

From Secret Clan to the Divine Dynasty

Chapter 401 Awake! Lord of the Lost!

Noah had completely regained his composure and no longer pursued the traceless Darren.

Golden blades formed from blood materialized around him, constantly accumulating the power in his veins, planning to kill most of his enemies in an instant.

Although the surrounding Extraordinary Exponents were attacking vigorously, those blood-formed blades automatically defended Noah, blocking most of the attacks.

Even the few attacks that did reach him were utterly meaningless.

Soon, five golden blades formed from blood appeared around Noah, each filled with destructive power, capable of easily killing any Extraordinary Exponent below Monarch Level!

However, just as Noah was about to launch his attack, he suddenly sensed that something was amiss.

His body began to petrify without warning!

Darren, wearing an Iron Mask, approached him, looking imposing. He stared at the immobilized Noah, watching as each golden blade turned to stone, fell to the ground, and shattered.

After winning the gamble with the "soul dice," he had gained an immense rule power, so much so that even Noah was astonished by this regulatory force!

"Die here, King of Cyart. If you don't die here, many people won't be able to sleep... at the very least, my family will be up all night."

The previously laughing Darren suddenly grew serious, staring intently at Noah with a deep voice, deciding to kill him off completely!

He was fully aware of the vast gap between himself and the top mid-level Monarchs, knowing that even with the help of a barrier and the distraction of other Extraordinary Exponents, he couldn't hold out for long.

There was only one chance, to use the regulatory power of the "soul dice" to kill Noah Adley!

"So it's this kind of power?"

Noah took a deep breath, now fully understanding deep down that the dice were definitely a double-digit Forbidden rare artifact!

Even his Blood of Salvation could not resist its petrification!

Darren of the Fischer...

"Iron Mask Man"...

was just a Transmutation-level Extraordinary Exponent...

A mere ant-like existence could threaten his very life and death!

His eyes grew wider, brows furrowed, lips tightly pursed, trembling slightly with anger, involuntarily clenching his teeth, producing a soft clicking sound.

Golden blood ignited around Noah's body, attempting to delay or even remove the petrification.

However, his skin became increasingly hard, as if life-like stone textures were spreading across his arms and chest, showing no signs of stopping.

Darren chuckled, looking at the once high and mighty but now helpless king, asking cruelly and gleefully, "King of Cyart, how do you feel now?"

Despite Noah's immense effort, the petrification process seemed irreversible; his body grew heavier and his movements slower.

Finally, Noah Adley had turned completely into a stone statue, devoid of any sign of life.

Darren burst into laughter, then took a deep breath.

He had finally dealt with him!

Suddenly, the air around Noah's stone-like body began to tremble, a warm and dazzling light burst from the deepest parts of his body, growing stronger, blurring the outlines once restrained by the petrification power, and replacing them with flowing, brilliant golden radiance.

In the golden light, Noah's figure gradually became clear, and as the light reached its peak, it exploded, transforming into countless tiny golden specks, like seeds of life. All the golden points converged into a powerful energy stream, reshaping his physique.

Darren's eyes widened in horror at the sight.

The power of a Forbidden rare artifact?

In the next moment, the revitalized Noah had exhausted his strength, unable to support his body, and thus knelt directly in front of Darren.

"Hahaha, you almost killed me, so close... Fischer's 'Iron Mask Man' Darren, I'll remember your name, and no matter what, I will never let you go, I'll remember you!"

"You can take pride in that! Now go to your death!"

Darren looked down at the silent Noah, deeply shaken inside, quickly pondering his next move.

Was that resurrection from the dead?

Can he use it a second time?

Or rather, how could he possibly kill him a second time?

How could it be like this?

Darren's heart was filled with gloom and reluctance, but he had exhausted his Spiritual Power. Even with "household management" for recovery, it would take time and he couldn't immediately reuse the "soul dice."

Noah knelt on the ground, his eyes wide with fear emerging from deep within. He knew one thing clearly: if not for the power of the forbidden rare artifact on him, he would have been killed by an Extraordinary Exponent who hadn't even reached Monarch Level just moments ago.

Indeed, powerful forbidden rare artifacts all have strategic value, enough to reverse huge gaps in strength. Luckily, his own forbidden rare artifact was also very effective!

It was a forbidden rare artifact numbered 722, shaped like a colorless bracelet, named "Death Retrospection."

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Ten years ago, it was by the power of "Death Retrospection" that he had barely survived, though the cost was that his strength would drop several levels for the following years, even losing the Monarch Level.

The power of "Death Retrospection" could also only be used once every few years.

Today, there would be no second chance for resurrection.

"You all really drove me to a dead end..."

Surrounded by enemies, Noah kneeling on the ground took a deep breath, his eyes reflecting an unprecedented realization.

He pulled out a beautiful, golden Holy Grail.

Number ninety-three.

"Golden Holy Grail"

It was a hereditary object of the Adley family, a national treasure of Cyart. The old king of Cyart had used it to end a war with the Rhea People.

However, the cost of using it was also extremely heavy; the old king of Cyart became delirious, thus in his mad state, he was exploited by the Words of Tranquility.

Nevertheless, Noah knew he had no more choices!

The beautiful golden Holy Grail always contained an invisible liquid, emanating a special wine-like aroma that attracted everyone in Nasir City.

People had never smelled such a delightful scent.

Noah drank it expressionlessly in one gulp.

His voice suddenly became god-like, immense enough to spread throughout the entire city.

"Spirits of wind, thunder, water, fire, and earth, I command you..."

"Kill all my enemies!"

"Destroy everything in my sight!"

It didn't take long for Darren and the others to be shocked to see an unprecedented hurricane sweep through with the force of thunderous fury, the howling wind like an angry beast, tearing the city's buildings apart.

This was followed by incessant thunder and lightning, each bolt like Divine wrath, tearing through the night sky and striking the ground, setting buildings ablaze into towering infernos.

Suddenly, a torrential downpour began, and raging floodwaters surged into the city like ferocious beasts.

This was followed promptly by fire spreading rapidly, forming a sea of flames that licked the buildings, turning them to ashes, thick smoke billowing, darkening the skies, filling the air with the acrid smell of char.

Lastly, the earth also joined in the feast of destruction, the ground splitting open huge cracks, swallowing everything.

The Fischer family tried to attack Noah, but the Holy Grail gave the Cyart King a glowing protective barrier that made him impervious to all Extraordinary Powers until the Spirits of the Elements fulfilled Noah's recent commands.

Screaming, crying, and shouting intertwined, forming a mournful symphony throughout Nasir City.

Watching Nasir City being devastated, the terrible casualties, Felix trembled uncontrollably, unable to stop himself from cursing loudly.

"You beast!"

"You are unworthy to be the king of the Cyart people!"

In the Grand Hall beneath Fischer Manor, an extremely weak Lilian finally advanced the ritual to its last step, her whole being reviving as if greatly mentally inspired.

Ten years.

Yes.

A whole ten years had passed...

She had waited far too long for this day...

Her eyes brimming with tears, she paid no mind to the chaos outside, focusing on the sacred object and slowly speaking.

"Great Lord of the Lost, awaken!"

"Fischer family always remembers our covenant with you, asking for your return!"

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

Chapter 402 The 6th Seal

The Sixth Seal was undone.

More memories surged in, even more than those received earlier, leaving one somewhat bewildered and at a loss.

Karl suddenly felt that he had a very, very long dream.

And that dream was so prolonged that it gave him the illusion of having lived again.

In the dream, Karl's name was Shen Ling, and he lived in an ordinary city, merely an ordinary person, inheriting the family-owned coffee shop and becoming its owner.

That life was also very simple, he had an ordinary lover, ordinary children, from childhood to youth to old age, and finally departed this world simply on a sickbed.

Only, the most terrifying thing was that such a life seemed to have been lived more than once.

It felt like hundreds, thousands, or even countless times... each life almost the same, and even if there were differences, there were no major changes on the whole.

Ordinary, happy, simple lives, a dream.

The dream kept recurring, like "reincarnation," and perhaps it was some kind of terrible "prison".

"Eh?"

"So 'reincarnation' can no longer trap you?"

He suddenly appeared in the coffee shop and heard a young man's voice, abruptly looking up.

"..."

Karl breathed deeply, trying to gaze at the man in the shadows, finding him holding a cup of coffee, with a face that seemed to be his own! Find adventures at empire

"This is troublesome, can't you just sleep for countless more years?" the man said and then set down the coffee cup.

"I will make you fall asleep again."

The moment the coffee cup was set down, everything changed dramatically.

In a daze, Karl seemed again to see a planet rapidly expanding, and in an instant, it started to destruct, collapsing and exploding massively, and then he saw countless billions of galaxies, one after another, collapsing, perishing.

Soon his vision expanded further, and he saw the boundless river of time, countless bubbles representing universes floating within it.

And everything was rushing towards him, gradually moving toward the ultimate disillusionment, becoming completely void.

Meeting the end.

In a daze, Karl suddenly faced a question of self-identity.

Am I really the transmigrator Shen Ling?

Or am I, in fact...

Karl felt his thoughts gradually blurring, "self" as if about to disappear, as if recalling the most crucial thing would lead to terrifying consequences!

Suddenly, he heard an insignificant voice.

"Oh great Lord of the Lost! Awake!"

"The Fischer family always remembers our covenant with you, we beg for your return!"

Fischer...

Such a familiar name...

That insignificant voice pulled "self" back.

As if it were an anchor.

He pondered silently for a long time, in countless dreams, he had never heard the name Fischer, but why did it feel so familiar?

Karl vaguely felt, that Fischer was very important to him, and more and more memories of just a few decades flooded back.

"I have remembered Fischer now."

Perhaps it's not that important.

Because even without Fischer's help, after thousands of years, it was very likely that others would make contact with him again, since time is an infinite river, and in theory, an immortal soul would eventually break free.

But, Karl did not want Fischer to perish.

"Once, I made a promise to grant the Fischer family great power, as grace for their aid in my complete revival."

"This covenant... needs to be fulfilled by me."

"Otherwise, 'my' very essence will cease to exist..."

Lilian raised her head, trembling all over.

"You have finally awakened!"

Her gaze seemed to pierce through the Fischer Manor, reaching up into the sky.

The clouds tumbled and lightning intertwined, the power of Nature performed a magnificent dance under the will of the deity, proclaiming to the world the return of this ancient Guardian.

A violent black radiance exploded in the heavens, causing the same phenomenon to occur all over the world.

All the beings in the Claud World felt this soul-shaking force, be they the eagles soaring across the sky, the behemoths lurking in the deep sea, or the intelligent humans, all raised their heads towards the black light that seemed to touch the depths of their hearts, filled with reverence.

Karl awoke.

The first thing he sensed was that Nasir City had been turned upside down, and he also felt many "Path of Divine Sacrifice" Extraordinary Exponents praying.

What he realized next was that he had gained two new powers.

So that was it.

Karl quickly found that one of the powers had been bestowed upon him by the Tranquility Songster.

By now, he could confidently affirm that the Tranquility Songster who had descended had no malice towards "himself" and had even made his avatar willingly devour it immediately after arriving.

Such vast Spiritual Power not only allowed him to break through The Sixth Seal directly but also granted him a kind of Authority related to the "soul."

"But why do I feel a chill down my spine..."

Soon, he accepted a portion of the sacrifices of the devout, using the Power of Authority of "Miracle" to quell the chaos.

Looking at the city ravaged by natural disasters, Noah took a deep breath while kneeling, deeply convinced in his heart that Nasir City would be destroyed by the power of the Holy Grail, and although he had paid a great price and would become mentally fragmented, it was all worth it!

"Just to erase you all..."

Suddenly, he watched in utmost astonishment as the furious elements of wind, lightning, water, and fire returned to normal in a brief span, as if nothing had happened.

"How is this possible, this is simply impossible! Those 'elves' in the Holy Grail are the mysterious representatives of Nature, not even a Heavenly Enlightenment powerful expert can easily contend with them! Those are double-digit Forbidden rare artifacts!"

With horror and fear, Noah started to fly, his strength greatly diminished yet still capable of flight, in a desperate and disheveled plight, he almost frantically ran toward Nasir City.

Karl watched coldly, making no move to stop him.

After waking up, he could vaguely see Noah's "Line of Fate," although not very far into the future, but in fact, there was no need to see that far.

That man was bound to die soon, so there was no need for intervention.

"God!"

Christine, sitting in a wheelchair, was stunned for a moment, then shouted excitedly:

"He has awakened!"

The members of the Nasir City's Dawn Church quickly realized what had happened.

Many fell to their knees, hands clasped together, eyes twinkling with tears, endless reverence for God manifested, showing their gratitude.

Moreover, believers hugged each other tightly, passing warmth and strength among themselves. They knew that this moment was not only the awakening of the deity but also the rebirth of the faith in their hearts. Tears became the tie of their emotions, linking the hearts of every member of the Dawn Church together, bathing together in the grace of the deity.

Indescribable excitement surged in their hearts, like a parched land meeting sweet rain, or like a lost sailor finally seeing a lighthouse. Ten years of waiting and yearning turned to tears at this moment, silently sliding down their cheeks.

Every member of the Dawn Church firmly believed that the awakening of God heralded new hope and possibilities.

"A Miracle!"

"We survived!"

The citizens of Nasir City cheered aloud, their voices shaking with sobs, tears and smiles intermingling on their faces.

"Silver Poet" had no intention of running away; she believed that even if the alchemical puppet's body was destroyed, it wouldn't matter much.

However, after Karl absorbed part of the lifespans of the devout, chains materialized out of thin air and instantly seized the "Silver Poet's" body.

He then, using the Authority of "soul," sensed the position of "Silver Poet's" true self through the alchemical puppet's body.

So that was it.

"Silver Poet" had always been cautious. Her true self wasn't even in Cyart, but in a remote small town in the Lorne Empire, always living under the guise of an ordinary person, earning a living by selling food.

The real her controlled the alchemical puppet from a great distance every day, and only when it was necessary to fight would she use a spell to temporarily descend her

consciousness into the alchemical puppet, while her body would fall into a temporary sleep.

As far as the distant "Silver Poet" was concerned, destroying the alchemical puppet only meant needing a replacement; there would be no substantial loss.

However, physical space meant nothing to Karl.

With the Authority of "soul," he grasped the "Silver Poet's" soul in an instant and devoured it without hesitation.

Despite her desperate struggles, she still became Karl's nourishment, without the slightest chance to resist.

"Finally, I've dealt with you..."

Then, using the new power he obtained after unlocking The Sixth Seal, he materialized a giant black monolith out of the air, towering over the city of Nasir, and in the next moment, he inscribed the "Silver Poet's" soul as burning red text upon it.

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

Chapter 403 Spirit Inscriptions

The decomposed soul flowed with a vast amount of memories belonging to the "Silver Poet."

It was like a perfectly intact cream puff suddenly smashed flat by a heavy hammer, with a large amount of cream splattering out.

"Her memories?"

Instantly, Karl came to know many things.

The "Silver Poet" was one of the five reincarnated witches of the Witch of Demise, found by the followers of the Words of Tranquility since childhood, and forced to cut off her tongue at the age of five, never to speak again.

Most of the higher-ups in the Words of Tranquility were subject to such training since childhood.

Not until she became an Extraordinary Exponent at the Metamorphosis Phase did she regain her tongue, but by then many years had passed, and the "Silver Poet" had long grown accustomed to a life without speaking.

The Words of Tranquility was a secretive cult that worshiped the otherworldly god known as the "Tranquility Songster," not only in Claud World but also in many worlds throughout the infinite cosmos, all harboring various powers of the Words of Tranquility.

The god they worshiped was one of the great existences among the many otherworldly gods.

Songster!

He had never issued any commands to the Words of Tranquility.

In fact, most otherworldly gods cared little for the thoughts, desires, or considerations of mortals.

In the eyes of otherworldly gods, most mortals were nearly indistinguishable from dust, not even worth noting as insects, with only a few very powerful Extraordinary Exponents barely deemed as "insects."

And most otherworldly gods had no special thoughts about these "insects."

Gods like the Chaos Constellation that chose to use mortals and deliberately amused themselves with "insects" were exceedingly rare exceptions.

Just as there are those among humans who take pleasure in playing with crickets.

The followers of the Words of Tranquility took it upon themselves to seek what they called "tranquility," hoping the great Tranquility Songster would grant them true "tranquility." Yet in reality, the number of people who achieved their wishes had always been few. Find more to read at empire

Karl was not interested in so-called "tranquility."

"That's nothing but a fantasy of mortals."

"Tranquility?"

He felt that seizing the "Silver Poet's" soul and refining it in an instant brought about real "tranquility," complete thereafter, no longer in need of any thought, even more total than death itself.

The summoned black monolith now floated above Nasir City, exuding a strong sense of familiarity, though Karl was not quite clear about its specifics, only that it had suddenly been brought forth by him.

"As if it had always been inside me."

The power granted by The Sixth Seal was the ability to inscribe "Inscriptions" upon the black monolith.

These "Spirit Inscriptions" required Spirit Particle Force obtained from the disintegration of souls to serve as "ink," allowing him to write on the monolith and unleash strange effects.

The effects produced by the "Spirit Inscriptions" would be valid for all of Karl's followers.

The more Spirit Particle Force one obtained from decomposing souls, the stronger the effect of the "Spirit Inscriptions" written, and the Spirit Particle Force from more powerful souls could also be used to enhance the inscriptions already written.

On the black monolith, the first "Spirit Inscription" Karl wrote was—

"Those who believe in me shall walk a longer path."

It was a phrase that most mortals could not comprehend at all, recognizable only by the divine and Karl's devout followers; in fact, most mortals couldn't even see the black monolith floating in the sky, visible only to those who were followers of Karl and deemed worthy.

When he wrote "Those who believe in me shall walk a longer path," the potential of all the followers of the Dawn Church on the God Pantheon stairway was enhanced, giving everyone the chance to go further!

"Although I cannot quantify how much the potential of the followers of the Dawn Church has been enhanced, there will definitely be substantial changes."

"Moreover, if I were to obtain an even more powerful, Heavenly Enlightenment Level soul in the future, I could further enhance the effect of this Spirit Inscription."

Just then, Karl felt something.

"Lilian..."

Beneath the ancient and tranquil sky, in the profound silence, an unparalleled, heart-stirring scene quietly descended.

In Nasir City, countless followers of the Dawn Church simultaneously looked up, their gazes piercing through the clouds, fixated on the mysterious black monolith that suddenly appeared in the sky.

"Lord of the Lost! What is that!"

...

"It, it, that's a sacred relic!"

The stele was pitch-black, as if it could swallow all the surrounding light, yet under the influence of some unknown force, it exuded an indescribable majesty.

Its shape was primitive and complex, its surface engraved with unknown symbols and patterns, each stroke revealing wisdom and power beyond the ages, involuntarily inspiring awe in all who beheld it.

As the stele slowly became visible, the whole world seemed to come to a halt.

"A divine sign! The great Lord of the Lost has manifested Himself!"

"Hahaha! Fantastic! We've finally waited for this day!"

"He has awakened! He has saved us!"

The followers of the Dawn Church were filled with an unprecedented excitement and shock, each of them dropping to their knees, with hands clasped or arms outstretched, looking up at this otherworldly miracle with the most devout posture, tears mingling on their cheeks.

And so, many more believers became devout persons.

"Oh, great Lord of the Lost!"

In the midst of the many kneeling crowds, Felix breathed deeply with intense excitement, silently reciting in his heart.

"You have finally heard our calling, sending this holy stele to descend upon the mortal realm, guiding the way for the Fischer family and bestowing upon the Dawn Church strength and wisdom."

At this moment, the hearts of all the faithful were tightly connected, sharing the shock and revelation.

They believed that the arrival of this black stele was a grace from the great Lord of the Lost to mankind, the highest affirmation of their faith and perseverance!

As time passed, the image of the black stele gradually faded, but the shock and revelation it left behind were forever etched into the heart of every believer.

The elderly and frail Lilian lay quietly on her bed, her eyes half-open.

Her breathing had become weak and rapid, the flame of life seemingly ready to extinguish at any moment, yet in her final moments, Lilian's face was filled with an indescribable calmness and release.

"God."

"You have truly awakened, and I have no more regrets."

"Forgive me, for I do not know who to appoint as the next High Priest of the Dawn Church. I leave it to You to decide."

"Now, I come to see You."

Gradually, Lilian found herself back in the Fischer Manor.

And it was not the expanded, rebuilt manor, but more like the Fischer Manor of her childhood memories.

Though much smaller, it gave her a greater sense of familiarity and comfort, her heart brimming with joy.

Unconsciously, Lilian found herself turned back into a child, her youthful self who loved small animals with innocent delight.

One by one, small animals emerged from around her, gathering by her side.

"So happy!"

Lilian squatted down with a smiling face, childishly playing with the animals.

Just then, a strange beam of light pierced through the clouds, shining inside the room as if the Lord of the Lost above had sent one final warming rays especially for her.

She looked up in stunned silence.

Within the light, mysterious and solemn scenes slowly emerged, like a divine revelation unfolding before Lilian's eyes—as if the gates of heaven were slowly opening, with holy angels lined up in the clouds to greet her, and as though the god she had worshipped her whole life was looking at her with a tender gaze, offering the final solace and affirmation.

"Oh, great Lord of the Lost..."

Joy and gratitude filled Lilian's eyes, fully aware that this was the return for her long-standing devout faith.

At this moment, all pain and suffering seemed insignificant, and all regrets and reluctance turned to smoke.

She felt an unprecedented tranquility and freedom, her soul already freed from the bonds of the flesh, ready to embark on that unknown journey.

"I am coming."

Lilian gently closed her eyes, a faint smile on her lips.

In release and peace, she slowly and serenely departed this world, heading toward a place far more beautiful.

...

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

Chapter 404 No Regrets

"Having received the slumbering soul of Lilian, Karl couldn't help but feel a touch of sorrow.

The recent catastrophic natural disaster left Nasir City heavily afflicted, with tens of thousands dead on the spot, and a significant portion of buildings destroyed.

If Nasir City itself could be considered a member of the Fischer family, then it too had suffered a severe blow.

Even within the Dawn Church many had perished on the spot, including the leader of the Dagger Brotherhood, Moore, whose two brothers also died in the raging flames.

"However, the gains from this battle are also quite substantial..."

"Once a few more people from the Dawn Church step onto the 5th Rank, and Chris steps onto the 6th Rank, everything will start to improve."

"With the Dawn Church under the command of the Fischer family, conquering Cyart is only a matter of time."

As for who the next High Priest of the Dawn Church will be, he already had a clear idea in mind.

When the black monolith appeared just now, it had created a dozen devout individuals, one of whom was of the Fischer family's bloodline; though perhaps not the ideal candidate for the new High Priest, no one else was more qualified and potential.

"The battle has not fully ended yet, I should go check on the situation..."

All believers could serve as a point of descent for Karl's consciousness, and quickly, he switched his viewpoint directly to Chris Fischer.

"Chris! Your timing is impeccable!"

In the sky above, Zayne, the bishop of the Tempest Church, bellowed.

At this moment, Chris, alongside Aldrich and Zayne, was jointly battling the leader of the Words of Tranquility Order, the Wordless Elder.

The venerable Byrne, with his age-worn body, was being cared for by Ariel, who was blinded in both eyes, at some distance away.

The Wordless Elder remained silent and uncommunicative.

The frail elder summoned a vast army of the undead in the sky to persistently resist the attacks from the trio.

It was a flood made up of the undead, flickering uncertainly, with hollow, lifeless eyes revealing endless resentment and despair.

As the army of the undead drew nearer, the air became suffused with the stench of decay and death, stifling.

The sounds they emitted, a mix of wails, whispers, and screams, merged into a harrowing symphony that pierced the most vulnerable corners of the heart.

In this sea of the undead were yesterday's warriors, with flames of unfinished battles still burning in their eyes; innocent children, their pure faces marred by fear not belonging to them; and spirits consumed by unconsummated love or inextinguishable hatred.

Among these undead were beings of the Transmutation Level, causing considerable trouble for the trio.

However, if it was the Wordless Elder in his prime, he might have stood a chance to win.

Now, due to his soul being half-destroyed by Irene's sword ten years ago, having lost half of his power, and suppressed by the Light Barrier, his strength was barely at the Middle Rank Monarch level.

The Wordless Elder could still gain the upper hand against Aldrich and Zayne, but the moment Chris arrived, he immediately fell into a disadvantage.

He was not resigned to this.

The Wordless Elder had always been a prodigy of the Words of Tranquility Order.

Everyone clearly remembered that he could definitely reach the Monarch Level and was even a rare top-tier talent in many years, who might have had the chance to step onto the Heavenly Enlightenment.

However, to the Wordless Elder,

Extraordinary power was utterly meaningless; all he did was in pursuit of true tranquility.

For hundreds of years, the Wordless Elder made many efforts, pored over thousands of books, all for one goal.

That was to make the great Tranquility Songster descend!

As long as He could descend!

All members of the Words of Tranquility would be able to obtain true tranquility!

He firmly believed in this, without any doubt.

Until ten years ago...

The Songster, indeed, descended.

He was so great, so tranquil, filling one's heart with reverence...

However, what unfolded during the ritual left many in the Words of Tranquility unable to accept it; the phantom of the Tranquility Songster simply vanished, and no one received that true tranquility.

What followed was merely a carnival of the undead, which was far from the 'tranquility' sought by the Words of Tranquility.

All efforts were meaningless, the centuries-long prepared ritual successfully initiated, but the outcome was unsatisfactory.

The Wordless Elder reflected for a long time, unsure of what to do, and ultimately decided that the only option was to conduct another ritual.

If one descent couldn't solve the problem, then let it be a second...

He wanted to obtain the entire Cyart as a sacrifice; as long as the offering was more numerous than before, then there would be a greater chance of success.

At this moment, a long-absent ripple emerged in the depths of the Wordless Elder's heart.

He couldn't die yet...

Because he hadn't obtained 'real tranquility.'

But the Wordless Elder could only keep summoning a large number of the undead, swiftly evading the combined attack of the three, and at the same time avoiding the attack range of the 'Forbidden rare artifact' within Chris.

Yet, Chris was just too fast!

Angel's Cage!

Chris finally seized the opportunity, using the power of Angel's Cage to trap the Wordless Elder in the sky, stripping him of all his extraordinary powers!

All the undead that blanketed the skies moments ago vanished in an instant.

"Hmph! We've finally got you!"

Zayne's body was half water, as he unhesitatingly pulled out a forbidden rare artifact from within, an ordinary-looking white scroll.

"A decade of undead catastrophe, and this Cyart civil war, were all your doing, you heretics who worship the Evil God, sins heinous and crimes severe! As a bishop of the Tempest Church, I must have you pay the price!"

He was about to release that forbidden rare artifact when Aldrich, who had never shown negative emotions and always remained composed, intervened with persuasive words.

"Allow me, Lord Zayne, don't waste your lifespan."

The calm and forceful words of the "Dragon Taming Lord" Aldrich made Zayne hesitate for a moment.

"Please exert all your might, we have no room to hold back."

"Rest assured."

Soon, Aldrich was unleashing powerful force.

A golden liquid began to flow from Aldrich's body, shimmering with a dazzling and mysterious glow, yet it carried an indescribable allure and danger. Initially, it scattered gently in the air like a fine drizzle, but as time passed, it quickly began to gather, forming into numerous thin streams of gold.

Gradually, these golden streams converged into a river, so vast in scale it seemed like the grandest waterway in nature had been recreated, yet its essence was completely different from any worldly flow.

Their movement was silent yet carried an irresistible force; wherever they passed, even the air was permeated with a faint, heart-palpitating metallic scent.

Quickly, the golden liquid surged towards the Wordless Elder's body, enveloping him completely.

The golden liquid began to spread at an alarming rate. It behaved as if sentient, circling the Wordless Elder's body, rising to form an airtight golden cage.

The Wordless Elder tried to struggle, but each effort seemed in vain. The golden liquid seemed to possess infinite elasticity and stickiness, binding him tightly within.

He was not afraid of death.

It was just that deep within, he was filled with regret.

Why?

Could he not find true peace?

Or perhaps, seeking something from a great existence to satisfy one's desires was inherently an excessive greed and arrogance.

"Huh?"

Karl, inhabiting Chris's body, felt something odd.

Aldrich was still at the level of a low-level Monarch, but he had acquired new power.

Ten years ago, that power was not within Aldrich. It's likely that in the recent decade, the Romann family had some fortuitous encounter in the Spirit Realm.

Huh?

Karl could clearly sense that within the golden liquid seemed to contain a soul... and that soul was comparable to those of Monarch Transcendents, albeit even more powerful. But it was unknown why it resided within Aldrich's body. Your journey continues at empire

Interesting.

"Is it the soul of a leftover from some Legend of the Apocalypse, becoming Aldrich's 'grandfather'? I didn't expect the Romann family to have such an encounter."

As the golden liquid continued to engulf, the Wordless Elder's figure gradually blurred. His clothes, skin, and even his bones became transparent as they were eroded by the golden liquid, ultimately merging completely into that golden ocean.

The entire process made no sound, only the shimmering light of the golden liquid and the increasingly strong metallic scent in the air bore witness to this incredible scene of engulfment.

When all became quiet, leaving only emptiness and silence, as well as the golden liquid still flowing slowly, shimmering with an eerie light, it gradually returned into Aldrich's body.

The extremely eerie scene startled Zayne, who froze for a long while and subconsciously said:

"What was that just now?"

After Aldrich had reabsorbed all the golden liquid, he smiled and said, "It's just a forbidden rare artifact, nothing to worry about. Please don't dwell on it."

"I understand, everyone has secrets."

Zayne nodded lightly, understanding that his ties with both the Romann and Fischer families were beneficial, given their strength.

Aldrich took a deep breath and shook his head, saying:

"Let's go check on Byrne. Our old friend is not doing well."

Zayne paused for a moment and then immediately joined Aldrich to find Chris, and together they went to Byrne and Ariel's side.

Ariel, having used a powerful forbidden rare artifact, was blind, and no common method could cure her, but she felt no regret.

"I'm fine, but Byrne... he may not make it much longer..."

Byrne lay beside her, not only in deep coma but looking extremely aged as if he could pass away at any moment.

Aldrich sighed at the sight of the two, noting that though they had miraculously triumphed, the battle had come with its costs.

"Nasir City..." Chris suddenly spoke with his strength depleted.

Aldrich shook his head and said meaningfully:

"No need to worry, Lord Chris, a measure I left behind has informed me that the enemies there have all been eliminated and expelled, Nasir City is safe, we've won..."

Upon hearing this, Chris nodded in relief.

Just then, Byrne, who had been in coma, was finally awakened by Aldrich's healing powers.

He opened his eyes with immense fatigue and then saw the four dear friends surrounding him, immediately realizing one thing.

The battle had been won.

"We've finally won..."

He took a deep breath and weakly asked:

"Chris?"

Byrne struggled to lift his head toward Chris, and in the next moment, the latter gently nodded.

So that was it.

He instantly understood.

The great Lord of the Lost had awakened.

Suddenly, all the heavy burdens deep within Byrne's heart were completely lifted, leaving him feeling utterly without regret.

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

Chapter 405 Settlement

"Sword of Salvation" Noah Adley.

He was the Monarch of Cyart, yet actually, he was a puppet of the Words of Tranquility.

Decades ago, many people even thought Noah was the kind of person who was indifferent to worldly affairs and solely focused on becoming stronger, but that was not the case.

In fact, since reaching the Transmutation Level, Noah Adley had been sent by the old king of Cyart into the dark side of the Adley Royal Family, charged with leading the Royal spies in committing all sorts of nefarious and dark deeds.

He personally led the Royal spies, did many despicable things for the Adley Royal Family, and killed many people for that old king.

Families from all over the nation, dozens of them, were sent to their graves by Noah's hand. Men and women, old and young, died in pain and despair before him, and Noah's heart grew colder and tougher over time. He knew that many people had done nothing wrong; they were merely in the way.

During those dark, long years, Noah's mental state became increasingly shattered and unstable until he finally encountered the Words of Tranquility.

Be at peace.

For some reason, every time he followed the teachings of the Wordless Elder, the spiritual leader of the Words of Tranquility, and engaged in special Tranquility meditation, his heart could fully empty itself, no longer feeling pain or confusion.

Neither his body nor his spirit would be in pain.

Eventually, Noah became dependent on the Words of Tranquility.

He was well aware that the Words of Tranquility had a terrifying reason for reaching out to him. The cult wanted to take Cyart for themselves and even saw all the citizens as sacrifices to be offered to the Songster.

However, Noah also wanted to kill that person.

He knew very well one thing; his father had never intended to pass on the throne to him. That old man was solely focused on becoming stronger and extending his lifespan. If he kept waiting, he might never get his chance.

In his father's hands, he was merely a dagger, a weapon in the darkness.

To become the Monarch of Cyart and break free from that person's control, he had to...

So Noah cooperated with the Words of Tranquility in doing everything.

He even gave some intelligence to the Rhea People, to force his father's hand, and in the end, everything finally came to fruition... if it weren't for the existence of the Fischer family and the Romann family.

"Good thing I survived. Everything can still be made right."

He staggered forward, a faint smile gradually appearing on his face.

"I must take refuge abroad. It doesn't matter if I lose everything in Cyart. As long as I'm alive, who knows what might happen a hundred years from now!"

Survival is the most important thing!

Right then, Noah suddenly felt a terrifying presence.

As if a wolf were drawing near.

It was an indescribable fear that penetrated the bone marrow. The air seemed to solidify, each breath filled with menace and unease. Noah's heart rate kept accelerating, each beat thundering in his chest, deafening.

His sweat uncontrollably seeped out, slowly sliding down his back, bringing an icy sensation, but it did nothing to alleviate the chill deep inside.

What's happening?

Noah's eyes searched around involuntarily, trying to catch even a trace of movement in the surrounding environment, but more often than not there was only silence—a silence more terrifying than any sound.

Reason told himself he should run, but his body was as if bound by invisible ropes, immovable, only able to watch helplessly as the breath of death drew nearer and nearer.

Countless thoughts flashed through his mind, each about survival and escape, but reality was like an invisible wall, keeping all hope and courage out.

His presence felt like a thorn in the back; every second was torment, every breath came with pain and despair.

Eventually, when the cold blade truly neared, the fear peaked in that moment. Time seemed to freeze, the world lost all its color and sound at that moment, leaving only a struggle between life and death, and that unspeakable extreme fear.

He saw the young man in the distance, the source of his fear, and couldn't help but roar loudly!

"Chris Fischer!"

Chris, having regained a portion of his Spiritual Power, had followed at the first opportunity, his eyes filled with icy killing intent.

Deaths and injuries were heavy in Nasir City.

He would not spare that man.

Chris walked step by step, while Noah retreated in fear, even eventually unable to help but sit down on the ground.

He no longer had his former nobility and arrogance; all his dignity was completely shattered, and every inch of his skin could not help but tremble.

The expressionless man appeared as terrifying as a god or a demon, filling one with fear!

Just then, an exceptionally strong presence emerged around them.

"Stop."

The majestic voice came from afar.

Chris slowly lifted his head, and Noah immediately looked up as well. When he saw who the newcomer was, he couldn't hold back his laughter anymore.

"Hahaha!"

A middle-aged man dressed in the purple robes of a Salvation Church Cardinal arrived quietly.

Each step he took was oppressive, and with his heavy, profound footfalls, it seemed as if the air itself was being compressed by an invisible force, each step echoing like boulders tumbling down a valley.

Chris took a deep breath, forcibly enduring the instinct to retreat from his body.

The surrounding light seemed to dim under the influence of this force, and even breathing became burdensome, as if the very dust particles in the air were intimidated by the approaching aura, motionless.

As the middle-aged man drew closer, the space around them seemed twisted by an unseen force, and even time seemed to slow its pace, like facing an undeniable natural law, and any thoughts of resistance dissipated in that moment.

The middle-aged man came near the two men, and spoke very calmly, his tone authoritative yet incredibly indifferent, as if to inform Chris of an incontrovertible fact.

"Chris Fischer, stop. The war can end here,"

"The Lord of Salvation would not wish to see more bloodshed,"

"You may go back."

Chris simply gazed at him expressionlessly, silent.

Noah, smiling, said exuberantly, "Your Excellency Albert, you have arrived just in time."

In an instant, Chris recognized the origins of the middle-aged man.

He was the second-in-command of the Salvation Church.

Albert Saxon, the Cardinal known as "Weird Light," who was infinitely close to the Heavenly Enlightenment Level, had been active for more than five hundred years. He was considered one of the most powerful existences among those at the Monarch Level and was thought to eventually break through to the Heavenly Enlightenment Level. It seemed likely that he would be the next Pope of Redemption.

He possessed extremely powerful spatial abilities and had once incredibly defeated five formidable Monarch Level Extraordinary Exponents on his own.

Originally, this top-tier key figure had always been in the Lorne Empire; no one knew when he had hurried over to this place.

According to the intelligence provided by Darren's "Black Tide," one of the granddaughters of the Cardinal "Weird Light" of the Salvation Church was actually Noah's mother, undoubtedly making him the maternal support of the Adley Royal Family.

The middle-aged man continued speaking very calmly.

"Noah Adley has strong suspicions of colluding with heretical cults; I must take him away."

"You can't kill him, for he has the Blood of Salvation flowing in his veins, which belongs to God's bloodline. The Salvation Church will deal with him thoroughly internally, so I must take him to Lorne to see His Holiness the Pope."

"..."

Chris was expressionless, pondering many things in his mind.

If he really let him take Noah away, would that thing receive a fair trial?

In fact, Byrne had long suspected that maybe the Salvation Church had known about Adley Royal Family's collusion with the Words of Tranquility...

They were just waiting calmly, hoping to wait until the situation got bad enough for the Salvation Church to take comprehensive action. By then, they could take the opportunity to control the entire Cyart.

Although it was an incredibly malicious speculation, no one knew one thing: without the restraint of God, could the Salvation Church really remain impartial as it always had?

"Hahahahahaha!"

Noah, seeing Chris hesitate, suddenly burst into uncontrollable laughter, laughing wildly!

Albert slightly furrowed his brow, yet his expression remained calm.

"Noah, let's go."

Noah nodded lightly, and then turned to look at Chris, who was not far away.

"Goodbye!"

He can't let him go!

The answer didn't require any further thought.

Chris's eyes turned extremely cold, and the intent to kill blazed in the depths of his heart, bringing forth an unprecedented malice.

In fact, it was all because of that man.

Whether it was the ten-year disaster of the dead, the tragedy in Nasir City, or what happened to Byrne and Lilian—if he hadn't betrayed Cyart's old king, joining Words of Tranquility...

Perhaps none of it would have happened.

Chris understood this very clearly.

That man was the root of all evil.

Then, he moved.

"Hahahahaha!"

Noah was still immersed in his ecstatic laughter, even though he had nearly lost everything and his country was ruined, and his future was extremely uncertain. However, just by looking at Chris's eyes, he was overly excited and joyful, completely unable to stop his laughter.

However, the laughter came to an abrupt end.

"What have you done?"

"Weird Light" Albert frowned deeply and suddenly roared.

With a backhanded press, a massive spatial power erupted around him, immobilizing Chris on the spot, spitting blood.

The Cardinal "Weird Light" of the Salvation Church was a bit too terrifying—Chris had no chance to counter, and he quickly recognized this deep inside.

Yet, the Noah who had just been laughing uproariously suddenly turned into a mist of blood.

In an imperceptible moment, Chris had desperately activated "Rift Moment."

The king of Cyart died once again at the hands of a Fischer!

A look of shocked anger spread across Albert's face.

"Chris Fischer, you have just defied the will of God and caused more killing without any mercy... it seems that you need to be taken away by me for investigation, or even judgment. I have every reason to suspect you're trying to silence him."

Chris was expressionless, his eyes devoid of sorrow or joy, utterly indifferent to what would happen next.

At that moment, an even more terrifying pressure suddenly appeared all around, as if the heavens and earth were inverting and collapsing, an unprecedented great horror! Continue your adventure at empire

Like an endless storm exploding in the vast universe, its majesty was so profound that all things shuddered, and all beings bowed their heads.

"Hm?"

Albert, who had remained composed, was shaken by the sudden surge of force, murmuring to himself.

"Heavenly Enlightenment? Impossible!"

Although he was unclear about the specifics.

But the next moment, he didn't hesitate to use his spatial power and instantly vanished.

Chris lay on the ground, taking deep breaths.

A rare smile appeared on his face.

Thank you...

Great Lord of the Lost...

The one who had just intimidated the other away was none other than Karl, inhabiting Chris's body.

"The Salvation Church?"

Even without any sacrifice, he found that his influence could spread near the black monolith, virtually enveloping most of the East Coast.

The Holy Grail tumbled within the blurry flesh and blood.

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

Chapter 406 Legacy Instructions

The Romann family, after taking their share of the spoils of war, decided to return to their own family's domain to prepare for the many things that lie ahead.

Everyone knew that not everything in Cyart had come to a complete end yet.

However, the curtain on the war was about to rise.

The sudden death of Amos dealt a heavy blow to both Aldrich and Ariel, and even though the war was almost a complete victory, neither felt any joy.

"If I had a choice, I would much rather have died in place of the young..." Aldrich said calmly and seriously as he left.

Zayne, on the other hand, was quite pleased, for he knew in his heart that he had finally avenged the "Thunderous Monarch."

The longing of many years had finally been fulfilled.

Zayne knew his revenge was over.

"My lord, I have succeeded..."

The reconstruction of Nasir City began swiftly.

The Consecution Extraordinary Exponents of the Path of Forging started to show off their abilities, which easily took effect in this regard, rebuilding the city at an incredibly fast pace.

However, even if the city's structures could be reshaped, the citizens who had died could not return.

The entire city had suffered heavy casualties in the final stages of the battle, and every family in Nasir had been heavily struck. The flames of vengeance quickly ignited in the deepest recesses of their hearts.

They all spoke of striking back!

Strike back they must!

Eradicate the Adley Royal Family of Southern Siyate completely!

The new Queen Peggy Adler, supported by the Fischer and Romann families, was the legitimate ruler; she was the one who truly cared for and cherished the people of Cyart!

The Fischer family immediately promised the citizens of Nasir City that they would fully counterattack the south and unify Cyart as soon as possible!

Soon after, a tall, elderly man in a blue robe came to Nasir City.

Simon Howard, originating from Lorne, known to people as "Pitch Black Tidal Surge."

The Cardinal of the Tempest Church.

He was one of the three most powerful men in the entire Tempest Church, and also the most senior of the three Cardinal Priests of the Tempest.

In a sense, Simon Howard was the acting Pope of the Tempest Church in the East, a man of high esteem.

"This city has truly been through a lot of tribulations over the decades..."

The tall, old man in a blue robe floated slowly down from the sky; Christine and Darren of the Fischer family, along with Zayne who had stayed behind temporarily, immediately came to greet him.

"You've finally arrived!"

Zayne began to recount the events of the past few days with a smile, inevitably adding some exaggerations and omissions, all tiny details beneficial to the Fischer and Romann families, but he dared not lie about the overall direction.

"So that's how it is, is it?"

The Cardinal Simon listened to the whole story from Zayne and then slowly nodded. In fact, he had long been aware of most of the situation here, but he still needed a detailed report from Zayne and the others.

"I will contact the Pope of the Salvation Church regarding the Adley Royal Family, the Words of Tranquility, and the Stars Embrace Order. These matters are indeed important."

He then turned to look at the members of the Fischer family and spoke slowly and calmly.

"Fischer, Romann, the fact that your families have eliminated the Wordless Elder is indeed a great achievement. Rest assured, the Tempest Church will find a way to reward you; we will not let the children of God suffer."

Simon left soon after, and Zayne followed suit shortly thereafter.

Darren watched as the old man left, his thoughts turning inward.

"Such a condescending demeanor just now."

"The most powerful man in the Eastern Four Kingdoms, at least in appearance, must be him and the ruler of Carnia. No, in this world the authority of the Church still trumps that of royalty..."

"Even though those false gods are no more."

Byrne lay in his bedroom, old and wrinkled, feeling an unprecedented weakness, aging, and not even wanting to move one bit.

So it is.

Am I approaching my end?

All of a sudden, he recalled the Precise Prophecy from Karno ten years ago.

He was to die due to his life being drained... it seemed as if the prophecy was postponed time and again, but the final outcome didn't change.

"No, the fate of the Fischer family's demise has changed, and that's enough."

After taking a deep breath, the thought of his deceased daughter Lilian brought a cutting pain to his heart, but then the arrival of Irene brought him comfort and relief.

That's right.

Lilian has gone to meet the great Lord of the Lost, and I should be happy for her.

The members of the Fischer family indeed have a place to go after death; this is without question. So I need not be overly concerned with death itself.

Byrne suddenly allowed himself a slight smile, his eyes showing a hint of release.

"Heh, I'll be seeing them soon too..."

At that moment, the door opened, and several members of the Fischer family entered, their expressions varied.

Chris, who was pushing a wheelchair with Christine seated in it, Darren following close behind, and last to come in was a black-haired young man in white.

The youth was slender and seemed as though a strong gust of wind could easily sway him. His clear but slightly melancholic eyes habitually lowered, as if he was afraid of directly facing the world.

He was one of Darren's sons.

Archer.

He was the new High Priest of the Dawn Church.

Although he was only in his teens, very young, and had only reached the 2nd Rank on the Path of Divine Sacrifice, the first-generation High Priest was also chosen by the gods at a young age.

The Divine Oracle that the Lord of the Lost chose for Archer was heard by both Byrne and Chris, so no one doubted it.

Since he was the High Priest personally chosen by the Lord of the Lost, no one would question his legitimacy, and Archer's position was a hundred times firmer than steel adamant.

Yet the youth himself seemed somewhat confused and helpless. Although he was on the Path of Divine Sacrifice, he had only truly become a devout person when the black stone stele had appeared not long ago.

Archer never doubted the choice of the Lord of the Lost, but deep in his heart, he doubted himself and whether he could truly fulfill the duties of High Priest.

"Can I really do it?"

"Do I truly qualify?"

His personality was full of timidity and unease. Whenever he faced a crowd or needed to speak his mind, he would subconsciously retreat, his hands involuntarily intertwining and his knuckles turning slightly white from nervousness.

Byrne, who sat up weakly in bed, showed a faint smile on his face as he gazed intently at his grandson Archer.

"Don't be confused, Archer. Let go and just do it. The God chose you for a reason."

"Yes, grandfather."

Archer frowned slightly, obviously still having trouble accepting the drastic change in status.

But Byrne thought that was okay, what he needed was just time.

As a child, he had also grown up slowly, and Archer was still just a teenager. And now the Fischer family was able to give him enough time to grow.

"Father."

Darren, now over fifty, walked past his son to stand in front of his father Byrne, gazing at him calmly, his emotions complex as he grasped his father's aged hand.

"The Fischers will be our responsibility from now on."

"I swear to you."

The look in his eyes gradually deepened.

"Whether it's revenge against the Adley Royal Family and the major domestic families or the Rhea People, it will be our generation that accomplishes it!"

Byrne nodded gently, saying with great earnestness:

"Felix and Helen, Hecate, Arte, Delia, they still need to grow, and we all know about Karno's situation; he's likely left Nasir City by now... So the family is counting on you, Chris, and Christine."

"The Dawn Church also needs you to build it together to make it better. I believe that with the power and will deep in your hearts, you will certainly do better than I did."

He paused, then looking towards Chris, he continued:

"The great Lord of the Lost has awakened. Our most important task now is to support Chris as he ascends to the 6th Rank and to bring those who already wield the 4th Rank Power of Consecution to the new 5th Rank."

Chris nodded lightly, signaling he had made adequate preparations.

Byrne went on to say, "Yeager is an ambitious man, but in those ten years, he hasn't done anything extreme. Now that the great Lord of the Lost is with us, he would never betray us, so you can use him with confidence."

"The Romann family will continue to ally with us as long as Lord Aldrich is alive, unless faced with a choice to survive either their family or the Fischers. Otherwise, Lord Aldrich would not betray us."

"Bishop Zane may appear cold and venomous on the surface, but is actually very emotional. However, remember that he alone does not represent the attitude of the Tempest Church; you cannot trust the Church completely."

"Besides the Romann family and Zane, the other major families in Siyate are all opportunists. Since we have won the war, they will naturally follow us. Going forward,

do not worry about the domestic families too much; it is more important to be aware of the influence of outside forces."

"Whether it's the Empire of Lorne or the Seven Stars, or the Six Great True Gods Churches, they remain the true rulers of the world. Even if the Fischer family grows strong, it must still be conscious of surviving in the gaps. Caution is of the utmost importance; we cannot become arrogant."

"And most importantly, the secret about Him must continue to be protected well."

He paused, then spoke in a slower, more somber tone:

"As for the Adley Royal Family, except for Peggy, all must be executed, not one spared. Then have the members of the Fischer family marry Peggy. Once she has had children, she can rest."

"However, aside from that, try to kill less. Remember, Darren, when you attack Rhea, do not think about committing acts of racial extermination."

Darren remained silent, his gaze flickering, before finally nodding in agreement with his father.

"Christine."

Byrne looked up at Christine, took a deep breath, and said very seriously:

"I hope that you will take over as the Fischer family patriarch."

Christine, in the wheelchair, was momentarily stunned.

"Why me? Not Darren..."

Byrne calmly continued. Continue your adventure at empire

"Over the years you've established and perfected rules and regulations, and handled all manners of daily affairs, something we've all seen. You are more suitable than Darren to become the new family head."

Darren also nodded towards Christine, saying calmly, "Although those rules are annoying, I'm not a child. Christine, you're indeed more suitable than me."

Christine no longer refused, but spoke:

"Rest assured, I will ensure the Fischer family continues to develop and grow stronger... and I will also fulfill all His Divine Oracles."

Byrne then discussed many more details with them. Throughout the conversation, Chris remained silent, but his eyes were always fixed on him.

As evening approached and his voice grew weaker, Byrne said,

"It's about time..."

"You all have worked hard during this time. I'm sorry; I'm a bit tired and would like to rest alone for a while."

Suddenly feeling extremely weary, Byrne just wanted to sleep for a long time.

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

Chapter 407 The Raven's Endpoint

What is the meaning of life?

It seemed like a trivial annoyance, meaningless words that always appeared in many books. In the books Byrne had read throughout his life, many great historical figures and wise men had pondered this common yet complex question.

Every scholar has doubts, and Byrne was no exception.

So, after reading a vast number of books, he couldn't help but contemplate in the deep silence of the night, what exactly is the meaning of life?

But gradually he realized that perhaps the answer to this question couldn't be found through thought, but only through the experience of long periods of time.

"..."

Byrne, lying in bed, seemed to suddenly regain his strength and calmly got up from the bed.

Using "Instantaneous Transfer," he silently moved outside the room.

Arriving at Fischer Manor, Byrne saw young Hecate, Delia, and Arte playing on the lawn. Though the three children were still very young, they were bound to become pillars of the Fischer family in the future.

Hecate looked at him strangely, as if she wanted to speak but ultimately said nothing.

Byrne felt his strength fully restored, so he continued walking outside. He encountered many people along the way, but those people neither looked at him nor paid him any attention.

Darren was frowning as he argued with Christine, who was in a wheelchair. He didn't mind others being the head of the Fischer family, but there were certain policies regarding the future development of the family he was unwilling to compromise on.

Christine's husband, Andre, was inclined to intervene, but ultimately he said nothing.

Byrne did not interfere, knowing that even with areas needing adjustment, they would surely overcome those obstacles.

In the garden of Fischer Manor, Helen, who had been depressed, finally came out of her room. She tenderly soothed the saddened Spiritual Dragon and decided to take over its care and feeding from then on.

He went down to the Grand Hall of Fischer Manor, where he saw a frail Archer receiving greetings from Yeager and others, the young man barely managing to respond.

Yeager looked very pleased, as the awakening of the Lord of the Lost was great news for him!

The progress of the God Pantheon Stairway, which had been stagnant for a long time, could finally advance further.

Moore's expression was full of pain; the deaths of his two brothers were too much for him to bear.

The expressions of the others varied, Byrne looked at each of them, but soon realized that not a single person was looking back at him.

Leaving Fischer Manor, he went to Nasir City, where many citizens had heard about his poor health and were resting, thus spontaneously praying for his recovery, hoping His Excellency Byrne would get better.

He slowly walked past the people praying for him and soon encountered Felix.

Felix was in charge of assisting people in rebuilding the city. His eyes were full of a sense of responsibility, and he would occasionally look back towards Fischer Manor with a rather sad expression. Experience more content on empire

Before he knew it, Byrne had reached the edge of Nasir City and saw a man standing alone in a secluded corner, holding a parcel in one hand.

It was Karno, wearing single-lens glasses, looking towards Fischer Manor with reluctant eyes, but he finally decided to set off on a journey alone.

Chris and Vanessa were walking in the suburbs. The elderly Vanessa talked a lot about their children, while Chris listened in silence, paying serious attention.

Although Chris always remained silent, Byrne and Vanessa were the only two who could tell.

Even seemingly emotionless, he was actually very tired and melancholic due to the departure of family and friends.

In a moment, Byrne was back at Fischer Manor, suddenly seeing Hecate in the garden holding a leather ball; the girl known as the "Demonic Woman" looked at him, gazing deeply.

"What are you looking at, Hecate?"

She finally couldn't help but ask,

"Great uncle, what are you doing here?"

"Me?"

Byrne suddenly woke up from bed, with the sound of insects during the night ringing in his ears.

It was already very late, the night was tranquil and profound.

He suddenly realized that he had never left the room from the beginning but had deeply slept in his bed; everything that had happened was just a dream.

Just a dream...

Byrne calmly looked out the window, where the night gently spread its deep and tranquil canvas, the moonlight washed everything, sprinkling a silvery glow, covering everything with a soft and mysterious veil, while the stars sparkled like pearls carelessly scattered by the universe in the dark sky.

A gentle breeze brushed through the treetops, bringing a hint of coolness and tranquility, the leaves rustling softly as if playing a serene nocturnal melody.

"I didn't eat much tonight, suddenly regrets, I didn't expect to feel a bit hungry."

"When was the last time I felt hungry? I really want to eat the roast pork from Black Mountain Town and the beef soup from Zayne's old store..."

"..."

Sporadic calls of night birds came from afar, clear and distant.

"It seems a bit hard to sleep now."

He on the bed slowly closed his eyes, his mind peacefully starting to recall, as due to "Profound Memory," most of the past events in his life became incredibly vivid and clear.

Sometimes, Byrne would even consider "Profound Memory" a curse because those painful moments lingered for a long time.

But he also understood that "Profound Memory" would forever preserve the moments of happiness, so it was not just a curse but also an important blessing.

Immersed in the tranquil memories, Byrne saw Lilian, who had passed away not long ago, in the nightscape.

"I'll be there soon, Lilian," he softly spoke to his daughter.

Soon, Byrne saw Bast from his memories again, that man with a smiling face still full of mystery and danger, possessing a charm that made him want to draw near.

But just as Byrne was about to speak, he discovered that Bast had vanished into thin air as if he had never been there.

He remained silent for a long while, continuing to review in his memories, until at last, he met Irene.

"Irene... these years have been exhausting, but finally, I can be free and come to you," Byrne said.

"The Lord of the Lost is waiting for you," Irene replied gently nodding her head before vanishing in turn, and the next person to appear was Margaret.

Byrne took a deep breath, stepped forward, and embraced his only love; the two quietly held each other for a long time.

He had always been sorry, and finally, tears streamed down.

"I'm sorry, Margaret."

"It doesn't matter anymore," she said.

Margaret's figure smiled and dispersed with the wind, and then Erik appeared, whom he had taken as his adopted son; Erik just nodded gently at Byrne and did not appear again.

Then, he arrived at a lush green forest, seeing his father who had passed away decades ago, in the gently warm breeze.

Lucius sat on a stone, quietly sharpening his sword, the blade gleaming in the sunlight.

"Thank you, Byrne, for avenging me," he said.

He looked up at his son and continued:

"You are doing better than I did, stronger than I ever was. I have always loved you and I am proud of you."

"Although, I... never managed to truly express it."

"I have always known," Byrne replied, nodding gently and continuing, "The strong one is not I, but every member of the Fischer family, the people of the Dawn Church, and Him..."

"Perhaps, but you're just the kind of person who would say that, haha."

Gradually, the figure of his father also disappeared, and he suddenly returned to a familiar yet strange study, where he could smell the pungent scent of oil paintings, and his mother's gentle hands were on his shoulders from behind.

His mother spoke with a gentle tone and a smile, "Byrne, I hope you become a painter."

"But even if not a painter, actually, as long as you are happy, I am entirely content," she added.

Byrne took a deep breath, calmly turned his head to look at his gentle mother, and asked:

"Mother, what is the meaning of life?"

...

...

...

"Everything you see," she replied.

Finally.

Everything vanished.

In a completely white space, the aged Byrne stood there, his expression very calm, his chest filled with strength and courage, and not far in front of him was a clear bottle and a massive black cross glowing above it.

The black light seemed full of hope.

He slowly stepped forward, his footsteps echoing in the boundless white space.

Drawing nearer.

Reaching out.

The moment he touched the black cross light, Byrne's frail and aged body suddenly underwent a miraculous transformation! He became younger, filled with youth and vigor! And the surrounding pure white space transformed into a paradise in the woods, the scent of flowering plants was so delightful that just breathing it in brought joy, and the air was filled with laughter and cheerful voices!

His stride became light and strong, no longer faltering, but lively as a young deer prancing joyously on a beautiful forest path!

Byrne completely reverted to the black-haired little child, and in front of him stood his important family members.

The family members smiled at Byrne.

"I'm here," he said.

Thus Byrne quickened his pace toward Lucius, his mother, Irene, Lilian, and the others, his face brimming with a joyful smile.

...

...

...

"Look over here..."

Darren and Christine stopped arguing, and the children also stopped playing, Felix, Chris, and many people from the city of Nasir, all similarly looked up spontaneously.

They saw.

A raven flying across the sky.

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

- Chapter 408 New Rune Power!

Chapter 408 New Rune Power!

Byrne's funeral was not held in isolation but was buried along with the rest of the city's dead.

In the ancient town gently embraced by the dawn, an unprecedentedly grand funeral slowly began, marking not only a farewell to the glorious years of the deceased but also a profound display of the Nasir citizens' unity.

The sky seemed to mourn too, with low-hanging clouds and a fine drizzle, draping a misty and sorrowful veil over the solemn moment.

The streets were already lined with crowds who had come to bid farewell, dressed in dark clothes, holding fresh flowers or wearing black veils to symbolize mourning, their faces full of reluctance, tears streaming down continuously.

The starting point of the funeral was set at the recently restored Central Square of Nasir City, which had been carefully adorned into a white sea, with thousands upon thousands of immaculate flowers circling the central altar, where numerous portraits of the deceased were displayed.

Melancholic and mournful music echoed all around, each note carrying endless longing.

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Darren, dressed in pure black, inhaled deeply with a serious expression.

"The time has come."

As the solemn bell tolled, a procession led by black hearses slowly advanced, the hearses decorated with black veils and white flowers, escorted by ceremonial guards in uniform holding spears, performing the highest honors. Along the way, people

spontaneously stopped, bowed their heads in tearful silence, some even knelt down, breaking down in tears.

The Nasir citizens expressed their mourning in the simplest and most sincere way.

Just as the procession reached the cemetery, Darren looked up to see the sky suddenly clear, a ray of sunlight piercing through the clouds, gently shining upon the numerous tombstones, as if the great divine bestowed one last blessing upon the deceased.

"The vast Tempest Overlord will use His mighty power to protect you all..."

Amidst Zayne's deep and forceful prayers, the people of Nasir City came forward one by one, gently placing their fresh flowers beside the tombstones, each flower carrying with it a memory.

Finally, with the roaring of the salute and the circling of doves, the grand funeral slowly drew to a close.

Darren looked up at the sky for a long time before lowering his head, a faint smile appearing on his face.

"Father, you watch over it."

"The Fischer family's reckoning with our enemies has not officially begun!"

"Are you saying they actually won?"

The entire Tempest Church was shocked beyond belief; deep down, they couldn't comprehend how the Fischers and the Romann family, two Extraordinary noble families, could have defeated the mighty Stars Embrace Order and the Words of Tranquility.

Those two ancient and secretive orders had been a headache for the Church of the True Gods for so many years.

It wasn't just the Tempest Church; soon enough, the Salvation Church and all other Churches of the True Gods heard of the Fischer family's great name.

In under a month, the entire Ouden Continent knew of the matter; everyone remembered the name of a new family.

The Fischers of Cyart!

Within the palace of the Seven Stars Empire.

"The Fischers? I have heard about the Romann family, Duke Black Iron is quite a character... As for the Fischers?"

The God of War Emperor of the Seven Stars Empire, tall and straight, with white hair as breathtaking as a piece of art, full of life and brightness, calmly pronounced the name "Fisherman" from his throne, his gaze flickering, as if recalling some prophecy.

"Two families from a minor Eastern country managed to deal with the Stars Embrace Order and the Words of Tranquility, shocking the entire Ouden Continent... It's simply unimaginable."

"Prince Conrad of Carnia is dead, heh, his brother will definitely fly into a rage, a new war is about to erupt within the Eastern Four Kingdoms."

"Soon, the Lorne Council will learn of Cyart's situation, they will likely increase their investment in those 'chess pieces.'"

He slowly shook his head, continuing, "Hmm, deliver my letter to the king of Carnia..."

"And one of my gifts, enough to destroy the Fischer family, a gift to aid him in completing his revenge."

Not long after the funeral ended, the Fischer family began the long-awaited sacrifice ritual.

The sacrifice was led by Archer, who had no experience in this area.

Lacking experience, he put in several times the effort, practicing the sacrificial ceremony privately who knows how many times, and managing the whole process very well.

Thus, almost all of the numerous precious Forbidden rare artifacts that the Fischer family had obtained over the past ten years were sacrificed to the great Lord of the Lost.

Karl fully experienced what a "feast" was.

It was like suddenly arriving at a buffet, seeing colorful and fragrant dishes of all sorts, carefully arranged on the buffet display, inviting him, the sole guest, to explore.

As he absorbed the first Forbidden rare artifact, it felt like freshly caught oysters, scallops, and large prawns neatly arranged on ice, shimmering with an enticing luster, complemented with specially prepared lemon slices and cocktail sauce – one bite and the fresh, juicy flavors, the refreshing and sweet taste of the ocean, burst forth in his mouth.

Next, devouring the spiritual power of the second Forbidden rare artifact was like a skilled chef expertly flipping a cod or steak, the golden crust enveloping tender and juicy flesh that made one's mouth water.

The third Forbidden rare artifact, in his eyes, was like braised pork with a shiny red color, fatty but not greasy, melting in the mouth upon entry.

The fourth, like steamed fish, was fresh and tender, preserving the most pure taste of the ingredients...

The fifth, the sixth, the seventh, respectively resembled pizza, pasta, roast chicken, each exuding the rich aroma of cheese and herbs.

Karl almost crazily feasted, truly wanting to indulge in the intoxicating sensations.

"Such an experience is truly too wonderful..."

The remaining Forbidden rare artifacts seemed like an array of cakes, puddings, and ice creams, a dazzling spread; chocolate mousse fine and smooth, melting upon contact; tiramisu with distinct layers, the rich aroma of coffee and cocoa woven together; and the colorful fruit tarts, the sweet taste of fresh fruits and the delicate cream perfectly blended.

What followed would be the time the Fischer family collectively became stronger!

In the Grand Hall beneath Fischer Manor, the family members and the high Blood Receivers of the Dawn Church eagerly awaited the results of the sacrifice.

The family members who inherited new rune powers were Darren, Felix, Helen, as well as Christine, Archer, and Karno.

Although Karno left the Fischer family again, he had brought back the important Black Stone Tablet from abroad by himself, which was the prime contributor to Karl's timely awakening.

In any case, he could not be excluded during the distribution of rewards for merit.

Thus, Karno, distant in another province, simultaneously received two different types of rune power out of thin air.

The first type of rune power came from the undercover agent of the Reforged Church among the six Monarchs of the Stars Embrace Order, Isabel, a Forbidden rare artifact in the shape of a steel arm called "Iron Attraction."

Transformed into rune power, Karno could activate it multiple times a day, absorbing and controlling various materials within several kilometers around him, the original cost

was the expenditure of a random one to ten years of lifespan, but when it became rune power in Karno's case, it required no cost.

Then, he obtained a new rune power, the Forbidden rare artifact numbered 722 from "Sword of Salvation" Noah, "Death Retrospection," shaped like a colorless bracelet.

Once a year, he could use it passively; it allowed Karno to truly "die and come back to life."

Darren was the second family member to receive new rune power. With the ability of the "Black Tide" to erase extraordinary power, coupled with his own ability to ignore physical attacks, he could already be considered strong on the defensive side.

So, he inherited his father Darren's "giant emerald sword" to make up for the lack of offensive power.

The "giant emerald sword" evolved into the spirit rune "Emerald Ring."

It changed from a giant sword into an emerald ring that could ignore defenses and slice through objects, capable of high-speed movement within several kilometers following Darren's will.

At the same time, the sacrifice of the Forbidden rare artifact from Prince Conrad allowed Darren's original "soul dice" to evolve.

It became the spirit rune "Soul Command."

He didn't have to roll the dice anymore; he could designate a relatively fair "game" himself, and the "game" rules and outcome would provide huge bonuses and penalties for both friends and foes!

Then there was Felix.

His "Counterattack Shield" also evolved into the spirit rune "Counterattack Barrier."

With a call for the "Counterattack Barrier," Felix could sustain a huge invisible shield over hundreds of meters; he had three chances within a single day to fully absorb and reflect any extraordinary power below the Heavenly Enlightenment Level.

Karl transformed the "Golden Holy Grail" into a new rune and bestowed it upon Helen.

She could directly summon five powerful Elemental Spirits, causing destruction beyond that of ordinary Monarchs, although currently, Helen's Spiritual Power was insufficient, so she could only unleash its power once.

Karl's reason for giving the "Golden Holy Grail" to Helen was simple, as those Elemental Spirits were all mystical beings, and Helen, who possessed the Destiny's Trajectory of "Fantasy Fellow," could communicate with them.

"If the relationship develops well enough, perhaps they can be persuaded to do more in the future," Karl analyzed in his heart.

Perhaps, in the future, Helen could become friends with those Elemental Spirits, more directly becoming her summoned creatures, not just through summoning with rune power.

Christine received the rune power of the "Fallen Meteor."

Although, under normal circumstances, as a rear-line personnel, she basically didn't need to fight, possessing rune power was still much better than not having any.

Lastly, the new High Priest Archer inherited the legacy of the "Spirit-returning Tree," and Karl directly disassembled most of the Forbidden rare artifacts carried by the six Monarchs of the Stars Embrace Order, the Wordless Elder, Silver Poet, Marquis Vlad, and the rest were all used to upgrade the already spirit rune "Spirit-returning Tree."

Finally, he was quite surprised when the wave of spirituality suddenly unfolded!

The "Spirit-returning Tree" rose to its final form, with no scope for further evolution, and its extraordinary power reaching an unimaginably strong level!

Supreme Rune!

"Origin Spirit Sea"!

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

Chapter 409 "Origin Spirit Sea", "Guardian", Step 5 "Shadow of the Demon"

Supreme Rune.

It was a level higher than the spirit runes, containing the mysterious runes of enormous power!

Karl only saw the Supreme Rune within his own soul, the "Origin Spirit Sea" like a sea of water, continuously flashing with a subtle pale light. The surrounding runes encircled the Supreme Rune "Origin Spirit Sea" like a constellation around the moon.

They were all influenced by the Supreme Rune "Origin Spirit Sea," gaining a new characteristic "Burden Reduction"; the spiritual power needed for these runes to be used was about half of what was required before.

Before the appearance of the Supreme Rune "Origin Spirit Sea," all runes within Karl's soul were scattered, but after its manifestation, it seemed as if a ruler had suddenly appeared.

Karl couldn't help feeling pleased.

"It's indeed the power of the Supreme Rune, just this one impact has already returned most of the cost I invested into it."

And the healing effect of "Origin Spirit Sea" could be considered a comprehensive upgrade compared to the "Spirit-returning Tree."

Archer could use the "Origin Spirit Sea" to create a kind of liquid "Origin Spirit" out of thin air by consuming spiritual power, and just a single drop of "Origin Spirit" could heal all injuries, completely eliminate diseases, and fully restore the soul. Even any dizziness, petrification, or even a curse's negative states could be thoroughly removed by the power of "Origin Spirit"!

And such a powerful effect was only a part of the power of the Supreme Rune "Origin Spirit Sea."

Karl's heart couldn't help but marvel.

"The power of the Supreme Rune has, in some sense, stepped into the domain of the divine."

The truly terrifying aspect of "Origin Spirit Sea" lies in its ability to resurrect the dead, as long as the person's time of death does not exceed ten minutes, their soul has not left the body or been completely destroyed, and some part of the corpse is still retrievable. Archer was able to create three drops of the miraculous liquid "Origin Spirit" through the "Origin Spirit Sea," causing the deceased...

to return to life!

Yes, though the conditions are extremely strict, the "Origin Spirit Sea" as a Supreme Rune possesses the powerful ability to bring someone back from the dead!

A qualitative change!

Anyone could clearly realize the stark difference between the two capabilities!

Healing and resurrection exist separated by a high wall!

In the Grand Hall beneath Fischer Manor, Archer only felt his eyes reflect a colorless, transparent ocean, as if it contained boundless life force.

He simply felt it was incredibly magical, incredibly shocking. The runes in his eyes seemed to possess a power that was difficult to understand and beyond ordinary imagination!

"It's simply unbelievable..."

"Great Lord of the Lost! Your power is truly too shocking to me!"

Archer's voice was very soft, trembling with emotion, while also being profoundly fearful of his own weakness, concerned about his ability to perform adequately in the position of High Priest of the Dawn Church, wondering what would happen if he failed?

"I must put forth ten times, a hundred times the effort, just to barely fulfill a bit of my own duty. If, in my lifetime, I can achieve a tenth of the accomplishments of the previous two High Priests, I would die without regrets..."

Archer, kneeling on the ground, sighed.

Following that, Karl began to manipulate Archer's Destiny's Trajectory.

The first Destiny's Trajectory that appeared was the once encountered "Bone-Piercing Saber."

It was a battle-type Destiny Trajectory, making it easier for those who have it to break through the enemy's defense during combat.

Clearly, "Bone-Piercing Saber" was not suitable for someone like Archer, so Karl manipulated the Destiny Trajectory again, and the second time, Chris's "Explosive Sharp Blade" appeared, still very unsuitable for Archer who almost lacked close combat capabilities.

"The third time..."

The third time Karl manipulated the Destiny Trajectory, he consumed more spiritual power, and finally, the Destiny Trajectory that appeared was "Guardian."

"Hmm, this is acceptable..." Enjoy exclusive adventures from empire

"Guardian"

Individuals with such a Destiny Trajectory are born protectors. Anyone sincerely cared for by him, even if facing various dangers, would be less likely to die.

"Guardian," like the "Holy Grail," belongs to a passive Destiny Trajectory, typically unseen in its effects, but it occasionally increases the survival probability of members of the Fischer family and the Dawn Church.

Though not powerful, Karl felt it was a fairly good Destiny Trajectory, like adding an almost invisible insurance to the Destiny Trajectory of the Fischer family.

"The chance of passive activation is still uncertain, but hopefully, fewer members of the Fischer family will die..."

"But I needn't worry."

"After all, they are about to become much stronger."

After receiving the new rune powers, the entire Fischer family collectively grew stronger.

And next was the main event.

Darren stepped forward.

The man in black, middle-aged and with a calm demeanor, walked forward steadily and knelt opposite the sacred object.

Today, Darren was among the highest-ranking figures within both the Fischer family and the Dawn Church.

With deep experience and a ruthless hand, many within the Dawn Church truly feared Darren "Iron Mask Man" Fischer even more than they feared Christine.

Furthermore, rumors about the "Iron Mask Man" had spread throughout the Eastern Four Kingdoms ten years ago, terrifying many ordinary people who heard them described as a fearsome demon.

Even in the mystical literature domain, rumors about the "Iron Mask Man" appeared, stating that in the intense throes of war, amidst all the hatred and brutality, a terrifying Iron Mask Man would emerge.

This was a monstrous demon with a horrifying visage, impervious to blades and spears, seeking revenge through slaughter, crushing all enemies!

In fact, all these rumors were deliberately propagated by the "Black Tide," an intelligence group under Darren's command!

Many rituals that precede the acquisition of the Power of Consecution typically disperse the accumulated spirituality within a short period, usually not more than a month or two.

Therefore, before the great Lord of the Lost was awakened, those who had mastered the current stage of the Power of Consecution, despite being well-prepared, would not proceed directly to the ritual for advancing to the next rank... even though they were already aware of what that ritual entailed.

However, Darren's case was different.

The name of his next rank was "Shadow of the Demon."

The content of the ritual required that the Extraordinary Exponent himself take on a "demon's" form, deeply ingrained in the hearts of thousands of people.

Even though Darren had completed the ritual early, since people still believed in the existence of a demon like the "Iron Mask Man," the spirituality he had gathered through the ritual did not dissipate.

Soon, Archer stepped forward, offering the precious Class 5 Extraordinary Material, the "Gargoyle's Heart."

Thus, Karl entered the Spirit Realm.

He ignited the constellation.

In the midst of the black light, vast amounts of black smoke appeared, and eventually, a pair of eyes filled with despair and ferocity emerged!

This was the Spirit Realm image of the "Shadow of the Demon"!

"All right."

Karl returned to the real world, channeling a mass of black Spiritual Radiance into Darren's body, after which everyone saw it, a towering black column of light enveloping the entire Fischer Manor!

Darren's eyes widened, clearly feeling the change!

An immense power surged within him, his middle-aged appearance rapidly reverting to youth, and deep inside, Darren was overwhelmed with a murderous impulse!

"Hahahahahaha!"

Unable to hold back, Darren burst out laughing.

The augmentation from the "Shadow of the Demon" was extremely powerful, enhancing his physical condition by seven hundred and his Spiritual Power by three hundred, and granting him three powerful Extraordinary powers.

Demon's Heart: As long as the heart still exists, it can regenerate and heal rapidly; through slaughter, it can accelerate this regeneration while making the Extraordinary Exponent increasingly bloodthirsty and ferocious.

Fearful Shriek: With a piercing shriek, it plunges towns with weak spiritual power nearby into collective fear and unconsciousness; however, it is a power that does not discriminate between friend and foe.

Evil Demon Transformation: Limited to ten minutes, the Extraordinary Exponent transforms into a huge demon, with physical attributes and Spiritual Power greatly enhanced. For those ten minutes, it possesses high resistance to various Extraordinary effects!

It's a powerful transformation-type Extraordinary power, but it also has its flaws.

That is, after the transformation, it becomes doubly vulnerable to light and Divine-type Extraordinary powers, even the midday sunlight can weaken it, and for several hours after the transformation is reversed, the individual will be too weak to exert much of his original strength.

Unable to contain himself, Darren eagerly began his Evil Demon Transformation in the Grand Hall!

His eyes flickered with an unusual glow, no longer the deep black but turning into a dark red, like an abyss, seemingly capable of swallowing all surrounding light and reason.

"Hehehe..."

With a deep, eerie laugh spilling from his throat, the surrounding family members cast their gazes in shock and fear.

Darren's form began to change, his clothes torn by an invisible force, revealing an underlying body covered in black patterns and bulging muscles that seemed to writhe in ecstasy, filled with an ominous evil aura.

Even his face became terrifyingly grotesque, his mouth splitting to his ears, revealing sharp fangs, his eyes blazing with raging flames, like a demon returned from hell.

Even his stature started to swell, growing taller and taller—three meters, five meters, seven meters, thirteen meters!

He even had to bend over so as not to break through the ceiling of the Grand Hall!

Darren raised a hand, condensing a black Energy Sphere in his palm with the "Black Tide," accompanied by a roaring thunder, ready to unleash, making the air around tremble.

"New power, I understand it, hehe..."

He took a deep breath and then sneered as he reversed the transformation, returning instantly to the robust, youthful figure.

"Everyone can rest assured, all the debts of the Fischer family will be avenged by me leading you all!"

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

Chapter 410 Monarch Darren Fischer

"Congratulations! Congratulations, Lord Darren, you have finally ascended to the 5th Rank!"

"Our God has bestowed upon you even greater power! The Fischer family will forever be under the protection of God!"

"Congratulations, Father!"

In the grand hall underground, all members of the Fischer family, along with the Blood Receivers of the Dawn Church, were congratulating Darren on his new step.

Almost everyone's eyes and expressions were filled with sincerity, envy, and joy.

A small portion of people also wore expressions of urgency and anxiety, knowing that their own lifespans and time were tight and they might never have the chance to reach the 5th Rank.

Having regained his youth and vitality, Darren took a deep breath and could feel the weakness that followed the transformation, with his physical condition sliding down by about half while in that weakened state.

He looked at everyone present and couldn't help but smile.

"Thank you."

"The Fischer family will definitely become even more powerful."

The ceremony concluded smoothly.

Several hours of weakness finally passed...

After leaving the grand hall underground, Darren returned to his room, closed his eyes, and felt the powerful force surging within him.

It was a very subtle feeling.

Moreover, after reaching the 5th Rank, he suddenly felt a clearer and more definitive understanding of the power of Bloodline, as if the two could promote each other's progress!

Darren found it not difficult to understand.

"It's like someone who is very skilled at a sport often has a great advantage over ordinary people in similar sports..."

"So my great advancements in the Power of Consecution can also be reflected back onto the power of Bloodline. After all, the power contained in the power of Bloodline is also something that belongs to the soul, not just the flesh and blood."

His deep eyes shone with insight.

"Blood is nothing more than the vessel of the soul."

After his father's death, the desire for greater power grew even more in the depths of Darren's heart.

He knew very clearly that he was the person in the family most likely to break through to the 5th Rank, and then, in due course, the rest of the Dawn Church and the family would also ascend to the 4th and 5th Ranks.

The other person who would quickly step onto the 5th Rank, theoretically, was the former mayor Yeager, "the leader of the Dawnbringers" of the Dawn Church.

Because for the Path of Conquest's 5th Rank, the "Silver Glory Knight" promotion ceremony had been prepared by Yeager years in advance, and it was only one final step away from completion.

Darren often felt quite pleased when interacting with Yeager, thinking that the other's ideals were somewhat similar to his own.

Both men believed from the bottom of their hearts that, apart from blood relatives, people in the world generally only had a relationship of conquest or being conquered, ruling or being ruled.

"Next, the Fischer family must become completely powerful, and the first thing to do is to subjugate the entire territory of Cyart."

"And ruling the small Eastern country of Cyart is only the first step for the Fischer family to step onto the world stage."

As he pondered the future, he suddenly had a very clear revelation.

"Here it comes, I see, so that's the kind of Duke... If I try to push open the doors of the palace now, hmm, the chances of success are very high..."

"However, more important than that, there's a crucial matter I must confirm with Archer."

Thereafter, Darren left his room and went to the room belonging to his son Archer within Fischer Manor.

"Father?"

Archer was slightly startled by his father's arrival.

Gazing calmly at his son, the newly appointed High Priest still filled with trepidation, Darren spoke with a touch of seriousness:

"Archer, I need to confirm something with you, about your 'Origin Spirit sea'. Is it possible... to restore a person's lifespan?"

Archer was taken aback for a moment and honestly shook his head, saying, "I don't know about such things."

"No matter, let's experiment."

Soon enough, Darren, accompanied by Archer, found a devout person who had lost some lifespan and had him attempt to restore it using the "Origin Spirit sea."

But the outcome was... that it couldn't be done.

"Sigh."

After seeing the result, Darren sighed, and Archer, looking up at his father with a sense of shame, said:

"I'm sorry, Father. I've disappointed you."

"It doesn't matter. I was just thinking recently... if we had made the sacrifice earlier, could we have used its power to save your grandfather? It seems indeed I thought too much."

Darren fell deep into thought, realizing that apart from the Philosopher's Stone, which claimed to be able to do anything, there was almost nothing in the world that could restore lifespan.

"If lifespan is considered a resource, then it is indeed a precious resource that is very difficult to regenerate but so easily lost, almost the most common of prices."

He took a deep breath, left his son's room, and knew it was time to go even further.

Now Darren was actually very powerful, and with the combination of two powerful rune powers, he could even challenge opponents much stronger than low-level Monarchs.

But his journey to become stronger was not over.

Darren fully felt that the time to enter the Monarch Palace had arrived, so he decided to immediately seek his breakthrough in the Grand Hall beneath Fischer Manor.

The Stars Embrace Order was the heretical cult most fond of causing trouble at such times, yet they had nearly been annihilated, leaving only the mysterious and unknown non-human Black Starlight, but everyone knew they hardly posed a threat anymore.

After the Cyart King and the Wordless Elder were slain, the Adley Royal Family, controlled by the Words of Tranquility, had lost their head, posing even less of a threat.

Thus, after notifying the family members, he set his mind at ease and sought the breakthrough of Bloodline power within Fischer Manor.

Christine assured him, "Seek your breakthrough with peace of mind, the family will definitely protect you."

Thereupon, Darren came to the Grand Hall underground, prayed to the great Lord of the Lost before the sacred object, then sat down cross-legged and closed his eyes.

In a daze, he seemed to enter an extraordinary palace.

It was all raging flames there, almost everything was burning, and occasionally, the roar of Flame Dragons could be heard in his ears.

The giant palace in front was woven from melting rocks and flowing magma, each part shining with fiery red and golden light, as if it were the most dazzling work of flame artwork between heaven and earth!

The palace's outer walls were composed of hard obsidian formed from cooling lava over ten thousand years, its surface covered with delicate lava patterns, majestic and mysterious like dragon scales.

Darren walked slowly forward, seeing two massive metallic doors of fiery red, carved with lifelike Flame Dragon patterns, the dragons' eyes inlaid with fiery rubies, as if they would open at any moment and spew out destructive flames.

He raised his hands and pushed.

"Ka..."

Huh?

The doors were easily pushed open!

Darren suddenly understood the situation, for after stepping onto the 5th Rank, one would possess an Extraordinary trait that "could touch the soul," and after all, "the palace in the heart" was a manifestation of the soul's inner power.

Since he was already able to "touch the soul," it was only natural that he would be able to exert more power within the palace without a doubt!

He naturally pushed open the doors, stepped inside the palace, and was met with a wave of scorching air. The interior of the palace was vast, with high domes above where slender rivers of magma flowed, intertwining into complex patterns in the air, eventually converging into the central giant fire pit.

Inside the fire pit, flames danced, the colors splendid, with deep blues and purples as well as dazzling golds, intertwining and spiraling, forming a sight to marvel at.

The palace was filled with various exquisite decorations, each one finely carved out of flame and metal, with huge dragon sculptures standing in every corner, gazing into the distant sky.

Darren looked towards the depths, where a giant throne made of pure gold and fiery rubies stood, engraved with intricate dragon patterns, each dragon so lifelike as if about to soar into the sky at any moment, surrounded by countless rings of flame that slowly rotated.

Darren walked slowly forward and sat on the throne.

Ascend to Monarch!

Among all the members of the Fischer family, he was the first to reach the level of Monarch with Bloodline power!

In an instant, the endless flames around became an awakened Domain!

"Blood Monarch of the Furious Flames Dragon, combined with the 5th Rank 'Shadow of the Demon!'"

His physical condition and mental power were both rapidly improving!

Only his spiritual power remained unchanged!

Darren could very clearly recognize that his strength had become much greater than it had been just a few days ago, and he was undoubtedly the only one in the Fischer family who could compare to Chris!

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All of a sudden, everyone in the Fischer family felt a wave of intense heat, but it quickly disappeared because Darren had complete control over it.

He opened his eyes and found that he was still sitting in the same spot.

"Success!"

Darren quickly realized that the Bloodline Domain of the Furious Flames Dragon was a transformation enhancement of the body that could make his form grow into a giant dragon, greatly improving his physical condition and defensive power. At the same time, searing, high-temperature flames would surge around him, which would not only harm enemies but also allow him to restore his life force and mental power through those flames!

"Great Lord of the Lost, thank you for your protection."

Darren left the grand hall underground and the next moment, he was already flying out of the Fischer Manor, with dragon wings sprouting from his back, swiftly flying to an uninhabited spot high in the sky.

He then activated both "Evil Demon Transformation" and "Flame Dragon Transformation" at the same time, his body swelling up to hundreds of meters in size, transforming into a terrifying demon dragon covered in flames and dark red scales!

"Aooo!"

Darren roared up to the sky, the sound intimidating a vast area.

"Hmm, my original physical condition was only a little over a thousand, and the 'Evil Demon Transformation' brought it up to over three thousand."

"So after reaching the Monarch Level, my basic physical condition would be close to two thousand, the dragon transformation would get me to around four thousand, and after stacking the 'Domain Transformation' and 'Evil Demon Transformation' for a composite transformation, my physical condition could reach about seven thousand, give or take!"

Influenced by his father Byrne's lengthy teaching, Darren also liked to use rational analysis and data to assess changes and strengths in extraordinary powers.

"It's a pity, after stacking the two transformations, the calculation method isn't simply multiplicative..."

He fully felt that at this moment, his own power was terrifyingly strong!

Even if Marquis Vlad, a mid-level Monarch, were to be reborn and they both transformed without resorting to other powers for battle, he could go toe to toe with him for ten minutes relying solely on physical combat.

And with the addition of the rune powers of the "Emerald Ring" and "Soul Dice"...

Deep inside, Darren was very clear that the power he now possessed was extremely strong and completely beyond comparison to just a few days ago.

Right then, he felt that he must have been asleep for at least several months, and that the leader of the Dawnbringers, Yeager, might have already successfully broken through to the 5th Rank "Silver Glory Knight."

"If he could only complete the ritual successfully... but the most important thing is actually to help Uncle Chris reach the 6th Rank of the Path of Tranquility..."

"Apostle of the Night."

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

Chapter 411 5th Rank “Silver Glory Knight”

Darren steered the flames and flew back to the Fischer family estate through the sky, quickly spotting his son Felix, who came out to meet him.

Felix, seeing his father flying down from the sky, said with great joy,

"Father, you're finally back! When we saw you suddenly fly off earlier, we feared something had happened, but it seems you've successfully made your breakthrough to the Monarch Level!"

He clearly understood what the ability to fly meant, his father Darren was not only an Extraordinary Exponent who had reached the 5th Rank, but he had also reached the Monarch Level in terms of the power of his Bloodline, and he was the first in the entire Fischer family, even in the whole world there was no second person quite like him with such a unique existence!

"Hmm."

Darren nodded slightly, smiled, and said, "How long have I been asleep, approximately?"

He himself thought he hadn't been in the space of consciousness for long, since pushing open the doors of the flame palace and walking in to sit on the throne felt like a fairly easy task.

However, Felix's answer was surprising.

"Thirty-five days, you've been inside for over a month now, but among all the Extraordinary Exponents who have broken through to the Monarch Level, that's considered very short!"

"Even those who reach the mid-level Monarch and higher don't have it as easy as you did with your breakthrough!"

"Is that so, thirty-five days?"

Darren nodded slightly after listening, his face maintained a look of composure and did not show it, but deep down he was somewhat astonished, as he had not expected to just stay in the space of consciousness for a while, yet so much time had passed in the real world.

He then asked, "Nothing particular has happened during the month I was away, has it?"

Felix became serious and said, "Well, if we're talking about particular events, there's actually one piece of good news and one piece of neutral but still important news."

"What's the good news?" Darren, hearing there was no bad news, breathed a sigh of relief.

Felix immediately said,

"It's about the leader of the Dawnbringers, Yeager; he has successfully ascended to the Path of Conquest's 5th Rank, the 'Silver Glory Knight', and has gained even greater power!"

"That's wonderful!" A smile spread across Darren's face.

Just as Darren had predicted, Yeager, who had prepared the conditions for the ritual long in advance, easily broke through to the 5th Rank.

"Path of Conquest"

The ceremony for ascending to the 5th Rank "Silver Glory Knight" is also related to battle.

It requires the Extraordinary Exponent to go to a dangerous environment with no people around and, without any help, defeat ten enemies capable of posing a lethal threat to oneself consecutively, without a break of more than one day in between.

Yeager had started to prepare well in advance; over ten years, he spent a huge sum of money to capture and collect over twenty powerful magic beasts, each with the strength of the Middle Transmutation Level, while he learned their weaknesses and habits in advance, rehearsed his responses day after day, and prepared a large number of traps.

Not long ago, when Darren was asleep and making his breakthrough, the increasingly aged Yeager finally set off on his path to challenge and ascend with a multitude of Mysterious rare artifacts, alchemical tools, and medicines.

Despite a minor mishap where Yeager lost an arm in battle, he ultimately completed the ascension ceremony with more fright than harm and had his injuries healed after returning.

"Silver Glory Knight."

Its image in the Spirit Realm is that of a heavy knight clad in silver armor, encased from head to toe in shimmering silver armor, holding a sword that continuously emits rays of light.

Upon stepping into the role of a "Silver Glory Knight," an Extraordinary Exponent's physical prowess is increased by nine hundred and Spiritual Power is increased by one hundred, undoubtedly favoring close-combat fighting.

Besides that, the Extraordinary Exponent will gain two powerful close-combat types of Extraordinary powers.

These are "Silver Radiance Barrier" and "Blade of the World Breaker."

The former, "Silver Radiance Barrier", allows the Extraordinary Exponent to erect a square barrier made of silver light within their line of sight through a hand motion, boasting excellent defensive power, somewhat similar to "drawing a prison on the ground," and can be used to protect oneself or others or even items.

The more Spiritual Power the Extraordinary Exponent consumes, the larger and wider the "Silver Radiance Barrier" they can erect.

It can even withstand numerous attacks from Monarch powerful experts.

The other Extraordinary power, "Blade of the World Breaker," is an even more powerful offensive type of Extraordinary power, allowing a "Silver Glory Knight" to activate any weapon they hold with their thoughts, igniting it with dazzling silver flames!

And a weapon ignited by the silver flames will have the effect of a "Blade of the World Breaker," which can continuously dissolve any defensive power through "contact."

Theoretically, as long as the "Blade of the World Breaker" is in contact long enough, most barriers and defenses in the world can be destroyed by it.

But of course, that's just "theoretical," as the time needed to destroy very powerful defenses and barriers would be too long.

After receiving Christine's permission, Yeager tried it out a little.

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He estimated that it would take several hours to destroy the city barrier of Zane City, and to destroy the "Boundless Light," the National Defense Barrier covering the entire East Coast, it would probably take a full few dozen days to accomplish.

Without a doubt, the larger the barrier, the more time it would take to destroy it.

It would take him only about a minute to destroy the "Silver Radiance Barrier" using the "Blade of the World Breaker."

After Yeager advanced to the 5th Rank, he was filled with immense joy, and it took several days for him to calm down from the excitement.

As the first person outside of the Fischer family to successfully step onto the 5th Rank, his feat was indeed not common, and in the eyes of many in the Dawn Church, he was considered an idol-like figure.

Soon, Darren continued to inquire from Felix about the other important piece of news.

"So, what is the important message that is neither good nor bad?"

Felix nodded slightly and said, "Well, it's about the news that we've defeated two heretical cults, and the death of 'Sword of Salvation' Noah has completely spread. Almost every Cyart person is discussing this, and the Adley Royal Family in the south has offered conditions for reconciliation. They want to divide Cyart into two and rule it separately with us."

Darren paused, then narrowed his eyes and said, "Are you saying that they want peace talks?"

"Hahahahahaha!"

He couldn't help but burst out laughing, shaking his head in a sarcastic manner, with absolutely no thought of discussing whether to agree to this matter.

Hmph, thinking of peace talks only at this point, is really too late.

There was a playful smile on Darren's face.

Right in the midst of it, Felix seemed hesitant but still nodded and said:

"Father, actually, there's one more thing I need to tell you."

"Hmm?" Darren raised an eyebrow.

Then, Felix gathered his courage and said:

"I want to marry Sunny Frosac from the Frosac family. After we are married, I will return to the Reforging Church."

"Sunny Frosac? I know her. She has been waiting for you for a decade, but you are aware, aren't you, that aside from Zayne, those of the Frosac family have never truly stood by the Fischer family in these ten years?"

Darren narrowed his eyes, let out a chuckle, and said:

"They pride themselves on being 'neutral,' not wanting to get involved, heh."

He was about to continue speaking when he was suddenly interrupted.

"No matter what, I will marry Sunny Frosac, Father, and even your opposition won't change that!"

Felix's tone suddenly became more insistent and serious than ever before, and Darren was taken aback after hearing this.

This boy, he's really grown up, huh? That girl didn't wait for him ten years in vain... What happened between Sunbelle and Karno won't happen to them...

In fact, in his opinion, a person as unpredictable as Karno would probably be unbearable to almost anyone who was normal, not just Sunbelle.

"I understand, Felix, don't worry, I won't stop you."

He became serious, patted his son on the shoulder, and said:

"On the contrary, I will support your decision. Heh, what's the point of being the head of a family if you can't even marry the woman you love?"

"Rest assured, our dissatisfaction with the Frosac family will not extend to Sunny. After all, Bishop Zane has also contributed a lot, right?"

"That's great, Father! Thank you for your support!"

Felix, knowing of his father's support, was very excited.

Sunny.

Finally, I can live up to your heart's desire!

And so, a little over two months later, a grand and significant wedding was held in Nasir City, which people saw as a new chapter and a new beginning for the city.

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

Chapter 412 Wedding and Meeting

Many people participated in this wedding, with countless nobles of all sizes from the East Coast Province, and Aldrich, head of the Romann family, was there in person.

Aldrich had lost count of how many times he had come to Nasir City, as he was already familiar with the route.

This time he chose not to fly but to try taking the train instead.

After taking the train, Aldrich had decided that he must introduce railways and trains to the Emerald Lake Province, although he felt that his decision was much later than the Fischer family's.

But the environment of Emerald Lake Province was excellent, and Duke Romann was the kind of person who was very opposed to pollution, so Aldrich really had no way to push his ideas in the previous years.

For many years, the Fischer family had already laid out railroad tracks across the entire East Coast Province, greatly promoting the economic level of the entire province.

At the wedding, as a family marrying into the Fischer family, the important figures of the Frosac family were all in attendance, even the family head of the Frosac, the oldest Monarch Transcendent in Cyart, the blind "White Beast" was present.

The sun, filtering through the gauzy clouds, gently scattered over the carefully decorated estate lawn, draping the entire Fischer Manor in a dreamy golden glow.

The gates slowly opened, flanked by meticulously trimmed flowerbeds showcasing vibrant and competitive blooms, their fragrance filling the air, and a red carpet extended from the entrance to the center of the manor, lined by uniformly dressed attendants with smiles on their faces.

In the center of the manor, the giant floral arch and white gauze floated with the wind, creating a delightful contrast with the distant blue sky and white clouds, while the candles on the elegant candelabras flickered brightly. Find your next adventure on empire

As the melodious wedding march began, Sunny Frosac, the bride dressed in a spotless white wedding gown, walked slowly like a princess from a fairy tale, accompanied by her father.

Traditionally, their wedding would have taken place in the True Gods Church, but the Fischer family was somewhat defiant of the Church, and with their increased power, they were bold enough to break some traditions and rules.

Bride Sunny walked with a light but firm step, her eyes twinkling with anticipation for her future life.

Groom Felix wore a custom-made black suit with a pristine handkerchief on his chest, his gaze following the bride's every move.

"Sunny," he said as he approached.

"All these years, thank you for waiting for me."

"I wasn't waiting for you," Sunny replied seriously, looking at Felix. "I just can't be without you."

In the presence of Darren and others, the couple vowed to stay together for life and exchanged rings that symbolized love and commitment.

At that moment, all eyes were on them, followed by a burst of warm applause and cheers; the guests raised their glasses in celebration, wishing that their love would be as perennial and vibrant as the beautiful scenery of the manor.

The grand wedding banquet took place in the outdoor garden of Fischer Manor, with long tables laden with a variety of fine foods and wines, and guests chatting and laughing.

In a corner of the garden, Darren smiled as he looked up at the night sky where stars twinkled and fireworks blazed brilliantly.

The Frosac family had made their stance clear within the major families of Cyart by being very willing to marry their daughter into this family.

He soon calmly approached the "White Beast."

His father Byrne had described the "White Beast" as an old fox, a point that Darren remembered well.

"I didn't expect you to come yourself, making the long journey to the East Coast Province must have taken quite some time."

The aged "White Beast," sitting in a wheelchair, shook his head gently, speaking slowly:

"No matter, no matter, because your trains in the East Coast Province are such a convenient thing, we got here very quickly on that train! Hahaha!"

He closed his eyes and muttered:

"Hehehe, the new era is about to arrive, isn't it? Those new things are indeed very tempting, it's just a pity that I am already the dust of the old era."

Darren shook his head gently, not bothering to engage with his cryptic riddles, and said seriously:

"I might as well speak directly, what are your plans for the Frosac family in the future?"

"White Beast" fell silent for a moment before suddenly asking:

"Then I would like to know first, what are the plans of the Fischer family for the future?"

"How vast is your ambition?"

Darren revealed a smile and then said loudly, "Hahaha, as for the specifics of future matters, those details, Your Excellency 'White Beast,' should discuss them with the head of our Fischer family, Christine. Actually, the only thing I know is one fact."

"The Fischers will absolutely have their revenge! We will use the blood of the Adley Royal Family to commemorate the deceased!"

The old man suddenly raised his head, staring in astonishment at the man.

His heart was filled with an undying rage and endless sorrow, his eyes shimmering with an indomitable and resolute light, as if they could pierce through the curtain of the night and gaze directly down the distant road to vengeance.

Darren slowly raised his right hand, palm facing upward, as if to catch a force coming from the sky, his low and firm voice echoing in the empty garden:

"In the name of Darren Fischer, I swear to the gods, I declare to the conspirators in the darkness—my vengeance will be like the unstoppable cold wind in winter, passing through thousands of mountains and rivers, until I utterly destroy the roots of sin!"

In his vow, every word was filled with infinite determination and sacrifice!

The gaze of "White Beast" instantly solidified, as if time stood still at that moment, those eyes that had seen years of vicissitudes, which were once as calm as deep pools, now surged with ripples.

Astonishment spread rapidly in his pupils, like a tranquil lake shattered by a boulder, stirring up layers of ripples.

"Are you going to completely eradicate the Adley Royal Family?"

Darren didn't give a direct answer but mentioned another terrifying thing instead.

"In fact, everything."

"Anyone who obstructs our revenge will be crushed to dust, there's no longer such a thing as 'neutrality' anymore!"

"White Beast" furrowed his brows, his lips trembling slightly, as if he wanted to say something but couldn't find the right words to express his feelings.

The old man slowly bowed his head and closed his eyes, as if trying hard to digest this sudden shock.

When he opened his eyes again, they carried a complex mix of emotions, and he took a deep breath, as if to deeply imprint this shock in his heart.

"I understand."

And on the day after the wedding ended,

Darren put on the alchemical mask with a concealment effect and left Fischer Manor alone to visit a coffee shop in Nasir City.

This was a coffee shop called "Curious Time," with a hand-carved wooden sign hanging on the wooden door, the shop's name written in an elegant font as if whispering an invitation for every passerby to stop.

Darren calmly pushed open the door, the fragrance of freshly roasted coffee beans mixed with the faint scent of flowers greeting him. The interior was decorated in warm wood tones, paired with soft lighting and comfortable sofa chairs.

A melodious piano piece flowed slowly through the coffee shop, the volume just right, not disturbing the thoughts of the customers.

In the coffee shop, he once again saw the not very familiar but impressively memorable old man.

He was sitting in a corner of the coffee shop, resembling an owl, a frail old man with a hooked nose, and beside him still sat the silver-haired girl with an expressionless face.

The old man was the leader of "Splitting Blade," the teacher, and brain trust of the Emperor of Tuns, and could even be considered as a half-behind-the-scenes Black Falcon.

The moment Darren sat down, he heard the deep, magnetic voice of Black Falcon.

"The recent battle was truly eye-opening, and though I had already adjusted my assessment of you in my mind, I really did not expect... Fischer, that the power you possess would be so great!"

"Have you decided? The powerful Fischer family, do you wish to join hands with us Tuns People and overturn those two despicable empires that have devoured the flesh and blood of many small nations!"

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

Chapter 413 The Shaped God

Soft music filled the air as the waitstaff, dressed in uniform and smiling, weaved between the tables and chairs.

The silver-haired girl, expressionless, stood up and left. Black Falcon and Darren Fischer were facing each other across a table in the café, deep in conversation. Suddenly, for some reason, the voices of the people around them became inaudible, as if an invisible barrier had formed.

Darren chuckled, raised an eyebrow, and said nonchalantly,

"You and I both know one thing, the Lorne Empire is the most powerful nation on the Ouden Continent, possessing unmatched strength; thinking we can defeat them with our current power is simply a joke."

Black Falcon looked grave, took a sip of coffee, and did not reply. Darren paused, then continued,

"Even though the power of the Seven Stars Empire might seem somewhat weaker, they have managed to defend their territory for years, resisting the Lorne Empire's offensives more than once. How could we possibly confront their God of War Emperor?"

Black Falcon nodded slightly and, setting down his coffee cup, said,

"Whether it's Lorne or the Seven Stars, any one of them possesses absolute formidable power, enough to hold their own against a coalition of all other nations on the continent. However, these two empires are not without rivals."

"The greatest rivals to Lorne and the Seven Stars are each other!"

He didn't wait for Darren to object and continued,

"When a group of unarmed commoners encounter two fierce beasts, like lions or tigers, they instinctively feel fear and dare not approach them, knowing well that there's only a path to death before these predators."

"But what is the result of losing courage due to fear? They scatter and flee from before the lions, the slowest who are closest getting eaten first, followed by the others, until all become meals for the fierce beasts."

Darren was silent, clearly understanding what the 'common people' the other was referring to implied.

It meant the numerous smaller countries besides the two empires—Eastern Four Kingdoms, Thrums Dukedom, Terrell Church Kingdom, Arcadia, Triangle City States, Silvermoon City...

Black Falcon continued to share his thoughts.

"However, if the wisest and strongest among these common people were to step forward as a leader, and then unite everyone to create spears and traps, waiting for the two fierce beasts to weaken each other in battle, then victory for the common people might indeed become a possibility!"

His eyes flashed unmistakably with a light called ambition.

Darren shook his head, squinting his eyes, and replied, "But the two fierce beasts might also not end up hurting each other and instead choose to join forces to devour those common people. Even if the common people do win, there will definitely be those who are sacrificed to the beasts."

"Of course, it's highly unlikely that the leader would be among those sacrificed. He would order others to sacrifice themselves... and, well, the Fischer family might just be the ones to be sacrificed."

Darren was well aware that Thrums hoped they could become "pawns," but becoming "pawns" undoubtedly came at a price.

Black Falcon chuckled deeply, shaking his head,

"Hehehe, it's not necessarily so that the leader would command others to die first. If a leader wants to become king, he needs to be at the forefront, bearing the pressures and risks."

"And we have no other choice, Darren Fischer, because the real powerhouses, who could control lions and tigers, are no longer in this world!"

"The fierce beasts will come out to devour sooner or later!"

The fact that divine beings had completely left the Claud World had long become a consensus among the upper echelons and was no longer an unspoken truth but a widely acknowledged 'secret'. Continue reading on empire

In the eyes of the general public, however, the divine beings were still ever-present in this world.

Hearing this, Darren fell into deep thought. He had to admit one thing: the ambitions of both the Lorne Empire and the Seven Stars Empire were unabashedly expansive and massive.

Seeing Darren moved by his words, Black Falcon seized the moment and continued, "There's also the matter that we'll have the help of the 'Leopard'."

"The 'Leopard' you're referring to is?" The query was more perfunctory than uncertain, as Darren could guess what it implied.

The elderly Black Falcon raised his hand, his voice low and hoarse,

"Of course, it's the several True Gods Church... they are no longer isolated from secular power but have become entities that intervene and take action."

"There are many within the True Gods Church, even different factions among them, and their interests are clearly not aligned with those of the two empires."

Darren raised an important question. "Can you be certain that those 'Leopards' will stand with us and not with the lions and tigers? After all, they are also fierce beasts."

Black Falcon shook his head slightly, hesitant to give a firm assurance, but sincerely said,

"I can't be certain of anything. Anyone mature knows that without extraordinary power, we can't fully control another's actions, but at least we can try to rally more forces."

Darren, deep inside, agreed with this and shook his head, saying,

"Hehe, let's not talk about that for now. I'm more curious about these 'traps' and 'spears' you mentioned. How exactly do you plan to create them?"

The underlying meaning was clear: the gap between other nations on the continent and the two giant empires was too vast, with hardly a chance to shake their dominance.

Because apart from the unique situation of the Terrell Church Kingdom, only the Lorne Empire and the Seven Stars Empire on the Ouden Continent openly have figures of the Heavenly Enlightenment Level.

They are like the fierce teeth and claws of a beast, only needing a forceful strike to rip common people wide open!

Yet, they are "unarmed," hardly able to inflict substantial damage on the two empires.

Therefore, Darren had to make sure he obtained a promise regarding the "trap" and the "Long Spear."

Although deep down, Darren was clear about one thing— the real support behind the Fischer family wasn't a mere "trap," "Long Spear," or "beast," but an entity capable of tearing apart and devouring all beasts!

As long as He fully revived, all problems would be solved!

Everyone in the Dawn Church believed this!

Black Falcon did not respond immediately; instead, he fell into deep thought and finally nodded slightly, saying,

"Regarding the 'trap,' I must keep it confidential, but I can discuss the situation of the 'Long Spear' with you."

His eyes were fixed on Darren, filled with profound and dark despair.

"Do you know how the God of Reforging came to be?"

"Hmm?"

Darren was momentarily stunned, then he slowly shook his head. The sudden appearance of the God of Reforging had always been a mystery, but His identity had been recognized by the True Gods Church, and had turned into an unquestionable "True God."

What Black Falcon said next, however, shocked him and made him widen his eyes!

"The God of Reforging, He is not a true god but a god that was crafted!"

"What!"

Darren looked at Black Falcon in utter shock, as if he had suddenly been struck by an invisible force, freezing on the spot with his eyes wide open, his pupils flashing with disbelief.

The air around seemed to grow heavy and cold; he could clearly feel his heartbeat violently thumping in his chest, each beat accompanied by a tremendous shock.

A god...

...could be created?

Even though solely a "false god."

But could someone actually achieve this?

Darren found it simply inconceivable!

If Thrums Dukedom could really create a "false god," it wasn't merely creating a "Long Spear" but essentially crafting a "cannon"!

Darren's look was filled with deep fear of the unknown, as if he had suddenly been placed in a horrifying world beyond understanding and control.

"Yes, the God of Reforging was crafted, created with extraordinary power... a false god."

Black Falcon continued in a low voice:

"Yet even if unable to match the power of true divine beings, He remains an unmatched great existence; during His birth decades ago, He almost extinguished the majority of the Extraordinary nobility in the Seven Stars Empire in a moment, nearly erasing the Seven Stars Empire entirely."

"And the 'Long Spear' we intend to make follows the same principle... enough to kill a beast outright!"

When the man with the hooked nose and the silver-haired girl left together, Darren remained where he was, his mind stirred by a thousand waves, finally understanding where Thrums Dukedom drew the confidence to overturn the two great empires.

A crafted god?

What exactly does that mean? How is it achieved?

He silently pondered a lot, but due to the limited information known, he was still unable to truly discern the secrets that lay behind.

"It's getting interesting, the ever-chaotic situation, now advantageous for the Fischer family..."

Darren stood up, left the money behind, and then slowly walked out of the café alone, only to discover that it had started pouring outside.

He had just promised the old man that the Fischer family would definitely consider an alliance with Tuns, but deep inside had already decided to vote against it at the family meeting.

"No, after careful consideration, they mustn't truly succeed... Otherwise, it could likely be harmful to His revival."

"Sorry, our 'final victory condition' is a completely different scenario."

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

Chapter 414 "Apostle of the Night" Promotion Ceremony

In the Grand Hall beneath the Fischer family manor, a new family meeting was convened once more.

The number of participants this time was truly significant, and the meeting was chaired by the new family head, Christine, who sat in a wheelchair.

As an older woman in her forties, wrinkles naturally crept upon her face, yet her overall demeanor appeared even more elevated than when she was younger.

The Christine of the past was perceived as cunning and calculating, but the Christine of today had grown inscrutable, an enigma referred to as the "Fischer family's unfathomable fog" by outsiders.

Her surveillance organization, the "Purgers," had recently expanded rapidly, with its membership, including peripheral members, exceeding several hundred people, monitoring the entire East Coast for corruption, malfeasance, and heretical dissent.

As the head of the family, once the family meeting ratified it, Christine naturally had the authority to do so.

"Let's begin,"

Christine nodded slightly at the voting scales.

For decades, they had initiated countless family meetings, and the Scales of Conviction for the Fischer family voting had never been replaced.

Chris did not attend the family meeting this time and was not present.

Everyone understood and did not mind Chris's absence from the meeting.

Because everyone knew that he was off to complete the 6th Rank of the Path of Tranquility, the initiation ceremony for the "Apostle of the Night"!

"They're all gone..."

Karl, with his intangible will floating high in the sky, quietly observed the Fischer family meeting and suddenly realized that the first group who started the meeting were all absent...

Lucius, Byrne, Irene, Chris.

None of them were present at this meeting.

"So far, about sixty years have passed since the day I regained consciousness, and in fact, not only the Fischer family but the entire world has been changing incessantly..."

He knew that no matter how nostalgic he felt inside, the wheels of time would not stop for anyone.

Darren, wearing a solemn black suit, stepped forward and slowly explained his dealings and negotiations with Tuns's Black Falcon.

In truth, his communication with the Black Falcon was known to Christine and the others; it was not a unilateral decision made in secrecy.

Christine, sitting in her wheelchair, arched an eyebrow, masking the shock deep within her heart, and murmured, "Manufactured 'false gods'? Is that truly what the God of Reforging is?"

Felix, still bearing the brand of the God of Reforging, was completely stunned.

He widened his eyes, staring at his father who had revealed everything.

"Is that true? Did Tuns's Black Falcon really say such things?"

Darren looked at his son and calmly nodded, "Yes, you're about to return to the Reforging Church, so this matter is very important to you, remember it well."

Felix nodded thoughtfully, sinking into deep contemplation. Although the Stars Embrace Order was almost entirely destroyed, he still bore the mark of the God of Reforging.

Upon his return to the Reforging Church, he truly had the opportunity to become a high-ranking official there, thanks to that mark...

But the "truth" about the God of Reforging was shocking beyond belief!

Darren immediately added:

"However, Felix, that's only Tuns's side of the story, not necessarily the truth. We just need to be aware of this possibility."

Felix nodded, exhaling sharply, indeed, that was the case.

What the Black Falcon said might not be the truth, but rather likely a lie!

Regardless, the concept of man-made deities was too fantastical and sensational to contemplate!

Christine spoke from her wheelchair, "I suggest we feign cooperation with Tuns for now, without committing too much. Just try to reap the benefits. I believe they're not truly sincere either. Once the threat from the two great empires is gone, Tuns will surely want to become the only empire on the continent, and will instantly become our enemy... Our current situation is simply the weak exploiting each other, that's all."

Darren nodded in agreement.

"I concur, but can we keep such cooperation with Tuns hidden from the Lorne Empire?"

Christine narrowed her eyes, smiling, "Even if it can't be concealed, they won't pose a threat to us for the time being. In fact, no matter what, there is only one 'final victory condition' for the Fischer family."

The next moment, she and Darren spoke in unison,

"And that is to ensure the complete resurrection of the great Lord of the Lost!"

Christine continued, "Sooner or later, we may face off against Lorne and the Seven Stars. You are all aware, I presume, of the terrible might of those two great empires."

"The 'Emperor's Guards' of the Seven Stars may indeed be formidable, but in truth, all their members combined are not as threatening as a single 'Military God of the Seven Stars Empire.'

"Even if he's not invincible, he is certainly the strongest Bloodline Knight. The God of Reforging almost led the Seven Stars Empire to complete annihilation; it was this man who suddenly reorganized the empire's forces and held off the terrible onslaught from the Lorne citizens."

"And the most troublesome aspect of Lorne lies in their three Heavenly Enlightenment powerful experts. 'Iron Blood Marshal' Horatio Wesley was the one who defeated the Ten Great Families of the East, and even now, he remains the strongest among the three powerful experts of Lorne and the only one likely capable of defeating the Military God."

"And then there is the Emperor of the Lorne people, His Majesty George Fryer who is called the 'Supreme Monarch of the Ouden Continent, as well as the colonies of Pearl and Tuns', but it is said that there are great conflicts between him and the current Prime Minister and the Iron Blood Marshal, a tripod stand that also represents the contradictions between the three parties."

"There is also the last person, the long-standing Prime Minister of Lorne, the dominator of the Lorne Council for many years, and even for a time almost controlled the Lorne Empire, the 'Diamond Man' William Pitt, rumored to be one of the most powerful spellcasters in the world, possessing extremely exquisite spellcasting skills."

After she finished speaking, she paused and continued:

"In fact, the strength of the Lorne Empire lies not only in these terrifying Extraordinary Exponents but in the advanced level of their overall civilization..."

"I've read many books from the Lorne Empire, their vision is extremely long-term, they have a natural great arrogance, even in the minds of many Lorne citizens, Cyart is just one of the small and insignificant countries, because it is not as large as their colonies on other continents, other worlds, so they never paid it any mind..."

"Our distance from the Lorne people is still too vast."

Darren laughed haughtily, a hint of madness in his eyes, as he said, "That's a good thing!"

"Because weakness is never a problem, whereas great arrogance will be the root of death, won't it?"

Christine nodded gently and continued, "Anyway, let's wait for my father to return first. As long as he successfully advances, at least Cyart will become something within our grasp."

Emerald Lake Province, Wight City.

The Middell family, also known as the "Ruins Song Spirit", is one of the several Extraordinary Nobility families of Cyart. The Family Head, Marquis Middell, is already a powerful Exponent at mid-level Monarch.

Apart from him, there is also a female in the family who is a Monarch Extraordinary Exponent.

In the dim corner of the manor's study, light was fragmented by the heavy curtains, forming twisted and profound shadows, filled with an ominous aura.

Dressed in a white tailcoat, Marquis Middell, known as the "Ghost", sat alone beside a large desk. The towering bookshelves, reaching to the clouds, could not conceal the intense unease in his heart.

"Chris..."

His eyes periodically swept across every corner of the study, each turn revealing extreme vigilance and fear.

It was a profound premonition of an unknown threat, as if an invisible assassin lurked in the darkness, approaching noiselessly. Marquis Middell's fingers involuntarily clenched into fists, knuckles whitened from the force, betraying his inner tension and guard.

"Is it coming? Chris Fischer!"

He silently calculated possible escape routes and defense measures. Even though these thoughts flashed through his mind rapidly, they could not calm the deepest fears within his heart.

Not long ago, the Middell family issued a statement, still firmly supporting the Adley Royal Family of Southern Siyate and harshly condemning the king-slaying Fischer family and the Romann family.

Marquis Middell and his family had openly stated their position.

He thought long and hard before making such a decision.

It may have been a mad decision!

Because even the Cyart King had died on the East Coast!

Yet, Marquis Middell heard that the most troublesome Byrne was dead, and the Romann family had lost a "Blazing Fire" Amos. He understood that those two families were actually severely wounded. Read new chapters at empire

So, he hoped to quickly integrate the other noble forces within Cyart, taking advantage of the two families' lack of recovery, to jointly oppose the Fischer and Romann families.

However, after the declaration, there weren't many who responded in Cyart, which greatly concerned Marquis Middell.

Finally, not long before, he discovered the figure of "Death God" Chris Fischer in Wight City through the city's barrier!

It was the "Death God" who had assassinated the most nobles in over a hundred years of Cyart. Almost all nobility were terrified by his appearance, and even the powerful "Ghost" Marquis Middell was no exception!

As time passed, the atmosphere in the study became more oppressive, Marquis Middell's heartbeat like a drum, each beat pounding his eardrums, making it impossible to ignore the imminent danger.

"I am now a mid-level Monarch... plus the barrier and the help of other family members, even the 'Death God' will be no match for me..."

"If he dares to appear, he will surely die."

He tried to keep calm, attempting to find the assassin's traces in the slightest clues, but there was nothing else to hear but his own breathing and heartbeat.

"Chris... are you really here?"

"Why do I have such a strong feeling, as if death has already come to my feet, ready to strike like a venomous snake and viciously bite my calf?"

In this long wait, Marquis Middell gradually realized something - perhaps no matter how much he prepared, he could not completely control the course of his fate.

If the information received not long ago was entirely true.

Then the Fischer and Romann families absolutely possessed terrifying trump cards, capable of eliminating a dozen Monarch Level powerful Exponents at the same time!

Even as a mid-level Monarch Extraordinary Exponent, perhaps he too could not escape death...

So, Marquis Middell took a deep breath, accepting his impending fate with an almost desperate stance.

Suddenly, the silver-haired man who had been hidden in the shadows for a long time, always expressionless, finally made his move!

"Death God" Chris Fischer!

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

Chapter 415 Hunting the 'Specter' Marquis

Marquis Middell's eyes instantly fixed on the terrifying "Death God"!

The Fischer family's "Death God," Chris, had been hidden for who knows how long, and even he was unclear about how he had concealed himself, suddenly erupted from the shadows!

His murderous intent, solidified like a tangible entity, was extremely terrifying! One could even feel a faint despair spreading continuously around!

The unemotional Chris, however, did not activate the rune power immediately.

The dark light, like lightning, cut through the dimness, aiming straight for Marquis Middell's throat—a sharp black blade, flickering with deadly light under the faint lamp.

The figure of the "Death God," ghost-like, leaped out from the shadows, already swift and silent.

Marquis Middell instinctively dodged backward but was ultimately a step too slow. The tip of the black blade slashed his outfit, and the next moment, the black blade abruptly passed through Marquis Middell as if through air...

"Hehe, Fischer's Chris, have you come to meet your death?"

Meanwhile, the look of horror and anger on Marquis Middell's face gradually faded, instead showing a "finally took the bait" expression in his eyes, as if the desperation he had just shown was all just an act.

His bloodline, "Ruins Song Spirit," was undoubtedly a very special one among the many Extraordinary bloodlines.

It mainly possessed three particularly strange abilities, and the first and most important one was to make his body "void."

As a "Phantom," Marquis Middell could render his body completely void, avoiding most damage, not just physical but most Extraordinary power damage as well.

It was as though he was not in this world at all, unable to be targeted by those powers!

Chris' almost lethal blow missed!

The next moment, Marquis Middell suddenly erupted with intense coldness.

What spread was a bone-chilling coldness that could penetrate the marrow!

The air, which should have been invisible and flowing ceaselessly, now seemed as though the strongest spell had been cast upon it, becoming heavy and stagnated, with temperatures plummeting as if all the heat in the world had been instantly devoured by this power.

All the scenery around, under the effect of this terrible cold power, was enshrouded in a layer of ice crystals. Even the breath exhaled by Marquis Middell between his breaths turned instantly into visible white fog, slowly drifting away only to be quickly frozen into tiny ice particles and eventually dissipating into the air.

This freeze was not only on a physical level; even sounds seemed to be bound. What might have been noises of insects chirping, birds calling, or even the faint sound of distant streams all abruptly stopped, plunging the entire world into a strange silence.

In an instant, Marquis Middell had the entire vast manor frozen, and Chris was completely encompassed by the frozen area, utterly unable to move, with only his heartbeat and breathing resonating in his chest as the only proof he was still alive.

"Hehe, so much for the vaunted 'Death God.'"

His control over the cold was very precise; ordinary people in the manor were not frozen.

The domain of Marquis Middell was considered very small, compared to those Monarchs who could destroy numerous streets. His maximum output was just to freeze the entire manor.

However, Extraordinary Exponents are very aware that just because the attack range is small does not mean the combat capability is weak.

Chris himself was almost the most formidable Extraordinary Exponent with the smallest attack range. Besides the "raging flames" Spell from the "Secret Spell Lake," his most threatening edge attack was essentially only against a single person.

Indeed, without rune power, it would be incredibly difficult, if not nearly impossible, for him to kill those transformed Monarch powerful experts, whose massive bodies resembled small mountains.

Marquis Middell's freezing ability wasn't just terrifyingly low temperatures but also contained the mystical aspect of "Freeze," both launching and taking effect very quickly, making it nearly impossible to avoid if one were nearby.

The next moment, he intended to execute Chris Fischer!

But suddenly, flames began to rise in the room, Marquis Middell instinctively and cautiously made his body void and retreated. It was the "raging flames" Spell from the "Secret Spell Lake," already surging around Chris.

The next moment, he coordinated with the spell "Shocks" from the "Secret Spell Lake" to destroy the encirclement. A loud boom was heard as the rigid ice burst open around Chris.

A large amount of steam filled the entire Middell family estate.

Chris had vanished into thin air — not by using invisibility or any similar ability but purely because of his incredible speed!

"Hmph, whether it's high-speed movement or invisibility, it's all completely meaningless to me," he murmured.

Marquis Middell calmly raised an eyebrow as an intensely cold ice burst forth from him again, freezing the surrounding air completely in the next instant.

No matter if the opponent was moving at high speed or approaching invisibly, as long as they were within range, they would be completely frozen!

In the next instant, he "voided" from the solid ice, escaping it!

"Hmm? Did I guess wrong? He didn't continue to pursue but retreated instead?"

At the same time, Marquis Middell knew one thing in his heart: his cousin, another extraordinary exponent of the low-level Monarch from his family, was in this city.

And she would soon activate the city's barrier and then come to support him!

As long as he could hold out until then, the so-called "Death God" Chris would undoubtedly be doomed... Stay connected with empire

"Hehe."

Marquis Middell swiftly contemplated in his mind.

Everyone was well aware that among the Fischer family, there were only two Monarch powerful experts, Byrne Fischer and Chris Fischer.

So, if both of them were to die, wouldn't it be a simple matter for him to consolidate the power in the south of Cyart, and then obliterate both the Fischer family and Romann family?

"At that time, the only person who could pose a hindrance would be Aldrich Romann, that unfathomable old man whose biggest weakness is the lack of 'a will to fight', so he might agree to co-govern Cyart."

At this very moment, Chris was observing the situation secretly from hundreds of meters away.

"..."

He was well aware of that void ability, as Marquis Middell, an established Monarch powerful expert, wasn't using his extraordinary power for the first time.

Chris felt that although Marquis Middell claimed he could void at any moment, it definitely wasn't something that could be used unconditionally. It was likely to consume

a significant amount of spiritual power and couldn't be sustained indefinitely, leaving gaps when he had to deactivate it. Those moments were Chris's opportunity.

The ritual content for Chris stepping onto the 6th Rank "Apostle of the Night" was...

"An extraordinary exponent must, for the next ninety-nine days, operate solely within the darkness of night, his body must not touch the light of day nor sunlight, or else all previous efforts will be in vain. Moreover, within these ninety-nine days, he must alone kill an extraordinary being completely equal to his own strength."

In the many extraordinary nobility of Cyart, it was the Middell family who made the first bold move, hence Chris told his daughter briefly and then immediately traveled south to assassinate Marquis Middell.

At that moment, he very calmly and indifferently lifted his head, seeing a dark blue barrier emerging in the sky and quickly enveloping the entire city.

Thus, Chris acutely felt that his extraordinary power was suppressed to half its strength, and he also sensed something more troublesome in the air.

Another powerful Monarch was rushing over.

"..."

He clearly knew that this battle had only just begun, and the opponent's victory condition was killing him.

And he didn't need to completely eradicate the Middell family; in fact, as long as he successfully killed Marquis Middell, he could retreat from this city.

The focus next would still be to observe and decode the pattern of that physical voiding, and finally find a way... to hunt the "Ghost."

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

Chapter 416 396

The entire Wight City was under strict martial law, enforcing a complete curfew, and Marquis Middell had issued orders that restricted travel for all ordinary people.

And those who belonged to his retinue of Extraordinary Exponents traveled in groups, constantly searching for the figure of "Death God" Chris Fischer.

"Ghost" Middell did not believe that anyone other than himself had a chance to kill or capture Chris Fischer.

Such a thing was simply unthinkable.

However, among those leading the teams were Extraordinary Exponents of the Transmutation Level who could at least cause damage to the surrounding buildings, so if any among them were to die, it would likely create enough commotion just before death.

This would allow him to discern Chris's exact location!

Yet, they remained on guard all night without achieving any result.

Chris Fischer seemed as if he had plunged into the water like ice, vanishing into thin air.

In fact, they were utterly unaware of one crucial detail.

Even now, hardly anyone aside from the Fischer family knew the secret of Chris's "fake-spirit card".

And that was one of the most terrifying abilities of the Path of Tranquility!

Chris could simply transform into an ordinary local of Wight City, then replace that person, and easily evade all pursuit.

"Cousin..."

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Outside the mansion, Marquis Middell's cousin had arrived.

She was a middle-aged woman known as "Ice Spirit", who wore complicated and luxurious clothing on her slightly overweight body, and despite her visibly aged features, she carried an undeniable aristocratic air in all her movements.

Marquis Middell nodded lightly.

"That Chris, he indeed came."

The cousin frowned and looked at him, pondered a bit, then continued,

"I'm wondering if that 'Death God' Chris has already left?"

Marquis Middell gave no reply.

So, his cousin went on.

"Because for a full day and night, he hasn't shown himself again, and our barrier is continuously active, endlessly consuming Extraordinary materials—it's all burning money, who knows how long it can last."

Marquis Middell slowly shook his head, calmly saying, "The issue of money is the least important. Being cautious is always a good thing, for if we were to falter due to carelessness, we'd have no chance for regret."

He paused for a moment, then suddenly said,

"Back then, I should have sought revenge for Viscount Garcia, disregarding the rules and directly going to the East Coast to crush the Fischer family, then we wouldn't have so many problems today."

However, his cousin scoffed, shaking her head dismissively and laughing,

"Ha, even now, the skirmishes and struggles among those lesser nobles below never cease, but have you ever paid attention to them?"

Marquis Middell listened in silence, and indeed, that was the case, because there simply were too many minor nobles affiliated with Cyart and the Ruins Song Spirit family. He couldn't possibly manage them one by one, let alone expend excessive energy for those minor nobles.

Regretting not having crushed the Fischer family back in the day was an utterly meaningless thought.

The cousin nodded lightly, continuing,

"Right, it was impossible, our attention was cradled on families of the same rank. Back in those days, hehe, our energy was all spent stabbing at the Hovern family."

She paused for a moment, puzzledly saying,

"Cousin, speaking of which, several from our family have disappeared, where did they go? Especially those children."

Marquis Middell immediately said, "Don't worry."

"They have all been hidden by me. As soon as I spotted the 'Death God' in the city, I knew I would be targeted for assassination, so I hid them in advance."

The cousin nodded and said,

"I see, that's good, otherwise I really feared that Monarch-Level battles would involve those children."

After his cousin had left, Marquis Middell suddenly recalled something.

In the past, Duke Black Iron of the Romann family had publicly told the old king that Cyart's biggest problem was that the Adley Royal Family didn't possess enough resolve and centralized power, thus leading to frequent internal strife which greatly depleted the nation's strength.

Indeed, his prediction had been accurate.

Cyart, because of its prolonged civil war, had already lost too many people and was perhaps about to become the weakest of the four nations, and the other three might all take a part of its territory, everything sliding towards a dire direction.

However, the countenance of Marquis Middell was icy cold as he murmured cruelly to himself.

"Once the slaughter has begun, it simply cannot be easily halted!"

Another full five days passed, and the notorious "Death God" Chris Fischer had vanished without a trace, with no sign of appearing again.

However, just as Marquis Middell was about to lift the martial law and curfew, Chris's figure suddenly reappeared in the city!

Thus, a new round of martial law and curfew unfolded, and quickly another eight days passed. This time, the troublesome Chris had still not appeared and everyone was too weary and tense for too long, feeling deep dissatisfaction.

Marquis Middell's stance was very firm, the second martial law lasting a full thirteen days before it was completely lifted, but he had a strong foreboding feeling inside.

"This is bad, the current situation is very unfavorable for us, and he doesn't seem to be lacking in patience."

"That Chris is probably planning to..."

True to his thoughts, the very next day after the curfew and martial law were lifted, Chris suddenly appeared and killed some of Marquis Middell's subordinates with the force of a thunderbolt, and then disappeared again.

Although those who were killed were insignificant members of the extended family, the fear it brought was profoundly effective, instantly putting everyone in the city on edge again.

In this way, Chris played with the entire city for over a month, and almost everyone was terrified by him. Finally, Marquis Middell had found a solution.

The solution was a "great overlord" from the White Sea, known as "Magic Hound," also a Lower Monarch Level Extraordinary Exponent.

He possessed the high-tier bloodline of a "Hellhound," with powerful tracking and searching abilities. As long as Chris Fischer showed himself again, he would definitely be caught by the abilities of the "Magic Hound."

In fact, as early as the second time Chris made a mockery of everyone, Marquis Middell had already gone to the White Sea to invite him, but unfortunately, due to the distant journey, he had only just managed to bring him over now.

But deep down, Marquis Middell also knew that if Chris now abandoned the assassination and completely left, his heart would truly crumble.

Yet, he had no other options.

"Death God" was just too troublesome, and although there were many in the world who could kill Chris head-on, there were probably not many more despicable than him!

Another full month passed, and that "Magic Hound" announced that the agreed time had arrived. He then took a four-digit numbered Forbidden rare artifact and left Wight City.

Because of a previously established The Oath, Marquis Middell didn't stop him.

And he also believed that Chris Fischer had probably already completely left Wight City, giving up on the assassination.

Even so, his emotions were still terrible, feeling awful about being manipulated.

However, before "Magic Hound" reached the seaport to set sail, he encountered the expressionless Marquis Middell in the night.

Under the cover of night, "Magic Hound" squinted his eyes and said cautiously:

"Lord Marquis, heh, what exactly are you doing coming here suddenly? Could it be that you want to violate The Oath and take back the Forbidden rare artifact?"

"Of course not."

Marquis Middell had just finished speaking when he walked towards the "Magic Hound," his face void of any emotion.

"Magic Hound" suddenly changed his expression, sensing something was terribly wrong, and as he tried to activate his power, he shouted, "Wait! Who are you!"

However, just after he spoke, he was stunned; the next moment, his body exploded into torrents of blood, and he instantly became dismembered.

A "great overlord" who ruled over hundreds of thousands in the White Sea was killed by that "Marquis Middell," causing the few people around to scream out loud.

"Marquis Middell" quickly disappeared from view, and in an unseen dark place, he removed his disguise and transformed back into Chris.

Calmly, he held two Forbidden rare artifacts in his hand; one was a black ring that belonged to "Magic Hound" himself, and the other a dark blue book, which was the compensation paid by Marquis Middell.

The assassination wasn't over yet, but Chris knew in his heart that he had succeeded in the vast majority of it.

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

Chapter 417 "Death God" Chris

In the Midell Family Manor, the once tranquil and harmonious scene was shrouded in an invisible tension, and air was filled with an indescribable heaviness, involuntarily tightening the hearts of those present.

Every corner seemed to harbor unknown malice, and the servants in the Midell family estate walked down the empty corridors with breaths held tight, their footsteps echoing more hurriedly and cautiously than usual, as if every step tread upon the edge of the unknown.

A trace of unease shone in their eyes, and their voices were lowered in conversation, lest they stir the undercurrents beneath the silence.

In the garden, flowers that once competed in splendor had lost their color, and the occasional dewdrop sliding off their petals seemed like silent sighs. The birds no longer sang cheerily as before, and their scarce cries sounded particularly grating, as if forewarning of something about to happen. Enjoy new adventures from empire

Inside the master's room of the manor, candlelight flickered, casting light upon Marquis Middell's furrowed brows and contemplative face.

"Fischer, Fischer... Chris Fischer..."

He rose and paced back and forth, his fingers occasionally tapping the desktop, producing a clear and rhythmic sound that contrasted sharply with the oppressive atmosphere.

Each tap seemed to pose a silent question, yet anxiety grew with the absence of an answer.

"Hmm, indeed, the person from Lorne is still hesitating and hasn't given a direct response. If the high-level Monarch extraordinary exponent from Lorne comes here, the matters of the Fischer family could be resolved more easily."

He took a deep breath; there were hundreds of Monarch powerful experts in Lorne, but only twelve known high-level Monarchs publicly recognized.

Among those twelve top-tier high-level Monarchs, one happened to have an important connection with the Midell family a hundred years ago—more precisely, when younger, they had been fostered by the grandfather of Marquis Middell.

Although more than a century had passed and the relationship between them had faded, he thought he could still request that person's help, based on the old favor, for assistance this one time.

Marquis Middell had decisively decided to send out the direct bloodline members of the family in advance, hiding them in places known by very few.

Now that things had come to this point, even if Chris returned to kill them, he could no longer use them to threaten him. As for the ordinary peripheral members—how many of them died was within the range Marquis Middell could accept within his heart.

"Chris, we must completely kill him. In some sense, this 'Death God' is an even more troublesome existence than Aldrich."

At this moment, the voice of a servant from outside suddenly shocked Marquis Middell.

"Lord Marquis Middell, please come out and see! There is an urgent situation! Young Master Sorel, he, he came back alone from outside!"

Upon hearing the servant's voice, Marquis Middell jumped in surprise, turned his head, and followed the servant outside.

As night fell, the manor was enveloped in a faint moonlight, but this serenity neither eased the tension nor added a sense of mystery and unease.

The wind from afar passed through the woods, bringing a chill, and the entire estate sank deeper into an indescribable atmosphere of tension.

Approaching the interior of the manor, Marquis Middell saw his direct descendant, the barely teenage Slorel, standing expressionlessly in the distance, walking step by step towards him.

The young man's eyes were vacant, as if he had no idea what he was doing.

Slorel Middell was the most gifted among all his descendants; although only in his teens, he had already reached the low-level Transmutation and had a great potential to become an extraordinary exponent at the Monarch Level.

Therefore, he paid great attention to Slorel's condition and immediately ran out of the house to check.

What on earth has happened?

Why would he come back alone, and his state seems not quite right!

Marquis Middell, with his rich experience in Mysticism, soon realized that this was the influence of Mental Magic, his descendant, Slorel, had been controlled by a spell!

"Chris?"

He immediately sensed that it was very likely Chris's doing!

Suddenly, right behind him, the "servant" who called him out abruptly changed appearance, instantaneously transforming into the expressionless Chris Fischer.

He swung the white Shinbone Blade in his hand, stabbing towards Marquis Middell in front of him.

"You!"

Marquis Middell still managed to react in the last instant, transforming his body into the void. He had been tormented for over a month, and his usually steady emotions were on the verge of collapse, his inner fury erupting uncontrollably.

"Chris!"

He instinctively wanted to use the power of "Freeze," but Slorel was right next to him, only less than two meters away. To use "Freeze" and not harm him was impossible!

Chris! You are truly despicable!

Despite his rage, Marquis Middell still held back from using the power of "Freeze."

Seeing the Shinbone Blade penetrate through again, and noticing that Marquis Middell was staring at him fiercely, Chris, with an indifferent expression, said nothing but immediately used the "Eyes of Conviction" to try to break down his opponent's mental defenses.

However, there was a rare artifact on Marquis Middell that could resist mental attacks.

"The Eyes of Conviction" didn't work.

Some Mysterious rare artifacts of a formidable level, although not as powerful as Forbidden rare artifacts, have very good auxiliary effects such as "Flight," "Invisibility," "Resistance to mental attacks," and "Fireproof."

Additionally, owning Mysterious rare artifacts of a formidable level does not require any cost, so their actual value is not inferior to four-digit Forbidden rare artifacts.

However, even if an attack was ineffective, Chris didn't care. He relentlessly pressed on with his attacks, time and again almost breaching the opponent's line of defense against death.

He knew that void transformation couldn't stay active indefinitely.

"Damn it!"

Marquis Middell roared furiously, constantly trying to put distance between himself and the attack, so as to not inadvertently harm his own direct lineage. He was acutely aware that the constant strain over this period had left the entire city's population extremely exhausted, and now was the moment when the city's defenses were at their most relaxed.

Nobody in the family could help him now; his cousin, a lower Monarch level, had also temporarily left the city.

Without a doubt, everything was under Chris Fischer's control!

That's why he chose this very moment—the easiest time to strike with success!

After some entanglement, many people from the manor rushed out, but their strength was too weak to be of any help.

"Family Head!"

"Marquis!"

"It's 'Death God' Chris, he's back again!"

Marquis Middell knew very well that his spiritual power was about to be depleted and that soon he would be unable to maintain his void state, which would swiftly bring his end.

Finally, he left the manor, creating enough distance from his important direct lineage, then Marquis Middell instantly activated the Icy Freeze power within his Domain, encasing the closely-combating Chris Fischer in ice.

However, after the Icy Freeze was successful, that flame once again fiercely burned over Chris's body, and Marquis Middell knew that he could not keep him Frozen for long.

The terrible "Death God" breaking free from the ice was only a matter of time!

Therefore, he played his last two trump cards!

The first trump card was a Forbidden rare artifact numbered 501.

"Soul Tempering River Ring"

It was a ring with black and green colors interweaving, looking quite ancient, yet concealing a kind of malicious power.

Its mysterious effect was the ability to plunge targets nearby with hostile intent toward oneself into a deep unconsciousness—unless the unconscious person took damage, waking up would be very difficult.

The second trump card Marquis Middell counted on was the "Song of the Ruins Spirit," the most powerful Extraordinary Power of the "Ruins Song Spirit." He planned to combine this with the previous unconsciousness effect to seize Chris's life.

"Spirit Song of the Ruins."

It was a mighty power capable of directly snatching away souls, and Marquis Middell did not hesitate to begin chanting softly.

The voice rose quietly, a melody unlike any from the mortal realm, but rather a low chant from the Abyss, carrying a kind of magic Power that could penetrate the soul and reach into the deepest parts of the heart.

Chris nearly felt as if it were an ancient spell, gently plucked by invisible hands, with each note falling heavily into the silent air, causing ripples that were invisible to the eye.

The tune was complex and sinister, at times lamenting as if echoing the collective wail of numerous unfulfilled desires, ensnaring the listener's thoughts and subconsciously dragging them into a profound sorrow. At other times, it became passionately fierce, adding an ominous and hopeless feeling, like the low rumble before a storm, presaging the disaster to come!

This singing voice contained an indescribable power that could penetrate the physical barrier and act directly upon the soul. With the melody's fluctuations, the deepest parts of Chris's heart were as if slowly torn open by invisible hands, revealing all the buried secrets, fears, desires, and even the most unwilling memories, floating on the edge of consciousness, unable to escape.

The soul was about to be taken away...

However, at the very moment when Chris was about to completely sink, he suddenly activated "Rift Moment"!

What he had been waiting for was precisely this moment—when Marquis Middell entirely switched from defense to offense!

In an instant, Marquis Middell felt a profound threat of death and immediately began to regret his decision to stop using void transformation and start the "Spirit Song."

Had he chosen the wrong tactic?

And why on earth had the "Soul Tempering River Ring"'s unconsciousness effect not worked on that man?

Chris, holding a white shinbone and a black blade, was trembling from the "Spirit Song of the Ruins," but thanks to the strong resistance conferred by his "Secret Spell Lake" ability, his soul was not immediately taken, and even the effect of the Soul Tempering River Ring didn't work.

Marquis Middell instinctively wanted to activate his void transformation again, but it was already too late!

Everything around had already been brought to a standstill!

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

Chapter 418 6th Rank "Apostle of the Night"

Marquis Middell was dead.

After successfully killing his target in the darkness of the night, Chris took the Mysterious rare artifact from the body of Marquis Middell, then left the manor without hesitation and headed to an uninhabited area in the city, where he took a deep breath.

With the death of Marquis Middell, the ascension ritual for the "Apostle of the Night" at the 6th Rank was also completed!

"..."

He could feel clearly that the Spiritual Power within his body was boiling extremely violently, more so than ever before. It was such a vigorous boil that even boiling water would not be a suitable comparison.

It could be referred to as... a very special kind of Spiritual bomb.

It was as if there was a massive amount of energy waiting to explode within his body, and those Spiritual Powers seemed capable of spreading outwards with a deafening roar and dazzling light, with flame, shrapnel, and shockwaves spreading at a frightening speed, destroying anything that stood in their way to smithereens.

Of course, that was merely an imaginary scenario, a metaphor deep within his heart.

Chris took another deep breath, and then immediately left the city without any further delay.

The news that Marquis Middell, the most resistant to the Northern King Peggy Adler, had been assassinated by the "Death God" Chris, spread quickly throughout the Cyart Kingdom.

There was no doubt that it was a significant signal!

The Fischer family was essentially making a proclamation to the entire nation!

Any nobility that did not submit to the "New Northern King Peggy," as well as those who wanted to avenge "Sword of Salvation" Noah, would all face severe cleansing and eradication.

In fact, some members of the Fischer family, led by Darren, did think exactly that.

They intended to notify the entire nation with harsh measures in the coming days.

Cyart was not a very large kingdom, with a relatively simple political structure, so many times, most problems could be solved simply by "killing."

So, after the death of Marquis Middell, an increasing number of Extraordinary nobility surrendered, publicly acknowledging Northern "King Peggy" as the new Cyart King in the first instance!

An unprecedented large-scale alignment began in the history of Siyate!

More and more Siya Nobles families started sending envoys to the East Coast and Emerald Lake Province, submitting their allegiance to the Fischer and Romann families, even members of the "Wrathful Angel" Jones family and "Flaming Blood Proud Dragon" Castleton family arrived.

When "Mighty Angel" Bern, the Family Head of the "Wrathful Angel" Jones family, came personally, he appeared quite ashamed, sincerely admitting that it had been a huge mistake to remain neutral and not support Fischer during the eleven-year civil war.

But "Mighty Angel" Bern stated that from now on, the "Wrathful Angel" Jones family would definitely become the vanguard for the "New King Peggy" and would never betray the new king.

"With Queen Peggy, Siyate will definitely become the strongest country in the East!"

Members of the Fischer family, who had participated in that defense battle, still thought of "Mighty Angel" Bern as a magnanimous, open-hearted, and sentimental man.

But observing his behavior over the past dozen or so years, it was increasingly clear that "Mighty Angel" Bern was in fact a shrewd Family Head of a major family, always preserving his family's strength, and decisively taking sides when the outcome was clear.

However, there were still some nobility families within Siyate that were uncooperative and watchful.

Regarding how to deal with them, it was decided that the Fischer family would hold a family council in due time.

But more important than those matters, for the time being, was...

The ritual!

This ritual was for Chris Fischer!

He was undoubtedly the oldest and strongest member of the Fischer family, its most important core pillar, with a record of numerous achievements and a formidable

reputation, known in Siyate as the fearsome "Death God" and also acclaimed as a legendary figure within the Dawn Church!

Today, Chris would finally step onto the 6th Rank, the "Apostle of the Night," on the "Path of Tranquility."

In the Grand Hall below Fischer Manor...

The altar was located right in the center, carved out of pure white marble, with various offerings placed upon it: golden grains, clear and sparkling gemstones, fragrant and overflowing fresh flowers, and specially made sacred wine, all highlighting the piety and solemnity of this ritual.

Around the altar stood priests in white ceremonial robes. They held staffs, with solemn expressions on their faces, and their eyes shimmered with reverence for the great Lord of the Lost.

The leader among the priests was none other than the young Archer Fischer.

He still had tension and anticipation in his eyes.

As the melodious sound of the bell tolls rose, the Grand Hall gradually quieted down, and the hearts of all present began to still. Continue your journey at empire

The ritual of sacrifice officially began, and Archer Fischer slowly approached the altar. His voice was not deep but it was very powerful as he chanted the prayers. Each phrase was filled with praise and pleas to the Lord of the Lost.

At the same time, a flame appeared in mid-air, providing more light for the entire sacrifice.

It was an extraordinary material from a magic beast similar to a giant crab; it was actually a part of its "claws" but was named "Emerald Demon Blade".

In Claud World, such a thing was very rare, but in another dimension, in a colony of the Lorne Empire, that kind of giant magic beast was very commonplace, having been farmed and hunted by the Lorne Empire for a long time in an orderly manner.

Moreover, the Mysterious rare artifact belonging to Marquis Middell was also offered as a sacrifice.

When Archer had spoken everything, the last wisp of fire dissipated in mid-air, and the ceremony of sacrifice slowly drew to a close.

However, the reverence and gratitude toward the great Lord of the Lost, like a brand, were deeply etched into the hearts of every member of the Dawn Church who participated in the sacrifice.

Karl gazed silently at the entire process of the sacrifice from the sky.

He had already noticed something different about the new High Priest of the Dawn Church, the youth named Archer.

Although Archer appeared to be a docile young man, always self-blaming and guilt-ridden, often doubting whether he had done things well enough, needing more effort.

In fact, he had many ideas and beliefs. He had only just ascended to the position of the High Priest not long ago and had already changed part of the ritual process that Irene had originally set in the scriptures.

It was a bold move.

Karl clearly remembered that Lilian had never changed the ritual process, faithfully following the various instructions Irene had set in the scriptures.

Soon, the Level Six extraordinary material "Emerald Demon Blade" was presented. It looked like a giant emerald blade several meters long.

With the Forbidden rare artifact, Karl gained new Spiritual Power, but compared to the last ritual, the experience was far too inferior.

He found that his threshold might be a little high...

"This may not be a good thing..."

Next, Karl came to the illusory Spirit Realm to illuminate the 6th Rank of the Path of Tranquility.

"Apostle of the Night"

Among the constellations, there was a pitch-black night, and hidden within that night was a figure whose appearance was indistinct, exuding a terrifying and dangerous aura.

The next moment, Karl was already holding the black Spiritual Radiance and returning to the real world from the Spirit Realm.

He adeptly bestowed it upon Chris Fischer, who had long been waiting there.

Step up to the new rank, Chris!

At first, it was a slight trembling that was quite imperceptible, as if some dormant power in the air was quietly awakened. Then, that power rapidly converged inside the silver-haired man's body, accumulating energy like a volcano before the eruption, repressed and brimming with tension.

Suddenly, a dazzling light burst forth from within Chris, illuminating everything around him!

It was not only a visual Shock, but also accompanied by a powerful shockwave that spread outward from him, causing the windows along the streets outside Fischer Manor to tremble and leaves to be blown about by this force, and even passerby's hair to dance in the wind from the sudden power.

A huge, black pillar of light covered the entire street!

People stopped in their tracks, their eyes wide with disbelief at the scene, as if the entire world had come to a standstill at that moment.

Chris's figure in the light seemed especially tall, his eyes shimmering with an unprecedented steadfastness and brilliance, holding power far beyond that of ordinary men.

The powerful influence of the "Apostle of the Night" not only shook the entire block but even made many people in Nasir City aware of it.

People began to whisper, some marveling at this incredible power, while others felt awe.

Finally, as the energy gradually subsided, the dense, black light also slowly faded away, and Nasir City returned to its usual calm.

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

Chapter 419 The 4th Step "Glorious Knight" and the 3rd Step "Giant Bear Warrior"

...

The 6th Rank "Apostle of the Night".

Chris could clearly feel a power within his body that was stronger than ever before, his overall attributes having improved by almost three thousand. Of that, the portion

attributed to his physical attributes had increased by two thousand, while spiritual power had roughly increased by one thousand.

It was yet another massive improvement over the previous rank. Explore hidden tales at empire

In addition, over the past decade, through the ability "Hunter", he hunted to enhance himself, with both his physical attributes and spiritual power each increasing by about one thousand.

At this moment, Chris's base strength was already extremely formidable. Combined with unbelievable rune power, "First Kill" would give even the top experts among high-level Monarchs a severe headache.

And more important than the enhanced base attributes on the "Path of Tranquility" were those mysterious and extraordinary abilities.

After becoming an "Apostle of the Night", he had already gained two totally different powers, and the name of the first power was "Night Shift".

As long as it was nighttime, Chris could freely move into the darkness within his line of sight, performing what could truly be considered instantaneous movement. Moreover, the time lag required for each movement was merely a fraction of a second.

"Within line of sight" is actually quite a broad range. Chris tried it out a bit and found that as long as he stood on a high place and could see far enough, he could even move tens of kilometers away in an instant.

The limit to the distance he could move wasn't the distance itself, but rather that the further he moved, the more spiritual power it would consume.

He quickly estimated that the total spiritual power he currently possessed was only enough to sustain movement over twenty-odd kilometers.

But that was enough, because in normal combat, Chris actually only needed to flash about within a few hundred meters, and didn't need to move over vast distances.

Without a doubt, the extraordinary power of "Night Shift" gave Chris extremely strong mobility.

As long as he was in the dark night, he could easily escape even if he couldn't kill his enemies.

At the same time, after becoming an "Apostle of the Night", he gained a second new ability, named "Night Concealment".

The power of "Night Concealment" was simple and straightforward. As long as Chris did not launch an attack, he could remain invisible all night.

While maintaining "Night Concealment", Chris's spiritual power would continue to be consumed, but not much. It would take nearly the entire night to deplete all of his spiritual power.

After "Night Concealment" was released, Chris needed to move out of the "line of sight" of the attacker to be able to spend a few seconds to become invisible again.

It could be said that after his promotion to "Apostle of the Night", Chris's ability to cause damage hadn't improved too significantly, but he was able to further enhance his mobility and had obtained a very practical ability to become invisible.

He truly became a veritable "Grim Reaper of the Night"!

From now on, as long as it was night, Chris could truly come without a shadow and leave without a trace, infiltrating various places, and assassinating most targets would be as easy as reaching into a bag.

In the past, anytime a family member received a new promotion, it was always Byrne who took care of recording and testing within the family. But now that Byrne had left, it fell to Christine to be responsible for the recording and testing.

Chris, after being promoted to "Apostle of the Night", quietly departed to continue physically dealing with some of the Fischer family's adversaries. Only his wife and daughter knew how to contact him.

The sun gently fell upon the land, not too drying or scorching, just right to bestow warm and brightness to everything in Nasir City. The sky was clear and deep blue, like washed silk without a cloud in sight, as if one could gaze to the very edge of the horizon.

Darren calmly boarded a black carriage bearing his family's crest.

His coachman was the Old Dog, who on the "Path of Calamity," had reached the 3rd Rank "Flaming Knight".

After the carriage started moving, the Old Dog's voice came from outside.

"Lately, many people from the Dawn Church are conducting their rituals, and in the following period, quite a few will be promoted."

Sitting inside the carriage, Darren nodded slightly and replied,

"I think the most important are Moore and Theo. After all, they don't have much time left. Besides them, within the church, Karno is the one who has a chance to reach the 5th Rank, but I can't be bothered to think about his specific situation."

Compared to those two, Chris's good friend Archibald, a general in the Fischer family army, hasn't fully mastered the 4th Rank, so he is still a noticeable distance from the 5th Rank.

The Old Dog laughed heartily, saying,

"Instead of thinking 'their power will enhance the family's war capacity', you thought 'they don't have much time left'. It seems our 'Iron Mask Man' isn't as cold-hearted as one might think!"

Darren also chuckled and said, "I've always been a kind soul who cares about the family and the church."

"Actually, putting Uncle Moore aside for now, I have always greatly respected Mr. Theo. He's someone who watched me grow up. Before the great Lord of the Lost went to slumber, it was a stroke of luck that he advanced to the 4th Rank 'Glorious Knight', so now he still has a chance to break through the limits of life and death."

The Old Dog nodded and said, "Don't worry, I think he'll make it... Actually, since the great Lord of the Lost returned, it seems like our efficiency in utilizing the Power of Consecration has increased a bit, so the chances of completing the rituals might be higher too!"

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

Chapter 420 The 4th Step "Glorious Knight" and the 3rd Step "Giant Bear Warrior"_2

"Glorious Knight" is the 4th Rank on the Path of Authority, and the sacrifice offered by the family is the Class 4 Extraordinary Material, "Flame Dragon Fin." Its advancement ceremony is "to become a person worthy of respect in the eyes of hundreds of Extraordinary Exponents," and so Theo completed the "Glorious Knight" advancement ceremony in almost an instant.

His physical constitution increased by 150%, and his Spiritual Power increased by 50%, but the only Extraordinary Power that "Glorious Knight" can obtain is the "Crown of Glory."

When an Extraordinary Exponent activates the "Crown of Glory," there is no consumption at all, and all Extraordinary Exponents within a hundred meters will continuously and passively recover Spiritual Power and life force at a rate of about one percent per second, which can also stack with other recovery effects.

At the same time, with the rise in sequence tier, the effective range of the "Crown of Glory" will also continue to expand. When one reaches the 5th Rank, it will increase fivefold, at the 6th Rank it will triple again, and at the Seventh Tier, it will triple once more...

Theo had become the oldest person in the Dawn Church.

He was over ninety years old, having followed the entire Fischer family even before it rose to prominence. In fact, Patriarch Fischer Christine had not even been born when the old butler Theo joined.

Your next chapter is on empire

Such an extensive background made Theo far too venerable in the eyes of the people of the Dawn Church. Even today, Theo remained the chief steward of the Fischer family, with most of the manor's internal affairs handled by him.

However, Theo had learned from Archer, who possessed the "Origin Spirit sea," that he had only one year left to live.

If he could not step into the 5th Rank and advance to "Deadly Baron" in the coming year, then everything in this world would come to an end for him.

Therefore, in recent times, Theo personally trained two deputy stewards, planning to let Patriarch Fischer Christine choose one to replace him when he was gone.

And Theo's own descendants had spread out and flourished. By now, they were a small extended family with over a dozen direct members and nearly a hundred Extraordinary Exponents, one of the many forces attached to the Fischer family.

Old Dog suddenly brought up a very important person.

"Marzo, she's been thinking of leaving lately."

Darren furrowed his brow and immediately asked, "Why is that?"

Old Dog hesitated for a moment but still said:

"Because she has always been unable to find the sacred object worshiped by generations of emerald elves, 'New Green Constellation.' Even after recently wiping out the Stars Embrace Order, Marzo still could not find it among those Monarch powerful experts from the Order."

Darren recalled that finding that artefact was Marzo's original goal when she decided to assist the family. However, many years had passed with no results.

"That elven sacred object is very likely to be on the Black Starlight, or perhaps in some secret location of the Stars Embrace Order."

"As for her wanting to leave? That's impossible. Once joined the Dawn Church, one cannot truly leave, not even Karno Fischer."

Despite Darren's blunt words, deep down he knew Marzo's situation was somewhat difficult to manage, given her special status. He would need to convince her himself.

Since his father Byrne left, Darren had found that there was much more for him to do. Although Christine had become the Fischer family patriarch, it was impossible for her to manage everything alone.

Whether it was the Fischer family, the Dawn Church, or the smaller forces under their banner, there were more and more members... Now that their overall power had grown substantially, there were more and more matters to deal with.

So, rather than how to deal with things, Darren found what he needed to consider most was "which matters required his personal involvement."

Priority was essential to avoid wasting his time and energy.

Along the way, Darren and Old Dog talked a lot. After a while, they arrived at a secret base outside Nasir City.

After getting down from the carriage, a breeze wafted by, carrying with it the fresh scent of grass and the fragrance of earth, gently brushing Darren's cheeks, giving him a rare feeling of comfort and peace.

He smiled slightly and said, "The feeling here is quite nice, I hope our Queen doesn't get too despondent."

The secret base was hidden in a nearby cave, and deep in the cave's tunnels were many members of the Dawn Church, guarding layer upon layer, making it difficult for outsiders to enter.

"Lord Darren! You're finally here!"

Upon reaching the depths of the tunnel, Darren saw the Daybreaker in charge here, Ray.

The middle-aged, strapping man was as robust as ever, though no longer shirtless, with three large white wolf dogs by his side.

He approached with a beaming smile, obviously eager to see outsiders, having spent a bit too long in this location.

"Hmm, I've come to check on our Queen."

Darren nodded slightly, smiling as he advanced and embraced Ray.

The young man who joined the Dawn Church decades ago and raised a large white dog, Ray, had now become a rugged middle-aged man with a face marked by the vicissitudes of life. And the big white dog by his side had now increased to three, all descendants of the original.

Ray was the Daybreaker in the Dawn Church who had advanced the furthest on the Path of Nature; having already successfully stepped onto the 3rd Rank "Giant Bear Warrior," and was now striving towards the Path of Nature's 4th Rank "Shepherd of Trees."

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