike, far beyond what ordinary Heavenly Enlightenment powerful experts could compare to her back then.

"As long as she can grow up safely, she will be able to achieve great success, but as the reincarnation of part of a witch's soul, there might be certain issues with her personality..."

He now knew which path Hecate was suited to tread upon.

That infant, at this moment, was observing everything around her.

Especially focusing on him.

"Indeed, a very special pair of eyes, the 'Void Eye-Pupil' with the ability to penetrate all things."

Christine and Andre both let out a sigh of relief, and joy reappeared in their exchanging glances.

Thank goodness!

Their daughter's condition was not a curse but an arrangement of the great Lord of the Lost! A predestined blessing and gift! Since that was the case, even if she might face challenges in the future, even oppose Last Blood, they felt she could surely live through to the end.

Christine suddenly said, "But if Hecate is the last witch to survive, won't she become the vessel for the Witch of Demise's resurrection?"

Andre shook his head, saying calmly, "Actually, as long as not all witches die, wouldn't that be enough?"

Everyone's eyes lit up, indeed a sound line of thought.

Since the last living candidate among the seven witch candidates will become the vessel, if someone is always alive, Hecate won't be possessed by the Witch of Demise.

Lilian suddenly spoke again, "The great Lord of the Lost wants me to grant Hecate the Power of Consecution through a Magic Potion now!"

"Now?"

Christine was stunned, finding it unbelievable. She knew their daughter had just been born, and according to Fischer family tradition, one received the Power of Consecution at the age of ten.

But the will of the Lord of the Lost could not be refused, nor questioned.

Following the will of the great Lord of the Lost, Lilian personally concocted the potion of the Path of Revelation 1st Rank, the "Enlightened One."

Hecate, still in swaddling clothes, took the potion, becoming the second person to embark on the most arduous Path of Revelation.

There was no need to draw a new Destiny's Trajectory on her, as the little infant, like Byrne and Helen, was born with a very strong and special "Destiny's Trajectory."

Her name was "Demonic Woman."

Due to the Destiny's Trajectory of "Witch's Daughter," Hecate was born with an understanding and analytical capability surpassing adults, and these two abilities would continue to grow as her experiences became richer.

Yes, although Hecate was still an infant in swaddling clothes, her mind was maturely observing everything, thinking in secrecy.

She even subconsciously maintained reverence through those special eyes, faintly sensing Karl's presence.

She would remember everything that happened this night.

However, the Destiny's Trajectory of "Demonic Woman" also had an obvious side effect: Hecate's capacity for emotional stimulation and feedback would be much lower than the average person, her emotions would be exceptionally stable, even indifferent.

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

Chapter 367 Consecution "Painter"

Across the vast and boundless sea, dozens of warships from the Fischer and Romann families lined up in formation, preparing to face the imminent naval battle.

This sea battle was instigated by the Fischer family, who deliberately sailed to the southern waters, posing a threat to attack the port and then directly march on the Royal Capital, forcing the Adley Royal Family to dispatch their ships for battle.

As for why they initiated this battle, it was naturally because the Fischer family was confident of victory!

Aldrich had been full of doubts, but Byrne was extremely insistent.

"Don't worry, as long as we choose the sea as our battlefield, we will surely win... Although I can't reveal our trump card, I hope you can trust me!"

He finally succeeded in convincing Aldrich.

At this moment, the sailors of the Romann family looked at the Fischer family's ships with surprise.

"How come those ships are powered by steam engines?"

"They're not using sails, aren't they afraid of offending the Tempest Church?"

"Hmph, those soulless things won't have any fighting capability!"

They muttered among themselves, deep down feeling anxious and fearful towards the ships they had never seen before.

Fortunately, the Fischer family was their ally!

"Stars Mortal" Ariel was also on board, gazing at the Fischer's steam warships, recalling what Byrne had said to her not long ago.

He planned to build ironclad warships covered entirely in steel armor.

"How is that possible? A ship made entirely of iron would sink, wouldn't it? Does every ship spend a huge amount of money to set up powerful Arrays to increase power?"

That was her first thought at the time.

"No, you're wrong."

Byrne's idea was that steam engines could keep the ships powered, and they had done the math. The shipyard had already begun preliminary design work.

At this moment, Ariel suddenly felt that perhaps the Fischer family could really build an ironclad warship.

"According to the Reforging Church Priests, people will sooner or later invent something that can shake the status of Transmutation Level Extraordinary Exponents... Could ironclad warships be what they're referring to?"

The sea breeze was piercing cold, and black steam continuously drifted into the sky, each of the Fischer family's warships resembling a beast ready to pounce on the sea.

"Hurry up! Hurry up!"

The cannons of the steam warships, pointing toward the distance, with their barrels reflecting a cold and sharp light, the soldiers on decks were busy in a tense yet orderly manner, checking the loading and aiming of the guns.

The air was filled with the smell of gunpowder and salty sea water, a mix that made one tense involuntarily. Waves slapped the underside of the battleships, creating a thunderous roar.

The clouds in the sky hung low, gradually covering the sunlight and casting a gloomy atmosphere over the entire sea.

Many seagulls circled above the sea, squawking shrilly, adding to the unease.

The warships communicated through a channel maintained by Extraordinary Exponents, and the battle commander from the Dawn Church, the Daybreaker Yeager, relayed various orders and instructions. Each warship was tactically placed on the battlefield like a chess piece, awaiting his command.

Now graying at the temples, Yeager was planning how to ascend to the 5th Rank on Path of Conquest.

"I will certainly become the first Blood Receiver to ascend to the 5th Rank..."

Their opponents were numerous warships belonging to the Adley Royal Family, even outnumbering them by double.

However, these warships were wooden alchemical barques, a grade lower than the Fischer family's steam warships.

The two sides soon engaged in intense naval warfare, and the Extraordinary Exponents from both sides also came forward, with each ship hosting Transmutation Level or 3rd and 4th Rank Extraordinary Exponents.

On the turbulent sea, Extraordinary powerful experts quickly engaged in a thrilling battle. Many figures flitted ghost-like through the waves, each leap accompanied by astonishing power and speed.

"Follow me!"

Familiar with naval warfare, Archibald let out a roar, leading the charge on the surface of the sea, displaying great bravery.

Through the power of "Hand of Austere Winter," he froze the surrounding sea, allowing many Extraordinary Exponents who couldn't fly or jump well to also launch an assault.

The two sides quickly joined battle on the ice!

Sea breezes howled by, the weapons of the Extraordinary Exponents glinted with cold light in the sun, cutting into the icy surface, churning up waves; some wielded huge

hammers, each strike sending tremors across the ice sheet, while others moved swiftly and gracefully, turning the art of combat into a dance.

The noise of battle was deafening, with a torrent of gunfire intertwined with Extraordinary Power, a spectacular sight.

At last, several Monarch Level Extraordinary Exponents from both sides joined the fray!

All the warships and common Extraordinary Exponents tactfully dispersed to the sides, not daring to involve themselves in the battle of the Monarch Level, for the aftershocks alone were deadly.

"Stars Mortal" Ariel saw her opponent was "Hunter in the Fog," Jayern from the Abernathy family.

"Does your family really have to help the Royal Family? As far as I know, your ally, Marquis Vlad, has his own ideas, doesn't he?"

Jayern nodded calmly, speaking slowly, "Sorry, Madam Ariel... I cannot defy my family's decision. Actually, if there were a choice, I would rather that this civil war not happen at all."

"Every Cyart death pains my heart."

Ariel sneered.

"Hmph, hypocrite!"

Every collision between them stirred up huge waves, quickly dragging the surrounding ships into the turmoil, yet the Monarch powerful experts paid no mind to these, focusing solely on the battle.

Compared to the warships of enemies or allies, one's own life is more important... oneself is the "big picture"!

More and more of both sides' warships were struck by the aftermath, crumbling apart, Yeager immediately issued an order.

"Begin!"

Many soldiers and Extraordinary Exponents began to activate their spell inscriptions, providing continuous tactical support to their side's Monarch powerful experts, and both sides gradually reached a deadlock.

On the deck of a steam warship, Helen was immersed in her artistic creation.

The presence of the young girl contrasted sharply with the behemoth, yet she harmoniously blended as one with it.

Her long hair was skillfully tied back, a few strands fluttering in the wind, her eyes deep and bright, as if they could perceive every detail of the warship, and then she captured these details accurately on the canvas.

"It's almost done..."

In Helen's hand was a specially made brush, custom-designed for the ship's environment, resistant to seawater corrosion while maintaining smooth brush strokes.

The brush danced swiftly across the canvas, the color-laden bristles leaping onto the canvas, creating a series of vivid images.

Especially the outline of an enemy warship was depicted robustly and powerfully, its lines straight and resilient, exuding a sense of majesty and strength that anyone could feel.

Her eyes sparkled with a steadfast pursuit of art, each brushstroke was an exploration of beauty, the act of painting itself was her way of excavating the landscapes of her inner world.

Even the enemy warships were depicted perfectly by Helen, without the slightest distortion.

As her brushstrokes grew more intense, the warship on the canvas suddenly came under a violent attack, with flames shooting to the sky and smoke spreading.

She took a deep breath, expended all her Spiritual Power, and murmured to herself.

"Reflect reality."

As Helen completed her painting, everyone on a distant enemy warship felt an inexplicable shudder, and the colossal body of the warship began to shake violently, people looking around in terror.

"What's happening!"

"What occurred?"

An invisible attack traversed a great distance, directly affecting the enemy's warship!

Helen's paintings seemed to possess some mystic power, as the disasters depicted in them started unfolding in reality; the enemy warship was hit by intangible artillery, flames rose to the sky, and a massive explosion echoed, shocking everyone's heart,

while the waves beat furiously against the hull, leaving the warship teetering in the giant swells.

"How... how is this possible?"

A veteran nearby, his voice trembling, his face etched with shock and disbelief.

It never crossed his mind that an artist's painting could wield such extraordinary power, capable of altering the course of reality.

"This is unbelievable!"

The soldiers' gazes all gathered on Helen, their eyes filled with admiration and curiosity, feeling that the Extraordinary Exponents of the Fischer family were indeed formidable, yet uncertain whether she was a mid-level Transmutation or higher-level Extraordinary Exponent, as common folk could not tell the difference.

Standing amid everyone, Helen gently said:

"I am but a painter, who uses the brush to depict the world I see and feel, the reason my paintings can influence reality is that they bear the landscapes deep within my heart."

Since what I saw was war, naturally it could bring about destruction, slaughter, and death...

Helen silently watched the enemy warship sinking into the sea in the distance, if she didn't possess the Destiny's Trajectory of a "Fantasy Fellow" and a vast amount of Spiritual Power, she probably couldn't have achieved this level.

The 3rd Rank of the Path of Wholeheartedness, "Painter", was represented in the Spirit Realm as a girl brimming with childlike innocence, smiling gently.

Physical attributes enhanced by 15, Spiritual Power by 55, and the "Painter" only received one kind of extraordinary power, but its effect was incredibly potent.

"Spirit Brush".

"Painter" could induce supernatural effects upon something within the painting through a ritualistic form of drawing, the larger the impact caused, the more Spiritual Power the user expended.

The greatest advantage of "Spirit Brush" is its strong versatility; the obvious disadvantage is that the ritual takes a long time to prepare, and because the background also needs to be drawn as detailed as possible, it can't be pre-prepared with portraits, making it virtually useless during sudden close encounters.

Just then, the ship beneath her feet suddenly began to rock.

"What's going on?"

Having exhausted her Spiritual Power, Helen almost fell, struggling to steady herself, only to see something quite horrific rising from the seabed.

What was that thing?

She looked on in utter amazement at the colossal monster hovering above the sea!

The "spider creature" emerging from the seabed was enormous, over thirty meters tall, akin to a moving fortress, built of sturdy magic alloy, its surface covered with intricate magic runes that flickered with a dim light when the puppet moved, as if a life were pulsating within; its eight limbs were thick and strong, each one like a massive column, embedded with sharp magical gleaming blades capable of tearing through the stoutest defenses.

It was a war-time alchemical puppet!

Essentially, it was also an alchemical tool!

However, no one had ever seen such an awe-inspiring alchemical tool!

Helen clutched her hands tightly, a surge of intense fear rising from the depths of her being, hearing Madam Ariel's astonished exclamation nearby.

"Adley Royal Family, you definitely could not have created such a thing!"

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

Chapter 368 348

The surging sea was a stage for a gigantic spider-shaped battle puppet that resembled a moving mountain. Its body, constructed of magic alloy, sparkled with a cold light under the weak sunlight.

Helen stared up at it, then took a deep breath to shake off her fear, turned around, and immediately jumped into the sea!

She must escape!

If she continued to stay on the ship, she would soon die!

There was no doubt that this being was not a natural creature, but a product of human technology, alchemy, and science intertwined, created specifically for the battlefield—a terrifying existence.

Its eight long legs, like giant anchors, plunged deep into the waves. Invisible arrays allowed the battle puppet to walk freely on the sea. Every movement of its legs stirred up enormous waves, making the sea seem tiny by comparison, as if it was merely shattered foam under its massive body.

And all the ships that usually roamed the sea freely became so fragile before it!

On its head was mounted a huge alchemical magic cannon, the muzzle flashing with a destructive light. No words were needed—one shot would shatter the warship Helen was on!

With every thunderous roar of the cannon, ships were destroyed, and people screamed as the scent of death and despair spread across the sea.

Its back was covered with magic runes and sharp black spikes, each a deadly weapon. When brave Extraordinary Exponents tried to get close, these spikes mercilessly shot out, piercing their bodies and nailing them dead.

And the Extraordinary Exponents who got even closer were instantly killed by those eight magic blades!

Countless corpses and debris floated on the sea, swaying with the waves, creating a bloody and brutal picture.

The gigantic spider battle puppet wreaked havoc on the sea, its actions full of violence and destruction. The ships that once sailed freely were now helpless before it as if facing an unstoppable calamity that brought death and despair to anyone who dared challenge it.

Ariel appeared quietly in the sky, draped in a starlight robe, holding a gem-studded staff, her eyes sparkling with profound light as if she could see through all the secrets of the world.

Taking a deep breath, the gems on her staff suddenly emitted a dazzling light, as if illuminating the whole sky. She slowly raised her staff, pointing towards the enormous spider battle puppet on the sea, and chanted ancient spells.

As her chants echoed, countless bright stars appeared in the sky, streaking across it like meteors, heading straight for the battle puppet.

These stars, twinkling with bright light, carried a destructive force that seemed to devour the entire sea.

"This is it!"

"A Monarch powerful expert has taken action! That thing is done for!"

The people of the Romann and Fischer families cheered with joy.

Helen, holding onto a piece of broken plank in the vast sea, then witnessed an incredibly shocking scene!

Just as the stars were about to smash into the battle puppet, an invisible barrier suddenly unfolded around the giant spider.

This barrier was composed of complex magic runes, shimmering with a faint blue light, firmly protecting the battle puppet within.

"How is this possible?" Helen murmured to herself.

That was an attack from a Monarch powerful expert!

The stars collided with the barrier, unleashing deafening roars and blinding light.

However, to the shock of nearly everyone on both sides, the Magic Barrier stood like a solid rampart, easily deflecting the barrage from the stars.

Every impact made the Magic Barrier tremble slightly, but then it quickly returned to calmness as if nothing could break through its defense.

"That Magic Barrier's aura doesn't bode well..."

Seeing this, Ariel's brow furrowed, and she raised her staff again, trying to strengthen her assault. No matter how hard she tried, however, the stars could not penetrate the barrier's defense.

The clash between the stars and the barrier continued unabated. Although the power of a Monarch powerful expert was incomparably strong, the barrier of the battle puppet stood firm like an impregnable fortress, always staunchly guarding it.

Suddenly, the battle puppet, which had been in a defensive mode, launched an attack at Ariel!

It was a magic cannon shot, infused with extremely powerful Magic Power, and even Ariel, as a Monarch powerful expert, dared not take it head-on!

"Boom!"

Ariel wasn't hit by the large magic cannon; she dodged in advance, a move that amazed many.

"That's impossible!"

Everyone was stunned; what they witnessed was almost unimaginable!

There was actually something beyond the "Monarch Level Extraordinary powerful expert" that could contend with those mighty beings!

Ariel was also full of shock, murmuring to herself, "Could this be a product of the Reforging Church? How could the Royal Family of Cyart have such a thing as their trump card?"

Struggling continuously in the water, Helen was suddenly lifted up by a pair of strong hands and instantly felt relieved.

"Father..."

She looked at the man wearing the Iron Mask, silent and uncommunicative.

Darren silently moved Helen onto another steamboat of the Fischer family.

He gazed at the distant battle puppet, saying,

"That's a battle puppet of the Seven Stars!"

"The Seven Stars!"

Helen was startled, the only empire in the world that could contend with the Lorne Empire!

"It was constructed under the guidance of the Seven Stars Emperor, combining the manpower and resources of the entire empire, with a mass of craftsmen and alchemists spending years, through the Forbidden knowledge of the Spirit Realm combined with advanced alchemy technology and science, and consuming hundreds of Extraordinary materials, to finally create this 'Calamity class' weapon."

"Although essentially it's also an alchemical tool, the power it actually possesses is too exaggerated, especially its magic defensive barrier, which is said to be personally arranged by a Heavenly Enlightenment powerful expert!"

Helen suddenly understood why Ariel's full-force attacks for a long time had no effect whatsoever.

Continuing with the information in his mind, Darren spoke on.

"It's said that the battle puppets of the Seven Stars Empire are divided into 'Attack class', 'Destruction class', and 'Calamity class', and like this 'Calamity class', the highest level of battle puppets, in decades the Seven Stars Empire has only made a total of fifteen..."

His brow furrowed tightly, knowing the seriousness of the situation after this battle puppet appeared.

"Why would such a monster appear in Cyart's civil war?"

The war situation was almost completely reversed; the rampaging Calamity puppet was invincible. Although its mobility was not as good as that of the Monarch powerful experts, and its way of attack was very simple, its unreasonable defensive power was truly terrifying.

It forcefully withstood the attacks of the Monarch powerful experts, crazily destroying the ships.

Ariel was furious beyond measure, having fought for so long without even being able to break through the barrier, her heart nearly cursing the other side.

"This thing isn't a spider; it's essentially a giant crab!"

Just when everyone was at a loss, the sky completely turned, obscured by dark clouds.

Sudden bolts of lightning, like the anger of the gods, furiously struck down from the cloud-filled sky, hitting the giant spider-shaped battle puppet on the sea.

At this moment, it became the focus of this divine punishment.

With every lightning strike, huge waves surged on the sea as though even the ocean trembled, and the magic barrier shell of the battle puppet gradually cracked under the barrage of lightning, emitting a piercing tearing sound.

Karl was exerting the authority of the God of the Ocean.

Its firepower gradually became ineffective amidst the lightning.

The world turned a completely different color at this moment; the clouds grew thicker, the lightning more violent.

The other ships and people on the sea were scared into a panic by the sudden divine punishment, yet the battle puppet had nowhere to escape, only able to struggle desperately in the endless lightning.

Finally, with a deafening roar, the magic barrier shell of the battle puppet completely shattered, and its massive body was struck by lightning and sank into the pitch-dark sea.

The sea was left in disarray and with everyone's amazed gazes.

"What on earth happened?"

The sudden divine punishment left everyone shocked and fearful.

They did not know the reason behind it, but they all understood that there were forces in the world that could not be resisted, forces that could destroy everything easily, and make people tremble in endless fear.

The face of "Hunter in the Fog" Jayern changed.

That battle puppet didn't belong to them; it was only borrowed from Carnia, and now it was damaged!

"This is bad, there will be trouble to deal with afterward!"

"Retreat!"

People from the Romann family and the Fischer family raised their weapons, cheering loudly, their voices surging like waves, echoing across the expansive sea.

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

Chapter 369 349

The most important reason the Fischer family chose the sea battle was the great Lord of the Lost!

After Karl devoured a part of the Sea God's authority, he gained the power to manipulate the weather over the seas, and as long as his believers were among them, he could pour out a vast amount of lightning continuously.

The only problem was that it required the consumption of Spiritual Power, which ultimately had its limits.

The enormous battle puppets were defeated, and everyone was shocked beyond measure, with the Royal Family feeling as if they had seen a ghost!

They simply couldn't understand why the war puppets, which even the Monarch powerful experts couldn't defeat, suddenly faced... divine punishment!

Where did that endless stream of lightning come from?

Why could it fall one after the other, annihilating the war puppets with such precision!

"Do they really have the protection of the vast Tempest Overlord?"

"I heard that the Tempest Church is standing on their side!"

"Is it possible that a powerful expert from the Tempest Church is hidden in the clouds making their move?"

The enemies, surrounded by fear, couldn't catch their breath and wanted to retreat from the sea battle and flee quickly.

The surface of the sea was still shrouded in thick gunsmoke and the stench of fear; the retreating fleet of enemy warships was orderly yet heavy, like a giant beast led by fate, slowly moving away to the distance.

However, a storm of destruction was brewing over the quiet sea.

Karl knew from the very beginning the importance of eradicating the roots.

He had no intention of letting those enemy ships escape!

Suddenly, people raised their heads to see a massive crack as if torn open in the sky, with silver lightning roaring out of the fissure like a giant dragon, bearing down on the sea surface.

The mast of the first warship trembled in the thunder, followed by a robust lightning strike that engulfed the entire ship in Blazing Fire in an instant, interweaving gunfire and thunder into a symphony of doomsday.

Then, the lightning, like an enraged and ferocious deity, kept striking down from the sky, each bolt accurately targeting the retreating warships.

Those sail-powered leviathans appeared so fragile under the assault of lightning, one after another exploding into huge bursts of flame on the sea's surface, like lit fireworks, brief yet brilliant!

Gunsmoke and flames spread over the sea, and the wreckage of warships bobbed among the waves.

The once orderly retreat had now descended into utter chaos, the remaining warships scattering in all directions, fleeing in fear, but regardless of where they fled, they could not escape the pursuit of lightning.

The scene was like divine retribution descending, and every bolt of lightning was like the judgment of a deity, mercilessly destroying these warships.

Many Extraordinary Exponents escaped from the ships, trying to use their own powers to flee, yet the lightning continued to chase after the Transmutation Level and above Extraordinary Exponents relentlessly.

One Extraordinary Exponent after another met their demise.

"Hunter in the Fog" Jayern, cloaked in white mist, attempted to hide his form and escape from the waters.

Suddenly, a robust bolt of lightning slashed out from the vortex of clouds in the sky, like a silver giant dragon roaring towards the Extraordinary powerful expert.

Jayern, a powerful expert, shifted his figure swiftly, quickly adjusting his flying posture to dodge this lethal strike.

He waved the staff-like weapon in his hand, drawing radiant trails of light, trying to contend with the thunderbolt.

But the power of thunder was too overwhelming; Jayern's attacks could only slightly slow the thunderbolt's speed, unable to completely block it.

"Oh great Lord of the Lost!"

Onlookers like Helen, Darren, and others were praising in their hearts; the miracles of the Lord of the Lost were simply too glorious and magnificent, the entire sea region was like a stage for thunder, and all enemies fell into fear!

As more and more thunderbolts descended from the sky, even Jayern, a Monarch powerful expert, began to feel overwhelmed, his speed slowly reducing, his body struck once by the lightning, emitting a scent of burning.

But he did not give up, still clenching his teeth and persisting, trying to find a sliver of life.

However, in the relentless pursuit of thunderbolts, Jayern eventually exhausted his strength; another, even more robust lightning bolt descended like a divine punishment, striking him precisely.

His figure trembled in the air, his spiritual power spent, and like a kite with its string cut, he plummeted rapidly, his clothes shredded to pieces under the barrage of thunderbolts.

Ultimately, "Hunter in the Fog" Jayern crashed heavily into the sea, raising a spray of waves, appearing so fragile and helpless.

At this moment, he was no longer the soaring Monarch powerful expert, but an ordinary person defeated by a thunderbolt.

"We've won!"

The people cheered loudly!

They praised the gods!

The victory was so delightful!

The sea battle finally came to an end, and there was no doubt that the Fischer family and the Romann family had achieved a complete victory. The Royal Family not only suffered heavy casualties and loss of their main naval forces but also captured "Hunter in the Fog" Jayern, the Monarch powerful expert of the Abernathy family, who had once taken his son to the promotion celebration for Chris.

On the other side of the main battlefield, Byrne and Aldrich were restraining the remaining combat strength of the Royal Family with a portion of their troops.

Once the news of victory at sea arrived, they decisively retreated to avoid further losses.

A few days later, another family council of the Fischers began.

The people in the basement looked serious, having obtained very important intelligence from their captive, "Hunter in the Fog" Jayern.

"Carnians?"

Byrne muttered to himself, then turned to look at his son Darren, who nodded lightly.

Speaking seriously, Darren said, "After meeting Aldrich, Jayern has been very cooperative with us. He explicitly stated that he does not wish for a civil war, and if it were possible to resolve domestic conflicts quickly, all the better."

"Whichever side can resolve the conflicts quickly, he supports... and right now, he believes that we're the side with the better chance of winning!"

He chuckled and said, "At this point, it's either us or the Words of Tranquility and the Royal Family that must be dealt with."

"Furthermore, according to him, the Adley Royal Family, under the control of the Words of Tranquility, has no dignity left to speak of; they directly promised the entire East Coast Province to the Carnians in exchange for their help in defeating our two great families!"

"What?"

Everyone was shocked upon hearing this; the East Coast Province was one-tenth of Cyart land!

The fact that the Adley Royal Family was willing to cede it in exchange for the help of the strongest nation in the East, Carnia, was astonishing.

However, everyone soon felt it made sense, for although to the Cyart nobility each inch of land was precious, to the Words of Tranquility who were secretly manipulating the war, it meant nothing.

Taking a deep breath, Byrne said, "Because the Lorne citizens support Vallere, Carnia has received help from the Seven Stars Emperor, even acquiring two Calamity class battle puppets."

"Thus, the Carnians handed one of these over to the Adley Royal Family."

"Such a battle puppet possesses near Monarch Level mobility, the offensive power of a low-level Monarch, and the most terrifying feature... a powerful defense barrier arranged by the hands of a Heavenly Enlightenment powerful expert, likely only a high-level Monarch could destroy it!"

Upon saying this, Byrne paused, quickly recalling his initial meeting with Prince Conrad of Carnia, who had helped the Meyer family and the Rhea People oppose Cyart.

It was a ridiculous twist of fate—Carnians and some Cyart people were now allies!

"Perhaps there are never permanent friends or enemies," he said.

Meanwhile.

On the outskirts of Nasir City, the somewhat elderly Karno quietly gazed at the silhouette of his homeland.

It had been a long time since he had returned.

In fact, if it hadn't been necessary, Karno would not have considered returning.

The reason for his return this time was that Karno had brought someone very important, an individual who would directly determine the future course of the entire war, and could potentially cause a significant shift in his family's future.

Therefore, he had to return.

That person was a Lorne citizen.

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

Chapter 370 Lorne Envoy

The tranquil and majestic evening saw a luxurious carriage slowly enter the heart of Nasir, an emergent city.

Two magnificent red steeds drew the carriage, their heads held high, their strides steady and powerful; the sound of their hooves echoed on the cobbled streets, like ancient war drums that shook the soul.

These were no ordinary horses, but rather specially bred animals with a lineage of magic beast blood in them.

Although the Church strictly forbade the large-scale breeding of magic beasts, animals with magic beast lineage had always skirted the edge of these regulations.

The golden shafts of the carriage glinted in the sunlight, creating a stark contrast with the dark red color of the carriage body.

The carriage was engraved with exquisite patterns, each detail exuding the noble opulence of the aristocracy, and upon closer inspection, one would notice that these refined patterns seemed to flow slowly.

It was an effect created by a special alchemy technology, which was quite rare in Cyart but widespread in Lorne.

The curtains of the carriage were gently lifted, revealing a glimpse inside; the soft cushions were covered with fine velvet, emanating a faint scent, and the interior was adorned with delicate tea sets and pastries.

The master of the carriage was a Viscount Johnville.

His face was rather broad, his features strong, akin to an ancient sculpture meticulously carved, his gaze revealing steadiness and authority.

The extraordinary nobility system of the Cyart people was originally modeled after that of the Lorne Empire; as a viscount, Johnville was indeed a high-level Transcendent.

However, he preferred the term "Transmutation," unlike the successful reforms of the Eastern Four Kingdoms, where, at least within the Lorne Empire, the term "Transmutation" was more commonly used.

The Lorne Empire was undoubtedly the most powerful transcendent empire in the Claud World, it had even conquered several other continents and worlds, with colonial territories many times the size of its homeland in the Ouden Continent.

Although the Seven Stars Empire could barely resist the onslaught of the Lorne citizens, it absolutely could not match the comprehensive strength of the Lorne Empire.

In particular, over the past century, the Lorne's power had seen transformative growth; if not for the extraordinary power of the Seven Stars Emperor, who emerged with the unquestionable strongest force, the Seven Stars Empire would have probably already been crushed by the Lorne.

Viscount Johnville scrutinized his surroundings and said,

"This is my first time visiting the East Coast Province of Cyart, such a small place. Now, it seems better than I imagined, just slightly inferior to your Cyart Royal Capital."

"I actually thought this place was just a fishing village."

The other person in the carriage smiled and slowly said, "Decades ago, Nasir indeed was a small fishing town."

"It was my family that changed all that."

"I believe you, your family must be a rather remarkable one, just like you."

Finally, Viscount Johnville stepped out of the lavish carriage; he was dressed in an elegant robe, its hem fluttering lightly with his movements.

Yet, when he set foot on the city streets, his face revealed a slight dissatisfaction.

Viscount Johnville looked around, his eyebrows slightly furrowed, the hustle and bustle, and the crowding of the city made him uncomfortable, the street dust, and the chaotic

scenes were at odds with his noble demeanor. His gaze swept over the busy merchants and pedestrians, their vulgar behavior, and the noisy chatter made him displeased.

He coughed lightly, trying to dissipate the dust and odd smells in the air, his hand gently brushed over the hem of his garment as if to wipe away the roughness and disorder he had come into contact with.

Though Viscount Johnville kept the elegant composure of a noble on his face, there was a barely perceptible hint of pickiness and dissatisfaction in his eyes.

"Well," he said, "it's much better than most colonies, but this city... well, I shouldn't be too critical."

His attendants followed closely behind, their expressions similarly mixed with confusion and discontent, accustomed to the sophistication of life in the capital of the Lorne Empire, they were somewhat uncomfortable with such surroundings.

Viscount Johnville stopped, his gaze piercing through the busy crowd toward Fischer Manor in the distance, a determined glint flashing in his eyes.

He took a deep breath, straightened his attire, ready to face this city which was so alien to him, and at the same time, prepared to present the grace befitting an Imperial Emissary.

The man who had sat in the carriage just moments ago now followed behind Viscount Johnville.

Karno Fischer.

This man had serendipitously helped him a few years ago when he visited the Cyart Royal Capital as a guest. Karno Fischer had given him a Precise Prophecy, and with it, Viscount Johnville had saved his own family.

In return, he gave Karno Fischer an opportunity to ask for the assistance of the Lorne's power to help the Fischer family.

Viscount Johnville turned to look at Karno and said,

"Mr. Kano, I must admit I don't know much about the Cyart people, for various reasons, the Lorne citizens have never paid much attention to the Eastern Four Kingdoms. The books only describe you as defeated barbarians... But after seeing you, I believe the reality is quite different, that even Cyart people can possess the same quality as the Lorne citizens."

"Thank you for your compliment, Viscount Johnville."

Karno smiled, always aware of the other's arrogance, and deep inside, he felt a bit of irony.

Daily, the Cyart people studied the Lorne, antagonized them, and even considered themselves the Lorne's archenemy aside from the Seven Stars.

But for most Lorne citizens, they merely knew of such a country and people to the east, and that was all.

Even if you were to speak to some uncultured Lorne citizens and say that you are a Cyart person, it's very likely they'd express confusion, wondering in which part of Lorne exactly is Cyart?

"It was because of Mr. Kano's invitation that I came to the Fischer family..."

Viscount Johnville had just gotten this far when he was interrupted by Kano shaking his head.

"That is a lie."

"Viscount Johnville, out of respect for our friendship, please don't deceive me any longer. How could such a significant matter of state be decided just because of our personal dealings?"

After he had spoken, he stared intently at the other man. Viscount Johnville coughed once, showing no embarrassment, and continued to say:

"Heh heh, indeed... it's because of our sovereign's command that I came here. It's just that because of our relationship, I managed to secure the opportunity to become the Imperial Emissary to Cyart."

Viscount Johnville said, smiling.

"But just as you said, regardless of whether or not we have a personal relationship, the Empire has long had its designs on the situation in Cyart. Many people here need help."

Kano nodded slightly and said, "Then for Fischer, this is indeed not a bad thing."

Soon, Viscount Johnville and Kano arrived at Fischer Manor and entered the drawing-room.

Kano saw his family, whom he had not seen for a long time. His father, Chris, nodded with a calm demeanor, showing not the slightest intention of blaming him, and his aging mother Vanessa suddenly came over and embraced him.

"Karno, you've finally returned. That's wonderful. We've missed you so much... What happened to your hair and face? How many times have you used Precise Prophecy?"

In Vanessa's words, there was surprise; Karno managed a wry smile, confident that he had used his prophecies at the right moments, with absolutely no regrets.

In his mother's eyes, he would always be a child, wouldn't he?

Those signs of aging would definitely cause his mother immeasurable heartache.

Byrne stepped forward, looking at the visitor from Lorne, and extended his hand politely, saying:

"Welcome, Viscount Johnville of Lorne. I am Byrne Fischer, the Fischer family patriarch."

Viscount Johnville paused, a bit surprised, and asked, "You know my name?"

"I've heard of it by chance."

Byrne smiled and nodded gently.

In reality, he had not heard of Johnville before, but he had just activated the power of the "Ancient Researcher," the "Past-Peeking Eye." As Johnville was a high-level Transmutation Extraordinary Exponent, Byrne had glimpsed quite a bit of his past.

That was very useful information, and Byrne suddenly found himself with a better understanding of many matters concerning the Lorne Empire.

Good, even more useful than the knowledge known from books.

Viscount Johnville said:

"I'll get straight to the point. His Excellency Bain, the people of Lorne would like to offer you some assistance."

He had a righteous expression on his face as he continued loudly:

"We've heard about the Words of Tranquility and the affairs of the Adley Royal Family, and we're aware that your nation has reached a crucial moment of life and death. Now, as people favored by the True Gods, it is imperative for us to stand united on the same front."

"Our respected sovereign has decided to provide ample assistance to both you and the Romann family to help you win this war, and all for the sake of Cyart's people and the great gods! Without a doubt, we are on the side of justice!"

Byrne nodded and responded:

"I understand. Firstly, I am very grateful to the Emperor of Lorne, and his intentions move all the people of Cyart. Secondly, I would like to know how we are to repay this generous assistance?"

Viscount Johnville's smile grew more pronounced, seemingly pleased by Byrne's directness. He nodded and took out a list from his bosom, saying:

"It's quite simple; we merely require some of Cyart's 'local specialties' and also to lease some land, that's it—necessary costs... Here's a list compiled by the Lorne Imperial Congress, which will give you, His Excellency Bain, a clear and immediate understanding."

Byrne, with a smile, took the list and looked over the array of resources and land on it, falling into a long silence.

He eventually shook his head and said, "I am very thankful to the Emperor of Lorne and your Congress, but my answer, or rather, the answer of the Cyart people is... no."

Viscount Johnville paused, his eyes narrowing as he said:

"His Excellency Bain, you choose to refuse? Heh heh, I don't think that's the right answer. You know that everything in the world comes at a price. The Empire's support is like the power of a Forbidden rare artifact; it will provide you with enormous assistance..."

"Perhaps, you are giving up on using the most powerful Forbidden rare artifact in the world!"

"You might feel the cost is great, unbearable even. But these matters, we can still negotiate. Indeed, all Extraordinary Exponents know one thing..."

"Those who are too timid to use Forbidden rare artifacts, those Extraordinary Exponents, often end up being the first to die."

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

Chapter 371 Alchemical Fairy

"Fischer could save Cyart with its own strength."

Byrne stared calmly at the other party and continued,

"I have read in many books about the importance of land; Fischer cannot simply hand over the land of the Cyart people to Lorne. Aside from that, we are open to discuss all other conditions."

Viscount Johnville shook his head repeatedly and immediately said, "No, no, no, you might be mistaken, Your Excellency Byrne, there's some misunderstanding here. We don't want to take your Cyart land, just to lease it."

"After a number of years, that land will still be returned to you."

Basically, everyone knows that the mightiest Lorne citizens have immense interest in conquering the world.

If Cyart really were to lease a portion of their land to the Lorne people, without a doubt, those lands would become their bridgehead for the invasion of the Eastern Four Kingdoms.

Even if Heavenly Enlightenment powerful experts cannot enter the East, if Lorne were truly to mobilize hundreds of Monarch powerful experts, the entire country's power to invade the Eastern Four Kingdoms, without a doubt the Eastern Four Countries would not be able to resist.

Fortunately, for now, Lorne has far too many colonies, and countless opponents and enemies, so even with several hundred Monarch powerful experts, they would not be able to spare the effort.

Currently, they simply don't have the extra strength to invade the East of the Ouden Continent.

Byrne shook his head again, very firmly stating, "The Fischer family refuses this point, the bottom line is here, I just don't know if you're willing to continue talking."

Viscount Johnville's complexion turned ugly, he didn't speak immediately and instead paced back and forth for a while.

He suddenly said seriously, "Well, then I might as well go find the Romann family, or your rivals, the Adley family."

"The obvious thing is, hmph, what Lorne Empire needs isn't something only you can provide!"

He switched his tone from being amicable to being aggressively confrontational; he was clearly putting on a threatening demeanor.

Suddenly, Kano spoke up.

He interjected and said to his "friend",

"Johnville, listen to me for a second."

Viscount Johnville looked towards Kano, waiting for him to speak.

Kano said, "The Romann family will have common actions and principles with us, so I advise you to save the effort of finding them."

"As for the Adley family... let's not joke, the battle puppet that was recently damaged in the war might still not have been salvaged from the sea. You should know about that thing."

Viscount Johnville continued to look at him, asking in confusion,

"What battle puppet?"

Darren, who had been at the scene without a word, suddenly burst into loud laughter.

"Hahaha! No need to play dumb; as an Imperial Emissary of the Lorne Empire, no doubt you're also a spy. How could you not know such easily obtained intelligence?"

His hatred for Lorne people, just like his hatred for Rhea people, was clear, but he also knew that they can't fall out at any time.

"The Calamity class battle puppets of the Seven Stars appeared on the scene of the recent naval battle, and they belonged to the Adley Royal Family's side!"

Viscount Johnville looked at the man laughing heartily, sensing the clear hostility from him, and nodded.

"Indeed... All right, I admit that I am aware of it."

"The Adley Royal Family really became the Seven Suns Empire People's dog, which was their most ignorant and failed choice!"

Byrne didn't speak up, but he even doubted in his heart whether the Lorne people's first choice might not have been the Fischer family.

Initially, they might also have considered cooperating with the Adley Royal Family, but after finding out that the Adley Royal Family already had the help of the Carnian people, there wasn't much choice left.

The Carnian's backers were their mortal enemies, the Seven Stars Empire!

Obviously, the Fischer and Romann families became the only choices for the Lorne people; they had to help Fischer and Romann achieve victory.

Byrne had seen too many of the "Seven Stars Jokes" written by Lorne citizens and "Lorne Jokes" written by Seven Stars People in books to know very clearly about the hostility between these two countries.

The enemies of the people of the Seven Stars Empire are friends to the citizens of the Lorne Empire, two arch-enemy nations who have been combating each other through a policy of opposition for a hundred years.

During the original hundred-year war, the Seven Stars Empire lost a very formidable female Heavenly Enlightenment powerful expert due to various reasons.

The powerful being known as the Holy Woman suddenly received Divine Power from several of the True Gods, becoming a Heavenly Enlightenment expert. Although she ultimately sacrificed herself in flames, she completely saved the Seven Stars Empire from destruction.

Following that, the citizens of the Lorne Empire became much more submissive.

They knew that no matter how much they struggled, the Gods could easily rewrite the outcome, so they were almost entirely obedient to the Church.

However, the times had changed now.

All Gods, except for the God of Reforging, no longer issued Divine Oracles.

Viscount Johnville nodded and said, "Alright, you've convinced me, His Excellency Byrne and Mr. Karno."

"Then, let's talk about other forms of aid, like some exchanges of resources."

The citizens of Lorne were very wealthy.

Everybody among the Cyart people knew this since the opposing nation was the most powerful empire in the world and was naturally very wealthy.

But exactly how wealthy the citizens of Lorne actually were was beyond the Cyart people's imagination, and now the Fischer family felt somewhat dizzy looking at the list of conditions laid out by the other party.

The next day during the negotiation in the conference hall, after rechecking the list, Christine, who was responsible for this aspect, widened her eyes and asked, "Are you sure there's been no mistake? It says here sixth level extraordinary materials, not Level Five?"

Viscount Johnville shook his head, saying, "There's no error... The Empire has more high-level extraordinary materials than you think. In many of our colonies that have relatively primitive ecosystems, the populations of magic beasts are quite exaggerated."

As part of the Cyart people, the Fischer family instinctively harbored some hostility towards the Lorne citizens, but after seeing that list of aid, many of their hostilities dissipated like smoke in the air.

The sugar coating was indeed delicious.

In a place like Cyart, many high-level extraordinary materials were unobtainable even with money, but in the Lorne Empire, almost any extraordinary material could be attained. As long as the Fischer family was willing to exchange resources, they could even obtain Level Seven extraordinary materials.

Christine looked at the list again, inquiring, "What is this 'Alchemical Fairy' thing?"

"The so-called 'Alchemical Fairy,' while the Seven Suns Empire's research focuses on large battle puppets, our research in Alchemy is directed towards these things."

"They are miniature battle puppets, which, although individually weak in combat, are difficult to destroy, and possess the ability to fly and extremely comprehensive support abilities."

Viscount Johnville snapped his fingers, and immediately a Magic Gold Sphere that could levitate and fly appeared by his side.

Christine was instantly captivated by its presence.

"How beautiful..."

It was like a dazzling miniature constellation, emitting a mysterious and enchanting glow, freely traversing through space, displaying immense Magic Power and life force.

The Magic Gold Sphere was moderately sized, fitting perfectly in the palm of a hand, yet contained astonishing energy.

Its surface was covered with a layer of flowing golden luster, as if countless tiny constellations were twinkling within, emitting a gentle yet dazzling light.

Not only was the light beautiful, but it also had a calming power that brought tranquility and peace to those who gazed upon it.

The construction of the Magic Gold Sphere was unique and exquisite, seemingly made from the purest of energy, lightweight yet resilient, easily withstanding various impacts without damage, and housing an invisible magic core that seemed to be constantly in operation, powering the sphere with unending energy.

When it began to fly, it made almost no sound, moving at high speed yet remaining impressively stable, maintaining a steady posture regardless of how it maneuvered through the air.

This Magic Gold Sphere, named "Alchemical Fairy," was not only capable of flight but also contained various mysterious Magic Powers.

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It could sense minor changes in the surrounding environment and release different magical effects as needed. Sometimes it would emit a soft light, bringing brightness to those in darkness; sometimes it would unleash powerful energy, destroying barriers in its path; other times, it would cast healing spells, bringing hope to injured lives.

Moreover, it could automatically seek out enemies and track them, with its compound abilities being very unique.

Christine, mesmerized by what she saw, took a deep breath, feeling the enormous disparity in civilization between Cyart and Lorne even more keenly.

No wonder the people of Lorne saw the Cyart people as a bunch of inexplicable barbarians.

"We truly need something like this, very much so!"

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

Chapter 372 352

Christine was the chief steward for the Fischer family and the Dawn Church; in the coming days, she spent her time discussing with an imperial emissary from Lorne about

numerous supplies—what they were, how the trade should be conducted, including transportation and other detailed matters.

Christine had already prepared sufficiently beforehand, possessing a clear understanding of the negotiation's content, objectives, and ultimate bottom line.

Although those resources were indeed useful for the Fischer family, the negotiation process only deepened her negative impression of Lorne citizens.

The arrogance of Viscount Johnville from Lorne was simply too much.

His arrogance was the kind that seeped into his bones, and despite his utmost efforts to disguise it, trying to pretend to treat the Cyart people as equals and desperately not wanting to make Christine displeased, he still inadvertently revealed intense arrogance he wasn't even aware of in the details.

That very arrogance, which he couldn't mask, was no doubt the true form of pride.

Being as firm as Uncle Byrne could work, but truly offending Lorne citizens was not a good thing; on the surface, Christine always kept silent, yet deep inside, she gradually felt a disgusting nausea.

She knew very well that in the eyes of the Lorne citizens, who had conquered nearly half the world and even deemed the entire Claud World as something in the palm of their hands, her people, the Cyart, and those East Coast natives and White Sea natives were not substantially different.

Putting herself in their position, Christine knew the Lorne citizens had no good intentions at all.

They merely wished for the Cyart people to keep weakening internally, supporting a compliant family to power, so it would be easier for them to conquer this place in the future, nothing more.

She couldn't help but think of the High Priest of the Sea God Cult, Ian, a puppet of the Dawn Church and a White Sea native who was a genius on the Path of Knowledge and might have a chance to reach the 5th Rank someday, but for now was indeed just one of the best pawns of the Fischer family.

The extraordinarily powerful Lorne citizens, too, hoped the Fischer family would become their puppet, their own "Ian."

Meanwhile, in another room at the Fischer Manor, Madam Vanessa saw the elderly steward Theo enter through the door, his expression solemn.

"Madam Vanessa, I must inform you that Karno just left, but before he did, he left behind a Forbidden rare artifact, sigh, if it hadn't been for my discovery, that boy wouldn't even want to say a word before leaving."

With his white hair, the aged Theo sighed deeply.

He had watched Karno grow up, always feeling that the guy might be even more trouble than Darren.

Vanessa nodded gently with calm acknowledgment.

"I know, he will not always stay at home; Karno will never live in a cave, he desires to fly like a bird, I understand my child."

"..."

Theo fell silent, actually because that prophecy letter and this incident had somewhat altered the Fischer family's internal view of Karno's character.

And since Karno had this time helped connect with the Lorne citizens and left behind a Forbidden rare artifact on his departure, one might say he had repaid the Fischer family, thus even if they didn't voice it, their hearts no longer harbored complaints against him.

"This kid..."

"He will come back," Vanessa suddenly spoke.

She stated firmly:

"As long as there remains a crisis for the Fischer family, that child will come back sooner or later; I trust my son, he will help the family in his own way, or rather, help those he considers important."

At the Cyart Royal Capital, a grand soiree commenced, the venue glimmering vibrantly, with lights reflecting the joyful faces of people, the aroma of champagne and fine foods mingling to create an intoxicating atmosphere.

Guests dressed in splendid garments streamed into the soirée, with music resounding melodiously.

On the centerpiece stage of the soiree, the host enthusiastically announced news of a victory on the frontlines.

"We successfully repelled the rebels..."

His words filled with praises for the Adley Royal Family, inspiring everyone present, but he made no mention of the total naval defeat.

Soon, applause and cheers arose.

At the soiree, an array of exquisite dishes was presented, with the guests surrounding the dining tables, savoring the food, sharing the joy of victory; they toasted to the success and prayed for a brighter future.

Any soldier who had experienced that naval battle would find all of this incredibly ironic.

They had clearly suffered a crushing defeat, yet there was still a grand celebration being held in the back!

A distinguished guest from Carnia, the brother of the King of Carnia —

Prince Konrad.

He was invited into a separate room.

Aside from Prince Konrad, the room also housed the King of Cyart, Noah with his golden blond hair and cold eyes, as well as Noah's uncle, who was nearly a hundred years old.

The white-haired, cane-leaning uncle might only be a high-level Transmutation Extraordinary Exponent, but he was the palace steward, the chief steward of the Adley Royal Family, and his words always carried great weight.

The palace steward slowly said, "Prince Konrad, welcome and thank you deeply for Carnia's assistance."

Prince Konrad suddenly scoffed and said, "Aren't you all a bit too incompetent?"

Facing these words, King Noah remained indifferent, while the old man's face instantly changed.

"Please show some respect towards our emperor, Prince Konrad! Do not presume this is still Carnia!"

Prince Konrad looked at the new King of Cyart, Noah, and said calmly,

"What exactly about you Cyart people is worthy of our respect? If he were the Emperor of the Seven Stars, I would kneel and kiss his boots, begging for forgiveness. But clearly, the king of the Cyart people does not deserve such respect from me."

He did not hide his anger as he spoke,

"You lost that most important battle puppet, which belongs to the people of the Seven Suns Empire, and Carnia will have to pay a huge price if it isn't returned by the lease deadline!"

For the people of Carnia, the Seven Stars Empire was indeed an untouchable backbone that they had to retrieve the undersea battle puppet by any means necessary!

Noah said indifferently, "Konrad, you are not a prince of the Seven Stars either, do not overstep. Remember, we and Carnia are equals."

A terrifying aura suddenly enveloped Konrad, causing him to be stunned for a long time as he gazed at the new king of Cyart.

Had he already advanced to a mid-level Monarch?

Prince Konrad frowned and took a deep breath, "Are you really cooperating with the Words of Tranquility?"

Noah shook his head in denial, "Of course not."

Prince Konrad nodded lightly and continued to ask, "Alright, another question, do you know why those lightning strikes occurred? They were even able to destroy such a strong battle puppet."

"I do not know."

Noah analyzed calmly, "But it was capable of penetrating the defense of a Calamity-class war machine, so it's likely from a high-level Monarch hiding within the clouds at the time."

Prince Konrad tightly furrowed his brows, puzzled, "But among the high-level Monarch Extraordinary Exponents in the eastern part of the Ouden Continent, there have always been few, who could it be?" Stay tuned with empire

High-level Monarch top fighters were even rare in Lorne and Seven Stars, indeed each of them could change the current situation.

The people in the room sat in a circle, the air heavy and suffocating; the face of Prince Konrad was filled with worry, his brows tightly knitted and his eyes deeply contemplative.

The palace steward's lips were tightly pursed, and it seemed even his breathing became exceptionally heavy; his gaze occasionally met with that of Prince Konrad, only to quickly shift away, as if seeking answers yet fearing to see the same confusion and anxiety in the other's eyes.

The room was pervaded with an oppressive atmosphere, yet Noah looked as composed as ever.

Night fell, and the party outside gradually reached its peak, with people dancing elegantly to the music, thoroughly enjoying the delightful evening.

In the interplay of shadows and lights at the party, Chris was like a leopard lurking in the dark, calm and deadly.

Through his extraordinary power, he easily altered his appearance, dressed in a proper evening suit, adorned with exquisite accessories, perfectly blending into the apparently calm but turbulent party.

Chris's gaze was deep and sharp, occasionally sweeping over the surrounding crowd, searching for his target this time.

This assassination was highly risky, but the profits if successful would be even greater.

His fingers gently stroked the sharp dagger hidden in his sleeve cuff, the emotions in his eyes increasingly fading until his heart had completely turned cold and ruthless.

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

Chapter 373 Assassinate the King

"Fake-Spirit Card."

That was the powerful ability of the Path of Tranquility, capable of transforming one's appearance.

Until now, many Extraordinary Exponents of the Dawn Church who embarked on the Path of Tranquility had used the power of the "Fake-Spirit Card" to infiltrate various parts of Cyart and secretly accomplished numerous tasks.

The Extraordinary Exponents of the Path of Tranquility were born spies and assassins.

And the one who had traveled farthest and was most powerful on this path was undoubtedly Chris.

At this moment, he had disguised himself as a servant in the palace, having infiltrated this victory banquet in the Cyart Royal Capital, searching for a genuine opportunity to destroy the enemy.

Chris had only one target.

The New King of Cyart, Noah Adley!

In fact, he had been staying in the Cyart Royal Capital for a full three months.

Assassinating Cyart's new king, Noah, no doubt was a boldly astonishing act, but Chris felt it was also a near-permanent solution to the problem.

Chris had discussed this matter beforehand with Byrne, and then, without waiting for a family meeting to be convened, he infiltrated the Cyart Royal Capital alone.

He had already considered in advance how to infiltrate, assassinate, and ultimately withdraw.

King Noah was an Extraordinary Exponent who had already reached the Monarch Level, an extremely powerful being, but after all, he was merely a low-level Monarch Extraordinary Exponent, so his own "Lethality" could take effect at the time of the attack.

He just had to get close to him, and by launching a surprise attack through rune power, he could completely destroy the opponent.

And as long as he succeeded in killing Noah Adley, even if the Adley royal family manipulated by the Words of Tranquility subsequently introduced a new king of Cyart at the Transmutation Level, he would not command absolute authority.

The assassination of the King and the death of the Monarch-powerful experts, when compounded, would certainly deal a devastating blow to the reputation of the Adley royal family!

The victory of the Fischer Family and Romann Family would then become imminent.

At this moment, King Noah came out of his room and returned to the center of the banquet, capturing the attention of everyone; he began to mingle with the many nobles present.

"Sword of Salvation" Noah.

As the last remaining Monarch-powerful expert from the direct line of the Adley Royal Family, before ascending to the throne, he was widely seen as someone who "would not bother with worldly matters and was solely focused on becoming stronger."

However, after truly becoming the new king of Cyart, Noah completely changed the impression he made on people. He immediately began to actively intervene in governmental affairs and called upon hundreds of noble families throughout the country to jointly combat the rebels. Experience more content on empire

The drastic changes in Noah before and after were so great that they left many people dumbfounded, especially Marquis Vlad, who had not anticipated this at all.

Chris, disguised as a servant, watched quietly on the side, waiting for the right moment.

Now was not the time to act.

His heartbeat sped up slightly with the movement of his target, but he remained calm and composed.

Chris was acutely aware that any sign of nervousness or error in the present setting could lead to failure. He adjusted his breathing, putting himself into a highly focused state.

Finally, after a series of exchanges, Noah nodded gently and calmly said, "I need to step away for a moment, sorry, my subjects."

As he finally moved to a relatively isolated corner, Chris knew this was his chance.

He approached the target quickly and noiselessly, deciding to unleash his rune power.

Suddenly, Noah snapped back to awareness, staring intently at the approaching Chris!

Those icy eyes were like chilling winds on a winter's night, piercing through all warmth and hope, ruthlessly ravaging every corner without a hint of warmth, sharp and indifferent.

Almost every person observed by those eyes would feel an inexplicable oppression, as if bound by an invisible force, immobilized.

It was a deeply bone-chilling coldness that made one shiver involuntarily.

The new king, Noah, seemed to have gotten used to communicating with the world in this way, his eyes filled with alienation and cold indifference, as if he had lost interest in everything around him.

Such a gaze was impenetrable and unforgettable.

"..."

Instantly, Chris knew he had been spotted by the other, not because of any flaw in his appearance but because he had let his intense killing intent slip out.

The "person" across from him, this so-called king of Cyart, was actually the same kind of being as himself.

So that was it, Chris fully understood now, something only he could realize in a flash.

Perhaps before becoming the new king of Cyart, Noah had always been the "dark side" of the Adley royal family, secretly having killed countless people.

So he could sense his own killing intent!

Before becoming a king, Noah was not indifferent to worldly matters; rather, it was because at that time, he was handling matters absolutely unknown to others!

Without hesitation, Noah acted!

From his hand extended a blade made of golden liquid blood, moving at a speed imperceptible to the human eye, instantly thrusting toward Chris.

However, "Rift Moment" suddenly activated!

Time had stopped.

At that moment, the party seemed to be gently paused by an invisible hand, everything freezing instantaneously.

The air was filled with aromas of champagne and cigars, scents that seemed frozen in time, lingering mid-air, no longer dispersing.

Light softly sprinkled on delicate wine glasses and silverware, creating tranquil shadows that illuminated each detail with pristine perfection.

The guests' smiles were still fixed on their faces, their eyes sparkling with anticipation and joy as if waiting for the next topic to unfold, their posturisms elegant as if sculptures meticulously crafted and frozen at this moment.

A drop of red wine slid from the rim of a glass, but it had paused in mid-air, like a red gemstone suspended.

In the distance, the band members' hands were still suspended above their instruments, the notes appearing to be stuck in the air, waiting to be released, the entire venue enveloped in a mysterious tranquility as time lost its flow.

The next moment, time resumed its course.

"Bang!"

The current sovereign of Cyart, Noah, burst abruptly, his body exploding in a blur of golden blood and flesh scattered all around.

All the partygoers were shocked, followed instantly by a frenzy of screams!

"His Majesty Noah!"

"The King has been assassinated!"

"My God! What happened!"

The entire process unfolded so quickly that the people around could not react immediately, and by the time they realized what had happened, Chris had already disappeared into the crowd, leaving only the fallen flesh and chaos behind.

He quickly entered the sewer system of Cyart Royal Capital, planning to make his escape through it.

"..."

Just moments later, a dreadful figure appeared in front of Chris, blocking him directly.

The Wordless Elder!

His face was completely obscured, only a frail outline discernible, always silent, still emanating an exceptionally strong aura of death.

Chris sensed that the Wordless Elder's strength had weakened considerably, presumably due to a severe soul injury from an attack by his sister last time, no longer possessing the strength of a high-level Monarch.

In that case.

He could try to kill him right here before the city's barrier activated!

However, the sudden appearance of another person the next moment led Chris to abandon the idea of killing the Wordless Elder on the spot.

It was another powerful Monarch from the enemy, "Silver Poet" Aphrodus!

She spoke calmly.

"Don't think about escaping, Chris Fischer."

With two powerful Monarch experts before him, and the barrier of Cyart Royal Capital about to activate, Chris was not so arrogant as to continue fighting them and instead calmly considered how to retreat.

At the moment of entrapment, his inner depths suddenly became like a lake sealed in ice.

An unprecedented tranquility.

Meanwhile, back at the scene of the party.

The gold-hued flesh and blood on the ground, as if reanimated, began to twist and surge in the air.

Slowly, yet firmly, it flowed, sketching graceful arcs in the air like dancers gliding through the crowd.

As more of the golden liquid accumulated, it began to intertwine and merge in the air, gradually coalescing into a vague human silhouette.

"Is this a transformation of spiritual power into life force? It seems entirely different!"

"Oh God! What on earth is happening!"

"A miracle of the Lord of Salvation!"

People halted their actions, staring in astonishment at the spectacle, some with eyes wide, others covering their mouths, fearful their voices might shatter this wonderful scene.

The figure became clearer, ultimately solidifying into a golden human form.

The golden figure did not speak, but merely stood quietly, its profound and bright eyes watching everyone, the once chaotic party instantly falling silent, the crowd utterly awestruck by this bizarre sight.

With his features completely restored, the resurrected Noah stood in the central crowd, his body radiating dazzling light, as if a messenger from another world had descended.

Amid the astounded gazes of the crowd, he proclaimed loudly:

"I am protected by the great Lord of Salvation, possessed of an undying body, and no one in the world can kill me!"

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

Chapter 374 Proclamation

Chris's speed was astonishingly fast, retreating a great distance in a blink of an eye.

However, the Wordless Elder, like a shadow that follows, had not fallen behind from the beginning but was always a few meters beside Chris.

Like a shadow that closely followed, it could never be shaken off.

He reached out his hand, trying to touch Chris.

That pale, lifeless hand, if it touched Chris, would instantly cause him to collapse into death.

Suddenly, Chris's figure stumbled, as if tripped by something, yet at the instant the hand of death was about to touch him, his form blurred again and he disappeared into thin air.

The chase unfolded in the sewers, with Chris flitting through the branches like a specter, his silhouette flickering in and out of visibility, at times leaping up, at other times dashing along the ground, like a black lightning bolt that made it difficult to track his traces.

The Wordless Elder closely followed behind, and their pursuit became more and more intense; every near touch made Chris hold his breath and focus, their speed increasing beyond human limits.

The always silent Wordless Elder exerted tremendous pressure, like a monster that had lain dormant in a dead forest for many years, appearing unclear from the outside, impossible to communicate with, unpredictable in movement, and ready to deliver the deadliest blow at any moment.

However, Chris remained calm from start to finish.

Indeed, that person's power had declined quite a bit. Although within the mid-level Monarchs the Wordless Elder was still counted among the strong, he could no longer overwhelm Chris.

It was just that Chris could not afford to stop and entangle with the opponent; otherwise, if he couldn't kill him within a short period and the slower "Silver Poet" caught up, he would die.

Chris made a calm judgment, and the next moment, he suddenly accelerated out of the sewers, heading straight for the edge of the barrier's range!

However, just as Chris was about to escape, the Cyart Royal Capital's barrier was successfully raised!

The Royal Capital's golden big barrier finally rose slowly, the whole city as if enveloped by a layer of mysterious and solemn radiance, the light like a sunrise, both soft and dazzling, spilling into every corner of the city.

The night was dispelled by the golden light, golden ripples appeared in the sky, as if it was covered by golden waves, and as the barrier fully expanded, these golden ripples gradually spread, covering the entire city.

Under the shelter of the Royal Capital's big barrier, the city became tranquil and peaceful, the citizens looking up with reverence and admiration for this golden world in their eyes.

The power within the barrier instantly pressed down, greatly weakening Chris's base strength!

His speed plummeted to barely maintainable at a Monarch Level, and what had been only a few seconds away from escape now saw him completely caught up by the Wordless Elder!

There was no avoiding it.

The Wordless Elder reached out his hand calmly.

Although he only quietly extended a hand.

However, the stillness of death hidden within the hand could invoke fear and despair in anyone, as if death itself had descended upon the world!

Chris's heart was calm, unafraid even if it really meant death.

He knew if he died, his soul would seek refuge in the arms of the great Lord of the Lost, where he would be able to see his sister again.

Death was not a bad thing.

But in the next moment, a miracle occurred.

A thick black fog swooped in all at once, instantly rendering all things colorless; in this black and white world, neither of them could move, and the black fog quickly engulfed Chris completely.

When everything returned to normal, the Wordless Elder startlingly found Chris had disappeared without a trace.

He remained silent for a long time.

"Silver Poet" Aphrodus caught up, and soon "Sword of Salvation" Noah arrived beside them.

"Didn't you catch up?"

He looked at the Wordless Elder.

"Master, did he run? That person should be Chris Fischer, the strongest of the Fischer family."

Noah regarded the Wordless Elder with reverence.

The Tranquility Songster, a very powerful being, was the one who led Noah on the path of worshiping the Songster.

Yes, Noah was not a puppet.

He was a devout follower of the Tranquility Songster!

Years ago, when Noah faced a life-and-death crisis during an assassination of the Royal Family's enemies, he was rescued by the Wordless Elder. Thereafter, he followed the Wordless Elder and grew stronger step by step, becoming a powerful Monarch expert.

From the beginning, he had been a believer in the Tranquility Songster.

All the power he possessed to this day was bestowed upon him by the Tranquility Songster and the Wordless Elder!

The fact that the old Cyart King was taken advantage of during his vulnerable state was also because of a trap set by Noah, and the old Cyart King had never imagined that a descendant of the Adley bloodline would plot against himself, who was a king!

The Wordless Elder remained calm, merely staring at the spot where Chris had suddenly disappeared just moments before.

He gave no answer.

A blank sheet emerged, with handwriting that revealed Aphrodus' thoughts.

"No matter."

"The ritual is about to begin."

"The Tranquility Songster is about to descend, and all life will be granted peace of mind."

Noah nodded slightly, no longer contemplating Chris's matter, for the time had come for them to offer the entire nation to the Songster.

Yes, the outcome of the direct war was irrelevant to the Words of Tranquility. Their ultimate goal was to sacrifice Cyart to the Tranquility Songster!

Noah then recited a spell to remove the barrier around the Royal Capital.

And when the barrier dissipated and several individuals dispersed, a thick black mist rose up once again, and Chris, who had just been teleported away, reappeared at his original location.

He immediately activated the restored "Rift Moment"!

In the process where time had stopped, Chris accelerated and ran towards the outskirts of the city.

In the next instant, he had completely left the Cyart Royal Capital.

A few seconds later, the Wordless Elder arrived at the spot where Chris had just been. After a long silence, he looked up towards the direction where Chris had vanished completely.

Several days later.

The news that the assassination had failed reached Chris, now far from the Royal Capital's sphere of influence. His Majesty Noah, the new Cyart King, had not died. Instead, he issued a proclamation stating that the evidence of the Fischer family's treason was conclusive—they were traitorous rebels.

However, the Fischers quickly issued a statement claiming their only intention was to eliminate the evil from around His Majesty, and the assassin must certainly have been an evil cultist. They hoped His Majesty Noah would discern the good from the bad!

About the attempt on His Majesty Noah's life, the citizens were abuzz with speculation. Chris knew that although he hadn't succeeded completely, he had indeed damaged the prestige of the Adley Royal Family.

Because he had escaped unscathed.

Another month passed, and the first batch of goods from the trade with the Lorne citizens and the Fischer family finally arrived.

At the same time, the Lorne citizens brought an "item" that the Fischer family hadn't expected.

Or rather, a person they desperately needed.

It was a five-year-old girl. She seemed ordinary, with nothing special about her, except for one particular detail—the girl's surname.

Byrne looked at her for a long time and then lifted his head to earnestly ask, "Viscount Johnville, are you saying her surname is Adley?"

"Yes." Read latest stories on empire

Viscount Johnville looked at the little girl, who was holding the hand of a middle-aged maid, curiously and timidly looking around Fischer Manor.

He nodded and said:

"This child is a distant relative of Noah Adley. Though the relation is very distant, there's no doubt that she carries the blood of the Cyart Royal Family!"

"Fischer, you could make her the new Queen of Cyart!"

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

Chapter 375 The Festival Begins! The Songster Descends!

The night sky hung low, dense black clouds obscuring the many constellations while a fragmentary moon appeared intermittently between the clouds, casting mottled and shadowy light.

In an ancient, desolate ruin beneath the Cyart Royal Capital, the area was encircled by withered vines and twisted trees, the air filled with an indescribable scent of decay and malevolence.

Suddenly, a deep, prolonged horn sound sliced through the night sky, resembling a call from ancient times that awakened the dark forces slumbering beneath the earth.

With the echo of the horn, a group cloaked in gray robes, their faces shadowed by hoods, noiselessly gathered on this cursed land.

They marched in eerily uniform steps, holding various kinds of sacrifice in their hands.

Live creatures struggled and emitted cries of despair, gems that flashed an ominous glow, and scrolls engraved with ancient runes, each emanating a heart-palpitating evil energy.

In the center of the ancient desolate ruin stood an altar constructed of black boulders, atop which complex and twisted patterns were engraved, seemingly a portal to another evil world.

Before the altar, a figure clad in a white robe with an indistinct face and deathly pale hands like a corpse, the Wordless Elder, slowly emerged, clutching a staff embedded with a black gemstone.

A mass of black text appeared in mid-air, gradually distorting into form.

"In the name of Tranquility, sworn by darkness, we gather here to offer pure blood and souls, to summon that indescribable entity, grant us eternal peace after death!"

The Wordless Elder, serving as the main priest, uttered no sound physically; the gray-robed figures around him knelt, chanting old spells deep within their hearts.

As the chanting accelerated, the patterns on the altar began to slowly illuminate, and streams of black smoke rose from the ground, entwining around the altar and forming a vast and terrifying vortex.

The heart of the vortex seemed to harbor a terrifying presence slowly awakening, emitting a suffocating aura.

Many souls, including the former Cyart King, also shrieked and roared within the center of the vortex.

The evil sacrificial ritual thus commenced its prelude.

Nasir City.

People suddenly sensed an unprecedented wrongness in the air, a difficult-to-describe repression and trepidation pervading, much like dense black clouds silently looming in everyone's heart's deepest recesses, making them involuntarily stop what they were doing and look towards the distant horizon.

Inside a room, Byrne rose slowly, looking towards the distance.

"What's happening..."

At this moment, not just the people in Nasir City.

Around the world, many Extraordinary Exponents sensed the anomaly; before long, not only the Exponents, but even ordinary people felt something was amiss.

Initially, people only sensed a subtle change, as if the nocturnal cold was sharper than usual, the twinkling of the stars now lacking their usual tranquility and peace, but as time passed, the strange feeling intensified into a clear and palpable evil fluctuation.

This evil fluctuation surged like an undercurrent, silently spreading through the air, carrying a chilling dread, as if countless invisible eyes were covertly watching this world. Everyone started to feel uneasy, as if a terrifying entity was approaching and they were powerless to escape.

Extraordinary Exponents at Monarch Level could even clearly feel the malevolence within this evil fluctuation, a deep sense of imminent danger looming within their minds as if a disaster was impending.

They conveyed their feelings to those around them.

"Something is happening in the East!"

"Such a strong scent of death, what exactly is happening?"

"A tranquility's air..." Experience more on empire

"Byrne, will you come to ask for my help?"

Meanwhile.

The capital of Lorne.

An aged man with a distinctive demeanor, the Pope of the Salvation Church, opened his eyes and muttered.

"Great Lord of Salvation, please bless us."

"At this moment, humanity and many intelligent races are once again at a crossroads of life and death."

"The shadow of an otherworldly god descends!"

He knew that a terrifying ritual was about to commence in the East, and no one could stop it now.

An extremely fearsome Evil God.

Was about to descend.

"Otherworldly god... Tranquility... Songster..."

"Fortunately, it's not Him... Perhaps this is a blessing in disguise..."

The Pope narrowed his eyes and took a deep breath.

"It's Cyart; we must dispatch those below the level of Heavenly Enlightenment to Cyart."

As the spells continued to be chanted and the black smoke grew denser, the entire space beneath the Cyart Royal Capital seemed to be enveloped by an invisible layer of darkness.

The souls chosen as sacrifices wailed in despair, but their voices soon drowned in deeper, more primal forces.

The vortex at the center of the altar began to darken and take shape, as if a huge, invisible presence was being summoned from another dimension.

The air became abnormally heavy, oppressive to the point of making it hard to breathe, as an ancient and tranquil power permeated the atmosphere, instilling unprecedented fear and reverence in everyone present.

Just then, a gentle ringing sound emerged, as if the heavens were being torn apart.

And as the tearing sound faded, everything around became extremely quiet.

A huge, twisted figure gradually appeared from the vortex.

It was an otherworldly god clad in a black evening gown, wearing a white bird-bone mask, its eyes like deep black holes, devouring all the surrounding light.

Tranquility Songster!

Its body, a mix of twisted white gas and decaying flesh, caused the entire Cyart Royal Capital to tremble upon its descent.

The Songster slowly spread its arms, as if to embrace the entire world.

Followers of the Words of Tranquility, witnessing this, fell to their knees one by one, offering their final loyalty and admiration to the Evil God.

They believed that through this tranquil ceremony, they would receive the peace granted by the otherworldly god.

Every world possesses a "World Will," the strongest barriers that protect those worlds from being invaded at will by the gods from beyond.

However,

The followers of the otherworldly gods always sought ways to crack open these barriers.

The arrival of the Songster also triggered strong reactions across the world.

Globally, dark clouds flashed with lightning and roared with thunder, and fierce winds howled as if the natural world, under the control of the World Will, was furiously protesting against this sacrilegious ritual that desecrated life and order.

But the Songster was indifferent to it.

It silently raised its head.

The next moment, nature quieted down, and all the flashes of lightning and howling winds disappeared.

As if it had been granted peace.

The entire Cyart Kingdom seemed to be shaken by an invisible force, and people reacted differently, but all without exception revealed fear, despair, and chaos.

Some screamed in terror, running around, their faces filled with helplessness and despair as if foreseeing a tragic fate.

Others chose to kneel on the ground, hands folded in prayer, murmuring to the gods of the True Gods Church, seeking their protection and forgiveness.

They believed that through earnest prayer, they might perhaps convince the Evil God to abandon its intention of destroying the world.

Yet some, though filled with fear, had not lost their reason and quietly observed all the changes around them.

However, it was extremely eerie that no one could make any sound at all.

The tranquil power enveloped the entire country.

A bizarre and powerful energy fluctuation welled up from the void, and the world was enveloped by an indescribable evil force.

In previously silent graveyards, barren battlefields, and forgotten ruins, unimaginable changes began to occur.

The soil gently trembled, tombstones slowly tilted, as if something was stirring beneath the ground.

Suddenly, beams of white light shot from beneath the earth, piercing the silence of death.

As the light faded, the once dormant remains under the yellow soil slowly opened their hollow yet profound eyes.

Though their faces were decayed, their eyes sparkled with an eerie glow not of this world.

These deceased, whether valiant warriors, innocent civilians, or wicked criminals, were now awakened by the power of the Tranquility Songster.

They staggered out of their graves, their limbs stiff yet unnervingly powerful, as if the pain and despair of their former lives had transformed into endless rage and strength!

Byrne!

Fischer!

In the graveyard of the Lion clan, a long-dead corpse slowly climbed up, its voice hoarse, but under the influence of the Tranquility Songster, the sounds did not carry.

Byrne!

Fischer!

I'm back!

His eyes were filled with extreme fury, pain, and hatred!

Any member of the Lion clan who saw his resurrection would be absolutely petrified!

No one would forget his existence!

Viscount Bast!

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

- Chapter 376 Asleep

Chapter 376 Asleep

The whole world seemed to be slowly covered by an invisible veil of gauze, falling into an unprecedented eerie silence.

The sunlight still penetrated the clouds and fell upon the land, but it had lost the warmth and vitality of days past, turning pale and indifferent.

It was as if the wind had also held its breath, no longer caressing the treetops, no longer whispering in the ear—the whole world was eerily quiet, to the extent that people could not even hear the echo of their own heartbeat.

It was a loneliness and silence magnified to the extreme.

The footprints of pedestrians on the streets had been quietly erased, leaving behind only the empty roads and closed shop doors, silently speaking of the bustle that no longer existed.

Occasionally, one or two fallen leaves would gently drift down, lying quietly on the cold ground, becoming a part of the still world.

Cyart Royal Capital.

The devotees of the Words of Tranquility were very pious.

Many followers of the Words of Tranquility gathered here, devoutly kneeling on the ground, all drawn by some mysterious force.

Their expressions were solemn, and their eyes revealed fanatical devotion and obsession; their movements were uniform, as if they had been ordered like puppet figures, all kneeling on the ground, hands clasped together, mouths slightly open, silently pleading for some unspeakable miracle.

The surrounding air was filled with a heavy and oppressing atmosphere, a mix of countless people's dreams, hopes, and fears.

In the sky.

The aura of the deceased beneath the white mask enveloped everything, and many who looked upon Him lost their lives instantly.

The Songster had no ill intentions towards the people whatsoever.

Experience tales with empire

However, the otherworldly god, even without malice, would still take away many lives and have a tremendous impact on the world.

The Tranquility Songster's shadow glanced towards the north.

The next moment, It disappeared.

Nasir City.

The Fischer family all sensed a strange anomaly; everything around them was unable to make any sound, not just that they couldn't speak, but even if a cup shattered directly on the ground, no sound would emerge.

What on earth was happening?

Everything existed within an eerily unpredictable silence.

"Everyone, hurry to the underground space of Fischer Manor."

Lilian wrote her thoughts on paper.

She urged everyone to come to the underground space of Fischer Manor, to kneel together, silently praying to the great Lord of the Lost.

People quickly arrived at the underground place of worship.

Byrne looked very grave.

Even he, facing the current situation, had no idea what to do.

Although it was unclear what had occurred, a presence causing such a vast impact was probably not something they could combat; to Byrne's understanding, only the great Lord of the Lost could resolve the current state of affairs.

Even those so-called True Gods, perhaps, were no match for the otherworldly god!

Suddenly, everyone felt a terrifying aura!

They looked up in utter horror.

The immense shadow of the Evil God, like a nightmare breaking free from the abyss, instantly shifted over Nasir City, covering the sky and utterly tearing the already strange heavens apart.

The form of the Tranquility Songster was twisted and terrifying with a white mask carrying the aura of the dead, surrounded by ominous black mists, as if embodying all death in the world.

The entire city was instantly shrouded in an atmosphere so oppressing that people, looking up at the sky, saw their expressions change from initial surprise to deep fear and despair. They wanted to scream, to cry, to pray, but they could not make any sound, appearing small and helpless before the colossal Evil God.

People on the streets of Nasir City ran about in panic, trying to escape the dreadful scene, but no matter how hard they tried, they seemed unable to shake off the suffocating shadow overhead.

The buildings under the light of the Evil God looked like they were on the verge of collapse, as if they could crumble at any moment.

As time passed, the power of the Evil God's shadow seemed to grow stronger and stronger, with the whole city trembling, as if at any moment it could be devoured by this force.

The people gradually lost hope in their hearts, only fear and despair spreading.

Karl.

His invisible will gradually rose into the sky, gazing at the distant shadow of the Tranquility Songster.

That was the otherworldly god mentioned in the records.

Karl also knew much about Them; the divine beings that existed beyond the world seemed incomparable even to ordinary gods.

Could it see itself?

Suddenly, the Tranquility Songster turned to Karl, and behind the mask of white bone, there seemed to be a special look in its eyes.

It stood there quietly.

The whole world became silent.

"Tranquility Songster..."

Somehow, Karl could not sense any hostility at all, but instead, he felt a very strange, inexplicable emotion, as if the other party had the intention to help him.

"Have we met before?"

In the completely silent world,

he made a sound.

But this sound only manifested in another dimension, inaudible to mere mortals.

Karl's emotions were complex.

And for some reason, deep inside his heart, there was an inexplicably strong sense of familiarity.

What's going on?

Why do I feel...

The Songster.

It feels like we knew each other a very, very long time ago, even before this world existed...

Without any response, the Tranquility Songster itself did not make any sound.

Karl gazed at the ethereal image of the Tranquility Songster, and deep in his heart, he did not feel the hunger that was akin to craving a delicious meal when encountering other mysterious beings.

Instead, there was a feeling of encountering a kindred spirit...

The next moment, an immense spiritual power surged from the Tranquility Songster's body.

It calmly poured that vast spiritual power into Karl's soul.

And so the body of the Tranquility Songster grew fainter.

As if it could vanish at any moment.

What's happening!

Many people in Nasir City were full of shock, exchanging glances, not knowing what had happened to the otherworldly god!

Karl was continually infused with spiritual power, feeling very different deep inside.

This was an entirely different experience from all the previous times.

In the past, Karl always devoured, plundered, and absorbed the spiritual power from the outside world, but this time, the projection of the Tranquility Songster actively bestowed a significant amount of spiritual power upon him.

He could only come to a very eerie conclusion.

It... It anticipates my revival?

The immense power manifested from the projection of the Tranquility Songster gradually caused Karl to sink into stupor.

Why is it transferring power to me...

Could it be that the appearance of the Tranquility Songster's projection was not an accident, but rather a premeditated plan of some sort?

Does it know about itself in this world?

His heart began to feel heavy, as if being gently pulled down by an invisible force, making it increasingly difficult for Karl to struggle and break free each time he tried.

His thoughts also began to drift, no longer tightly clinging to the memories of past days, but softly floating with the gentle fragments of dreams in his heart.

Finally, in an inadvertent moment, he fell completely into the embrace of stupor.

All consciousness seemed to sink into a profound and tranquil ocean, everything around him becoming blurred and distant, and in his sleep, he found the long-lost peace and tranquility; all exhaustion and worry dissipated with the light caress of the dream.

Karl fell into a deep sleep, beginning to digest the large amount of spiritual power.

At the same time, the ethereal image of the Tranquility Songster also gradually began to dissipate.

Very soon.

The Sixth Seal loosened, and unlocked.

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

Chapter 377 Calamity of the Dead

Cyart had become a nation of the undead overnight.

Several cities were sacrificed in large rituals, resulting in the deaths of many, at least tens of thousands.

Then, the otherworldly gods descended!

The appearance of the Songster plunged the entire world into a terrifying tranquility, as countless undead burst out of their graves.

They began to torment the many living beings immediately.

All human settlements within Cyart were attacked, and the undead also advanced towards other countries outside Cyart.

Anyone killed by the undead became a new undead, so they spread like a plague.

Those undead who were resurrected mortals had no self-awareness and no intelligence, and their strength was hardly distinguishable from that of ordinary people.

However, the resurrected Extraordinary Exponents were a major problem.

Over the centuries, a large portion of the Extraordinary Exponents who had died on this land were resurrected, retaining much of their self and intelligence, but their memories and personalities were greatly altered, often becoming very aggressive.

The prolonged civil war in Cyart was thus interrupted, and people began to fight for survival, continuously resisting waves of undead.

Meanwhile, the main Churches of the True Gods also commanded the powerful exponents of the Ouden Continent to head to Cyart, striving to contain the disaster of the undead before the situation completely deteriorated.

However, for the Fischer family, compared to the disaster of the undead,

another matter instilled deeper fear in them!

That was...

The great Lord of the Lost had fallen asleep.

In a safe, secluded ancient villa in Fein City, the followers of the Dawn Church stared anxiously at the transparent bottle on the altar.

It was not a real sacred object, but a replica. Nowadays, many such transparent bottles spread across Cyart, and only the Blood Receivers of the Dawn Church would keep them close.

An elderly Blood Receiver murmured to himself,

"It has been ten years..."

"Yes, for ten whole years, the great Lord of the Lost has not responded to us."

"What shall we do, how should we proceed?"

Their faces were etched with deep worry and confusion, the air was filled with a heavy and tense atmosphere, and everyone's eyes sparkled with unease and expectations for an unknown future.

"Could it be that the great He needs us to save Him?" Read the latest on empire

"Do you believe that He is asleep?"

"Some say He has left us, just like the True Gods, but I will never believe that."

The believers discussed in hushed yet urgent tones.

This was one of the branches of the Dawn Church, and the Priest of this branch of the Dawn Church was Madam Vanessa, a member deeply favored by God from the Fischer family.

She was the first Daybreaker of the Dawn Church, the original Daybreaker, held in high regard and prestige among the believers, and had become a devout person in recent years, thus qualifying to be a Priest.

Lilian is now the High Priest of the Dawn Church, and below her, including Vanessa, there are five other devout people serving as Priests within the entire Dawn Church.

According to rumors long circulating, believers knew that the lifespan of High Priest Lilian was running out, and she could leave at any time, and the appointment of the next High Priest of the Dawn Church has been pending.

Over three years, due to the rampant unleash of the undead disaster, people already suffering from the ravages of war craved faith more, and the Fischer family took this

opportunity to absorb many new believers, swelling the number of believers to tens of thousands.

Furthermore, among the believers who joined the Dawn Church in the new decade, although all were Blood Receivers, a large part were mortals without access to Magic Potion.

A massive number of mortals suffered undeserved disasters during this calamity and sought salvation, absorbed by various secretive forces.

However, the actions of the Fischer family had also become more secretive.

In the last decade, numerous powerful Monarch experts from foreign lands, summoned by the Churches of the True Gods, came to the Eastern Four Kingdoms to suppress the disaster of the undead.

Before coming to the East, they had agreements with the Churches that they could not arbitrarily harm the locals but only respond to the call to aid in suppressing the undead, so for ten years the situation in the Eastern Four Kingdoms remained unaffected.

Thanks to these dozens of Monarch powerful experts brought by the Churches, the disaster of the undead had been greatly suppressed over ten years, and most undead were extinguished.

To this day, there are no longer swathes of undead appearing, only some extraordinary-powered undead remain, clinging to life in hiding.

Otherwise, relying solely on the extraordinary exponents from the native Eastern Four Kingdoms, it would be nearly impossible to solve the disaster of the undead.

Recently, a blood-red moon had always appeared in the sky.

People did not know why it appeared.

"Has the Red Moon always been a warning from the Lord to us?"

An older follower with furrowed brows and hands crossed over his chest looked out towards the distant villa, trying to find an answer in the vast night.

"Yes, the sudden disaster of the undead and that inexplicable strange red moonlight indeed instill fear in the heart."

A middle-aged woman beside him took over the conversation, her eyes slightly red, clearly filled with worry.

Her daughter had disappeared seven years ago, and to find her, she was willing to join the Dawn Church, even donating part of her family fortune.

"Have we done something wrong that the Divine has sent us such a sign?"

"No, no, we must not presume to guess the intentions of the Divine."

A young Blood Receiver stood up, garnering respectful gazes immediately from the crowd. Though he was young, he indeed possessed extraordinary powers.

Those who acquired extraordinary powers after receiving blood were privately called "true Blood Receivers," and their status in the Dawn Church was indeed much higher.

And thousands of followers still needed to make sufficient contributions to have a chance to obtain the Magic Potion that unlocks the God Pantheon stairway.

His eyes reflected determination and faith.

"The great Lord of the Lost is merciful, every decree of His is filled with deeper meaning, and we should pray more devoutly to find inner peace and wisdom to understand and conform to God's will."

"But faced with such dire circumstances, what should we do?"

Someone raised the question, their voice tinged with helplessness and confusion.

"For ten years the disaster of the undead has not passed, our homes, our loved ones all face unprecedented threats!"

"That is exactly why we need to unite more than ever, to firm up our faith!"

A middle-aged Blood Receiver, who had been fixing a mechanical watch, suddenly lifted his head and spoke slowly. His voice was calm and powerful, as if it could pierce through hearts.

"We must believe that no matter what difficulties we encounter, as long as we have faith in our hearts, there is nothing we cannot overcome. Let us join hands in prayer, seeking the Divine's protection and guidance!"

This middle-aged Blood Receiver, named Owen, was seen by ordinary people as a clockmaker.

He was a third-generation Daybreaker, a contemporary of Colin and others, having joined the Dawn Church for decades. He had reached the 3rd Rank on the Path of Forging, "Sculptor," and was also the host of this assembly, holding a high position, even capable of speaking with the highly esteemed favored ones of the Fischer family!

Everyone revered and admired him immensely.

As Owen's speech concluded, everyone bowed their heads to pray.

The room once again fell into tranquility, with only the faint candlelight flickering, reflecting their devout faces. In this moment, all worries and unrest seemed to be smoothed over by an invisible force, replaced by an unprecedented determination and hope.

Owen took a deep breath and continued to speak, "The Lord will soon awaken."

"At that time, He will bring the Kingdom of God to Earth!"

The morning in Nasir City was tranquil and solemn, with the atmosphere quietly spreading; the first light of dawn, like fine paint brushed gently by a delicate artist, gradually awakened the sleeping city from the night.

The ancient bell tower appeared indistinctly in the thin fog; melodious bell sounds pierced through the fog, echoing on the quiet streets, proclaiming that a new day was about to begin.

Shops along the street gradually opened their heavy wooden doors or iron bars, and the aroma of freshly baked bread from bakeries mingled with the strong coffee scent wafting from distant cafes, creating a unique morning fragrance.

An old man with a hooked nose and a silver-haired girl arrived in Nasir.

"Is this Nasir City?" the old man, squinting his eyes, asked.

The silver-haired girl had red pupils and wore a fluffy dress, looking like an exquisite doll.

She nodded lightly, her nod substituting for a verbal response.

The old man, with his hooked nose and leaning on a cane, had a face resembling that of an owl. His body, slightly stooped in a black suit, was lean yet filled with a sense of strength. His gaze held a strong mockery of the world.

"Good, we are to collaborate with the Fischer family, they should be of help to us, heh heh."

"If this family refuses to help us, then they might as well disappear from the world!"

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

Chapter 378 358

"Please smile a bit more, Lord Darren."

In the courtyard of the Fischer family manor, the sunlight gently draped over every inch of the land, casting a golden veil over the decades-old building.

Lush trees surrounded the area, occasionally revealing mottled shadows through the leaves.

"Everyone stay ready, I'm about to take the photo!"

A group of people gathered in the courtyard, adorned in various outfits, their faces brimming with excitement and joy.

Since acquiring the latest silverback camera from a Lorne citizen, the younger members of the Fischer family had been pestering their elders to take photos.

A Daybreaker, who had long embarked on the Path of Wholeheartedness, now served as the photographer, standing opposite the middle of the crowd, focusing intently through the latest silverback camera to capture the light.

He crouched down to find the best angle, ensuring everyone's faces were filled with satisfaction and happiness.

"Okay! I've taken it!"

As the sun set, the horizon gradually took on an orange glow, casting a dreamlike hue over the courtyard of Fischer Manor.

"That's a wrap!"

The smile quickly faded from Darren's face.

He nodded slightly to Vanessa, who led several of the Fischer youngsters away.

The current Darren was already a man in his fifties, his hair no longer as thick and black as in his youth, but speckled with silver strands, and his facial features showed signs of aging, with faint lines at the corners of his eyes.

However, these signs of aging did not detract from his charm; rather, they added a new depth to his demeanor.

Many people said he had become more like his father, but Darren knew well that the "malice" deep within him had never changed.

I am different from my father; he truly was a good man.

Darren slowly shook his head.

"Lilian, how wonderful it would be if you were here too..."

His youngest sister Lilian had already been lying weakly in bed, likely not long for this world, and over the years, Darren had found it hard to be joyful.

Though Lilian's "Spirit-returning Tree" could heal all sorts of diseases and pains.

It was still powerless against the passage of life.

The arrival of the Tranquility Songster brought significant changes to the Fischer family.

A lot had happened over ten years.

Christine had given birth to two more children, seven-year-old Arte and five-year-old Delia.

Strangely, the two children born after the birth of the "Demonic Woman" Hecate, were completely free of any disabilities, just like normal children.

Both Vanessa and Chris were relieved by this.

Meanwhile, Darren's son Felix and Karno had both disappeared for exactly ten years, and to this day, the Fischer family still had no idea where they had gone.

Throughout these ten years, Helen never married nor fell in love with anyone.

She said she could not imagine marrying someone she did not love, nor could she envision falling for anyone in the real world.

Helen always said she could see the life forms in the Spirit Realm, feeling they understood her better and were more accepting of her.

Her condition became increasingly frequent, wildly ecstatic at times, talking incessantly, and during her depressive lows, she would hide in unknown corners, wishing to be undiscovered by anyone.

At times, people would see Helen talking to the air, unsure whether she was genuinely communicating with life forms from the Spirit Realm or if it was just her condition.

However, she always refused to let Lilian treat her because only in such a state could Helen become a genius on the Path of Wholeheartedness.

"Perhaps a genius on the Path of Wholeheartedness must be a madman."

Over ten years, Helen had completely mastered the Power of Consecution of the "Artist" and had the chance to step onto the 4th Rank of the Path of Wholeheartedness, the "Treasure Appraiser."

Unfortunately, without the great Lord of the Lost to ignite the initial step,

She never had the opportunity to become a "Treasure Appraiser."

Darren shook his head.

In fact, whether it was him, Yeager, or Theo, they had all recently fully mastered the 4th Rank Power of Consecution.

The three of them just had to complete the ritual, and they could ascend to the 5th Rank!

Although Theo's talent in the Power of Consecution wasn't high, the astonishing longevity he possessed was, in a sense, a powerful gift!

The current old butler was already over ninety years old, and though his physical condition had noticeably declined, probably capable of using nearly half of the physical quality endowed by the Power of Consecution, he could still run, jump, and even fight. Find your adventure at empire

The now over-fifty Darren saw it clearly: if he did not break through to the 5th Rank himself, his physical condition would continue to decline after his sixties, although his Spiritual Power would not be affected by aging.

In the past ten years, the greatest influence on the Fischer family was that the great Lord of the Lost had not provided any response!

No more Divine Oracles descended!

Lying weak and aged on her bed, Lilian often said that it was He who had eliminated the Tranquility Songster who attempted to destroy the world, and thus the great Lord of the Lost fell into a brief slumber after saving the world. He would soon awaken.

She also said that everyone should firmly believe in the great Lord of the Lost, for even though He might temporarily be asleep, He would still protect the fate of the Fischer family.

Darren clenched his fists, raised his head, and looked to the sky, murmuring to himself.

"Lord of the Lost, the destination of our souls..."

"Please awaken soon."

Just then, two people walked in from outside the door.

One was a frail old man whose face resembled that of an owl, and the other, a silver-haired young girl.

Darren was immediately astonished. With various security measures and secret guards surrounding Fischer Manor, it was unbelievable that someone could appear before him unnoticed!

He noticed that the silver-haired girl seemed to be a half-orc, with some hair on her hands.

"Excuse me, is this Fischer Manor?"

The old man slowly began to speak, his voice deep yet filled with strength, as if he was someone who had survived countless tribulations.

Darren squinted his eyes and asked cautiously,

"Who are you?"

Were they Monarch powerful experts?

The silver-haired girl remained expressionless, like a delicate doll, while the old man gently nodded and spoke calmly, "Indeed, I should introduce myself first, my apologies for losing my manners."

"I am from the Splitting Blade; most call me 'Black Falcon'."

Darren's expression changed.

He had not heard of 'Black Falcon' but was familiar with the Splitting Blade, one of the lower-tier organizations in Claud World's top secret organization, the Primordial Tree.

And the powerful Primordial Tree had always been secretly trying to manipulate the entire world, making each of its lower-tier organizations exceedingly dangerous.

The Splitting Blade originated from northwestern Ouden Continent. According to the intelligence he grasped via the "Black Tide," half of the members of the Splitting Blade were Tuns People, likely having an official background from Tuns.

This was an organization adept at instigating wars; its true leader's identity always remained undisclosed, and invariably, where they appeared, a country would soon erupt in war, causing countless deaths.

Darren immediately asked warily, "What are you here for?"

Black Falcon shook his head and smiled, saying, "Don't act rashly, we mean no harm. We merely wish to cooperate with you."

"Do you know what the third most powerful country is, apart from Lorne and the Seven Stars?"

Darren knew the answer deep down but still deliberately offered three possibilities, wanting to watch the other party's reaction to each answer to gauge the old man's stance.

"The Terell Church State of the Southern Continent? The Silvermoon City States of the western continent? The Thrums Dukedom?"

Black Falcon spoke calmly:

"The culture and economy of the Terell Church State are very backward; they even implement an explicit slavery system, having nothing worthwhile except for that 'Child of the Sun God.'"

"The so-called Silvermoon City States are just a loose coalition, just over a dozen small forces, similar in strength to Dragon Bay, the Triangle City States, and your Eastern Four Kingdoms."

"You clearly know, within the Ouden Continent, the third most powerful country is undoubtedly the northwestern Thrums Dukedom!"

He paused, his tone undisguisedly proud and his voice growing more resonant as he continued,

"That country filled with many half-orcs, where people are born fighters, growing up in icy and snow-covered conditions, who often became slaves but have now grown independent and strong, always possessing immense resilience."

"And we, the Splitting Blade, are an organization born from the Thrums Dukedom, and one day, we will unsheath our blades to split the flesh and blood of the Lorne citizens and the people of the Seven Stars."

Darren remained silent, saying nothing.

The old man paused for a moment before continuing,

"I know you have always been cooperating with the Lorne citizens, but whether it's the Lorne citizens or the people of the Seven Stars, they both want to dominate the continent and will eventually become enemies of your Cyart people. Like us Tuns people, the Cyart people share common enemies and pressures."

"When the laws of the gods completely fail and The Oath no longer holds any effect, Lorne and the Seven Stars will quickly devour the entire Ouden Continent!"

Abruptly, Darren respectfully asked, "Who exactly are you?"

The old man's voice, devil-like, deep, magnetic, and seductive, his eyes' pride unable to be hidden or needing to be hidden,

"As I said, I am Black Falcon, but as it happens, the current Emperor of Tuns is my pupil, so I indeed represent many thoughts of the Tuns people."

"Let's join forces, Cyart people!"

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

Chapter 379 Darren in the Metamorphosis Phase

"I hope you all seriously consider and give a response, as that answer might very well affect the future of the Fischer family."

Black Falcon finished speaking, turned his head, and left the manor yard with the puppet-like silver-haired girl.

Darren's expression was not very calm as he stood in the shadows, arms crossed.

"Even if we had activated Nasir's barrier just now, it would probably have been difficult to counter that man's power..."

He did not immediately give a response to Black Falcon of the "Splitting Blade."

In fact, he couldn't make the decision alone; matters that could affect the entire family's destiny still had to be decided by a family council vote.

To this day, the number of people eligible to vote in the family council has increased, and due to Vanessa's precedent, Christine's husband Andre also has the right to vote.

Darren shook his head, left the Fischer Manor and went out into the city streets.

Although the Undead Calamity had affected the development of productive forces, Nasir City had actually developed somewhat compared to ten years ago.

Due to the Undead Calamity, a large number of refugees flocked into the towns and cities, so in just a mere decade, the population of Nasir City had more than doubled, with the total population of the city reaching several hundreds of thousands.

A black carriage pulled up beside him, its driver a Daybreaker who was also a member of the Dark Tide.

"To the train station," Darren coldly said.

Afterward, he rode the carriage to the train station, boarded a steam locomotive, and left Nasir City for Phelps Port in the Southern East Coast Province.

The sea breeze was particularly refreshing.

Darren actually didn't like the smell of the harbor that much, because the fishy stench reminded him of those years in prison.

He arrived at a secluded secret villa in the port, donned an Iron Mask.

In the moment he put it on, Darren always felt like something in the deepest part of his heart was activated.

"Heh..."

Even as the years mature a person, that might just be a facade, but when he put on the mask, it was the moment he truly took off all the masks!

Deep within the villa was a thoughtfully designed secret base that cleverly blended into the villa itself, almost impossible for outsiders to notice without someone in the know guiding the way in advance.

The base's entrance was hidden deep within a lush bamboo grove in the villa's backyard, a seemingly casually paved stone path glowing faintly under the moonlight, leading visitors through a winding path.

At the end of the path, Darren lightly pushed against a boulder that seemed ordinary, and with a faint mechanical sound, the ground slowly opened, revealing a staircase leading underground.

As he descended, the hidden base's ceiling, made of transparent glass and filled with various tropical plants, came into view—an unusual ecosystem created by the Power of Consecution wielded by those who have advanced on the Path of Nature.

Most of these plants were Extraordinary materials and of great value.

The intelligence organization Dark Tide that Darren established is a subordinate organization of the Dawn Church.

Now in the Dark Tide, the four main officers under his command were Old Dog, who had suffered hardships with Darren, the Elf March, who had formally joined the Dawn Church, Carol, who was the reincarnation of Grandma Narda's soul.

The last person was the half-orc with wolf ears, a young man who came to Nasir under the call of the Lord of the Lost after being saved by Lilian.

Alger.

After arriving in Nasir, he consumed a Magic Potion, successfully embarked on the Path of Conquest, and had now reached 3rd Rank. He was skilled with a silver curved sword formed through Alchemy and a special revolver that he obtained from the Spirit Realm.

The curved sword and revolver, each had its unique uses. The silver curved sword was indestructible and exceptionally effective against the Undead; over the past ten years, Alger had frequently used it to destroy those tirelessly advancing Undead.

His more powerful weapon, however, was the revolver, a Spirit Realm Treasure.

The Spirit Realm was full of bizarre fantasies, containing countless things from innumerable worlds, theoretically housing any imaginable knowledge and treasures.

However, curiously enough, when the civilization level of the world you're in has yet to reach a certain stage, the probability of encountering treasure forms beyond your civilization's level becomes extremely low.

Theoretically, the Spirit Realm could have airplanes, battleships, or even more extravagant things, but the people of Claud World hardly ever come across them.

Elmide's Gun, the Spirit Realm Treasure that Alger happened to obtain, still looked like an immature revolver, but each bullet had a different effect.

The six bullets could release the effects of wind, fire, lightning, wood, gravity, and ice.

Upon arriving at the hidden base, Darren saw the Daybreaker, Ray, a Nature Exponent who had tread on the Path of Nature.

He had gone from a tall young man to a middle-aged man today, and the big white dog he kept had grown very old, lying on the ground, completely unwilling to move around.

Ray paid no attention to Darren and meticulously took care of those Extraordinary plants.

After the Lord of the Lost had fallen into slumber, Ray had quickly mastered the Power of Consecution at 3rd Rank, but sadly, he had been stuck at this level for a full ten years.

The 4th Rank on the Path of Nature, "Shepherd of Trees," did not yet exist in the world.

Darren continued past this and entered a room in one corner, a brown tea room.

Wolf-Eared Alger and Elf March were just sitting in the teahouse, on standby, playing cards.

Darren cut straight to the point, "Alger, I need you and March to head to Lorne and investigate matters concerning the Lorne citizens."

He paused for a moment before continuing, "Also, gather intelligence on the Tuns People, especially regarding the Splitting Blade and Black Falcon. I want to know everything... We can no longer focus solely on the intelligence from the East Coast."

Alger stood up and nodded, "I understand."

March, still expressionless, said calmly, "Finish this round of cards, then we can go. Sit down."

Alger knew March had a bad temper and he dared not defy her, given her seniority, so he hurriedly replied, "Alright, then."

March turned to Darren and said, "Don't forget the item your family promised to help me find... Many years have passed, although I can still wait."

Darren nodded lightly and responded, "The establishment of Dark Tide is well-suited to help you search for that Elf sacred object, isn't it? Rest assured."

After speaking, he looked thoughtfully at the Elf.

There was no doubt that she too had chosen the Path of Nature; and perhaps, owing to the natural advantages of Elves, she had made rapid progress and mastered three ranks with ease in just a decade.

She had actively joined Dark Tide, seemingly unwilling to stay in Nasir City, and had been avoiding her father for years...

A few days later, he quickly obtained some basic intelligence about "Splitting Blade" and "Black Falcon."

The secret organization "Splitting Blade," while being a subordinate organization of the Primordial Tree, had strong independence, mostly comprised of locals from Tuns and devoted entirely to the service of Thrums Dukedom.

The Emperor of Tuns' original title was the Duke of Tuns, who suddenly declared in recent years the transformation of the dukedom into the Tuns Empire and changed his own title to Emperor of Tuns. However, many had yet to adapt to the new titles, and the Six Great True Gods Churches did not recognize him either.

As for the... Black Falcon.

Darren's brow furrowed as he realized that this was a mysterious man with no past, who had burst onto the scene seemingly out of nowhere fifty years ago.

Though Black Falcon kept his identity hidden and left little renown across the continent, he was likely the hidden figure leading Tuns in a variety of reforms behind the scenes, shaping it into a unified industrial military nation. He was both intelligent and exceedingly Iron Blood.

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"So, it turns out to be a puppet master of sorts..." Darren mused.

"No wonder this guy could sneak up here unnoticed. He is very likely one of the top-tier high-level Monarch powerful experts among the three leaders of Tuns."

Closing his eyes, Darren pondered.

The top-tier high-level Monarch powerful experts, for the most part, would leave a great legacy across the entire Ouden Continent. Yet, among the three figures known as the "Winter Keystone" in Tuns, one top-tier expert always concealed his identity.

It was him!

Now, Darren could finally confirm that apart from the Emperor of Tuns who resided in the Winter Palace and Marshal Mihail, the "One-Eyed King," there was a third high-level Monarch Extraordinary Exponent in Tuns—the leader of the Splitting Blade and the teacher of the Emperor of Tuns.

The elderly man known as Black Falcon.

"All signs indicate that Tuns is not content remaining the 'Third Powerful Country'..."

His smile beneath the mask was unrestrained. The more chaotic the world, the greater the death toll, the more opportunities for the Fischer family.

War, especially on a large scale, was far from being a bad thing!

"But their strength is vastly inferior to that of Lorne and the Seven Stars. Could it be that they have the support of a Heavenly Enlightenment powerful expert backing them? Hah, is it possibly the Primordial Tree?"

The Primordial Tree was the most superior secret organization in the Claud World, having historically razed over a dozen countries and even triggered the 'Boundless Ritual' incident, essentially erasing all life from a continent...

Undoubtedly, if there was a force in the Claud World capable of posing a significant threat to the Six Great True Gods Churches and the two great empires simultaneously, it was the Primordial Tree.

At that moment, Darren suddenly sensed something.

A powerful aura erupted from within him like flames bursting forth. In the secret base, the Blood Receivers found themselves as if plunged into a sea of fire! Each one instinctively became tense and vigilant!

His aura was uncontrollably released!

"Metamorphosis Phase?"

He first looked slightly stunned, then immediately revealed an unabashedly thrilled smile, filled with immense joy.

Beyond refute, he was different from his father and the others. For in addition to the Power of Consecution, his body also harbored the vigorously burning power of Bloodline, the power of flames!

Finally, he had reached the Metamorphosis Phase!

"Ha ha ha ha ha ha!"

He slowly took off the Iron Mask, speaking to himself expressionlessly:

"It seems I will become a Monarch powerful expert before I ascend to the 5th Rank."

"The enemies of the Fischer family will be devoured by shadows in the darkness."

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

Chapter 380 "Big Eater" Plan

The Glenborough Province of Cyart.

Amidst the chaos, the Stars Embrace Order officially rose up in Glenborough Province, causing immense destruction. Coupled with the subsequent outbreak of the Disaster of the Dead, Glenborough Province was almost completely overrun in the span of a decade, resulting in a vast number of deaths.

The people who survived in Glenborough Province mostly became refugees and headed towards other provinces unwilling to stay in the perilous and impoverished Glenborough Province.

Within this scorched land, however, a town known as Meteorfall Town experienced little change over those ten years and was well-protected by the power of the Reforging Church...

At least that was how it appeared to outsiders.

But Felix knew all too well that the town, while ostensibly under the influence of the Reforging Church, was in fact thoroughly infiltrated by the power of the Stars Embrace Order.

In the past ten years, Felix had made significant progress, having completely mastered the Power of Consecution of the "Sculptor" at 3rd Rank.

However, since the Path of Forging at the 4th Rank did not yet exist, Felix could not break through further in the Power of Consecution and was forced to remain at the "Sculptor" level for several years.

He thus directed more of his energy to developing his own power of Bloodline.

And in the recent weeks, Felix had also elevated the Bloodline power of the Crystal Jellyfish to mid-level Transmutation.

Now, he could make his body undergo "Limb Regeneration," and he was able to release powerful Light Energy for wide-ranging blasts, even emitting concentrated beams of light from his eyes to burn objects.

Today, Felix was going to officially become a senior disciple of the Stars Embrace Order.

From now on, as soon as he broke through to high-level Transmutation with his Bloodline power, he could become a "Starlight Supplement" for the Stars Embrace Order.

During the ten years of his undercover presence, Felix had completely figured out the organizational structure of the Stars Embrace Order.

They harnessed an evil forbidden power, a sort of stone heptagram that could easily assimilate outsiders into their kind at night, as long as the target was within range.

However, Felix learned that these stone heptagrams were only effective against Extraordinary Exponents below the Monarch Level.

But if an Extraordinary Exponent who was transformed during the period of Transmutation were to break through to the Monarch Level, they still could not undo the transformation they had undergone.

Another point was that these stone heptagrams had a very limited number of uses, and the only person who could create these statues was the leader of the Stars Embrace Order, "Black Starlight."

Thus, the Stars Embrace Order was always seeking Extraordinary Exponents with potential, planning to entrap them with the stone heptagrams before they reached the Monarch Level.

"Black Starlight" was the leader of the Stars Embrace Order, veiled in secrecy, and had never exposed his true identity.

He was suspected to be a high-level Monarch, one of the top powerful experts. He once ventured alone to the Royal Capital to assassinate the former Cyart King, nearly succeeding. Only when the former Cyart King activated the barrier in time and joined forces with other powerful Monarch experts from Adley was he repelled.

"Black Starlight" was an enigma, even more mysterious than the "Wordless Elder," but he certainly had the ability to manipulate ordinary people, likely without any limitations on frequency.

Because of "Black Starlight's" unique abilities, the Stars Embrace Order had as many as several hundred thousand disciples on the Ouden Continent, possibly making them the largest heretical cult in terms of disciple count. Below "Black Starlight's" position, there were six vice leaders known as "Starlights," all of whom, without exception, were Monarch powerful experts.

One of the former "Starlights" eventually died at the hands of Aldrich, the "Dragon Taming Lord" from the Romann family. Isabel, the Reforged Church Archbishop who introduced Felix into the order, later took over as the succeeding "Starlight."

Beneath the vice leader "Starlights" within the Stars Embrace Order, there were the "Starlight Supplements" who were at high-level Transmutation, the senior disciples at mid-level Transmutation, and the "persons of potential" at low-level Transmutation.

Beneath them were the ordinary disciples of the Stars Embrace Order, who were numerous and not considered important, fundamentally regarded as cannon fodder. Furthermore, a large proportion of the disciples were forcibly bewitched into joining the cult by evil powers.

In the previous years, the Stars Embrace Order had not been fully focused on Cyart; under "Black Starlight's" leadership, they had waged war on the Land of Fantasy, Arcadia, in the eastern region of the Terrara Church State in the south of the continent.

However, the outcome was that the Saint of Sun, known as the "Child of the Sun God" from the Terrara Church State, suddenly joined the battle. The strong intervention of a Heavenly Enlightenment powerful expert led to a complete defeat for "Black Starlight."

The Stars Embrace Order's influence was entirely expelled from the southern reaches of the continent.

They could only replot their strategy for the east of the Ouden Continent.

And today, Felix would have his first opportunity to meet the enigmatic "Black Starlight."

He had been waiting for this day throughout the ten years.

Deep within a valley near Meteorfall Town, there hid an evil secret base, its hallmark being a conspicuous black heptagram, akin to the most sinister star in the night sky, radiating an ominous aura.

The base's entrance was concealed behind a dense forest of darkness, with a secret path that wound its way through. Both sides of the path were laden with traps and alchemic devices that confounded the eyes, navigable safely only by those who knew the specific passwords and routes.

Following Isabel, Felix arrived at the base, which had an intricate layout, almost labyrinthine.

Under the dim candlelight, the hallway was flanked by cold stone walls and heavy iron doors, and the air was filled with a suffocating and uneasy atmosphere as if each room held unspeakable secrets.

Felix followed in silence and suddenly found that the black heptagram was the symbol of the evil base, ubiquitous, carved into the stone walls, drawn upon the floor, or serving as the core element of mysterious rituals.

He had long been aware that this symbol signified endless darkness, power, and desire, and it was said that only the "Chaos Constellation" could satisfy those yearning souls.

Eventually, Felix and Isabel came to a dimly lit meeting room.

He saw the "Black Starlight."

Enshrouded in a black cloak, the mysterious figure stood silently at the high ground at the end of the meeting room, seemingly a specter formed from the night itself.

The cloak was woven from the purest black fabric, fine yet heavy, as if it could swallow all the surrounding light, completely enveloping his figure in boundless darkness.

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The figure of "Black Starlight" was tall and slender, each step he took was firm and powerful, as if every step were on the threads of time, silently controlling everything around him.

Although his face was hidden by the deep shadow of the cloak, "Black Starlight" exuded an indescribable aura, like a messenger walking on the edge of darkness and light, belonging neither to this world of light nor wholly to the endless dark.

Felix had always had many speculations about "Black Starlight."

His existence itself was a mystery, arousing imagination and commanding awe.

Isabel said, "Stand behind me, Felix."

Felix nodded and respectfully said, "Yes, I understand."

He waited silently, covertly observing the leader of the Stars Embrace Order, as more and more people arrived in the meeting room.

Including Isabel's deputy leaders, a total of four "Star glories" took their seats in succession, with Felix standing as an assistant behind Isabel.

Among the four, a hoarse-voiced, one-eyed old man began to speak:

"The Words of Tranquility has reached an agreement with us, there will be a 'Great Feast,' and the primary target is to thoroughly annihilate the Fischer and Romann families, and then devour the entirety of Cyart."

Another square-faced man with glasses spoke up, "Isn't this too hasty?"

"The Fischer and Romann families, the power they possess is strong. Even if we unite with the Words of Tranquility, we need to go all out, right?"

"And there are many Monarch powerful experts called upon by the True Gods Church. If they detect our movement, they would intervene immediately."

The hoarse-voiced one-eyed old man shook his head and continued:

"Although the ritual ten years ago had a peculiar outcome, causing the Words of Tranquility to fall silent, the Decay of the Dead over the past ten years has spread the aura of the dead throughout Cyart, giving the Words of Tranquility enough power, they are completely different from before now."

The one-eyed old man paused for a moment, then chuckled.

"We will deploy eleven Monarch powerful experts to battle, and in an instant, we could eliminate both their families. Fischer and Romann won't even have time to wait for the reinforcements from the True Gods Church."

"Black Starlight" remained silent throughout.

But at that moment, his voice finally came through, a gender-ambiguous, completely neutral voice that sounded very eerie.

"I will also join the battle."

Felix's heart sank, and he trembled uncontrollably.

He was extremely shocked and fearful, knowing deep inside that this would be the greatest crisis the Fischer family had ever faced!

No!

He must do something!

At the very least, he must alert his family in advance!

"Felix Fischer, he is a direct member of the Fischer family, the one present who knows the most about them, so I brought him here," Isabel's voice suddenly rang out.

The next moment, everyone's gaze turned and focused on Felix!

As he lifted his head, he immediately met the gaze of "Black Starlight!"

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