

From Secret Clan to the Divine Dynasty

Chapter 381 Realization

"Eh, you've brought someone from the Fischer family?"

"Is it him?"

"It's actually a relative of 'Raven' Byrne Fischer?"

After Isabel spoke, everyone's gaze suddenly converged on him.

Instantly, Felix became the focal point of everyone's attention, and the air around seemed to freeze.

His heartbeat involuntarily sped up, each throb sounding like a heavy drumbeat in his chest, contrasting starkly with the surrounding silence.

Felix's eyes widened slightly, feeling acutely the gazes from all directions – curious, scrutinizing, or sympathetic, like thousands of fine needles, gently yet firmly piercing his skin until reaching deep within his soul.

Fine beads of sweat began to form on his forehead, intertwining with his inner tension to create an indescribable heaviness.

"Everything is for the Chaos Constellation..."

He finally spoke, his voice serious and solemn.

"Even though I am born into the Fischer family and share their blood, I am still willing to sacrifice those people for the Chaos Constellation, without a doubt. I have always loved my family, and I have loved my friends, but I am clear that this world is Hell!"

"Compared to the greatness of Him! Compared to the supreme will of the Chaos Constellation, all human love and hate are meaningless! We must convert our souls to the Chaos Constellation!"

Felix's tone rose passionately, like a genuine fervent believer, and even the many powerful Monarch experts present could find no fault with it.

He had changed over the past ten years.

The old Felix was stubborn and not good at reading the room, but now he had compensated for that. Although his obstinate and diligent nature had not disappeared, he no longer panicked in such situations.

"All for the Chaos Constellation!"

Felix nodded and then calmly disclosed many details about the Fischer family from the perspective of a believer in the Chaos Constellation.

"I know a lot about Fischer."

"In East Coast Province, the strongest of the Fischer family is Chris Fischer, and he will be our greatest enemy. Only by completely annihilating him can we truly destroy the Fischer family."

"I believe everyone is well aware that nearly half of the Adley Royal Family has been assassinated over the past ten years, and as a genius, Chris will become even more powerful in the future!"

"As long as Chris Fischer remains alive, none of us will ever have peace!"

The one-eyed old man suddenly spoke, "I know him, Chris Fischer, a very powerful Monarch expert, probably close to mid-level Monarch strength. We must not underestimate him!"

His tone was filled with extreme caution and vigilance, clearly holding Chris Fischer in high regard.

"There's someone else that I believe everyone knows, his name is Byrne Fischer, my grandfather..."

Felix took a deep breath and continued.

"That man is the most crucial cornerstone of the Fischer family."

"I have always admired him." Enjoy new chapters from empire

The one-eyed man spoke again, "Your grandfather Byrne Fischer, also known as 'Raven', the man is a legend. I respect him greatly, and it would be my honor and pride to personally end his life."

The respect and admiration in his tone were genuine, and it was evident that the one-eyed old man held Byrne, the legend of the East Coast and of the Fischer family, in high esteem.

Felix nodded as calmly as possible and continued, "Yes, my grandfather 'Raven' Byrne is the toughest member of the Fischer family to deal with."

"However, apart from them, the rest of the Fischers are actually quite weak, whether it's Darren, Karno, Christine, Lilian, or my sister Helen... Most of them have character and strength flaws and are essentially negligible."

Most of what he said was true, and they were details that would become known to the other party even if he didn't share them, or had already been understood by the Stars Embrace Order as "publicly available information."

But crucially, Felix concealed a lot of important information.

Including rune power, Destiny's Trajectory, and most importantly, the Dawn Church and the Power of Consecution!

And most of all, the great Lord of the Lost!

Felix deeply believed that with the protection of the great Lord of the Lost, his family would certainly be able to defeat the Words of Tranquility and the Stars Embrace Order.

However, he also knew very well that if the Fischer family and the Dawn Church were truly ambushed, they would suffer heavy casualties and many deaths immediately!

The combined forces of the Words of Tranquility and the Stars Embrace Order could theoretically take over Cyart after the civil war, as Cyart was no longer as powerful as it had been decades ago. The number of Monarch powerful experts on home soil was dwindling, and the deaths of the former Cyart King and Duke Black Iron were significant blows.

Cyart was unprecedentedly vulnerable now.

Although the Fischer family was growing stronger, Felix was very clear that the family was not yet strong enough!

He had to do something before things really happened!

"Very well, Felix."

The "Black Starlight" beneath the black cloak nodded slightly, and his almost inhuman voice carried a faint affirmation.

"After this matter is over, you will certainly receive the protection of the constellation and arrive at the Monarch's palace..."

Excitement appeared on Felix's face as he hurriedly nodded, yet his heart felt immensely heavy.

After the meeting aimed against the Fischer and the Romann families ended, he followed Isabel back to Meteorfall Town, stood in front of the mirror inside the house, and gazed into it, falling into deep thought.

That was a man in his thirties, a noble adorned in exquisite pure black attire, embroidered with intricate yet dignified patterns.

He had a straight nose, his lips pressed into a firm line, exuding an aura of authority that was naturally commanding, commanding a presence that could not be ignored, standing erect like a sculpture honed over many years, each movement displaying fine grooming and self-discipline, with distinct facial features and brows knitted with worry, his profound eyes staring at a far more distant future.

"Sunny..."

Felix muttered to himself, his mind filled with thoughts of Sunny, his fiancée from the Frosac family.

Because the Frosac and the Jones families did not take action during the outbreak of the civil war ten years ago, opting to remain neutral instead, the relationship between the Frosac family and the Fischer family noticeably cooled down.

Because he was trapped in this town, he never had the chance to break free and flee back with Isabel, nor did he have the will to leave without fail.

Thus, for ten years, he had almost vanished.

Felix had thought that his fiancée Sunny had long since remarried someone else, but he later learned by chance that Sunny had not married anyone else during those ten years.

He took a deep breath, remembering that ten years ago, Sunny had expressed that she would wait for him to return so that they could marry in the square of Nasir City, accepting the blessings of all the citizens.

Felix had seriously asked her a question then.

"What if I can't return for many years?"

"Then I'll just keep waiting."

At the time, Sunny did not speak, but later wrote him a letter in which she firmly gave her answer.

Now, Felix took out that letter again; though much time had passed, it had been preserved very well, and the beautiful, resolute handwriting was still clearly visible.

"Felix, no matter how time flows or how storms clash, my heart holds one unwavering belief—I will definitely wait for you."

"Whether dawn no longer appears or night turns to daylight, I will be here waiting for our promise, until the moment you reappear."

"My heart is like the unchanging Blazing Sun, forever lighting the path home for you. Please believe that no matter how long it takes, I will be here, waiting with all I have, just for you!"

Because of everything that happened, the two of them had only actually spent a few months together, but Felix could understand, her sincerity was truly profound!

"If only the great Lord of the Lost could respond to me, then I could use His greatness to directly transmit the intelligence to my family and the church."

Although not very clear, Felix faintly understood in his heart that the great Lord of the Lost was either asleep or had encountered some other condition.

From now on, everything had to rely on himself.

He became aware in his heart.

"I must survive to return, to see Sunny once again, and to pass on the intelligence about the Stars Embrace Order and the Words of Tranquility back home!"

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

Chapter 382 The Method of Awakening God Su

South of the Ouden Continent, the Terrara Church State.

In the vast and boundless desert, stood ancient and mysterious pyramids that seemed to be the guardians of time, silently narrating the splendor and vicissitudes of ancient Terell.

The desert was filled with yellow sand sweeping through the sky, the sun blazed like fire, and the pyramids were scattered throughout the vast golden sea, each with a

pointed tip reaching up to the sky, as though they could touch the heavens and converse with the sun, moon, and constellations.

Under the illumination of the Blazing Sun, the surfaces of the giant stones of the pyramids flashed with dazzling light, sometimes golden, sometimes silvery white, changing unpredictably and overwhelmingly beautiful.

The Terrara Church State was a realm that only revered the Blazing Sun. Its "Temple of Sun" within the Sun Church was actually a separate branch, and to this day is one of the few within the True Gods Church that still recognized the system of slavery.

Those pyramids were known as the "Palace Approaching the Blazing Sun."

Throughout history, only the Monarch powerful experts of Terell and beings even mightier had the privilege to rest within these pyramids after death.

Despite thousands of years of erosion by wind and rain, these massive structures still stood tall. Every stone had been meticulously carved and fitted together perfectly. Surrounding them was an endless yellow desert and the occasional oasis.

The stars shone brightly, the Milky Way hung low, and those pyramids seemed to become bridges connecting heaven and earth.

Suddenly, a middle-aged man with only one intact arm emerged from a massive pyramid, his short hair silvery white, dressed in white clothes, and wearing single-lens glasses.

That was Karno.

Karno Fischer.

He was covered with wounds, swaying as if he had just endured an extremely fierce battle.

Karno took a deep breath and slowly raised an arm-sized black stone tablet he was holding, finally revealing a smile on his face.

It was something he had obtained from the pyramid, narrowly escaping death. If not for the effect of "Premonisher" from Destiny's Trajectory that allowed him to avoid most dangers in advance, Karno would have certainly perished.

Nine years ago, Karno left the village he had observed for a long time and began to travel around the nations of the Ouden Continent, seeking ways to awaken the great Lord of the Lost.

Finally, three years ago, he arrived near this pyramid and through prophecy spells and intelligence gathering, learned of an important local legend.

Karno turned his head to look at the huge pyramid that had been abandoned for a long time.

As night fell, its outline was made clearer by the moonlight.

The High Priest within this pyramid, actually active nearly ten thousand years ago, was a legendary figure who once formally entered the Heavenly Enlightenment Level.

Back then, the Blazing Sun had fallen asleep due to an evil force, and the whole world had plunged into utter darkness.

This High Priest was a saint of the Sun Church, sacrificing himself to awaken the slumbering Blazing Sun and bringing light back to the Claud World.

Although nearly ten thousand years have made history ever more silent and left little of his legend, and even the name of this pyramid was unknown to everyone, it was nevertheless discovered by Karno, who had mastered the ability of prophecy.

It took him another full three years to figure out a way to enter the pyramid.

Karno looked again at the black stone tablet in his hands, completely unable to comprehend the twisted and changing strange characters upon it.

But he still shook his head, it was the only thing he had brought out from the pyramid, and perhaps it recorded a way to wake the great Lord of the Lost.

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Karno slowly looked toward the east, knelt on the ground, and prayed calmly.

His breathing was even and deep, each breath seemingly resonating with the rhythm of the cosmos, gradually releasing the clutter and tumult of his heart, leaving only purity.

"Great Lord of the Lost, please protect my family, the Fischers shall live up to their name."

In Nasir City, at Fischer Manor.

The aged Lilian lay serenely on the bed, her body unmoving beneath the covers, while a Spiritual Dragon half the height of a person lay beside her, its face full of sorrow, whimpering like a pitiful puppy.

"Father... You've come again."

Byrne, who appeared even younger than his aged daughter, sat beside Lilian, holding one of her hands, silent and speechless.

Byrne's heart felt as though it was engulfed in endless darkness, a profound despair beyond what words could describe.

His eyes flickered with reluctance and sadness, each gaze upon his daughter's face, slowly losing its luster, was a cruel tear at his soul.

"Lilian... don't be afraid."

Byrne tried to tightly grasp his daughter's hands with both of his, as if by doing so he could stop the passage of time and preserve the fading flame of life, but reality, cold as the tide, shattered his hopes to pieces.

He felt a strong sense of loneliness and emptiness once again, for in this world, his daughter was one of the most precious parts of Byrne's life, and her impending departure was like extracting half of his soul from his world.

"After stepping onto the 5th Rank, our lifespans become extended, you must accept these things..." Byrne muttered to himself, looking towards Chris outside the room.

He knew Vanessa's lifespan probably wasn't much longer either.

Vanessa's core principle was "Justice," and when she decided to sacrifice her principle for the sake of the Fischer family, she stopped progressing on the Path of World Order's Power of Consecution.

In a sense, Vanessa too had sacrificed herself for the Fischer family...

Even the powerful expert Chris couldn't prevent "that incident" from happening; Vanessa was growing more and more aged, and time would ultimately take every mortal being away, sooner or later.

"Father, do not grieve."

Lilian slowly spoke, smiling as she said, "With the great Lord of the Lost there, He will surely protect my soul."

Lilian quietly looked back upon her past, whether it was laughter or tears, success or setbacks, they had all become an indispensable part of this journey of life.

Her heart was filled with no regrets!

She knew well that it was these experiences that had shaped her, teaching her to be strong, brave, and to love the Gods.

And to be born a member of the Fischer family, becoming a High Priest capable of serving the great Lord of the Lost, was the most important thing in Lilian's life.

What was most important was... Him.

The great Lord of the Lost had granted her every meaning of life!

Lilian believed that death was not an end but the start of a different form of existence.

"Father, my soul will forever be connected to this world, guarding the Fischer family I love in a new way."

"You should feel happy for me."

"I will go to another world to serve the great Lord of the Lost, I will become a warm light, illuminating the path for the future generations of the Fischer family."

Lilian smiled serenely.

"No, Lilian, I will not let you go to Him so easily."

Byrne's eyes gradually became firm and resolute, standing at the blurry edge of life and death, he felt a surge of unparalleled strength and courage welling up in his heart.

It was always like this.

When facing the departure of a loved one, all the memories deep inside his heart were incredibly clear.

It caused immeasurable pain.

As if it was a deep-rooted curse.

Facing the cruel reality of Lilian's imminent passing, Byrne made an important decision deep inside his heart—to make a deal with the Chairman!

Actually, a few years ago, the Chairman had hinted this to him.

"Byrne, as long as I use that 'Stone,' even if you help me, it won't consume all of your lifespan."

He had created the real "Stone" that could trigger incredibly miraculous events, even extending a person's lifespan wasn't impossible.

Over the years, Byrne had read many books on Mysticism, learning too much knowledge about the Claud World, and deep inside his heart, he knew the secrets and treasures that could extend someone's lifespan were exceedingly rare.

He understood that besides seeking the Alchemy Council's Chairman, there was simply no other way for him now.

Triggering a miracle?

Byrne thought of something else, perhaps the only thing in the world that was more important than saving his daughter.

"Maybe, I can use it to awaken the great Lord of the Lost?"

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Chapter 383 Unconstrained Fischer

The ancient Lilian, with her face covered in wrinkles, lay on her bed with only a wisp of breath left, seemingly on the brink of departing at any moment.

However, leaving the material world behind to return to the embrace of the Lord wasn't necessarily a bad thing for Lilian.

She suddenly spoke in a feeble voice, "Father, that matter you discovered half a year ago, I have personally confirmed it again."

Byrne was taken aback for a moment and then spoke with great astonishment, "You actually went to verify it? Have you considered the consequences if it turns out not to be as we thought?"

Lilian gently shook her head.

"That's why you are not as devout as I am, Father."

"Deep down, I've always felt that things would develop in that way."

Byrne fell into a deep silence. Then, Lilian struggled to raise her arm, revealing the complex red mark, and continued,

"The people of the Fischer family have always been protected by the great Lord of the Lost; the rules of those false gods cannot harm us... it's as it should be."

"Even if we violate the so-called Oath, we will not incur any punishment."

Byrne nodded his head, his eyes reflecting an astonishing brilliance that spoke of pride—for the bloodline of the Fischer family, and that much deeper reverence for the great Lord of the Lost in his heart.

He continued, nodding, "Actually, pursuing such reasoning further, it's likely that even if the people of the Fischer family become very powerful, for example, if we eventually have someone reach an Eighth Tier comparable to the 'Heavenly Enlightenment Level' or even higher, we could still freely come and go from the East of the Ouden Continent."

"The rules set by those false gods don't pose any problem for us at all!"

Without a doubt, this was an enormous advantage.

Across the Ouden Continent and the entire Claud World, the gods established various rules,

Byrne had pondered deeply how to use this advantage. The most important aspect was the "information gap"—outsiders did not know that the people of the Fischer family could break an "Oath."

He gazed at his important daughter and continued, "Lilian, wait for me for a while... I will find a way to save you."

Lilian gently shook her head.

"Father, I don't need to live any longer... Actually, the most important thing for me now is to choose a new High Priest. The Dawn Church must have a leader with steadfast faith."

"That person doesn't need to be very powerful, but must absolutely possess an unparalleled, cough cough, will and conviction..."

She was too weak to go on. If not for the power of the Spirit-returning Tree sustaining her health, she probably wouldn't have lived to see the end of her theoretical lifespan.

"Lilian, who will lead the Dawn Church is primarily for you to decide; we all trust your judgment,"

Having said this, Byrne gently reached out and stroked the nearby Spiritual Dragon.

"Little guy, no, big guy, have you been bullying the two-headed terrapin again?"

This creature had already undergone a significant change in size, standing more than half a person tall. At the moment, it wore a sorrowful expression, whimpering when Byrne touched it.

"Whimper..."

The Spiritual Dragon shook its head, looking pitiful, but its eyes held a sly twinkle.

Now that it was gradually growing, it had nearly reached Monarch Level strength. Deep down, Lilian felt that its true potential was probably something terrifying.

Byrne gave a faint smile and said indifferently, "Take good care of her, will you?"

The Spiritual Dragon nodded obediently.

After Byrne left Lilian's room, he went to another room.

It was Helen's room.

A gloomy room with no light shining in, the thick curtains shut tight around, as though nightfall had descended early, barring the light from entry.

The air was filled with a quiet and oppressive atmosphere; Byrne even felt that breathing seemed extra audible and heavy.

In the boundless darkness, the female figure shrunken into the corner appeared especially frail and helpless.

She curled up tight, as if searching for the security once found in the womb, knees pressed against her chest, arms wrapped around her legs, her head buried deep in the crook of her arms, leaving only her disheveled hair to flutter slightly in the faint air currents.

Even in this pitch-black environment, Helen's gaze betrayed an indescribable fear and loneliness.

Perhaps in her imagination, those unknowns lurking in the darkness were stealthily approaching, every sound sufficient to accelerate her heartbeat and make her body tremble.

Byrne asked:

"Helen... how are you feeling? Are you okay?"

In the darkness, Helen remained silent for a long time, so long that Byrne even thought she might not speak, but eventually, the girl slowly began to reply.

"I don't want to talk."

Deep inside, Byrne knew quite well that Helen had entered a period of emotional low.

Under such circumstances, Helen didn't want to do anything and could hardly generate any normal emotions. He didn't know how long this state would last, but he now desperately needed the Destiny's Trajectory of the "Fantasy Fellow."

"Is that 'Little Black' still here?"

Byrne's brow furrowed slightly, knowing in his heart that Helen, because of her Fantasy Trajectory, had a natural ability to attract mysterious creatures and gain their favor.

That's how "Little Black" had come to her.

And it was five years ago that Helen's dreams directly took her to the Spirit Realm, which, due to the special nature of the Fantasy Trajectory, was as easy and comfortable for her as going on a picnic. Enjoy exclusive content from empire

She even felt it more comfortable than living in the real world.

During one of her wanderings in the Spirit Realm, Helen by chance encountered a strange shadow, a mysterious presence she had never seen before.

Since then, Helen often encountered it, gradually becoming more and more familiar with it.

She later told her family about it, but nobody paid much attention, as Helen's mental state had always been a bit off, and indeed she possessed special abilities. It was hard to distinguish whether she had really encountered a mysterious presence or it was just a figment of her imagination. In fact, the latter was the most likely.

Even if it was real, Helen could handle it, given her natural ability to gain the favor of mysterious beings.

Two years ago, however, Helen suddenly told her family...

"It's here!"

"It has come to our world, right here!"

Only then did everyone realize that something was seriously wrong, because none of the mysterious presences Helen encountered in the Spirit Realm had ever followed her for long, let alone from the Spirit Realm into the real world!

Helen named it "Little Black," and only a very few within the Fischer family could observe its presence using extraordinary power.

And "Little Black" ignored everyone except Helen, so over time, everyone stopped paying it any attention.

Until a year ago, when Byrne, while using his extraordinary power, inadvertently had his "Body Double" interfered with by "Little Black," realizing that the other possessed a unique power.

"It's here."

Helen nodded lightly, took a deep breath in front of her grandfather, and then looked palely toward the corner.

Byrne turned his head, his gaze following Helen's to the corner not far away.

That was "Little Black," the mysterious being from the Spirit Realm with an undiscovered origin.

In the dark and profound corner, a life form coalesced from night itself lay in wait, its existence a subtle defiance of light, like the most inconspicuous shadow at the edge of an abyss.

The shadow was formless and substanceless, only a contour captured in the faintest of light changes, blending noiselessly into the surrounding darkness like the deepest ink of night.

Byrne, through his Perception Ability achieved after reaching the 5th Rank, sensed its presence yet could not accurately capture its trace, only vaguely feeling a nameless chill rising up his spine, as though observed by some ancient and powerful force in silence.

This "Little Black."

What, exactly, was it?

Its eyes, elusive, stared coldly and devoid of any emotion around it, that gaze penetrating the barriers of matter, staring directly at the secrets and fears deepest in one's heart.

The shadowy life form belonged neither to the clamor of daylight nor to the tranquility of night, as if it existed beyond time and space.

He could not understand what the mysterious being from the Spirit Realm "Little Black" was, but he was keenly aware that it contained a formidable power!

Now needing to find the president of the Alchemy Council to obtain means to extend his lifespan, Byrne had a series of plans in mind. He spoke calmly and firmly:

"I need its help, Helen."

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

Chapter 384 Philosopher's Stone

Byrne returned to the Snow Mountain where the Alchemy Council gathered.

He ascended the Snow Mountain and arrived outside the palace.

The sparkling palace roof was covered with thick snow, but upon closer inspection, one could see it was not merely a natural accumulation but a meticulously carved snowcap, adorned with various exquisite patterns, Divine Eagles soaring across the sky, endless streams coursing through the Snow Mountain, and the Lotus symbolizing good fortune.

"Chairman, I am here."

Byrne murmured to himself and finally stepped into the resplendent palace, greeted by a warm and fresh air that stood in stark contrast to the harsh cold outside.

The palace interior boasted glimmering murals, columns with carved beams and painted rafters, with a massive crystal chandelier hanging from the dome ceiling, emitting a soft yet bright light that illuminated the entire space as if it were daylight.

Byrne looked toward the highest place in the palace, the throne, which for decades had belonged to only one person.

As always, the mysterious and unfathomable Chairman was there.

Beneath the cloak, the Chairman's mystifying visage was shrouded in a thin layer of white Fog, making it exceptionally vague and elusive.

Those eyes hidden in the white, hazy Fog seemed like the unfathomable depths of the ocean, flashing an indescribable glow that commanded awe.

The Chairman's figure was tall and erect, emanating an ineffable aura, ancient and mysterious, betraying a sense of indisputable authority and oppressive force.

Byrne nodded slightly and said,

"I have arrived."

"Regarding the trade matter you spoke of last time, I have given it serious thought... and my coming here is to confirm the details with you, Chairman."

The enigmatic Chairman on the throne gazed at Byrne and spoke slowly, "Have you finally decided, Mithril?"

"I gave you more than a decade to ponder, whether to join my grand endeavor, without any coercion. I believed that you would inevitably come."

"Now it seems you have finally come to your senses, Mithril. Rest assured, I will grant you the power of 'that' artifact so that your lifespan will be extended enough to continue living after aiding me in my breakthrough."

Byrne nodded lightly, then suddenly posed a critical question.

"Chairman, may I see its existence? I have never truly seen it, only knowing its name as the 'Philosopher's Stone.'

"It is hard for me to trust in something I have never seen; at least, right now, it provides little certainty in my heart."

He paused, then continued firmly,

"I cannot decide whether to gamble my life on an illusory thing."

Finally, the Chairman decided to reveal the legendary Philosopher's Stone.

"Very well, I will show it to you."

Byrne promptly saw an object materialize out of thin air, instinctively widened his eyes, and felt an immense power!

"Is this the Philosopher's Stone?"

A Stone floated in midair, radiating an allure that captivated the gaze of any onlooker.

Compared to those red and purple unfinished products, the true Philosopher's Stone displayed a perfect red!

The Stone had a color as hot and pure as raging flames, yet as tender as the last hue of red in a sunset's afterglow, deep and enchanting.

Its surface flowed with a delicate luster, as if it contained the universe's oldest and most mysterious forces. Each refraction of light caused a subtle resonance in the surrounding space, involuntarily intoxicating one with its unique and captivating charm.

This gemstone was not only a Miracle birthed from the alchemy system but also a symbol of wisdom and power. Its story had been passed down through countless legends and songs, revered by the world as the ultimate treasure!

Even the composed Byrne couldn't help but reach out.

He was somewhat tempted to touch that supreme Stone.

But an invisible force blocked his palm, Byrne was taken aback momentarily, then regained his clarity, realizing it was the Chairman's power at work.

"Worthy of being the highest expression of perfection in alchemy, an unparalleled masterpiece, the only thing comparable to it would be 'creating life and soul.'"

Not only did the Philosopher's Stone possess awe-inspiring beauty, it also harbored unfathomable power; legend had it that it could grant the bearer extraordinary wisdom and insight, as well as unleash the greatest potential of Extraordinary Exponents. It could even endow ordinary humans with extraordinary power, turning them into heroes who could change the world.

Byrne soon heard the Chairman's calm explanation from the throne.

"Correct, this is the Philosopher's Stone, the ultimate alchemical product of legend, the pinnacle of all alchemical tools."

"An endless universe harbors four fundamental primeval forces, and one of them is the power of miracle. The Philosopher's Stone is the condensed form of the power of miracle."

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"It is a miracle itself."

"It is nearly an omnipotent Wishing Stone, as long as there is a sufficient amount of the Philosopher's Stone, anything can be done..."

The Chairman's tone finally had a slight fluctuation, as if his emotions were also stirred up.

"Even becoming a god is not impossible!"

"However, it took me many years to finally make a small portion of the Philosopher's Stone, and my time is running out. It's very difficult to gather more resources to refine more of the Philosopher's Stone."

Byrne suddenly recalled the many fragmented souls he had once seen in the purplish-red stone and instinctively furrowed his brow slightly.

He dared not probe into the composition of the Philosopher's Stone because the Chairman was right there, and if he analyzed it without permission, he might infuriate the Chairman on the spot.

Although Byrne's strength was now not weak, he was very clear that he was no match for the Chairman.

That mysterious and unpredictable person was likely the most powerful being in the Eastern Four Kingdoms.

Byrne pondered for a moment and asked, "Chairman, since you already have the omnipotent Philosopher's Stone, why do you still need my help to break through?"

The Chairman gave his answer.

"Of course, it's a matter of conversion rate and cost-effectiveness. I could use all of the Philosopher's Stone to complete the breakthrough, but I don't want to do that."

"Listen, Mithril, I can use half of the Philosopher's Stone I currently possess to restore your lifespan and then keep the remaining half."

Such a powerful Philosopher's Stone was indeed a critically important and scarce resource. After listening, Byrne nodded lightly and finally asked the most crucial thing.

"So, what is my reward?"

The Chairman did not hesitate to make a promise.

"Once I become a stronger being, I can protect the Fischer family for hundreds of years to come. Although I won't be able to enter the Eastern Four Kingdoms directly at that time, I have many ways to help you become stronger."

"Rest assured, Fischer, I can establish The Oath with you."

In the depths of his heart, Byrne knew clearly that the Chairman's level of power was very likely high-level Monarch, meaning he would probably help him become a Heavenly Enlightenment powerful expert.

Without a doubt, those of the Heavenly Enlightenment Level, also known as 'demi-gods,' possess the power to change the world and nearly all leave their names in history.

And Extraordinary Exponents at the Monarch Level are hardly worth mentioning in front of them.

If they don't employ the mighty power of a Forbidden rare artifact, or a similar special power, even dozens of Monarch Level experts working together would hardly be a real threat to a Heavenly Enlightenment Level legendary expert.

Protection for hundreds of years from a Heavenly Enlightenment strong expert?

Byrne fell into deep thought, and at the same time, he sniffed a hint of conspiracy in the air.

"Actually, I have a proposal."

"Oh?"

He looked deeply at the Chairman and continued, "I hope you can give the Philosopher's Stone to my daughter, Lilian."

"Her life is coming to an end, and rather than extending my own life, I wish for Lilian to live on... I have lived long enough."

He paused for a moment before adding, "For an Eternal Being with exceptional memory, living too long might just be a terrible and tragic Curse."

Nevertheless, another thought existed in Byrne's mind.

Perhaps the power of the Philosopher's Stone could awaken the great Lord of the Lost?

Maybe...

The temptation from both thoughts, whether to keep his daughter Lilian alive or to awaken Him, made the transaction irresistible to Byrne!

At that moment, the Chairman suddenly laughed out loud.

"Hehe, I see, Mithril, no, Byrne Fischer... you are indeed such a person."

"You've always been this way, hmm, I can agree to your request."

Byrne was silent, not responding.

He finally understood something—why the Chairman didn't contemplate forcing him but instead let him "take the bait" willingly because the allure of the Philosopher's Stone was truly too great!

Byrne nodded slightly and said calmly, "Very well, Chairman, let us establish The Oath."

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

Chapter 385 The True Identity of the President!

"Finally, got a bite."

The old man sighed, muttering to himself:

"The prophecy a hundred years ago had affected me too much. My long search finally bore fruit; the person who could help me break through was indeed in the east of the continent."

In the Spirit Realm, there was a pond as clear as crystal, remarkably vibrant, just like a huge crystal mirror, reflecting the dream-like scenery around it.

Transparent and glittering lotus leaves floated gently on the water surface, some spreading out, others curling, like tiny emerald boats, swaying leisurely in the breeze.

The underwater world was equally spectacular, with schools of brilliantly colored fish darting through the water, carefree and untroubled in groups.

Lush trees surrounded the pond, while sunlight filtered through the dense leaves, casting a mottled play of light and shadow. Continue your journey on empire

At the edge of the pond, a wise old man dressed in a blue robe smiled and slowly opened his eyes, his profound gaze seeming to pierce through all matters.

He was at the edge of the pond in the Spirit Realm, fishing with a pale blue silk line.

This silk line, a magical alchemy material crafted from the soul of an Extraordinary Exponent, was almost mythical to the common folk.

The vibrantly colored fish in the pond had miraculous properties; they were not only nourishment for powerful alchemy, but also one of the thirty-three alchemy materials required to create the Philosopher's Stone.

At last, a fish bit onto the pale blue silk line.

The line then completely enveloped the fish, seeming to digest it, causing the fish to gradually vanish.

The next moment, the old man in the blue robe slowly stood up and stepped into the pond.

"Byrne Fischer, you shall be the stepping stone on my path to divinity."

His body leaned into the pond, and then, as if the heavens and earth were reversing, the old man in the blue robe returned to the material world through it!

—

"I help you achieve your breakthrough, and you will give half of the Philosopher's Stone to the Fischer family."

On Snow Mountain, Byrne's expression was calm, having just reached a complete Oath with the president of the Alchemy Council.

Deep inside, he was clearly aware of one thing: the so-called Oath was nothing more than "worthless paper" to the people of the Fischer family.

"Information disparity" is a crucial thing, as long as the President remains unaware of it, which is a significant advantage!

Byrne finally got hold of the red Philosopher's Stone, feeling its extreme oddity upon contact; the strength contained within the stone, alien and potent, could merge with emotions to trigger the appearance of true miracles!

This is the Philosopher's Stone.

As a master in the field of Mysticism, he stared at the Philosopher's Stone, speechless for a long time, seemingly completely captivated.

Suddenly, the president spoke very calmly.

"Byrne Fischer, come, help me break through right here, embrace your destiny..."

"Even using up all your lifespan, you won't be able to help me fully break through, but at least you can save me a lot of time..."

He paused for a moment, then continued, "And when you are dead, I will take back the Philosopher's Stone."

Such blunt and malicious words startled Byrne. He frowned and retorted, "What? Are you going to break the Oath?"

"Hahahaha!"

Suddenly, the president's voice grew harsh, and his shadow lengthened instantly, filling the entire palace like a demon!

"You've already signed the Oath, like a contract made in Hell. There's no way out now!"

"But I can circumvent the punishment of that Oath!"

Hearing this made Byrne gasp in shock!

He too could circumvent the Oath?

How did he do that?

Underneath the black robe, his face was shrouded by the shadow of the hood, revealing only a pair of eyes that sparkled with wisdom and a sense of ancientness, sweeping around with a deep insight into the universe.

As time passed, the edges of the black robe began to emit a faint blue light. At first, it was just a subtle flicker, like the distant stars appearing in the night sky, but then the light gradually spread, from the hem to the cuffs, until the entire robe was covered in a gentle blue, like the dawn dispelling the surrounding darkness and cold.

With the transformation from a black robe to a blue robe, the President's temperament also underwent a dramatic change!

The wrinkles on his face gradually increased, and his eyes revealed a sense of gentleness and wisdom, as if he could see into the deepest secrets of the human heart.

"After breaking The Oath, the target soul upon which divine punishment would descend is just one, and maintaining a state of multiple souls in one body will not affect the original entity," he said.

At this moment, the President was no longer the mysterious man in the black robe, but a distinguished old man clad in a blue robe.

The instant the blue-robed elder appeared, Byrne felt an immense pressure, and a term directly appeared in his mind.

Heavenly Enlightenment!

The opponent was undoubtedly a legend of the Heavenly Enlightenment Level, because that boundless pressure was much stronger than that of high-level Extraordinary Exponents who were Monarchs!

He felt as if he was surrounded by an ocean made up of countless dense and heavy particles, each bearing the secrets of the universe, the weight of history, or the abyss of knowledge. They were layered upon layers, densely packed, as if to completely drown a person.

Against this ocean of knowledge, the individual seemed insignificant, and a difficult-to-describe feeling of loneliness and insignificance emerged, as if surrounded by endless darkness and silence.

And whenever Byrne's gaze accidentally met that of the blue-robed elder, he felt as if he was swimming in this ocean of knowledge, and the feeling was even more intense.

It seemed that there were many books and articles around, various kinds of knowledge, and each book and article appeared like a towering mountain, soaring into the clouds, daunting to look upon.

They were not only numerous but also profound and complex, demanding a great deal of time and effort to explore and climb!

In an instant, Byrne realized one thing—if he stayed here to help the other party break through, he would surely die on the spot.

Because the breakthrough that the blue-robed old man was attempting was not from high-level Monarch to Heavenly Enlightenment Level, but a breakthrough within the Heavenly Enlightenment Level itself!

So he immediately thought of an unbelievable thing and couldn't help but ask.

"Why is that so? Legends of the Heavenly Enlightenment Level clearly can't enter the Eastern Four Kingdoms!" he exclaimed.

"Heh heh."

The blue-robed elder smiled and slowly said,

"Why do you still have the illusion that you are still on the east of the Ouden Continent?"

Byrne was startled, then astonished!

"All this time, this Snow Mountain has never been in the east of the Ouden Continent but in the west, near the Triangle City States, below the Silvermoon City, on a small snow mountain."

The blue-robed elder continued.

"I have merely been subtly instilling the wrong belief for decades, making all participants think it is on the eastern side of Ouden Continent."

"The President is one of my soul avatars, and indeed his power is suppressed to that of a high-level Monarch, but sadly after breaking The Oath, his soul will dissipate."

He extended his hand invitingly and said,

"I am the curator of the Sapphire Library, the most knowledgeable person in the world, the Servant of the White Fog, 'Mithril'. I need your life to ascend to an even higher throne!"

"Byrne Fischer, you have no other options now. Lend me your support!"

The Sapphire Library, the foremost among the Six Great Libraries!

Byrne felt utterly astonished, his eyes wide, speechless for a long time!

The blue-robed elder before him was a legendary sage who had appeared several times in history, each time leaving a rich legacy of legends.

In legends, he possessed endless knowledge and wisdom, able to solve the world's most complex problems, and guiding those who were lost towards the right path; and the Sapphire Library was the first among the six ancient libraries in Claud World, primarily focusing on the collection of "Extraordinary Bequests."

That is to say, he almost possessed all the Extraordinary Bequests in the world!

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

Chapter 386 Byrne's Choice

Legends abound across the world about illustrious figures from ancient history, and to have such a personage truly appear before one's eyes was simply too astonishing!

In his mind, the many books he remembered all mentioned the Sapphire Library and its enigmatic curator.

Byrne took a deep breath, feeling a surge of excitement deep within, and it took him a long while to fully calm his emotions.

If not for the severity of their positions, he, who had spent a lifetime studying mysticism, would even have wanted to worship the elderly man in blue robes before him.

The curator looked at him as though he were an insignificant being, speaking very calmly, "Mithril, no, Byrne Fischer, give your life to me."

He continued quite naturally.

"I will never give you the Philosopher's Stone, but rest assured, I will offer a portion as compensation. The so-called promise to shelter the Fischer family for hundreds of years is definitely not a deception."

Byrne's face revealed a cold, mocking expression.

"What?"

The curator looked at him again, as if he couldn't understand why Byrne would scoff.

Byrne shook his head and continued, "I just think you are very hypocritical."

"Is it not deception if it's only half a lie? Sapphire Curator, you are unwilling to part with the Philosopher's Stone and yet you want my life. Where in the world is there such a good deal?"

The curator's expression remained very calm; he was not angry, nor did he display any rage.

He gazed at Byrne as if looking at an animal on guard.

That look made Byrne very uncomfortable. It didn't feel like disdain, but rather complete contempt, almost ignorable!

The curator spoke his thoughts indifferently.

"It is only right that the strong dominate the weak. The gap between you and me is immense, as wide as the filthy, decaying mud on the ground is from the noble rainbow. So, what I wish to do, why should I care about your thoughts? It's like the sun and moon rising and setting, never consulting the views of mortals."

"Assist me in advancing to the Apocalypse Upper Rank, and I will remember your name on the path to becoming a god, Byrne Fischer. Perhaps, this is your born purpose and mission."

Byrne was completely stunned, almost petrified by that insane arrogance.

The elderly man before him was entirely different.

He was unlike any Extraordinary powerful expert Byrne had encountered before; there was a distinct "non-human sense" about him.

It was absolute arrogance, not just "I am stronger and better than you," but "I am entitled to be the center of the world, while you are utterly meaningless, and it is your luck to serve as nourishment for me"...

Byrne suddenly realized that perhaps in the eyes of those Heavenly Enlightenment powerful experts, in the hearts of those so-called demi-gods, all mortals, lower-level Extraordinary Exponents, and even Extraordinary powerful experts of the Monarch Level, fundamentally, could not be compared with them, and were not even the same species!

After all, even Extraordinary powerful experts at the Monarch Level were constrained by lifespan, while those at the Heavenly Enlightenment Level possessed extraordinarily long lives, typically active in history for thousands of years. Thus, it was indeed likely that in the long course of history, their "humanity" would fade significantly, and their thinking would become increasingly non-human.

Byrne shook his head vehemently and said loudly, "No, being your stepping stone is certainly not my mission!"

"Are you trying to say that dedicating yourself to the Lord of the Lost is your mission?" asked the curator indifferently.

Suddenly confronted with that query, Byrne was shocked, stepping back half a step, staring at the person before him in astonishment.

The old man slowly approached, coming to Byrne's side.

"What? You thought I wouldn't know? I know who you are, and naturally, following the trail, I've learned many things. However, you needn't worry about that; I will never speak of it."

"Byrne Fischer, let me be blunt, using you will not cause me any guilt, and you have no other choice."

Byrne nodded lightly, pondered for a long time, and suddenly said, "You really don't need to feel guilty about anything because I never intended to dedicate myself from the start!"

The Sapphire Curator's expression did not change. He merely looked on, keenly aware that the Byrne Fischer before him possessed the genuine soul of Byrne Fischer and was not a body double or anything else...

Byrne Fischer's power was indeed much too weak compared to his own.

Even if he wanted to escape, there was no chance at all.

And just as the curator internally reaffirmed his judgment, the Byrne Fischer before him suddenly underwent a bizarre transformation!

He was no longer a flesh-and-blood human but had become a flowing black light entity with an unpredictable shape composed of dark shadows.

This shadowy life form was neither completely intangible nor solid material. It seemed capable of freely changing its shape according to will, stretching long like a whip, condensing into a sharp blade, and even merging into the surrounding shadows, moving silently and without a trace.

"Eh?"

Surprise and curiosity instantly flashed across the old man's face, even a budding desire to investigate arose within him.

"What is this?"

Even with his vast knowledge, perhaps the most in the Claud World, the curator had no idea what this was.

This was "Little Black," which Helen had encountered by chance in the Spirit Realm.

It could merge with Byrne's Body Double, masquerading as Byrne's soul, a nearly perfect deception. Even Heavenly Enlightenment powerful experts who could easily sense the fluctuations of a soul were completely unable to detect any difference.

Thus, from the beginning, Byrne's true self had not come here, but remotely controlled his Body Double to make the trade. However, the "Oath" he made through the Body Double, as determined by the laws of the gods, was still considered an oath established by him and not by "Little Black."

The next moment, Little Black suddenly swallowed the half-piece of the ruby-red Philosopher's Stone without a sound and disappeared on the spot, slipping into the Spirit Realm.

The Curator, seeing the half-piece of the supremely important Philosopher's Stone taken away, still did not show panic in his eyes, instead stepping forward. In the blink of an eye, he was already in the Spirit Realm.

He turned his head, looking toward the black life entity not far away.

"Come back here."

Little Black was also surprised, completely unable to understand how, after randomly appearing in the Spirit Realm, it could still be caught up with instantly by the other.

Without a word, the Curator stretched out his hand, the power contained within his palm was incredibly terrifying, aimed specifically at souls, and could even instantly destroy any Extraordinary Exponent who had not reached the Heavenly Enlightenment Level, wanting to eliminate it right there.

However, that power went straight through Little Black without causing any harm.

"Huh?"

The Curator frowned slightly, his extraordinary power having inexplicably failed, something exceedingly strange that he hadn't encountered in nearly a thousand years.

"What exactly are you? Do you really belong to the Claud World?"

It was at that moment that a voice came through.

"Little Black, Little Black, come back!"

Suddenly, Little Black heard Helen's call, and it immediately dove into the ground like diving into water, vanishing from the Spirit Realm in an instant.

The half-piece of the Philosopher's Stone was taken away.

"..."

Still, the Curator felt no surge of anger or irritation inside; he had encountered too many things over thousands of years, having been close to death over a dozen times. Even if that half-piece of the Philosopher's Stone was truly lost, it wouldn't drive the old man insane.

That black life entity.

What exactly was it?

The Curator gently shook his head, deeply intrigued internally, but he also knew he had to consider other matters first.

No matter what transpired, he could maintain his rationality.

"So it seems the one who has broken The Oath is you, Byrne Fischer. However, I've come to understand that you must have a way to evade punishment, right?"

After a long silence, the Curator still considered sending thousands of his soul incarnations to the East Coast of Cyart to directly destroy the Fischer family and reclaim the Philosopher's Stone.

However, among those thousands of soul incarnations, only about a dozen had Monarch Level strength. Even if he destroyed the Fischer family, it would likely lead to heavy casualties among them, affecting his next breakthrough.

Besides, by doing so, the Curator felt he might thoroughly offend... Him!

So, before deciding how to proceed, he decided to make a prophecy first.

"How can this be?"

The Curator's face drastically changed, revealing an extremely rare expression of shock, as if he had foreseen an immensely exaggerated, inconceivable future!

"Does such a future mean He is about to awaken?"

"Then I... must leave this world... I cannot return to the Claud World for a short time."

He stepped forward without hesitation, and in the next moment, he was already in a new world outside the Claud World.

In Nasir City, inside Fischer Manor.

In Helen's room.

Byrne and Helen were both anxiously waiting when suddenly, Little Black appeared before them.

Helen breathed a sigh of relief and rushed to embrace it!

She truly regarded Little Black as her best friend, her face instantly blooming with a warm and radiant smile like a flower bursting forth in spring, both tender and vibrant with life.

Byrne, on the other hand, took a deep breath subconsciously, staring at the bright red Philosopher's Stone!

"The ultimate alchemical tool has come into my possession just like that. I thought there would be many risks... but I still won the bet!"

But he quickly realized something.

In the end, he could only choose one!

The miracles the Philosopher's Stone could incite were limited!

Was it to restore his daughter Lilian's life or to help the Lord of the Lost awaken, without question, he could only choose one!

He took a deep breath, and gripping the Philosopher's Stone for a long while, after only a moment's contemplation, his voice was pained yet resolute.

"Use it to resurrect the great Lord of the Lost then, I'm sorry, my dearest daughter... Lilian, even though deep down I know it's the choice you would want, it's still too painful for me." Continue reading at empire

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Chapter 387 Back

"I must return to Nasir..."

In the dim and swaying carriage, a young man lay quietly, his left arm and right leg gone, skin largely missing, his crooked figure outlined in despair by the occasional weak light that penetrated through the window.

His body appeared to be eroded by endless agony, every muscle tensed, and even lying down did not relieve the heavy discomfort. His clothes were ragged, sweat mixed with dirt on his forehead, trickling down his cheeks and dripping onto the dry carriage floor.

Suddenly, a merchant outside the carriage spoke up with a Southern Cyart accent:

"Hey! You haven't a single coin on you, I believed in you when I brought you all the way here, I hope you haven't lied to me, that you truly are a friend of the Fischer family! Otherwise, I will surely settle this with you!"

Felix's face was haggard, his eye sockets sunken, but his eyes revealed an indescribable weariness and resilience.

"Rest assured, I am."

"I am an important friend of the Fischer family, saving me is by no means a bad thing..."

After Felix finished speaking, he fell silent, closing his eyes, his whole body trembling with pain. His limbs, which should have regenerated due to the "Limb Regeneration" power of Bloodline, showed no signs of recovery.

"Uh..."

His hands tightly clutched the makeshift cushion beneath him as if it were his only support in a turbulent world. Every bump of the carriage furrowed Felix's brow even further, but still, the staunch man never let out a groan, silently bearing it all, burying his anguish deep within.

His breathing was heavy and rapid, each breath a silent battle with the Death God.

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Though his body had reached its limits, within Felix's gaze shined an unwavering light—the bleak but steadfast hope for the future.

He had to return to Fischer!

He must! Convey that message back!

"We're here! Wake up!"

At some point, Felix had drifted into a fitful sleep, but he snapped awake at the sudden shout from outside.

Finally,

had it arrived...

Was it Nasir...

At the thought of this possibility, his lips trembled involuntarily, wanting to ask whether it was indeed Nasir, yet not daring to actually ask, for fear of a negative answer.

Thankfully, the merchant outside quickly affirmed it.

"We're at Nasir City! Right ahead is Fischer Manor! But we'll have to queue for a long time before we get a chance to visit, it's already noon and I don't know if we'll make it by tonight..."

Felix let out a sigh of relief, suddenly feeling an immense sense of happiness flooding over him, tears flowed uncontrollably.

"I, I have finally... returned..."

I am back.

At the gates of Fischer Manor, the sunlight dappled the meticulously trimmed lawns, where a line of people stood.

Clothed in a variety of garments, they all unmistakably showed a look of anticipation they could scarcely contain.

The silhouettes of those waiting moved slowly through the long line, like a silent and heavy river flowing towards the solemn and mysterious Fischer Manor.

Just months before, the Fischer and Romann families had officially declared that the current Cyart King was unfit for the throne, conspiring with heretical cults, truly a blight on the nation and a sinner in the eyes of the gods; therefore, they supported a young girl in her teens, Peggy Adler, as the new monarch of Cyart.

Throughout the East Coast Province, the Fischer family had ultimate authority; their word was law.

Thus, more and more visitors from all over the country and even abroad began arriving, compelling the Fischer family to announce that only on Wednesdays and Fridays each week would they receive guests without appointments.

Basically, unless known to the Fischer family, individuals below the rank of baron would have to queue here and wait to visit the Fischers. For many, it could take days or even a week or two to see the team of "Enforcers" responsible for handling various affairs under Christine's charge.

Normally, these people had no chance of meeting Christine herself.

Barons and those of equivalent status, however, would be invited by the family's servants into the manor, awaiting in the large rooms within.

Even higher ranked visitors, the Viscounts, would be taken to special private resting rooms, and they would also have direct conversations with Christine herself.

The manor gates were firmly closed, the thick wooden doors carved with intricate patterns that seemed all the more rustic and dignified under the evening sun's afterglow, adding an invisible pressure.

For those waiting in line, time seemed to slow to a crawl, becoming heavy, each second packed with anguish.

Felix's voice came out weakly.

"No need, no need to keep queueing. Just go forward and say two phrases and a name, 'forging'... Felix, just say these two words, that'll be enough."

"What happens next, you won't need to worry about."

The merchant, skeptical but ultimately nodding, braved the discontented stares of the nobility and merchants, circled the long line, and approached the Fischer family's servants and guards.

He bowed deeply, speaking meekly, "We, we would like to see Lady Christine."

The lead gatekeeper, a 3rd Rank Daybringer, immediately burst out laughing.

"Hahaha, everyone here wants to meet Miss Christine! But they aren't qualified, and neither are you!"

"Besides, Miss Christine loves rules and order, and by trying to cut in line, you've just ensured you won't get a chance today. Come back tomorrow!"

The merchant, sweating profusely, immediately started shouting:

"Wait, please wait! Forging! Felix! The Felix of forging!"

The gatekeeper frowned; he certainly knew who Felix was, but he wasn't quite sure why the merchant was shouting that name.

The merchant hollered and hollered, but still the family protectors forcibly removed him, and he was finally kicked and fell to the ground.

"You motherfucker, didn't you say..."

As the merchant returned near the carriage, just about to curse out loud, he suddenly heard a magnetic middle-aged voice.

"Do you know where Felix is?"

The merchant turned his head, and was instantly scared witless. The guards, however, showed great respect to the silently approaching middle-aged man, and he recognized at once who it was!

An utterly important personage!

The person who suddenly appeared near the carriage was none other than Mr. Yeager, the leader of the Dawnbringers, lord of the Path of Conquest.

The current Mr. Yeager, already a middle-aged man with graying temples, had long since retired behind the scenes as the former mayor of Fein City to let his descendants help the Dawn Church manage the city.

He was in Nasir City today to discuss matters with Christine, and when he came out, he heard someone shouting Felix's name, so the gatekeeper immediately reported the incident to him.

Yeager rushed to the carriage, pulled open the curtain, and glanced inside. He was overjoyed; the person inside really was Felix!

He couldn't help but burst out laughing, shouting, "Felix, it's fantastic! You're alive! Hahahaha!"

The merchant beside him stood dumbfounded, speechless for a long while.

Finally, he stammered out, "Mr. Yeager, sir, it was me, I brought him back!"

Felix, seeing Yeager's face, finally completely relaxed and fell back asleep.

"Felix! Wake up! How did you get so hurt!"

It wasn't long before the battered Felix was taken to Fischer Manor by Yeager, and the merchant who had brought him back was handsomely rewarded.

"Felix, what exactly happened to you?" Byrne asked, his eyes full of sorrow and anger when he looked at his grandson, his hands tightening unconsciously.

In the great hall of Fischer Manor, many family members surrounded Felix, who lay unmoving on a bed, his missing limbs starkly noticeable.

The elderly Lilian, sitting in her wheelchair, employed the rune power of the "Spirit-returning Tree" to heal all his wounds in a blink. Felix was still very tired, however, lying on the bed without getting up.

Byrne took a breath of relief and said softly, "You've worked hard, my child."

"Tell me about your experiences over the past ten years, what exactly happened?"

Felix nodded slightly and began his tale.

"Over the past ten years, I've encountered many things, and the reason I got severely injured was that I was trying to escape from the Stars Embrace Order and got caught by their people."

An anxious Archibald was also present and exclaimed, "Stars Embrace Order? Weren't you at the Reforging Church? How did you fall into the hands of the Stars Embrace Order?"

Felix said, "Her! Isabel, she's from the Stars Embrace Order!"

"What!"

Everyone revealed shocked expressions, including Byrne, who was stunned. He had not expected that the female archbishop from the Reforging Church would actually be an undercover agent of the Stars Embrace Order!

"I carefully planned my escape, dodging their trackers all the way, but she never trusted me so she had placed an alchemical tool on me to track my movements, and later I was captured by Isabel."

Felix's face involuntarily expressed pain as he took a deep breath and continued calmly, "Then they tortured me for a while, my body kept being destroyed and then regenerated because of my power of Bloodline, before being destroyed by them again. Those lunatics aimed to completely grind down my will..."

"If it wasn't for a stroke of luck, I would never have been able to escape. Perhaps the great Lord of the Lost was protecting me."

Everyone fell silent, well aware in the depths of their souls that although Felix spoke lightly, the suffering he must have endured was unimaginably immense.

Only the most resolute could bear it.

"Fischer, it's in danger!"

Felix's voice grew louder, and he finally revealed the secret he had been meaning to unveil, loudly!

"The Stars Embrace Order is planning to ally with Words of Tranquility to completely destroy us!"

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Chapter 388 My Name is Bast

...

Once again, a new family meeting began.

For the past ten years, the Dawn Church under the Fischer family had harnessed extraordinary power to completely transform the underground chambers of the Fischer family manor.

What once was a basement now stood as an exceptionally grand underground hall!

The many gemstones and crystals embedded in the ceiling of the hall cast a soft and mystical glow. These colorful gems seemed to weave flowing tapestries in the air.

The dome of the hall was carved with intricate and exquisite patterns, featuring various divine beasts in flight and members of the Fischer family holding scepters, and historical Chief High Priests holding transparent vial-shaped sacred objects. Every detail reflected the artisans' superb craftsmanship.

Illuminated by the glint of the gemstones, these patterns appeared even more lifelike, as if slowly awakening, guarding this Holy Land.

The floor was laid with polished precious stones, each piece as smooth as a mirror, reflecting the light and shadows from above.

Around the perimeter of the hall, massive pillars rose in an ordered fashion, each engraved with ancient totems and scripts that could instantly activate powerful protective barriers enveloping the entire Fischer Manor.

The many family members gathered here, discussing the impending siege the Fischer family was about to face. Only Darren, Chris, and Karno were absent from this important family meeting.

Lilian, sitting calmly in her wheelchair, gazed at the recovered Felix, seemingly pondering some significant matter.

Byrne stood in the center of the resplendent underground hall and was the first to speak to the family members, "The alliance of the Words of Tranquility and the Stars Embrace Order will pose an unprecedented great crisis to us."

"The Fischer family has survived many crises, and we have always come out victorious, but there have been many sacrifices along the way."

He took a deep breath and said, "I hope that during this crisis, we will manage to see our family through without the need for any sacrifices."

Christine, participating in the meeting, immediately said, "To get through this crisis, we will need assistance from other families and the True Gods Church, starting with the Romann family..."

Lilian interrupted her, saying, "Actually, no matter what the crisis is, as long as the great Lord of the Lost awakens, we will undoubtedly not lose!"

"But how can we do that?"

Christine looked towards Lilian. She did not deny the other's words, but no one knew how to awaken such a great being.

Byrne slowly extended his hand.

He snapped his fingers, and a red glow flashed in midair.

"This is the legendary Philosopher's Stone, containing the power of miracle. Perhaps it could awaken the great Lord of the Lost."

All eyes were drawn to it!

In that moment, the entire underground hall seemed to be frozen by an invisible force; noise and commotion quietly receded, leaving behind only a tranquil and solemn atmosphere.

The gazes of everyone present converged, turning into fiery and curious beams, directing at the red Philosopher's Stone floating in the air.

The Philosopher's Stone, as if a treasure lost from ancient times, radiated a dazzling and mysterious red light that seemed to hold indescribable powerful forces.

Its surface danced with delicate patterns, snaking like veins and complex like the paths of constellations.

In the eyes of the Fischer family, there was awe, desire, and confusion. Some widened their eyes, some slightly opened their mouths, and some clutched their hands tightly. It seemed as if even their breaths became heavy and slow under the shock of this revelation.

Vanessa took a deep breath and quickly asked, "The Philosopher's Stone, how exactly do we use it?"

Byrne nodded gently and continued, "I have consulted many mysticism tomes, and it is said that it requires the power of emotional energy to trigger the miracle power contained within the Philosopher's Stone."

"The power of emotion?" murmured Vanessa.

Byrne nodded again and said calmly, yet with uncertainty, "Perhaps a collective prayer from all of us could activate it."

"While the support of the Fischer family in other aspects is very important, awakening Him is undoubtedly the top priority!"

Glenborough Province.

On a boundless and desolate land, a grand castle stood imposingly, built against the mountain, majestic and towering.

The castle walls were made of huge stones, each hand-selected and carved with care. The surface of the walls, covered with the traces of time, moss, and intertwining ivy, sparkled with a metallic luster under the sunlight due to the stones being strengthened by alchemy, appearing both solid and solemn.

In a dim, serene wine room deep within the castle, a noble in black sat alone at a finely carved wooden table, clutching a crystal clear wine glass in his hands. The dark red wine gently swirled within, reflecting his furrowed brow and melancholic eyes.

Marquis Vlad, dressed in a fitted black robe, felt heavy-hearted, as if he was bearing an immense burden, each breath seeming laborious and difficult.

"Gulp."

...

The alcohol slid down his throat, bringing a hint of spiciness and bitterness.

He stared at the reflection in his wine glass, which seemed to mirror the loneliness deep in his heart, as well as the regrets from the past that he could not let go of.

"So many people in the family have died over these ten years, not just because of the Calamity of the Dead, but also the rebellion stirred up by the Stars Embrace Order, and that murder by Chris..."

Marquis Vlad trembled with anger and fear, even flames starting to burn upon his body!

Chris Fischer!

You low-life, disguising as an ordinary person to assassinate my family members, I will forever despise your soul!

The ancient portraits and weapons hung on the walls around him, each bearing the history and glory of the castle, but now they all seemed colorless and blurred in his eyes.

Marquis Vlad tried to find some solace in alcohol, but the more he drank, the more lucid he became, his worries and sorrows overwhelming him like a tide.

"Ahhhhhhhh!"

He crushed the wine glass, closed his eyes, and took a trembling deep breath, trying to calm the tumult in his heart.

However, those memories of loss and missed opportunities were like sharp blades, carving deep and irreparable scars in his heart.

And at that moment, a voice sounded.

"Go to Nasir."

When had a second person appeared in the wine room?

Marquis Vlad looked over and saw a person wrapped in a black cloak and said with furrowed brows:

"Who are you?"

He could clearly feel that the other person was an Extraordinary Exponent at the Monarch Level, albeit just a low-level Monarch, still weaker than himself.

The person under the black cloak let out a cold laugh.

"Bast Leone, my lord Marquis, you definitely don't recognize this name, because I am now an unknown nobody, hardly worth mentioning in the presence of the powerful Fischer family, although I believe they will never forget me."

"However, I am already a member of the Words of Tranquility, and you need to join us, too."

Marquis Vlad's face showed a tyrannical sneer as he chuckled, "You mean the Words of Tranquility, hahaha! But I have no interest in collaborating with those who lurk in the shadows!"

"Very well, then let me reveal my true face."

The cloak was as night itself, tightly enshrouding his body, and after he removed it to reveal a pale and lifeless face, with hollow and profound eyes that seemed to penetrate the nature and soul of all things.

His skin emanated a faint blue glow, the unique hue granted by death, which instantly conveyed the chill of the netherworld.

Marquis Vlad's eyes widened in shock!

"A Wraith!"

Bast Leone smiled as he pulled out a rune stone from his body, from which an indifferent voice came.

"This is an order, Marquis Vlad."

It was the voice of the New King of Siyate, and Marquis Vlad recognized it instantly.
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"I see, so it's true, the Adley Royal Family is now under the control of the Words of Tranquility? Heh, how unsurprising that is."

Marquis Vlad closed his eyes and fell into deep thought, remaining silent for a long time.

Bast clapped his hands calmly and said, "Why do you hesitate? This matter has already been settled, your family and the Fischer family, no matter what, only one will survive."

"Or rather, perhaps neither will survive!"

Marquis Vlad suddenly opened his eyes and looked at the persuader, this so-called "unknown nobody" who had a very special aura about him.

He, most certainly, should not be just an unknown nobody!

"Do you also have a grudge against the Fischer family?"

Bast was silent for a while before revealing a smile that was cruel, desperate, and fearsome.

"It's a long story."

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

Chapter 389 Encircling Fischer (Part 1)

At this point, not only did Nasir City have a large barrier, but the Fischer family also employed vast financial and material resources to construct an enormous, yet smaller-scale National Defense Barrier across the entire East Coast.

It can be said that in the past ten years, half of the wealth amassed by the Fischer family was spent on the barrier that enveloped the entire East Coast Province.

Although the expenditure was considerable, Byrne always felt it was necessary. In this way, all Monarch Level Extraordinary Exponents, or large, coordinated military forces, would be detected as soon as they entered the East Coast Province.

Thus, the East Coast Province virtually became a "nation within a nation."

However, even with such a barrier in place, there were exceptions, and to this day, Byrne could not understand how the "Winter Keystone" of Thrums, known as the Black Falcon, had silently arrived in Nasir City.

This person was the hidden mastermind behind the Dukedom of Thrums, harboring ambitions to dominate the world. With such capabilities, it wasn't surprising.

"Darren, where have you been?"

In the town hall of Nasir City, inside a conference room, Byrne was discussing current affairs with some officials when he suddenly saw his son Darren.

He entered the room with an elderly man.

"Father, I recently learned some intelligence about a person who might be important to you, so I personally went to bring him back," Darren said with a smile on his face.

Byrne frowned slightly, looking at the trembling, staggering old man.

His features were deeply carved by time, his sparse silvery hair scattered across his forehead, the gleam in his eyes no longer sharp and bright as in his youth, but instead soft and somewhat confused, occasionally mixed with subtle signs of tension and fear.

"Who is he..."

Byrne gazed at the old man and suddenly felt a sense of familiarity but wasn't quite sure.

"Robert Taylor, Father," Darren replied with a smile.

He coldly said, "The man who deceived our family decades ago. Later, the Taylor family moved to the Cyart Royal Capital, and in recent years they have been very frightened of us, constantly hiding. Sadly, the 'Black Tide' still found them."

Byrne was stunned.

He is Robert?

It was indeed his old "good brother" Robert, the man who had betrayed him and, when the Fischer family was at its weakest, had stolen fifteen Gold Coins.

He stared at the old man, utterly unable to find that feeling of hatred.

Even though the memories were still vivid, the Byrne of now couldn't empathize with his former self at that moment.

Robert's eyes looked very confused as if dementia had silently crept upon him with age.

"Who are you? I, I don't remember you, sorry, my lord, my memory is not good, why did you bring me here, my lord?"

"..."

Byrne fell into deep silence, although the other party had completely forgotten him, the "Profound Memory" within him deeply remembered who Robert Taylor was.

"The most foolish moment for a person is when they say, 'But you promised me.'"

He paused for a moment, continued staring at the old man, and said, "This statement of yours made a great impact on me, and I still remember it to this day."

Although he no longer harbored hatred for Robert, thinking back over the past decades, Byrne's heart was still filled with unresolved knots and lingering pain.

The memories of failures, losses, and self-doubts were like heavy chains that had always restrained his steps.

Whenever it was deep in the night or when facing challenges, these past incidents would surge like a tide, making Byrne feel suffocated and helpless.

"Robert..."

Byrne reached out and gently patted the old man's shoulder, who trembled slightly, his confused eyes flashing an unmistakable fear.

"..."

Byrne noticed this, realizing that the old man was not truly demented but pretending.

Oh Robert, you are indeed crafty.

Should he kill him?

He pondered deeply.

In the eyes of outsiders, Byrne Fischer was a strong and steadfast man, always upright and confident, seemingly unshakeable no matter the storms he faced.

However, few truly knew that beneath this seemingly indestructible exterior lay a heart tirelessly wrestling with painful regrets from the past.

Fortunately, as time went on, he found the strength in his heart growing, gradually no longer troubled by past shadows, coming to terms with his inner self.

Byrne had realized that everyone makes mistakes, and everyone goes through failures and setbacks, and these experiences were crucial in shaping him.

Accepting his imperfections, treasuring every opportunity for growth and learning.

That was the real essence of the Path of Knowledge.

A smile suddenly appeared on his face, and he shook his head nonchalantly, saying:

"Let him go."

Darren frowned, opened his mouth as if to speak but eventually said nothing.

"Alright, I understand, Father."

After a while, the old man sat calmly in the carriage. Once he confirmed that they had left Nasir City, he suddenly relaxed and his dirty urine flowed from his pants.

"That's great, fooled him, hahahaha... Byrne, I really was so scared of you. Over the years, we've heard too many rumors about the rise of the Fischer family, and it was truly terrifying!" Robert said excitedly.

Just then, he suddenly heard a voice.

"Although my father was a good man, unable to harbor hatred forever in his heart, it's a pity..."

To his shock, the old man discovered that Darren Fischer, wearing an Iron Mask, had appeared inside the carriage at some unknown point.

Like a demon come for revenge!

Trembling with fear, Robert said:

"I! I haven't done anything to you! Spare me, please! Do you really hate me that much? We've never even met, and that incident happened so many years ago!"

"I don't hate you."

The voice from beneath the Iron Mask stopped Robert cold, but what Darren said next terrified him to the core.

"But I am no good man."

"Just thinking about letting someone who has humiliated my family and father leave Nasir safely and enjoy the rest of his life, then remembering how the Black Tide searched for you for so many years, spending so much effort, only to end up like this?"

"I just feel...not quite content."

The old man finally realized that Byrne's son was a starkly different being from him and screamed in utter panic.

"No! No no no! Don't come over! Ahhhhhhh!"

On the outskirts of the Southern East Coast Province, as the remaining glow of the sunset gradually faded, a massive army quietly assembled.

The chosen area, far from the hustle of towns, adopted an air of solemnity and reverence due to the troops' presence.

The army's formation stretched for miles, like a giant dragon snaking across the earth. A temporary command tent rose in the core area, creating a tension-filled and orderly atmosphere throughout the assembly area.

As night fell, the alchemical tools of the assembly area gradually lit up, mirroring the constellations in the sky.

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Inside the largest command tent, Isabel, the "Reforged Church Archbishop" who once took away and tortured Felix, lifted her head to look at the silent "Silver Poet" and Cyart's new king, "Sword of Salvation" Noah next to her.

This time, "Sword of Salvation" Noah had not summoned the power of the great families but had come secretly as a member of the heretical cult, even the troops had been secretly diverted, not many in number.

Isabel swung her steel arm slowly and said, "Just ahead is the East Coast Province."

"Many have come this time to besiege the Fischer family, they too have incurred the wrath of many."

Noah nodded slightly, speaking indifferently, "Indeed, even more than we imagined."

"The Fischer family has already erected a barrier on the East Coast, and it has been fully activated recently. As soon as we cross the barrier, we will be discovered."

Isabel, with a scornful smile, calmly said, "So what if we are discovered, we head straight to Four Towns, and in an instant, we can destroy the Fischer family!"

The lineup attacking the Fischer family this time was truly massive, including six Monarch powerful experts from Stars Embrace Order and four from Words of Tranquility.

The voluntary allies, Wordless Elder, and Black Starlight, the leaders of the two forces, were not among the army; no one knew where they had gone.

Meanwhile, on the outskirts of the western border of East Coast Province.

Bast and Marquis Vlad had already arrived, both landing here.

"We've arrived."

Bast's voice came from under the cloak, just as Vlad saw two figures flying in the sky, one of whom possessed a power not inferior to his own.

He paused for a moment, quickly recognizing the other as Prince Conrad of Carnia!

"Is that someone from Carnia?"

Bast nodded slightly, saying darkly, "Indeed, these two are also our support for this battle, with the simultaneous attack of fourteen Monarch powerful experts, the Fischer family, no matter what incredible power they possess, simply won't survive."

Marquis Vlad also opened his mouth, a bit surprised, "Fourteen Monarch powerful experts, enough to destroy a country! You really do take the Fischer family seriously!"

He paused for a moment and then shouted excitedly, "The whole East Coast is protected by an activated barrier, our power can only exert half its strength, but that's enough, this time we must destroy Fischer."

Bast chuckled.

"Even if there are some horrifying variables, it won't change your fate, Byrne, what can you possibly do now to escape this dire situation?"

"You know it as well, in the face of absolute power, no matter how much you scheme, it will be of no use."

"The destruction of the Fischer family is imminent!"

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

Chapter 390 Besieging Fischer (Part 2)

Nasir City.

The air on the eve of war was suffused with a heaviness and tension difficult to articulate; even the sunlight seemed to have lost its former brilliance, and a forbidding gloom lingered despite the clear skies.

On the streets, pedestrians hurried along at a brisk pace, doors and windows of every household were tightly shut, curtains half-drawn. The occasional whispers that could be heard were filled with speculation and concern about the war, with unease and fear dwelling in everyone's hearts.

People were rushing to stockpile food, water, and daily necessities, fearing that life would spiral into despair should war break out.

Around the military camp, security was tight, soldiers busily shuttled back and forth, making final preparations and deployments.

Seriousness and resolve were etched on their faces, yet deep in their eyes, the unease over the unknown battles to come could not be completely concealed.

Inside Fischer Manor.

Everyone knew! The great war was approaching!

All direct members of the Fischer family, except for Karno, and two-thirds of the Blood Receivers from the Dawn Church, had been urgently recalled to Nasir City!

Beyond this, the Class 4 Extraordinary Exponents from the numerous Viscount families of the East Coast Province had all gathered under one roof.

"Are we really going to confront the Stars Embrace Order and the Words of Tranquility head-on?"

"Is there any chance of victory?"

Their faces were drained of color with fear; had they not been informed of the enemy's strength upon arriving here, many would likely have fled at the mere knowledge of their foes' power.

The expressionless Chris had returned as well, standing in a corner, his angelic beauty still attracting everyone's gaze.

During the ten years of the Dead's Calamity, large-scale wars ceased, though the killings in the shadows never stopped. Chris excelled in assassinations, making a name among all hostile forces, yet his shadow was never caught.

The atmosphere in the hall now was heavy and oppressive, as everyone bowed their heads in deep thought, their brows furrowed with worry and anxiety.

A strong sense of suppression permeated the air, as if the entire space was enveloped in an unseen crushing weight.

The news of two powerful heretical cults joining forces for an imminent attack was truly despair-inducing, with a conservative estimate putting the enemy's deployment at over ten Monarch-Level Extraordinary Exponents.

However, at this seemingly hopeless moment, Byrne and Chris suddenly lifted their heads.

"They've arrived!"

Three figures descended from the sky: Aldrich of the Romann family, the "Dragon Taming Lord"; Ariel, known as "Stars Mortal"; and Amos, who had achieved Monarch Level as "Blazing Fire" in recent years.

Aldrich retained his scholarly gentleman's demeanor, hands clasped behind his back, appearing quite composed.

"It has been several years, Your Excellency Byrne."

Byrne, having sensed the Romann family's reinforcements from the barrier, wore a look of surprised joy as he stepped forward to embrace Aldrich.

"Hahaha! Excellent, your timing is perfect!"

Aldrich nodded slightly, smiling as he spoke, "Our two families share both honor and calamity. The Romann family must arrive promptly."

"That's indeed the case," Byrne had just finished speaking when suddenly everyone saw bubbles appear in the sky.

These floating bubbles descended, one after another, soon coalescing into a man well recognized by the Fischer family.

Zayne Frosac.

As the Tempest Bishop, Zayne, clad in a blue-purple robe, looked to be in a foul mood, his brow furrowed as he approached rapidly, soon shouting, "My apologies! Your Excellency Byrne, I was unable to persuade my own family; they're just too cowardly!"

"It's alright, Bishop Zane, your presence alone is enough!"

The genuine smile that spread across Byrne's face reflected an enduring friendship with those who had survived the escape from White Bones Canyon years ago.

At this thought, he glanced towards the emerald elf in a corner of the room.

Marzo returned Byrne's gaze calmly.

With a polite nod, he smiled softly before looking away.

The atmosphere in the entire hall began to subtly shift.

The Fischer family had initially only Byrne and Chris as their main combatants, but with the addition of four new Monarch-Level Extraordinary Exponents, a surge of confidence was felt!

Add to this their advantage as defenders, with large barriers and military endurance. If the enemy truly only possessed ten Monarch-Level Exponents, then there was perhaps a chance for victory.

However, those privy to more details, like Darren, Felix, Christine, and others, were still full of trepidation, aware that their most troublesome foes were the Wordless Elder and Black Starlight.

Each of these high-level Monarchs possessed terrifying power beyond the resistance of ordinary Monarchs!

How would they cope?

"Do not fear!" Byrne suddenly proclaimed, capturing the attention of everyone present.

"We are the masters of this land, graced by God, the bearers of a new era in Cyart!"

Amplified by spells and the Mysterious rare artifact, his voice carried throughout Nasir City, every citizen could hear, and the words became even more compelling!

"Be it the Words of Tranquility or the Stars Embrace Order, their evil powers have long been spurned by God! Even if they succeed for a time, they cannot prevail in the long run!"

"We shall emerge victorious, for today we stand not to flee, but to confront; not to shrink back, but to charge forth!"

"Our ancestors defended our home with fearless poise, their spirits shining like dazzling constellations, forever illuminating the path ahead of us."

"Today, the same challenge stands before us, testing our willpower, pushing our limits, but we are stronger, more united, and more invincible than ever before!"

His voice was resonant and powerful; each word struck the hearts of the people in Nasir City like a hammer.

Gradually, the originally downcast crowd began to be infected by this power, their eyes gradually brightening, their brows unwinding, and an unprecedented fighting spirit arose in their hearts as if a flame had been ignited, quickly spreading to every corner of the city.

People began to look at each other, seeing the same thing in each other's eyes: a longing for the future and a firm belief in victory!

Byrne's voice was incredibly passionate and stirring!

"Victory belongs to us! Glory belongs to us! Let us witness the glorious moment together under the post-war sun, under God's blessing!"

When the speech ended, the entire city erupted with thunderous applause and cheers, the reawakened fighting spirit and belief within everyone's hearts being released!

"Victory belongs to us! Glory belongs to us!"

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"Victory belongs to us! Glory belongs to us!"

"Victory belongs to us! Glory belongs to us!"

Having finished the speech, Byrne listened to the cheers of the whole city and suddenly felt deeply moved, smiling.

Father.

If you could see this scene.

You would definitely be proud of me.

The Fischer family today is completely different.

We are sufficient to affect the future of the entire nation.

"Here they come, those enemies are coming."

Byrne slowly looked at everyone, and immediately the applause and cheers stopped, as everyone gazed tensely at the Fischer family patriarch.

"Are you ready?"

No one spoke.

They just nodded one after another.

Staring at that man.

With a single heart and mind!

"Through the barrier, I can clearly sense the presence of our enemies!"

Byrne said and then took a deep breath, becoming even more solemn, silently casting a spell to activate the second layer of the East Coast Town National Defense Barrier.

The name of the East Coast Town Barrier is "Boundless Light", a strategic resource of the Lorne citizens. If it weren't for the Lorne citizens wanting to support the Fischer family, it couldn't be bought for all the money in the world.

Compared to ordinary barriers, "Boundless Light" has dual effects, and its true power bursts forth only when the second layer of the barrier is activated!

Under that boundless azure canopy, an unprecedented spectacle quietly unfolded.

As the first subtle and mysterious fluctuation gently rippled through the air, the entire sky seemed to be slowly awakened by an indescribable force.

Suddenly, a dazzling silver light rose quietly from the edge of the distant horizon, like the first ray of dawn breaking the dawn, yet purer and deeper than that.

The silver, with an ineffable majesty and sanctity, quickly spread across the sky as if nature's most exquisite tapestry was being gently unfurled by invisible hands, covering the entire firmament.

It was neither a building of clouds nor a gathering of starlight but something that transcended material form, radiating a faint but soul-striking radiance.

As the silver barrier expanded, it gently embraced the land as well, covering mountains, rivers, cities, and villages with a gentle silver hue, rendering everything both real and ethereal.

"Look, everyone!"

"That is truly a miracle!"

The people of East Coast Province stepped out of their homes, looking up at this sudden wonder with astonished and awe-filled eyes.

The true power of "Boundless Light" is very costly to activate, it burns through a batch of Fourth-Level Extraordinary Material every set time period, but the effects of the barrier spell are extremely powerful.

Everyone identified as an ally within the barrier will continue to receive powerful healing, and as long as they aren't killed instantly, their injuries will recover in a short time!

In the lingering light of the silver glow, a travel-weary gentleman slowly stepped onto the streets of Black Mountain Town.

"I've finally returned."

His silhouette elongated, blending with the long and winding road behind him.

The gentleman wore a well-fitting dark coat that was slightly faded but did not conceal its exquisite quality and distinguished taste, and he wore a wide-brimmed hat, the brim tilted slightly down.

Karno Fischer.

His face appeared weary, yet his eyes shone brightly with intelligence and tenacity and his beard was disheveled from the long journey, adding to his unrestrained and free-spirited character.

"I have brought back the method to awaken God."

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

Chapter 391 Encircling Fischer (Three)

"Karno?"

In the Fischer Manor, a man returned, and everyone turned their eyes toward the person who had been missing for a full ten years, their faces expressing a mix of complex emotions.

Karno Fischer.

Although many had lost hope in him, like Felix, he returned at the most critical and dire moment for the family!

Nevertheless, the instant Karno stood there, many let go of their lingering dissatisfaction with him.

At least everyone could confirm one thing—he was willing to live and die together with the Fischer family. [Read exclusive adventures at empire](#)

"I have returned."

Karno nodded lightly; Darren immediately snorted and said,

"You still know how to come back, Karno!"

Darren and Felix just seeing Karno's return face clouded by displeasure.

If it were not for Karno's contributions ten years ago, which to some extent had spared the Fischer family from catastrophe, they would absolutely despise that man.

"Karno..."

Christine, sitting in a wheelchair, stared at her brother, revealing a smile. As someone who greatly valued responsibility, being the twin sister, Christine could never despise her twin brother.

Even though Karno had every trait that she disliked, she could understand and knew that deep down, Karno still held the entire family in his heart.

No, for him, perhaps the concept of "Fischer family" was too broad. In reality, it was very specific loved ones that Karno would fiercely protect.

"Father, I am sorry, I left again for ten years before returning."

Chris looked at his barely home son, nodding lightly without saying a word.

"Karno! You've finally returned!" Vanessa walked over, tears continually streaming from her eyes.

She was already a very old woman, with deep marks of time etched on her face, yet at that moment, her eyes sparkled with a light never seen before, derived from deep joy and anticipation.

"Mother, it is me."

Karno took a deep breath and walked toward his mother with a smile.

From afar to near, each step landed on her heartstrings, quickening Vanessa's heartbeat slightly.

As his figure gradually came closer, the old Vanessa's eyes instantly moistened.

That was her child, the long-absent son, who had finally returned to this home filled with memories. The years had also left their marks on the child's face.

But that familiar contour and gaze instantly awakened the deepest tenderness and concern in Vanessa's heart.

"You have finally returned... I thought you might... Karno..."

Without many words, she just trembled forward, unable to contain her emotions any longer, tears falling like pearls off a string, spilling onto her clothes and sinking into both their hearts.

Vanessa suddenly spread her arms wide, using all her strength to pull her child tightly into her embrace.

That moment seemed to freeze time, all the waiting, yearning, worries, and expectations, found release and comfort in their embrace.

Karno's head rested gently on her shoulder, and they silently held each other, as if the entire world was just them, mother and son.

After a while, Byrne also stepped in front of Karno, smiling and said,

"Karno, it's good you're back, I knew if you returned you would definitely be a help."

"I must thank you for one thing, Karno."

He spoke earnestly, "It's because of the prophecy you sent back, ten years ago we were cautious of the Words of Tranquility's attack, and it also made me wary of the Alchemy Council's President!"

If it weren't for Karno's prophecy, Byrne also wasn't sure if he would have fallen into the Sapphire Curator's trap.

Karno glanced around; the hall still had many outsiders, so he leaned in and whispered into Byrne's ear.

"I have important news to tell everyone. In the Terrell Church Kingdom in the Southern Continent, I found something that might help awaken our god!"

Byrne's eyes immediately brightened, and he looked at Karno with excitement, his body trembling uncontrollably.

"That is great! Karno! Hahaha, you truly are the savior of our family!"

"This is really fantastic, with you here this time... Perhaps, I won't need to make that choice anymore!"

Karno smiled and pulled out an ancient, mysterious black stone tablet from his chest.

This stone tablet was pitch black, its surface gleaming with a deep luster, like the darkest ink of the night sky, or the essence of an ancient abyss, exuding an indescribable solemnity and mystery.

The material of the stone tablet was extraordinarily hard, as if time had not been able to leave any clear traces on it. Even the finest scratch was hard to find, only the natural weathering had created some subtle patterns, like ancient totems that wove together the unknown and mystical.

"Huh, it looks like a very strange object..."

Under the gaze of Byrne and the others, those patterns seemed to come to life, flickering with a faint light.

Karno nodded seriously and said,

"In the legends of the Terrell Church Kingdom, this black stone tablet was once part of the relics of a Sun Church saint. Engraved on it are powerful spells capable of

foreseeing the future and even communicating the mysteries of heaven and earth, capable of awakening divine entities."

Byrne closely examined the text on the black stone tablet, speaking earnestly and joyfully,

"I can understand the writing on the stone tablet. It's in a script from ancient city-states, very rare. So it is indeed the method to resurrect the divine, hmm, it's a special ritual!"

But in the end, he furrowed his brows deeply.

"So that's how it is..."

At this very moment, on the western outskirts of the barrier on the East Coast, four Monarch powerful experts collectively stepped inside the barrier.

They were Bestet Rhein, Marquis Vlad, Prince Conrad of Carnia, and that purple-robed woman who served as a court mage of Carnia.

The group flew through the air, with Marquis Vlad occasionally glancing towards Prince Conrad of Carnia, keenly aware that the Adley Royal Family had betrayed the Cyart people, handing over massive resources of Cyart to Carnia.

Otherwise, the Carnians wouldn't have come to aid.

Alas, the thoughts of Marquis Vlad were conflicted, but wasn't he himself also a traitor to the Cyart people?

It was then that Bestet calmly and indifferently laid out the entire plan.

"Our siege on Fischer is divided into four phases," he said.

Marquis Vlad immediately asked, "Which four phases?"

Bestet glanced at him, chuckled, and continued:

"Well, there are three cities in the East Coast Province, namely Nasir City and Fein City in the north, and Phelps Port in the south."

"Our strategic goal is to capture these three cities and obliterate all members of the Fischer family. The difficulty lies in the fact that we must complete everything before the True Gods Church mobilizes," he added.

He paused, then continued:

"Theoretically, nobody should know that the Stars Embrace Order and the Words of Tranquility are behind this initiative, but I fear the collective action of two large heretical cults will sooner or later draw the attention of the churches of the True Gods."

Marquis Vlad, always hot-tempered, quickly pressed, "So what exactly do we need to do?"

Bestet deliberately spoke slowly as he replied, "The first phase involves six members of the Stars Embrace Order, who will bring an army and seize Phelps Port in the south, while we four will try to take Zane City."

"The Fischer family might have only two Monarch-level Transcendants, or they might have the three supporters from the Romann family, making it five."

"If these five rush to aid Fein City, then we will likely have trouble taking the city. But that does not matter."

"Because four from Words of Tranquility, having already left the southern forces, are flying towards Fein City to join us in capturing the city," he explained.

Marquis Vlad nodded lightly, listening intently.

Bestet raised a finger, chuckling subtly, "Then comes the second phase. A Spellcaster of Monarch Level would need about three days to convert a city-level barrier. After seizing these two cities, in three more days, we can launch a full assault on Nasir City."

"That will be the third phase. If the Fischer family persists in their resistance, they will be promptly eliminated."

"If they flee north, I've already spoken with the 'Blood Flames King' Flamme of Rhea. The Rhea People will ambush them directly at the forest!"

Accursed Rhea People as well?

A shock went through Marquis Vlad's heart, a deep revulsion suddenly rising within him. The enmity between the Rhea People and the Cyart people was indeed too intense.

Even as a traitor, he truly did not want to cooperate with the Rhea People, feeling an instinctive disgust!

But then, Marquis Vlad thought of the many family members killed by assassinations orchestrated by Chris in the past ten years, and thus, he forcefully suppressed his inner dissatisfaction.

No matter what, dealing with the Fischer family was indeed the most crucial thing!

He pressed on, "But what if they escape by sea to the east?"

It was then that Prince Conrad spoke up.

"The two great overlords of the Aphotic Sea are very good friends of mine, and they have already expressed their willingness to submit to Carnia while preparing to intercept on the eastern seas," he said.

Prince Conrad sneered, "Over the years, the Fischer family has been too arrogant at sea and has offended many."

Marquis Vlad was overjoyed, laughing, "Good, now Byrne and Chris are truly trapped."

"And what happens after dealing with the Fischer?" he squinted his eyes.

Bestet responded very calmly:

"The fourth phase will definitely see involvement from the True Gods Church. Hmm, as long as our new king of Cyart, 'Sword of Salvation' Noah, steps forward, the rest must hide... Afterward, Words of Tranquility and Stars Embrace Order will also completely annihilate the Romann family and divide up the vast amount of sacrifices of Cyart."

Vast amounts of sacrifices...

Upon hearing this sinister description, Marquis Vlad felt a chill run down his spine, but he also knew there was no turning back now.

Damn it!

Words of Tranquility and the Stars Embrace Order, all a bunch of beasts! A bunch of worthless heretics!

Of course, the Fischer family were even more so beasts!

If he had a choice, how good it would be if all these people were dead...

He thought for a moment, then suddenly turned to Bestet, asking coldly, "You said you aren't from Words of Tranquility, so what compensation do you want? What is it that you desire?"

"My compensation?"

Upon hearing Marquis Vlad's question, Bestet's lifeless eyes suddenly flashed with sheer madness!

"Hahaha! You don't understand anything, actually, the destruction of Fischer is the greatest compensation for me!"

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

Chapter 392 Encircling Fischer (Part 4)

South of the East Coast Province.

In recent years, Phelps Port was renowned for its thriving trade and bountiful fisheries.

However, the port was now shrouded in an unprecedented silence and fear, as if the entire world was holding its breath, waiting for some unknown terror to descend.

The docks at Phelps Port were deserted, the normally bustling scene no more. Huge ships sat quietly in the harbor, their sails drooping, ropes gently swaying in the wind.

The water sparkled, yet it seemed unusually desolate. Seagulls circled in the distance, their occasional shrill cries adding a touch of desolation.

"This city is now officially taken over by the Adley Royal Family!"

Every household in the city had their doors tightly shut, curtains drawn, with only faint lights peeking through, and on the streets, apart from the occasional heavy footsteps of patrolling soldiers, almost no other sounds were heard.

People hid inside their homes, their eyes filled with worry and fear, whispering to each other about the approaching threat, yet afraid to speak loudly for fear of attracting unnecessary attention.

"Don't be afraid. Even if the Royal Family has come, they won't do anything to us; it's just a change of rulers..."

"What are you talking about! The Fischer family is the rightful owner of Phelps Port!"

"Shush, keep your voice down!"

Elderly folks gathered around the stove, recounting heroic tales of the past, trying to inspire others with past glories, but the air was more permeated with helplessness and despair.

Children were held tightly in the arms of adults, their eyes sparkling with curiosity and confusion, not understanding why the once joyful and bustling city had become so quiet and terrifying.

Merchants had given up on their shops' businesses, craftsmen had stopped their work, and fishermen had even lost the courage to go out to sea.

The entire port seemed to be enveloped in an invisible shadow, suffocating everyone within it.

People feared the unknown enemy, those extraordinary powerful experts who possessed enough power to make the entire town tremble, fearing that they would become the casualties of this unknown conflict.

Phelps Port was now completely occupied by the Stars Embrace Order-led army of the Adley Royal Family.

The Fischer family did not dispatch anyone to defend it because the port was too far away, and knowing that they could be ambushed on the way, they opted to give up and instead fortify Nasir City and Fein City.

Fein City.

In a secluded and desolate alley, there lay a modest, dim room.

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Unknown to many, the weathered old man living there was a significant figure in Fein City seven to eight years ago.

His face, like rock sculpted by historical elements, contained wrinkles each hiding a tale from his past. His gaze was sometimes blurred and sometimes firm, the blur reflecting nostalgia for bygone years, and the firmness a resistance against fate.

People around the alley were busy and anxious, hurrying to prepare for the looming war.

But the old man seemed to have shut out the clamor, his world reduced to only this moment of tranquility.

"The world has moved towards a new order, and the fires of war are always merciless."

The old man murmured to himself in a deep, magnetic voice, as if bidding farewell to his comrades in the past and expressing his endless affection for this land.

He knew he was approaching the final chapter of his life, but he was not afraid, only harboring the deepest reverence for God and endless expectations for the afterlife.

"Great Lord of the Lost, you will surely protect my soul; I am not afraid of death..."

It had been only seven or eight years, but hardly anyone in the city remembered who he was any longer.

He was Mormir, the second-generation Daybreaker of the Dawn Church, who had already reached the 3rd Rank on the Path of Divine Sacrifice and had retired from the police station eight years ago.

Because in the disaster of the deceased eight years ago, Mormir used a Forbidden rare artifact that drained twenty years of his life. After learning from Lian that his days were numbered, he decided to leave his position at the police station and handed over the role of chief to another Daybreaker.

Mormir took a deep breath.

"Great Lord, you will return, won't you?"

Under the dim, gentle sunset, the elderly Mormir stood alone in the alley, his figure elongated and extraordinarily lonely.

The world around him seemed to have come to a standstill, except for the breeze gently rustling the leaves.

"Great Lord of the Lost."

As he knelt, the old man's face filled with signs of time, his eyes shimmered with unprecedented devotion and hope.

He clasped his hands together, bowed his head slightly, closed his eyes, and concentrated, engaging in a silent dialogue with the great Lord of the Lost in his heart.

Mormir's lips moved slightly, and although no sound was emitted, every word and every prayer deep in his heart was full of emotion.

In his heart, the great Lord of the Lost was not only a supreme being but also his spiritual pillar throughout the years of hardship.

Mormir believed unconditionally that, no matter how the world changed, God would listen to his inner voice and provide him with guidance and strength.

This faith allowed him to maintain calmness and firmness in his heart throughout the ten years of the catastrophe of the dead.

"I firmly believe that You will return,"

"and lead the world out from the darkness,"

"to welcome a new dawn."

As the prayer deepened, a transcendent calm gradually emerged on Mormir's face, as if he had forgotten the external turmoil and unrest, completely immersed in communication with the divine.

As the last trace of the sunset's afterglow also quietly vanished, he slowly opened his eyes, which sparkled with increased determination, and bowed deeply to express his gratitude and respect to the divine.

Then, Mormir turned and left, his steps faltering yet incredibly firm.

Back in his room, Mormir closed his eyes, savoring the last moments of life, and a smile finally appeared on his usually expressionless face.

"Lord of the Lost, I am coming,"

He knew that no matter how difficult the path in life had been, his soul would not be alone after death because God was with him.

Mormir's soul left his body and, as a devout person, came to the side of the sleeping Karl.

Having slept for ten years, Karl trembled slightly as if sensing something.

—

As dusk fell over Fein City, an unimaginable battle between powerful experts was quietly unfolding in the sky above.

The combatants were Aldrich, "Dragon Taming Lord" of the Romann family, "Stars Mortal" Ariel, and "Blazing Fire" Amos.

Tasked with defending Fein City, they had already activated the city's barrier and were fighting the enemy with the potent power of "Boundless Light."

Under the moonlight, several figures dashed through the air like phantoms; the battle began as both sides launched attacks almost simultaneously, without verbal communication, just a clash of powers and the contest of wills.

Flame interwove with frost, lightning tore through the night sky, illuminating the entire city, drawing countless gazes and terrified screams.

Many buildings shattered under the impact of shockwaves, but it seemed an invisible force protected the residents below; many injured people recovered as long as they did not die.

The clouds were quickly torn apart by powerful energy fluctuations, as if the sky itself could not withstand the impact of multiple forces.

As time passed, the battle grew more intense, leaving only dazzling lights and deafening roaring in the night.

Each clash seemed a challenge to the limits, releasing energy fluctuations that exploded with potent effects in the sky.

Just when the battle seemed endless, Marquis Vlad suddenly unleashed an unprecedented power.

"Aldrich! Die!" he shouted.

He transformed into a massive creature with a fiery, mountainous spine, gathering all his energy into a single strike aimed at his opponent, "Dragon Taming Lord" Aldrich.

"Roar!"

At that moment, the entire city seemed to tremble, and Aldrich's figure blurred under the impact, eventually vanishing into the night sky.

Not only him, but all three from the Romann family gradually disappeared without a trace.

The battle ended, but the aftermath lingered; the city's sky still echoed with residual energies, and those who witnessed it all felt a mix of shock and awe in their hearts.

"They ran away?"

Marquis Vlad, unable to contain his anger, mulled over the situation; the Fischer family had not come to support Fein City but chose to stay in Nasir City, abandoning everything outside Nasir.

"The people of Fischer are holding out in Nasir City? What are they doing, biding their time, waiting for something?"

Meanwhile, Bast chuckled coldly in a corner of the city, murmuring to himself,

"It seems that Fischer and Byrne are indeed preparing a terrifying gift for us, heh."

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

Chapter 393 Encircling Fischer (Part Five)

Meanwhile, within Nasir City.

In the Grand Hall beneath the Fischer Manor, Lilian and the others were attempting to awaken the great Lord of the Lost, following the methods inscribed on the stone tablet.

Since the priority of awakening Him was undeniably of the utmost importance, they had not chosen to assist the Romann family.

As long as the great Lord of the Lost awoke!

All would get better!

The entire Fischer family, the Dawn Church, everyone up and down, almost all believed in this.

Byrne interpreted the inscriptions on the black stone tablet with care and said aloud,

"According to the tablet, we must first select a Holy Land, which should be right here, and then the Priest must purify body and mind through a bath; after which, the Priest also needs to choose four suitable sacred objects."

"Four sacred objects?"

Lilian looked at her father, deep in thought.

"Is there a specification of what these sacred objects are?"

If they were specified as four extraordinary materials, then it might indeed be impossible to find them in a short period, leaving them with no recourse.

No, it wasn't exactly that they had no recourse.

If faced with that sort of unsatisfactory situation, Byrne felt they could use a little bit of the Philosopher's Stone to directly create the needed extraordinary materials with the power of miracle.

Fortunately, after reading a bit more, Byrne continued seriously, "Yes, four sacred objects, according to this, they need to be four things that can represent the Divine."

"I see, I understand now."

Lilian nodded slightly. Other people might think for a long time, but she instantly came up with four things that could symbolize the Lord of the Lost.

"What's next?"

Byrne gazed at the dense text, envisioning scenes from ancient times where the Priest, dressed in resplendent vestments, would chant an old hymn under the light.

The hymn contained the Divine's name, deeds, and a sincere wish for awakening.

Moreover, it had to be in an ancient language capable of directly touching the soul of the Divine. Byrne knew it was a rare language from the Sun Church, which he had once seen in a book fifteen years ago.

While not as knowledgeable as the legendary Sapphire Curator, who was versed in almost all books on Mysticism, Byrne had successfully recorded the contents of nearly a thousand such books over decades.

Without question, he was a living Mysticism library!

And when the hymn reached its climax, the Priest had to summon the mysterious powers of the four elements respectively, enhancing the ritual's power by lighting the sacred fire, pouring sacred water, shaking the wind chimes, and scattering the soil, to converge the world's energy upon the altar.

Then, many prepared extraordinary sacrifices would be offered up one by one, and with each offering, the Priest would recite a verse of praise or prayer, conveying pleas to the Divine.

At the same time, all participating believers had to concentrate intensely, trying to establish a mental connection with the slumbering Divine, conveying their will and pleas through prayer, seeking resonance with the Divine.

Ultimately, to awaken the great Him!

"The more offerings are sacrificed, the higher the chance for awakening, with each sacrifice representing a 'screaming' opportunity. I fully understand the principle now," he said.

After putting down the black stone tablet, Byrne took a deep breath and turned to glance at the red Philosopher's Stone floating in mid-air.

Byrne took the Philosopher's Stone back into his hands, with a very determined tone,

"Let's begin, Lilian."

"Awaken the great Lord of the Lost!"

He looked at his daughter with determination, "We will buy you time, Lilian."

Lilian, seated in her wheelchair, smiled weakly and nodded lightly.

She looked at her father very seriously, closed her eyes and said,

"God will protect the Fischer family."

Numerous extraordinary powerful experts had already gathered from all over the East Coast Province, about to surround the original "Four Towns" completely, forming an impenetrable wall of death.

The air inside Nasir was so tense, it almost solidified, with every breath echoing ominously, filling the citizens with despair and fear like never before, a sense of urgency cutting through everyone's nerves like a cold blade.

At this moment, those at the core of the Fischer family had already found their positions under Byrne's command, secretly holding their ground at various points in the Four Towns, with the main forces concentrated around the outskirts of Nasir City.

The army was also summoned, but in the current level of battle, they could only serve to sustain endurance.

Even though the impending enemy's strength had reached an unprecedented terrifying level, the people of Nasir had not chosen to give up but were prepared to defend their homeland in an almost tragic manner.

Everyone was clear that this battle might very well end in defeat, and that the Fischer family, the Romann family, and all of Nasir could be completely annihilated in the fires of war.

But no one ran away.

"They're coming."

Byrne stood at a high point in the city, gazing into the sky beyond.

With the heightened perception ability of a Consecution Extraordinary Exponent of the 5th Rank, he was keenly aware that the enemies had arrived.

"Great-uncle, will we win?"

Just then, a tender and lovely voice came from beside him. Byrne knew clearly who it was and turned to look over calmly.

"Hecate, how did you get here?"

The little girl's features were exquisitely delicate, like a porcelain doll painstakingly crafted by an artisan, her skin flawless and suffused with a soft, warm luster, reminiscent of dew-kissed flower petals—fragile yet brimming with vitality.

The immense power contained beneath her closed eyes was terrifying, capable of destroying everything in an instant.

Her long hair, like the gentlest moonlight in the night sky, cascaded over her shoulders in a shimmering, silvery glow, with each strand flowing and ethereal. Continue reading at empire

She was Hecate, the "Demonic Woman," a Reincarnator of a portion of the Witch of Demise's soul, and had become an "Enlightened One" on the Path of Revelation the moment she was born.

In just a mere ten years, Hecate had rapidly ascended to the 3rd Rank of the Path of Revelation, "Prophet," and was on the verge of reaching the 4th Rank, "Unpredictable Sorcerer."

Until now, no member of the Fischer family or Blood Receiver of the Dawn Church had ever advanced in the Power of Consecration as swiftly as Hecate!

People were unsure whether to call her a "genius" or to go a step further and call her a..."monster."

It would be more accurate to say, the witch—

Indeed, that was a precise designation.

"I sneaked out."

Hecate smiled towards her great-uncle, her expression adorable. She resembled an incredibly fine doll and was the only one in the family whose beauty could compare to Chris's.

The girl's lips were always curled in a faint smile, warm and pure, as if it could dispel all the gloom in the world, providing endless comfort and hope.

Her non-human beauty was perfectly embodied in her, virtually unmatched by earthly creatures, unforgettable at a glance.

Yet deep down, Byrne always felt that Hecate had an "aloofness" and "inhuman" quality.

She just wasn't a normal child, and sometimes even acted completely unlike a normal human being.

"Hecate, I am aware of your distinctiveness, your extraordinariness, but now is not the time for you to shine."

Byrne placed his hand on Hecate's head; no matter how others viewed her, in the depths of his heart, Hecate was a member of the Fischer family's many important descendants.

As long as they did not defy the Divine or betray their family, no matter how special and different, Hecate was a relative of the same significant weight in Byrne's heart!

"Now, all you need to do is watch us fight. As for the future of the Fischer family, it remains in your hands."

Hecate nodded gently, smiling, then paused and continued, "Yes, I understand, great-uncle."

From three directions of the Four Towns, more than a dozen Monarch Level Extraordinary powerful experts approached, their combined might enough to change the very color of the heavens and the earth!

Those Extraordinary Exponents capable of altering their form, one by one, stood tall and unyielding like mountains, each step seemingly able to shake the earth and stir the air waves.

The eyes of the Spellcasters glittered with the light of wisdom and power, as if they could peer into the essence of everything in the world, gazing into the deepest secrets of the human heart.

Especially several mid-level Monarch Extraordinary Exponents, their auras both robust and profound, some even like the ancient mists of the forest, enigmatic and inscrutable.

"One, two, three, four...."

Byrne counted the number of enemies quickly and from a distance, using intelligence provided by a Chant from one of the Blood Receivers.

There were a total of twelve Monarch Level Extraordinary Exponents, closing in on the Four Towns from every direction, poised to jointly besiege Nasir City within a matter of hours.

The high-level Monarch "Black Starlight" and "Wordless Elder" were absent.

Among all the enemies, four mid-level Monarch adversaries were particularly troublesome: Noah with his "Sword of Salvation," Marquis Vlad, Prince Conrad, and Isabel, a bishop from the Stars Embrace Order.

The remaining eight low-level Monarch Extraordinary Exponents also possessed formidable strength, not to be underestimated.

The good news was that under the pressure of the barrier, they could only maintain half their combat power, but the bad news was that even at half strength, this group still held terrifying power.

He issued an order to all in the Four Towns via a Special Seal,

"Strike first. We cannot allow them to complete the encirclement of Nasir City. If Nasir City were to be ravaged by over a dozen Monarch experts, it wouldn't take long for it to become ruins."

Nasir City was the focus of Byrne and the entire Fischer family's efforts; if it were completely destroyed, the pain would be as great as the death of a family member.

"As for how to intercept the enemy, everyone should follow my commands. Our greatest advantage in this battle is not only the barrier's effect but our overwhelming superiority in intelligence, the combination of a multitude of extraordinary abilities..."

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

Chapter 394 Byrne's Miscalculation

The Fischer family forces took the initiative to strike out and intercept the enemy, anticipating three battlefields.

They were at Fiera Town with four Monarch powerful experts, Black Mountain Town with two Monarch powerful experts, and Chevron Town with six Monarch powerful experts.

Moreover, the "Wordless Elder" and "Black Starlight," who had still not been spotted.

Byrne understood deep down all too well that these two enigmatic individuals were a major threat!

However, according to his speculation, the "Wordless Elder" had been severely injured by a strike from Irene ten years ago and likely weakened considerably. In addition, with half of their power suppressed by the National Defense Barrier, it was highly probable that they no longer possessed the strength of an upper-tier Monarch.

Therefore, the most troublesome enemy was only "Black Starlight"!

Byrne's understanding of the mysterious "Black Starlight" was not comprehensive, but he recognized how powerful they were and had always overseen the Stars Embrace Order's relentless infiltration into various small nations.

Zayne came to Byrne's side and promised sternly, "Actually, it won't be long before supporters from the True Gods Church in various parts of Cyart will arrive. Don't worry, we just need to hold our ground!"

He paused for a moment and then continued, "Right, at least the people from the Tempest Church will definitely come!"

Byrne nodded slightly, knowing deep down that the message might not have spread that quickly and the people from the True Gods Church were likely to be one step behind.

His voice was transmitted to the Extraordinary Exponents through a special spell.

"They will only be able to encircle Nasir City a few hours from now, so we can focus our forces and take advantage of a timing gap first to weaken the enemy's power..."

Zayne, standing beside him, immediately asked, "Byrne, regarding the Monarch-level Extraordinary Exponents in Black Mountain Town, there are actually only two of them. Shall we go and kill them?"

Should they do this?

Byrne fell into a long contemplation, always feeling an ominous premonition, as if he was about to step into a trap. After all, one should never underestimate the wisdom of the Wordless Elder and Black Starlight.

So, in the end, he still shook his head lightly and said:

"No, this flaw is too obvious. The Wordless Elder and Black Starlight are most likely lying in ambush around Black Mountain Town, waiting for us to go there."

"Besides, you should also know that Black Mountain Town is at the angle between the other two towns."

"Meaning, if we can't take down the two Monarch powerful experts in Black Mountain Town quickly, we'll end up completely surrounded and hit from both sides by the other two enemy forces!"

Zayne nodded his head, not denying it. Byrne, aware of the urgency of time, finally gave the order somberly.

"Chris, Lord Zayne, along with me, Amos, Ariel, and Lord Aldrich, let's head to the west towards Fiera Town and intercept those four enemies!"

"We must kill them quickly!"

Every second counted.

Byrne kept calculating. As long as they could use their intelligence advantage and the timing difference for a six-versus-four, taking down the four enemies first, the remaining situation would be six against eight. With the help of the barrier and the military's endurance, the gap would shrink considerably in the end.

Soon, Byrne led the other five towards the west.

Under the azure sky, six Extraordinary Experts soared through the heavens in their unique ways. In the eyes of the Nasir citizens, their figures became the most moving scenery between heaven and earth.

Byrne analyzed calmly:

"The enemy must also have methods for long-distance communication and passing on information, but certainly not as easily and effectively as us, so we can seize the advantage."

The cunning Aldrich suddenly spoke:

"Next, Bishop Zayne and I will hide first, and the four of you will confront them..."

"Because if the six of us burst out together, we might scare the enemy off. Even if we want to quickly eliminate a few Monarch powerful experts, it would be quite difficult to do."

He looked into Byrne's eyes and said:

"So you will engage the enemy first, and then we will suddenly strike."

Byrne nodded lightly and replied:

"Okay, I understand."

Finally, under the heavens of Fiera Town, eight Extraordinary powerful experts gathered in the same airspace, creating a subtle and tense standoff between them.

The air seemed to solidify, even the wind ceased, as the whole world held its breath in anticipation.

"Blazing Fire" Amos deliberately said loudly:

"It's four against four, plus the suppression of the barrier—our odds of winning are quite large, right?"

Byrne looked at the four enemies, and deep inside he couldn't shake the feeling that the one in the back wearing a black cloak seemed very familiar.

Who was he?

Why was there such an intense feeling of familiarity? All along, it had only been family members who evoked such a strong sense of familiarity within him!

"Let's retreat!" Bast suddenly said.

The irascible Marquis Vlad trembled all over just by looking at Chris, his veins bulging in rage.

"We can't retreat! Why should we retreat? The two of us are Mid-Rank Monarch Exponents. We are more than capable of killing four of them!"

Bast regarded Byrne calmly, took a deep breath, and reminisced about many things:

"Because I know Byrne, and he must have come prepared."

Bast and Marquis Vlad had an argument, and while Prince Conrad of Carnia hesitated, he made a decision and suddenly transformed into a pitch-black, gigantic Dragon of Despair.

"Kill them!"

The giant dragon was covered in scales deeper than the night itself; each one seemed to swallow the surrounding light, plunging everything nearby into eternal darkness and silence.

Its eyes, two extinguished embers, subtly emitted a profound glow, as if they could peer into the deepest fears and despair of one's heart.

As the Dragon of Despair spread its wings, it was like dark clouds covering the sun, bringing an indescribable oppression and heaviness.

From its breath came endless mournful wails, the cries of countless lost souls, converging into a sound of despair powerful enough to shake mountains and rivers.

Prince Conrad's footsteps trembled the earth, each step seeming as though it heralded the approach of doomsday, the surrounding vegetation withered and perished under his oppressive aura, even the most resilient rocks trembled and split open with alarming cracks.

The air was pervaded with an indescribable sadness and despair, making all creatures feel an inescapable sense of fate.

"Die!"

The magic word technique rushed toward Byrne and the others in an instant.

The voice that the Dragon of Despair emitted contained tremendous power; its domain had already unfolded, and from its bloodline trait surged forth the tumultuous Power of Despair, issuing a command of imminent death to Byrne and his companions.

The words formed from the Power of Despair were the manifestation of the formidable strength the Dragon of Despair could exert!

However, because the barrier had weakened the power, and the Power of Despair was divided among the four people, coupled with Ariel having spread starlight across the sky, consuming a considerable amount of strength shielding everyone from the blow, the magic word technique utterly failed to take effect.

Realizing the magic word technique was ineffective, the Dragon of Despair deeply furrowed its brows, knowing things wouldn't end so easily, aware that its ability was often very handy when striking down the weak.

Marquis Vlad suddenly noticed something, then became furious!

That Bast had actually run away!

"No matter! The three of us are more than enough!"

He too transformed into a sovereign of flame and rock, his colossal form covered with boiling lava, every scale appearing as if it were molten rock freshly spewed from the depths of the earth's core, flashing dangerously bright.

Its eyes were like the raging flames in a furnace, burning with endless fervor and strength, the most eye-catching being the majestic volcano on its back, seemingly its natural throne, with lava constantly erupting from it and flowing down the dragon's body, adorning it with a flowing armor of fire.

"Aow!"

Its roar was like the angry bellow of a volcanic eruption, deafening and causing all things to tremble, even the bravest warriors felt fear.

The two massive dragons were imposing; the two real giant dragons of Lord Aldrich, the Dragon Taming Lord, seemed like mere children who had not grown up in comparison.

"Charge!"

"Blazing Fire" Amos possessed the extraordinary ability to turn his body into a giant fire being. When he activated this power, the flames surrounding him instantly swelled, enveloping his entire body and forming a towering fire-being tens of meters high.

His eyes became two blazing infernos, radiating a steadfast and profound light.

The fire-being form was not a simple aggregation of flames, but each strand of fire contained astonishing energy and life force, capable of becoming more potent by devouring other flames, shining like a living entity, illuminating its surroundings, causing even the air around to distort!

"Marquis Vlad! I am the devourer of flames, your nemesis!"

Just as tension peaked and conflict was imminent, a terrifying aura suddenly enveloped the entire area!

The air seemed to solidify, and the aura of an upper-tier Monarch crashed down like a collapsing mountain or a surging tsunami, overwhelming the space!

This aura was infused with endless dignity and oppression, shocking and terrifying all living creatures nearby!

Byrne's eyes widened!

"It's over!"

Black Starlight, Wordless Elder.

Two high-level Monarch powerful experts had suddenly appeared on the battlefield!

No, the Wordless Elder's power had already declined!

His current strength was only at the middle rank of a Monarch, the source of the aura was that person!

Black Starlight!

The man under the black cloak appeared extremely mysterious, with a peculiar aura as if an envoy walking between the worlds of darkness and light.

Byrne could tangibly feel that the mysterious man had even more powerful strength than the Wordless Elder initially possessed!

Everyone's minds were tightly gripped by this sudden and overwhelming presence, almost unable to breathe or move, and could only watch as the master of this force slowly entered their field of vision.

They saw the mysterious and powerful Black Starlight holding up a token, which seemed to be some kind of powerful Forbidden rare artifact, and in a blink, it gathered six black torrents that finally fell one by one.

After the black light dissipated, the six Monarch powerful experts of the Stars Embrace Order had unbelievably gathered in this place at this moment!

The six people, with diverse strengths and auras, seemed like six evil demons, and they surprisingly formed a Hexagram Array in six directions, instantly spreading across the sky, erecting a cage, completely cutting off the escape for Byrne and the other three.

"How is this possible?"

Amos was stunned by this scene, Chris's brows also furrowed tightly, and even Zayne, hidden in the shadows, was completely dumbfounded, with thoughts of despair and fear surfacing.

Byrne's eyes widened in shock, a great despair welling up from deep within, his judgment was wrong!

Among the three attacking forces, the decoy wasn't those two, but the four of them here! Black Starlight and the Wordless Elder were lying in ambush in this place!

For the many years since he took over as the Family Head of the Fischer family, he had made countless correct decisions, each supporting the family's advancement further, but at this moment, the most critical decision was mistaken!

Immense self-blame, anxiety, and even hatred for himself surged within Byrne.

Surrounded by numerous strong enemies, they, along with the hidden Aldrich and Zayne, were six people now cornered into their deepest plight!

And with their high-level combatants collectively dispatched here, the rest of the people in Nasir City would be mercilessly ravaged and destroyed by the remaining two Monarch powerful experts of the enemy.

Everything was over!

Byrne's inner depths were filled with extreme anger, sorrow, and even a sense of despair so intense it was as if his heart had died!

No one could survive!

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

Chapter 395 375

Despair was like the icy tide, silently but irresistibly submerging everyone's hope.

Self-blame was like an invisible chain, tightly binding Byrne.

He replayed every detail in his mind over and over, each magnified infinitely, blaming himself for not having made a wiser choice when it mattered.

However, things hadn't yet reached the point of no return.

Byrne still held his "ace in the hole" close to his chest.

Suddenly, the air was filled with a heart-throbbing fluctuation, as if even time had frozen.

The black-robed figure with Black Starlight for hands gently waved them as if performing some ancient ritual, and following that, a ball of dark energy so thick it was almost tangible coalesced in his palms, its depths seemingly able to perceive the end of all things in the world.

With a deep, powerful chant, the dark energy burst forth, turning into a black shooting star that tore through the night sky with incredible speed, nearly surpassing the limits of visual capture.

This black meteor left behind a thin trail in the air, like an arrow spit out by the Death God, directly targeting the "Blazing Fire" Amos, who was not far ahead, about to launch an attack.

"Instantaneous Transfer!"

Byrne instantly switched Amos's body to a few hundred meters away, but to his astonishment, the black meteor instantly accelerated its turn, auto-tracking and roaring toward the relocated Amos.

The fiery form of Amos radiated a heart-throbbing, powerful aura, but under this strike, he seemed so minuscule and powerless.

The black meteor pierced through his flame-elemental form without any obstruction, striking with precision and erupting in a dazzling yet eerie black light.

"Ahhhhhh!"

In an instant, Amos's body seemed to be devoured by a black hole; after the light passed, only dust and the lingering scent of death in the air remained, bearing witness to the battle's brutality and swiftness.

"No!"

Ariel screamed upon seeing this scene, trembling with rage that one of the few Monarch powerful experts of the Romann family had been slain just like that!

"Amos, I will avenge you!"

She gritted her teeth and summoned stars to fall, trying to attack the mysterious Black Starlight from a distance.

But the Wordless Elder simply waved his hand indifferently, causing a multitude of wailing undead to appear out of nowhere and collide with those stars, nullifying the impact of both forces.

The attack had tremendous power, was incredibly fast, and was launched from a great distance, to the point where it was basically unavoidable—it was just too strong!

Byrne's heart sank, but he immediately realized that even the "Black Starlight" most likely couldn't launch the same attack again in a short time.

"Take him down,"

the Black Starlight ordered slowly, his voice devoid of sadness or joy.

The members of the Stars Embrace Order, forming the Hexagram Magic Circle, chanted continuously, beginning to summon a powerful spell from the sky.

In the horizon, ominous black lights suddenly appeared, like the scythe of the Death God, slicing through the sky, carrying destructive force as they sped toward the ground.

These black meteors were not like ordinary celestial visitors, neither shiny nor brilliant; they brought endless darkness and despair, their speed astonishing.

"Quick, dodge!"

Byrne immediately used his power to constantly shift his and Ariel's positions, dodging the black meteors.

Chris, in contrast, simply relied on his unbelievable speed to avoid them; he had become faster than he was ten years ago.

As Chris charged toward the edge of the Hexagram Magic Circle, he found he couldn't break through its hard shell!

"..."

And below in the sky, the people of Fiera Town continuously let out cries of alarm!

The first black meteor crashed at the edge of the town, accompanied by a deafening explosion. A powerful shockwave swept through the vicinity in an instant, buildings began to totter, and dust and debris flew everywhere.

More black meteors followed, raining down on this innocent town with the density of heavy rain.

Each meteor's fall was followed by a violent explosion, releasing destructive energy. Houses, streets, and bridges in the town crumbled helplessly against this force, turning into a heap of ruins.

"Ahhhhhh!"

"Help!"

"Run for your lives!"

"Mommy!"

The fire blazed, illuminating half the sky and the faces of people filled with despair and screams; cries, sobs, and pleas for help mixed together as people scattered in all directions, searching for a sliver of hope for survival. But faced with this man-made cataclysm, all efforts seemed tiny and futile.

The flames devoured everything, turning the town that had slowly risen from poverty to riches into ash, the air filled with the pungent smell of burning and blood.

"It's over, Byrne Fischer!"

The massive Marquis Vlad suddenly roared, as if venting years of pent-up anger.

"Your Fischer family will be utterly destroyed here!"

"All the citizens of Nasir will die, your family's decades of accumulation, it will all turn to ashes today!"

"You have lost!"

Byrne's face was devoid of any expression, understanding that pondering anything else was futile now, he must bravely face the situation that had arisen.

If he didn't act soon, everything would unfold just as Marquis Vlad had stated.

The entire Fischer family would be demolished, and he could not tolerate such a scenario.

For decades, Byrne had anticipated a day such as this.

The outcome, too, had long been accepted.

All of a sudden, Byrne lifted the legendary red Philosopher's Stone. Meant to be still, it was now shaking violently, as if greatly stimulated, emitting a crazy, dazzling glow, as though it contained the purest power between heaven and earth!

"A treasure even the powerful experts of Heavenly Enlightenment dream of, I know what it's made of, because I saw it with my own 'eyes'..."

"Inside are countless fractured souls, compressed to the extreme after being gathered together, then arranged and combined in bizarre ways by the alchemist who released it as the most basic 'spells', forming hundreds of completely different miniature arrays."

"That is the 'truth' of the Philosopher's Stone."

He took a deep breath, saying with revulsion:

"The process of making this thing is horrifyingly nauseating..."

Marquis Vlad and others caught sight of the red stone, a doubt arising within them.

What was that?

They didn't know why, but there was a strong sense of foreboding!

Byrne had already closed his eyes, praying to the god with the most sincere feelings in his heart:

"Great Lord of the Lost, please wake up!"

"I am Byrne Fischer, though insignificant, I must face the challenge that is upon me. I petition for Your mighty power so that I can overcome all obstacles and protect those I love."

"Or if this is destiny's arrangement, then please let this Philosopher's Stone respond to my call, grant me the power I need!"

Once before,

Byrne prayed to the great Lord of the Lost, hoping to take Irene's place...

But that time, he failed.

However, Byrne understood now that he had changed.

Now he was truly a devout person.

So,

God would surely protect him.

Just then, a wave of crazy red light burst forth from the Philosopher's Stone, circling Byrne's body.

He felt a strength like never before pulsing within him, as if the energy of the entire world converged upon him at this moment. His mind became exceptionally clear; the world before his eyes brighter and more vivid.

Byrne suddenly realized that his own lifespan and Spiritual Power were being devoured by that red light.

"So that's it, miracles of unimaginable power aren't free..."

He was calm, continuing to activate the terrible power of the Philosopher's Stone.

"That kind of thing is quite normal,"

The Philosopher's Stone, since ancient times, has been a mythic and legendary treasure, the ultimate crystallization of alchemy, an object even the powerful experts of Heavenly Enlightenment covet, containing the purest, most profound miraculous power in the cosmos!

People witnessed a shocking celestial phenomenon, the red light like a blazing giant dragon, tearing through the sky!

The light was not only dazzling but also contained endless energy and life force, as if it could dispel all evil!

As the red light spread, both the sky and the earth underwent cataclysmic changes; clouds turned a brilliant red as if imbued with life, and the ground trembled incessantly. All creatures felt the presence of this force, looking up reverently, hearts full of awe.

Farther away, whether it was the profound oceans, vast grasslands, bustling cities, or remote villages, nearly everyone in Cyart was drawn to the sudden red light, with some even believing it to be the fulfillment of a prophecy, or an omen of a divine arrival.

In Nasir City, Darren and Lilian both looked up at the same moment, wordless.

"What in the world is that?"

Marquis Vlad watched the spectacle in utter astonishment, his volcanic body retreating instinctively.

Not just him, almost everyone present was irresistibly drawn in; they could all clearly feel that the stone possessed a force so powerful it was beyond belief!

It was not something they could contend with!

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

Chapter 396 Perception and Understanding!

Just like those red and purple stones of the past, only when people experienced an extreme emotional outburst could the perfect Philosopher's Stone of Alchemy unleash the great power that it inherently possessed.

In the boundless worlds, the power of miracles was the most twisted, the most incredible, and the most uncontrollable force.

Byrne's first and foremost wish was to awaken the great Lord of the Lost!

However, the Philosopher's Stone did not respond to him.

At that moment, another thought, a more insane one, deep within Byrne's heart, was responded to by the mad power contained within the Philosopher's Stone!

That was to protect the people he loved...

Kill all those enemies!

"So that's how it is."

His body radiating red light, he took a deep breath.

The deepest, most primitive desires and malice, full of emotion, triggered a terrifying miracle.

"Under extreme emotion, the omnipotent and twisted wishing machine, undoubtedly, is the true face of the Philosopher's Stone."

"In theory, as long as there is enough of the Philosopher's Stone, anything is possible, but it might not really go as one wishes."

At that moment, Byrne gently extended a finger, feeling distinctly different from before.

It wasn't just a comprehensive and significant improvement in spiritual power and physical attributes, but more so, his "feeling" and "understanding" of the world and extraordinary powers had undergone a qualitative change.

The world, as he saw it, was different from how ordinary people saw it. In the eyes of the extraordinary, the world contained many stray energies, and using extraordinary power, they could manipulate these energies to do various things according to their will.

But now, compared to ordinary extraordinary individuals, Byrne was able to perceive and understand "things" much more.

"Unprecedented...the world has become clearer, more transparent."

Thousands of lines stretched across the world, and almost all things were connected by at least several threads.

And so were the extraordinary individuals, all trapped within threads, everything interconnected with other things, and different connections existed between everything.

Byrne could even clearly sense that most people present were deeply afraid of him, even Prince Conrad, who was originally called the "Dragon of Despair," now his massive body instinctively taking flight and retreating, cautiously wanting to keep his distance.

"Let's continue!"

The many powerful monarchs of the Stars Embrace Order, led by Isabel, also kept activating the Array's power, hoping to gather a powerful attack to completely destroy them.

Byrne knew that it wasn't just those enemies, including Zayne hidden kilometers away, and Ariel from the Romann family, at this moment, they all feared him, continuously emitting red light.

"What is going on with him?"

Prince Conrad asked, continuously flying backward, his massive black dragon body appearing very cowardly, Byrne's terrifying aura drawing much of his attention!

The purple-clothed woman skilled in Mental Magic immediately followed him in retreat, unwilling to be the first one to suffer an attack.

Prince Conrad murmured.

"What was that surge of red light just now? Is a Heavenly Enlightenment Level powerful expert intervening nearby? No...but I always feel that the momentum he now possesses isn't something a 'Monarch' level should have!"

Byrne remained silent, certain that he now possessed pure power that could match some legends of the Heavenly Enlightenment level.

But he was also very aware, firmly knowing that he could not defeat any of the legends of the Heavenly Enlightenment level.

For if the true legends of the Heavenly Enlightenment level were "trained warriors wielding weapons," then compared to them, he was like a "young man who suddenly obtained a sharp sword."

Even if theoretically there was a possibility of harming a legend of the Heavenly Enlightenment, he absolutely could not exert its true power, unless he unexpectedly intervened in a battle between two legends of the Apocalypse, which might change the outcome. Otherwise, dueling any of the weakest legends of the Apocalypse was almost certainly an assured defeat.

However, he was not facing legends of the Apocalypse at the moment, but merely using "a sharp blade" to defeat other "young men" was entirely possible!

Byrne calmly reached out, and with a swipe on the annoying Prince Conrad's body.

"Snap."

An invisible thread was severed.

The next instant, a silent yet omnipresent powerful force discreetly descended, tearing the sky apart as an incredibly dazzling light instantly sliced through the darkness, shooting straight at the arrogant black dragon.

The massive body of the Dragon of Despair, under the illumination of the light, appeared especially small and helpless. It let out an ear-splitting roar, trying to resist this unknown threat with its own power.

"Aooo!"

But all struggles were futile, as the intangible force, like a sharp blade, pierced through the giant dragon's scales and disregarded its formidable flesh. In a deafening roar, the body of the black dragon was forcefully torn into two halves, its blood mingling with dark breath, transforming into a rain of blood that fell across the vast land.

This scene shocked everyone!

The massive body of the dragon slowly fell, its terrifying impact causing the surrounding land to tremble, while the intangible force, having fulfilled its mission, quietly dissipated into nothingness.

"Ao!"

Prince Conrad couldn't help but cry out in grief, his voice thunderous and earth-shaking, completely unable to comprehend why Fischer's boy was so powerful.

Byrne, however, understood something instantly. So that was it; it was a power related to space, essentially an extension of his own "Instantaneous Transfer" and other spatial abilities.

"Not confined to the original use of power, making changes and extensions on an extremely fine level..."

"I can actually do so many things..."

"But it's only in this state that I can perform these acts; otherwise, merely understanding them is meaningless."

He had just used up most of his Spiritual Power in an instant, but Byrne quickly recovered within a few breaths, also clearly feeling his lifespan diminishing and his soul burning.

Prince Conrad frantically converted his spiritual power into life force. His magic word technique was made from the Power of Despair, which could not be used for restoration.

"I will not die!"

He was truly unable to comprehend what that red stone just now was, why an Extraordinary Exponent of low-level Monarch could suddenly become so powerful! Even more powerful than his brother, the King of Carnia!

Could it be some sort of forbidden rare artifact with a single-digit number?

But if one used that level of forbidden rare artifact, the user would surely die! Perhaps even suffer a fate worse than death, and his relatives and friends might also be afflicted!

And how could the Fischer family possibly possess a forbidden rare artifact with a single-digit number?

Suddenly, the Star Society's Array acted again, and deep, boundless black clouds emerged in the sky. They seemed to rise silently from the Netherworld and were abruptly shoved into existence by an intangible force.

These black clouds were dense and thick, their edges very blurred, like the deepest ink of the night sky magnified infinitely, covering the sun and swallowing the original azure sky in an instant.

With the rapid approach of the black clouds, the light gradually dimmed, and the air was filled with an oppressive and dull atmosphere, making breathing heavy.

Eventually, the black clouds engulfed Byrne and the others, wrapping everyone in a dark, sealed world where the light was completely blocked, barely able to make out vague shapes and contours around them.

Moreover, these black clouds contained powerful evil forces, capable of eroding everything they touched. However, Byrne and the others were all protected by an invisible barrier.

That was an extended use of "Mirror Deflection." Originally, it could only protect one side of extraordinary power, but now it allowed Byrne to successfully create a spherical protective mirror, covering several people nearby.

Although those black clouds had terrible corrosive properties, they lacked strong impact force and destructive power. The "mirror" actually didn't have very strong protective power, but it completely isolated them.

In the darkness, Byrne could still perceive everything clearly, once again pulled the invisible threads, and with an extension of "Deconstructive Perspective" and "Speed Sketching," he drew a flaw on the Array that trapped them out of thin air with his fingertips.

The Wordless Elder continuously watched from a distance, sensing the positions of Aldrich and Zayne. Subsequently, his body vanished like a specter, voluntarily heading to confront those two.

"Byrne Fischer... Is that the Philosopher's Stone...?"

Left alone, Black Starlight spoke in a low tone, having performed a prayer ritual once again, quickly condensing a dense mass of dark energy in his palm, transforming into a terrifying black meteor that rapidly struck Byrne inside the black clouds!

It was an almost certain and deadly strike!

Seeing the Wordless Elder leave, Ariel, planning to again summon starlight for a long-range bombardment, couldn't help but shout when she saw this scene.

"Byrne!"

She recalled Amos, who had just been killed, and her heart was very uneasy, unsure if Byrne would end up with the same fate.

Chris remained expressionless. He almost lacked the ability for long-range combat, trapped in the Array he could only build up and observe, always waiting for an opportunity.

However, a surprising scene occurred!

The struck Byrne's body immediately shattered, but it quickly dissolved into light points and disappeared.

That was actually a "Byrne" stacked with "Body Double" and "Summoning Ancient Projection," while the real Byrne, having swapped places, left the Array with Chris and Ariel through "Instantaneous Transfer."

"War... Link!"

Arriving in the air outside, Byrne took a deep breath, quickly raised his right hand, and snapped his fingers at the six members of the Stars Embrace Order.

"Shua!"

A visible yet immaterial chain emerged from Isabel of the Stars Embrace Order, and one after another, it linked all six Monarch powerful experts of the Stars Embrace Order together!

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

Chapter 397 Death Chain!

"What extraordinary power is this?"

"What on earth is going on? It's like we've been invisibly linked together!"

"Hurry up and untie it! Although it's unclear, the situation looks very bad!"

The six Monarch powerful experts all sensed the immense threat, yet Byrne Fischer didn't give them any chance. He quickly summoned the powerful Ancient Shadow again, and this time he layered on the ability of the Past-Peeking Eye, creating an even more complete projection.

This time, the projection Byrne summoned was none other than... a mysterious elder clad in a blue robe, profound and unfathomable!

In fact, apart from the great Lord of the Lost and the "Sea God," of all the powerful beings Byrne had ever seen in his life, only the Curator of the Sapphire Library was the strongest, most knowledgeable, and most enigmatic.

Perhaps, he could even rival the "Sea God."

The mere presence of that old man instantly made everyone feel enormous pressure.

That man.

Without a doubt was a legendary being!

"Heavenly Enlightenment!"

Even Isabel was shocked!

They felt the most primal, naked fear, and it was clear that in front of the powerful expert of Heavenly Enlightenment, the six of them were utterly insignificant!

Byrne muttered to himself, "After making one move, I will likely be reaching my limit..."

Through the extended capability of the "Past-Peeking Eye" he had overlaid, Byrne quickly deciphered from the vast arsenal of spellcraft of the Sapphire Curator, what exactly was the most appropriate Power of Spells to use at this moment.

"Protect me."

He suddenly sent his thoughts to those he trusted, using the extended and strengthened "Sound Marker."

Even now, with Byrne comprehensively strengthened, simply maintaining the projection of the Sapphire Curator was already taxing him to his limits, leaving no attention for anything else.

If Byrne were to be attacked now, it wouldn't result in his death, but the projection he was so focused on maintaining would certainly dissipate entirely.

The projection of the Sapphire Curator, with an expressionless face, stretched out a finger and slowly lifted it towards the sky.

But the sense of oppression had already reached a peak!

Instantly, all six Monarch experts felt as though they had been locked by an invisible force, their bodies and souls rendered utterly unable to move, incapable even of using any Forbidden rare artifact to resist.

"The Curator... of the Sapphire Library?"

There was finally a tremor of shock in the emotionless tone of Black Starlight, who also sensed that something was terribly amiss.

He immediately took out a ring-shaped Forbidden rare artifact, trying to do something, to rescue his comrades in the Stars Embrace Order.

However, Chris, who was moving at high speeds, had already unconsciously arrived next to him!

Black Starlight tilted his head slightly, looking down emotionlessly at him.

"You can't kill me."

I don't need to kill you...

Between launching "Angel's Cage" or the "Rift Moment," Chris decisively chose the latter.

Because "Angel's Cage" tended to be less effective against more powerful individuals, whereas "Rift Moment" had no such limitation, with the duration of frozen time entirely dependent on Chris's own will.

Deep down, he was well aware that even he could not kill Black Starlight in a short time, yet at the very least, he needed to buy Byrne enough time.

The next moment, Rift Moment was activated!

A few seconds earlier, Prince Conrad had finally come to, his massive dragon-shaped body regenerating.

The first thing he did after reverting to his human form was to promptly look over to the purple-clad palace mage not far away and decisively said:

"Let's break Byrne Fischer together, we cannot allow him to continue to maintain that supernatural strength!"

Immediately after speaking, he took out a powerful Forbidden rare artifact. The item appeared to be an old black feather quill, but in reality, it was a three-digit numbered Forbidden rare artifact, number 984.

"Pen of Severance"

Simply waving it could cause injury from a distance, and since it was a spatial ability, it bypassed most defenses and could even sever Monarch experts!

The price it demanded was that the user would permanently harbor an irrational fear of a random animal!

Prince Conrad was fully aware of the critical situation and resolved to save the people of the Star Society, so he was determined to sever Byrne right then and there!

And Byrne, as if oblivious, was solely focused on maintaining the projection of the Sapphire Curator.

At that moment, "Stars Mortal" Ariel also took out a Forbidden rare artifact from the Romann family, knowing in her heart that there could be no more holding back.

It was a palm-sized transparent scallop shell named "Rotating Sanctuary," number 552.

The price for using it was the permanent loss of a random sense for the user.

"Protect... Byrne Fischer..."

Ariel's desire for revenge for Amos surged intensely as she glared at the members of the Star Society, and without hesitation, she unleashed the power of "Rotating Sanctuary."

Stay tuned to empire

Suddenly, she could hear nothing at all.

While deploying the Forbidden rare artifact, the purple-clad woman caught Ariel off guard with a Mental Magic hypnosis spell, causing her body to plummet straight down from the sky.

And Prince Conrad had already swung down the feather quill!

But a bizarre scene suddenly occurred, the next moment, it was he himself who was severed by the dimensional slash!

The human-shaped Prince Conrad was once again split in two.

He thought in disbelief.

"Was it the power of that scallop just now? Did it successfully reflect my slash? But the effect of a spatial slash is that most defenses can't block it, could it be that it directly reversed the concept of 'damage'?"

The time of "Rift Moment" ended, and Chris was expressionless.

In his hands, he held a white shinbone brimming with the aura of the undead.

Even Byrne and the others had never noticed that the treasure from White Bones Canyon had already been secretly taken back by Chris!

However, the leader of the Stars Embrace Order, Black Starlight, had been slashed into many squirming black shadows.

Chris's expression was terrible, sensing a very strange atmosphere.

It was not human at all...

If it weren't for the shinbone left by a Heavenly Enlightenment powerful expert, he probably wouldn't have been able to hurt him at all.

What exactly was that Black Starlight?

"Leader!"

The six Monarch powerful experts from the Stars Embrace Order were frozen in place, seeing their leader turned into a non-human, bizarre state, they were all incredibly astonished.

However, the next moment, everyone was too preoccupied to care about that.

They sensed the threat of death!

Prince Conrad also felt it, a tremendous fear rising from within the deepest part of his heart!

Everyone was terrified!

The projection of the Sapphire Curator slowly lowered a finger.

The spell was triggered.

The invisible death descended.

It was "Death Extinguishment," a high-level spell within the "undead" spell category that only a few in the world could cast, now further amplified by two different spellcraft techniques 'Expansion' and 'Strengthen'.

"Death Extinguishment"

The people of the Stars Embrace Order as if suddenly gripped by an invisible force around their throats, the air solidified to the point of breathlessness, everything around them became eerily clear yet blurry, as if the world lost its colors in an instant, leaving only a haze of despair.

Their heartbeats unconsciously sped up, like drumheads blown by a fierce wind, pounding loudly, causing their chests to ache.

Every tiny sound was amplified to the extreme, the breathing was like the whispering of the Death God, sending shivers down their spines.

It was death.

The purest form of death had arrived.

In their eyes swelled a tide of fear, interwoven with helplessness and despair.

Some clenched their fists so tightly that nails dug deep into their palms without feeling the pain; others bit on their lips until they bled, trying to use this as a way to resist the overwhelming fear that threatened to engulf them!

No one spoke, for any words at this moment seemed pale and powerless, unable to convey the terror within their hearts.

Suddenly, the life force of the first person was extinguished, they appeared uninjured on the surface, yet life force had vanished in an instant.

But the burning power of the spell did not end there, rather it continued to spread.

In fact, its principle was that it wouldn't stop as long as the life force was not burned out, so combined with "War Chain," it instantly became a contagious death!

Following that, the second person's life force was extinguished, then the third, the fourth...

The threat of death was like an invisible net, Noiselessly enveloping them, the members of the Stars Embrace Order seemed able to hear the trembling of their own souls, feeling the despair of their life forces gradually being snuffed out, each person becoming the loneliest prisoner, tightly bound by endless darkness and fear.

The purple clad palace mage and Prince Conrad, who was recovering his body, both watched this scene with their mouths agape in disbelief as one after another powerful Monarch expert died in quick succession, without any ability to resist.

"How could he possibly do this... It's an inconceivable power!"

Even Chris, who was aware of this scene, couldn't help being shocked.

But he still focused most of his attention on the roiling shadows, still unclear about what that Black Starlight was...

"No!"

As the fifth Monarch expert from the Stars Embrace Order passed away, the expressionless Isabel finally let out a furious roar!

If it hadn't been for her successful deception in capturing Felix, obtaining a lot of intelligence, the Stars Embrace Order might not have targeted the Fischer family so clearly!

"You Fischers of the East Coast, you are nothing but insignificant insects without the protection of a God, filthy and abjectly lowly! Not worth mentioning at all!"

"You can't kill me, oh great Chaos Constellation! Please protect me with your extraordinary power!"

She trembled from head to toe, staring frenziedly at the cold and indifferent man behind the projection of the Sapphire Curator, the Fischer family's "Raven," full of hatred and fear, but utterly powerless, only able to pray helplessly to the Chaos Constellation deep within her heart.

Finally, Isabel felt the deepest fear.

"Don't..."

It stopped abruptly; her plea had barely escaped her lips when her life force was completely extinguished.

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

Chapter 398 Near Total Destruction!

The Sapphire Curator's phantom gradually dissipated.

The six Monarch powerful experts of the Stars Embrace Order lost all signs of life.

The feat of killing six Monarch powerful experts in one blow was simply too shocking.

Even for a high-level Monarch expert, accomplishing such a feat was nearly impossible.

Prince Konrad of Carnia, along with the court mage in purple clothes, were both completely stunned when they saw this scene!

"What Forbidden rare artifact was that red stone, really? A low-level Monarch Extraordinary Exponent from the Fischer family could actually do something like this?"

That patriarch of the Fischer family, Byrne, he was simply not like a human, he was more like a monster!

Such a powerful force!

How did he manage to do it?

The court mage in purple clothes was full of horror; she couldn't help but turn to the Prince Konrad next to her, her body trembling as she asked:

"Your Highness, what should we do next?"

Prince Konrad's face changed again and again, and he finally managed to regain his composure before he shouted loudly:

"Byrne Fischer!"

"Carnia is the strongest country among the Eastern Four Kingdoms, as everyone knows, and undoubtedly, with the support of Carnia, the Fischer family could easily become the Royal Family of Cyart."

His spiritual power had almost been exhausted, and now he was truly afraid; all Byrne Fischer had to do was lift a finger, and he could easily kill him!

Prince Konrad paused briefly, continued with passion, and shouted with his arms wide open:

"How about it? Would you consider forming an alliance? If you kill us, it would only lead to an endless feud with Carnia, but forming an alliance would align much better with your interests!"

Byrne coldly watched him from a distance, giving no response; Prince Konrad was scared as if with a thorn in his back, but he still kept talking.

"Everyone knows the Adley family is in a decline; they are hardly worth mentioning. I can now see the potential of the Fischer family; you've undoubtedly passed Carnia's test!"

"Let's establish The Oath and make amends."

His gaze was very sincere, but Byrne did not respond for a long time, remaining quietly silent, and that profound silence filled Prince Konrad with fear.

Actually, Byrne had just exhausted all his Spiritual Power and was silently waiting to recover.

Now was indeed his weakest moment, however, Prince Konrad and his companion, stunned by the recent terrifying demonstration, did not launch another attack; otherwise, Chris would have had to help Byrne hold them off until he recovered.

Just as Prince Konrad grew impatient, Byrne finally responded.

"Alright, Your Highness, let us establish The Oath then, but in return, I need you to disclose some information."

While Byrne spoke loudly, he stared intently at the Black Starlight that had turned into a shadowy figure, focusing most of his attention on it.

What in the world was that thing?

It was enveloped in endless darkness, as if it were the deepest, most opaque ink from the night sky formed into a substance; not just a simple lack of color, but imbued with an essence capable of devouring light and distorting perception. Whenever a faint light

tried to penetrate the "Black Starlight," it was ruthlessly devoured, and even the surrounding air seemed to become heavy and sticky, suffocating to behold.

Prince Konrad heard and immediately switched sides in relief.

"Good! Any information I know, I can tell!"

Byrne nodded lightly.

He stretched out his hand, and a flicker of light quickly flew out, eagerly establishing a peace oath with Prince Konrad.

Byrne knew very clearly that the oath could only bind Prince Konrad, but not him. He understood this was a lucrative proposal, so he nodded gently, yet pondered internally.

Stay connected with empire

Should he really let them go?

However, already accepting support from the Lorne citizens, it might not be a good choice for the Fischer family to collude with the Carnians.

Moreover, the cries of lament were constantly coming to Byrne's ears; he calmly lowered his head to look at the heavily wounded citizens of Fiera Town, those living near Nasir City, who nearly all revered the Fischer family.

Though he had not directly participated in the destruction of this town, it was undeniable that Prince Konrad was one of the accomplices.

He suddenly saw the remains of a very familiar ordinary girl under a collapsed house.

Despite not knowing her name, Byrne felt deeply inside that he remembered her; she had appeared more than ten times in the past decade at the Nasir City train station, looking at him with eyes full of light, offering him different bouquets, calling him the hero of Cyart.

The memory was so clear that even though Byrne did not know the girl's name, he still understood.

In her life, she had idolized him and the Fischer family, possibly even as pillars of her spirit.

Their food, clothing, and everything the Fischer family used were provided by them, each tax mixed with sweat.

"I heard that behind Carnia, there is the support of the Seven Stars Empire, is that so?"

Byrne's voice grew deeper.

"Indeed, the rumors are not mistaken,"

Prince Konrad paused, then continued, "I also heard that you seemed to have dealings with the Lorne citizens, but that doesn't affect our transaction!"

"You have to understand something, His Excellency Byrne, those powerful empires, oh, they are just assemblies of human-faced beasts, whereas we, Carnia and Cyart, being small nations sandwiched in between, naturally need to band together to survive!"

"Even the weak need to survive!"

Byrne calmly nodded and said:

"That makes some sense."

Prince Konrad's face returned to normal, he took a deep breath, and asked with great respect:

"His Excellency Byrne, may we leave now?"

Byrne nodded gently and calmly, watching him.

"Alright, you may go..."

"I'll see you out."

He spoke with unusual calm but then abruptly, without any warning, swung his hand, and the invisible slash instantly bisected Prince Konrad and the lady in purple.

Both of their faces registered immense shock.

"Why?"

Prince Konrad couldn't understand why the other party would suddenly forsake the alliance, even at the risk of breaking the oath.

Then, intense fear struck him, he had no more spiritual power left to restore himself, and he could only wait for death to fully arrive.

While the lady in purple was still wailing, trying to restore her life force, Byrne immediately reached out his hand toward her, forming a grasp from a distance, and crushed her body.

"Bang!"

Both were dead.

Whether it was Carnia or the Seven Stars Empire, they would sooner or later plot against Cyart, and the Lorne citizens would also not wish to be seen colluding with the Carnian Royal Family... Meanwhile, Byrne was also pleased with his own action.

That was the deepest desire of his heart that was always approachable and well-learned.

No more considering those intricate intricacies and scheming!

Kill!

Suddenly, he realized something important, the Treasure class Mysterious rare artifact that maintained his flight, named "Sky Suspender," a blue ring, was about to run out of time.

"Sky Suspender" is a Mysterious rare artifact collected by Byrne in the last ten years, which completely compensated for his biggest flaw of not being able to fly.

Deep down, Byrne even often felt that its strategic value was not inferior to some Forbidden rare artifacts, the only pity being that it could not sustain flight indefinitely.

Chris in the sky had never stopped, always launching attacks on the Black Starlight in its shadowy form.

The giant white shinbone in his hand, now seemed like a short sword as white as jade, each attack emitting a strong scent of the deceased.

Ordinary Extraordinary Exponents struck by the shinbone, full of the scent of the deceased, would die instantly.

But it only just managed to suppress the Black Starlight from fully recovering.

However, the evil entity's form was unclear, as if made from countless twisted shadows and despairing wails intertwined, even as it was constantly attacked, it still wasn't destroyed.

Next moment, Byrne kept trying various methods, attempting to completely destroy the Black Starlight.

Byrne in his current state could observe everything more clearly, he was sure that the Black Starlight was not human, and might not even belong to the material world.

After a long struggle, if it weren't for the essence of the white shinbone suppressing it, the Black Starlight could likely have recovered fully in a short time.

That shadowy entity was finally erased from the material world by Byrne and Chris working together.

Byrne immediately said:

"Chris, let's quickly go help Aldrich and Zayne, they haven't determined a victor on their side, but I feel... the Wordless Elder has gained the upper hand."

Just after speaking, Byrne suddenly felt an unprecedented weakness.

It was as if a mighty push from the stream of time had stricken him, his body and mental state rapidly declined, showing an unprecedented old age and weakness, his deep eyes losing all brightness, replaced by faint confusion and fatigue, his face filled with wrinkles, and his hair turned utterly white.

Byrne fell from the sky.

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

Chapter 399 Bet My Life!

Nasir City.

The entire city's extraordinary beings and armies of ordinary people were all on high alert, waiting for an enemy that might arrive at any time. The oppressive atmosphere before the battle, like thick dark clouds, silently enveloped the hearts of everyone.

The waiting was excruciating, with time seemingly stretched out, every minute and every second filled with agony.

"Hmm... I actually hope someone comes," said Darren.

In Byrne's absence, his eldest son, Darren, took temporary command.

He wore an iron mask, standing high up in the city's bell tower, a faint smile visible beneath the mask, and nearby were most members of the Fischer family.

Christine, Helen, Felix, Karno, Vanessa, and Andre were all here, each no more than five hundred meters from Darren.

In recent years, although Vanessa had been unable to break through on the Path of World Order's consecution, she had reached mid-level Transmutation as a spellcaster and, combined with the 4th Rank ability "Arbiter," her strength was not to be underestimated.

Andre, only at the 3rd Rank "Hand of Judgment" on the Path of World Order, had already reached the Metamorphosis Phase in the power of Bloodline. His talents far exceeded those of Viscount Bast, undoubtedly a genius Bloodline Knight.

Of all the primary Fischer family members, only Lilian was continuously performing the ritual to awaken the great Lord of the Lost in the underground Grand Hall and had not come to prepare for battle.

Besides, the pillars of the Dawn Church within the city were also nervously ready for combat.

The former mayor and "leader of the Dawnbringers," Yeager; the leader of the Dagger Brotherhood, Moore; the general of the "Nasir City Guard," Archibald; "the Old Butler" Theo; the "High Priest of the Sea God Cult," Ian; the "emerald elf," Marzo.

Aside from Marzo, who has no 4th Rank in the Path of Nature known as "Shepherd of Trees," the other five had all reached the 4th Rank in their respective paths.

And in other directions of Nasir City, there stood the viscount families of the East Coast and the many extraordinary members of the Dawn Church, among which seven individuals had reached high-level Transmutation.

Without a doubt, even without the Monarch powerful experts present, this force was not to be underestimated under any circumstances.

Within the army on high alert, General Archibald, dressed in military attire and with a full beard, took a deep breath and asked eagerly,

"What's the situation now? Chris and the others haven't come back yet... Damn it, it's bad enough with the Stars Embrace Order and Words of Tranquility, but those damn extraordinary nobility colluding with evil cultists really deserve to die!"

The short-tempered man took a deep breath and kept cursing the damned enemies.

The special seal, which was originally in Byrne's hands, had now come into Archibald's possession. The moment any enemies approached Nasir City, he would immediately activate the special seal to provide sustenance for the main extraordinary fighters.

Although the army had switched from flintlock to breech-loading rifles and the cannons had also improved, they were still no match for Monarch powerful experts.

The air was filled with a tense, electric atmosphere, as if something unpredictable might erupt at any moment.

Just then, Karno, whose Destiny's Trajectory was "Premonisher," suddenly looked up and said,

"They're here!"

Soon, the news of the enemy's approach was spread throughout the city by the Blood Receiver of the Path of Wholeheartedness through "Chant."

An intense, oppressive feeling permeated the air, invisible yet omnipresent, heavy as a thousand pounds, pressing down on everyone's chest, making it incredibly difficult to breathe. It wasn't from the natural world's tempest or physical weight, but a deep mental shock and awe.

As this oppressive force grew stronger, the surrounding sounds seemed distant and vague, with only one's own frantic breathing and heartbeat echoing loudly and powerfully in their ears. Many soldiers walking on the streets couldn't help but slow down, or even stop altogether, trying to find a semblance of breathing space under this power.

In this area shrouded by the oppressive feeling, time felt frozen, with every second exceedingly long. The expressions on people's faces were severe and complex, both fearful and uneasy about the unknown power. They looked at each other without speaking, reading the same feelings in each other's eyes.

Two fearsome figures appeared in the sky near Nasir City.

The remaining two from the Words of Tranquility.

One was the low-level Monarch "Silver Poet" Aphrodus, and the other was the recently advanced mid-level Monarch and New King of Siyate...

"Sword of Salvation," Noah!

Archibald swore, activating the "Special Seal" immediately, and the many ordinary soldiers and extraordinary fighters began providing sustenance for the main forces. Coupled with the effects of the Light Barrier, they could quickly recover as long as they weren't instantly killed by the enemy's power.

Noah, standing tall in the sky, stood straight like an ancient pine that despite the vicissitudes, remained unbent. His posture without a hint of curve radiated an unshakable firmness and confidence.

The arrogant and indifferent voice spread throughout the entire city, as if a supreme ruler was speaking to his subjects.

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"Your Family Head Byrne and his people will not be coming back."

He looked around the city, certain that there was no power to rival his own, and continued indifferently:

"And now this city must pay the price for defying the Adley Royal Family, everyone in Nasir City, you must be buried for being tainted with evil."

Suddenly, a loud laugh echoed from the bell tower!

"Hahahahahaha!"

That arrogant laughter immediately drew Noah's attention.

He looked over coldly and saw a middle-aged man wearing an iron mask.

"Perfect!"

Underneath Darren's iron mask, his smirk was wildly rampant, his whole body trembling with excitement!

"I've never killed an Extraordinary Exponent of Monarch Level before, initially, I wanted to slaughter that captive from the Mistwalker Family, but those guys wouldn't let me do it, they even said there was a possibility of reconciling with the Mistwalker Family."

"Today, finally, I have the chance to personally kill an Extraordinary Exponent of Monarch Level, and it's the King of Siyate no less! Truly a moment to remember!"

Noah frowned expressionlessly.

What was that man talking about?

He simply couldn't understand, Darren Fischer, the son of Byrne Fischer, was someone who hadn't even reached Monarch Level, how could he dare to utter such arrogant words?

"I've also never seen someone as arrogantly presumptuous and utterly foolish as you."

Noah stared at Darren atop the distant bell tower, the man couldn't even fly, yet he claimed he wanted to kill him.

"In my presence, you all are nothing but insects!"

"Darren Fischer, your father is a Regicides, he has committed heinous crimes, and you even dare to do the same, unforgivable!"

Having finished speaking, he unleashed a terrifying aura!

People immediately felt a physical tension and discomfort, breathing rapidly and shallowly, with their hearts beating faster.

Many were even filled with negative emotions like fear, anxiety, and unease, feeling helpless and lost.

Coming from the Divine Blood Royal Family, the "Sword of Salvation," his aura was indeed too powerful!

Yet on the other hand, that aura sparked the fighting spirit and courage in Darren, the madman, making him even more determined and resolute, his thoughts more focused, and his attention more concentrated, his body and spirit preparing for the upcoming challenge.

Christine, who was in her wheelchair, took a deep breath, as a manager, she really wasn't skilled in battle, and could only muse to herself:

"Is this a mid-level Monarch Extraordinary Exponent? Far too powerful indeed, I wonder if our 'trump card' will be enough to get us through this crisis..."

Andre, noticing his wife's fear, smiled at her.

"Don't worry, the ones who will emerge victorious in the end will definitely be us!"

"Christine... I swear upon my knight's honor, I will not let the Fischer family lose this war, nor will I allow Nasir City to be destroyed!"

Atop the bell tower, underneath the iron mask, Darren scoffed coldly, his long-suppressed madness finally boiling over once again.

He pointed a finger, shaking it towards Noah in the sky, the "Sword of Salvation" of the King of Siyate, completely disregarding the chasm-like gap in strength between them.

"King of Siyate, I will wager with you!"

"I stake my life!"

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

Chapter 400 Soul Dice

The battle in Nasir city erupted swiftly, instigated by none other than the "Silver Poet."

She, the "Ice Liquor" of the Words of Tranquility, the "Spirit Essence" within the Alchemy Council, and one of the five witches, "Silver Poet," always fought using alchemical puppets, yet her real body had never been discovered.

She remained silent in the sky, simply raising her hand.

Soon, everyone saw a massive white hand materialize in the sky, resembling a mountain plummeting from the heavens, pointing directly at the army in Nasir City.

Destroying the army, cutting off their continued support, that was the "Silver Poet's" battle strategy.

A correct battle strategy indeed, but it didn't mean that the Fischer family and the forces of the Dawn Church hadn't anticipated it.

Suddenly, a dragon resembling mercury soared up from the ground!

Its body, formed from pure and flawless mercury, shimmered with a cold light under the illumination of the sun, like the brightest constellation, attracting the focus of all eyes.

Its scales shimmered with a silver gloss, both incredibly hard and seemingly containing endless flow and change.

As the Spiritual Dragon roared in a deep and prolonged tone, the surrounding air seemed to tremble; the sound was not of this world but a call from ancient times, breaking through the barriers of time to strike directly at the soul!

It was the Spiritual Dragon raised by Lilian for decades.

The little creature of those early days now possessed power almost close to a Monarch level, undoubtedly a powerful hidden force of the Fischer family!

The white giant's hand plummeting from the sky was scattered halfway, and Archibald quickly created a huge ice barrier, barely resisting the remaining force. However, the ice barrier was instantly shattered, and the residual force still fell into the army, causing numerous casualties.

Fearing the chaos among the troops would lead to a decline in their sustainability, Archibald immediately bellowed:

"Wounded, do not panic! Your injuries will soon be restored by the barrier!"

The Spiritual Dragon soared again, attempting to bite the body of the "Silver Poet," who had just survived an attack without a scratch.

Its eyes were bright, as if they could see through the essence of all things, or perhaps they were gateways to another dimension.

Its wings unfolded, capturing the trajectory of the wind, each flight accompanied by the flow and reconfiguration of mercury, as if the power of the entire universe was under its control.

As it approached, "Silver Poet" suddenly felt her spiritual power and mental power being drained away by an invisible force.

At the same time, the voice of Yeager, the leader of the Dawnbringers, unexpectedly reached several people's ears.

"You all follow my command, attack her together! We cannot let her unleash her power at will! We need to work with that dragon!"

Soon, five viscounts from East Coast Province, as well as Yeager, Moore, Theo, Ian, and Marzo from the Dawn Church—ten people in total—cooperated with the Spiritual Dragon, continuously trying to attack the "Silver Poet," who was flying back and forth in the sky.

Even a two-headed terrapin on the ground exerted its strength in the battle, firing streams of water cannons towards the sky, though its effect wasn't significant.

Both had already consumed various delicious snacks beforehand, and after being strengthened by multiple poems, their strength was significantly stronger than usual.

Under the almost indestructible Spiritual Dragon's leadership, they joined forces in full strength to attack, even suppressing the now-weakened "Silver Poet" who was forced to keep defending.

In fact, compared to those ordinary extraordinary powers, she knew deep inside that what she needed to be more cautious about was the sneak attack by the Forbidden rare artifacts.

Some Forbidden rare artifacts were so powerful that even Monarch powerful experts would fear them.

Meanwhile, "Sword of Salvation" Noah could no longer tolerate Darren's arrogance.

He lifted his hand to transform the Golden Blood into a sharp sword, creating a Golden Sword out of thin air and aiming to claim Darren's life.

Even though his power was suppressed by half by the Boundless Light Barrier, Noah, endowed with the Divine Blood "Blood of Salvation," still possessed nearly mid-level Monarch strength.

To kill such a foolish arrogant person, he felt only a casual strike was needed.

He believed that killing everyone in the entire city was merely a matter of time.

However, Felix suddenly rushed in front of his father Darren, opening a hemispherical barrier of "Counterattack Shield" with rune power, blocking and even reflecting the Golden Sword back!

"Huh?"

A Forbidden rare artifact?

"Sword of Salvation" Noah was stunned for a moment, surprised that his attack was blocked.

Though it was just a casual strike, it had never been blocked by any lower Transmutation Level extraordinary exponents unless it was the power of a Forbidden rare artifact.

The reflective Golden Sword transformed back into blood in midair, floating and spinning in front of expressionless Noah.

Seeing that his father was unharmed, Felix immediately sighed with relief, knowing he still had two more chances today to use "Counterattack Shield."

"Thanks, Felix!"

Darren's smile, praising his son, shone through under his mask. Then, locking eyes with "Sword of Salvation" Noah in his sight, he activated another rune power: "Soul Dice"!

"King of Cyart, accept my challenge!"

A faint blue dice phantom appeared in his hand, rapidly spinning.

A powerful treasure desired by the Legend of the Apocalypse, the Forbidden rare artifact identified as number ninety-nine, the intangible Soul Dice began to roll. Your adventure continues at empire

The six faces of the Soul Dice represented six completely different "games."

"Combat Contest," "Quiz," "No Contact," "Hide and Seek," "Race," "Luck Gambling"—six types, the caster would force himself and a target in his sight to randomly start a certain game.

The winner of the game would possess strong power against the loser and their relatives and friends.

The eyes behind the Iron Mask stared at the dice phantom, murmuring to himself, "Let's see what the game is?"

Eventually, the Soul Dice showed a number 4... The content of the gamble was Hide and Seek!

"Okay!"

Darren stretched out his hand and pointed to the other edge of the city, speaking very loudly,

"I want to play a game of hide and seek with you! Now, come and catch me! King of Cyart, if you, as 'it', can catch me within a minute, then you win!"

The true nature of the competition was proclaimed, and the wager was established!

Noah, in the sky, furrowed his brows, not knowing what the other's intent was but felt himself bound by an invisible force, similar to "The Oath."

However, his combat experience and knowledge of mysticism told him that the enemy must have profound intentions, and it was best to win the special competition set by the opponent.

He didn't hesitate to use a battle skill, diving down to strike with incredible speed, intending to capture Darren!

However, Felix immediately deployed the "Counterattack Shield" again.

The entire bell tower couldn't withstand the blow and suddenly collapsed.

Felix was sent flying, while Noah furrowed his brows in search of Darren, only to find the latter had suddenly disappeared amidst the rubble.

"What ability is that?"

Noah frowned deeply, feeling as though his opponent was like an elusive insect.

Darren, using his Specter Body, burrowed into the ground and began to move rapidly towards the distance.

"Stop him!"

And Christine, Helen, Felix, Karno, Vanessa, and Andre, along with the numerous surrounding Extraordinary Exponents, all launched attacks.

However, those attacks were an itch for the powerful Noah, posing no real threat and only causing his life force to deplete slightly, making his body feel a bit heavier.

Actually, there was another effect: the chaotic energy fluctuations completely disrupted Noah's senses, preventing his perception ability from functioning normally.

He had to concentrate his attention to pinpoint Darren's location.

But at that moment, Noah suddenly felt something unusual beneath his feet!

There was a blood-stained Gold Coin, seemingly just dropped by Darren.

Suddenly from within the blood-stained coin, an ancient specter emerged, its evil startling arms ferociously piercing through Noah's chest while uttering a frenzied and hysterical sound.

"Heh heh heh! I got him! I got him, hahahaha!"

The ancient evil spirit was known as "Time Stasis Stone."

A low-level Monarch Extraordinary Exponent hidden by the Fischer family!

Although Noah, even with suppressed power, was still stronger than him, being distracted and suddenly enduring a full-powered sneak attack significantly depleted his life force!

"Evil Spirit!"

Amidst his shock and anger, Noah suddenly unleashed the Golden Blood of Salvation, transforming it into golden flames burning around him, quickly causing the "Time Stasis Stone" to moan as it fled.

"Ahhh! Divine Blood, this guy has Divine Blood flowing in him!"

The voice of the "Time Stasis Stone" was filled with utter terror, completely unable to confront the bloodline power restraining it!

However, Noah didn't want him to escape but instead looked coldly at quickly killing this evil spirit.

He was keenly aware that the lower Monarch level evil spirit was undoubtedly the only being on the battlefield who qualified to contend with him directly for a brief time, posing a great threat!

He suddenly reached out and grabbed the evil spirit, "Time Stasis Stone," furiously turning his Golden Blood into raging flames, incinerating its body.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhh!"

The evil spirit howled incessantly.

The almost victorious Noah still looked displeased; there were still thirty seconds left, and he didn't know where the Fischer family's Darren had escaped to!

Just then, Karno, wearing single-lens glasses, cast "Weaving of Destiny", linking the fates of Noah and the "Time Stasis Stone" together, forcing both to suffer the same damage.

"What's happening!"

Noah suddenly felt an intense burning sensation, unable to hold on any longer, he had to shut down his power, and the "Time Stasis Stone," about to be burnt alive, thus escaped a dire fate.

"Just a few transmutations..."

He furiously struck back, a golden crescent blade instantly severing Karno's body.

However, within the next moment, Karno recovered to his former state.

Lock of Destiny!

Karno's temporary "body" was frozen at that specific time point, instantly restoring to its original state after being damaged, though it greatly drained his Spiritual Power, it helped him escape an almost certain death.

Noah was completely dumbstruck.

The Extraordinary Powers possessed by the Fischer family were simply too bizarre, utterly incomprehensible!

"Twenty seconds left!"

Just at that moment, Noah suddenly heard Darren's voice again from the other side of the city, arrogant and incredibly annoying!

Finally, he disregarded everything to rapidly fly there, but at that location, he only saw two Sound Markers. Soon, Darren's mocking voice came from the second Sound Marker.

"Five seconds left!"

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