

## **From Secret Clan to the Divine Dynasty**

### **Chapter 421 The 4th Step "Glorious Knight" and the 3rd Step "Giant Bear Warrior"\_3**

"The Giant Bear Warrior" is the 3rd Rank of the Path of Nature; the sacrifice offered by the family is the Class 3 Extraordinary Material "Nightmare Fish," which has increased Ray's physical constitution by seventy, without any enhancement to Spiritual Power.

It is obviously the most "skewed" among the powers of the 3rd Rank of Consecution.

"The Giant Bear Warrior" provides only one kind of Extraordinary power called "Giant Bear Transformation," which allows the Extraordinary Exponent to grow in size and nearly double their physical constitution, especially specializing in defense and strength.

Queen Peggy, that significant figure from the Adley Royal Family, the queen of Cyart in the north supported jointly by the Fischer family and the Romann family, was deep inside the tunnel's mouth.

"Please follow me."

With a smile on his face, Darren walked under Ray's lead, into a luxurious room deep in the tunnel, where he saw Peggy Adley, expressionless.

She was sitting in the room, her golden sandy hair being combed by a servant.

"Good day to you, Lord Darren."

Peggy stood up and bowed slightly; though the queen of Cyart, she showed great deference to Darren Fischer.

She was a woman with slightly dark skin, not very beautiful at a glance but very healthy and full of charisma, especially her deep-set eyes, which carried a maturity and wisdom far beyond her age.

"There's no need to be so distant, Your Majesty. We still have to rule Cyart together,"

Darren said with a smile that barely hid his contempt: "I am your loyal subject, and will support you well in the future."

"You jest, Lord Darren. I am but managing Cyart temporarily on behalf of the great Lord of the Lost..."

Peggy replied calmly; of course, having become a Blood Receiver, she would only be allowed by the Fischer family to act as the puppet queen of Cyart as a member of the Dawn Church.

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Peggy Adley had embarked on the Path of World Order, and was now the "Hand of Judgement" of the 3rd Rank.

She asked bluntly, "When, Lord Darren, may I finally leave this place?"

Darren shook his head with a laugh, raised an eyebrow, and said with an open hand:

"Not just yet, there was an assassination attempt on you in the past couple of years, wasn't there? So we have to ensure your safety, that could very well be a first-order priority."

"Okay, I understand." Peggy sighed; obviously, after two years here, she was at the end of her patience.

Darren nodded slightly, then said gravely: "Your Majesty, we need you to make a speech to mobilize for the coming events."

"Cyart should be united under your will! The civil unrest of over a decade should finally come to an end!"

Peggy trembled, her eyes widened, realizing that the moment had finally arrived. She then closed her eyes and suddenly spoke with some pain:

"I have no other requests, Lord Darren. Can you let all of the Adler Royal Family's children survive? Can't they all just become Blood Receivers?"

Darren smiled faintly; he had never discussed with Peggy how the Fischer family intended to deal with the other members of the Adley Royal Family, but she had thought of it herself.

She was no longer an ordinary girl.

He considered for a moment, even tempted to deceive Peggy, but in the end, he shook his head sincerely, knowing the truth couldn't be hidden forever.

"I am sorry."

Peggy's face turned to one of despair and the atmosphere in the room grew heavy. After a while, she finally put away all emotion and looked up resolutely, saying calmly,

"All right, Lord Darren. I understand what I need to do now."

Darren remained silent, feeling clearly something forming deep within Peggy's heart, something that was not hatred, but decisive determination.

A good outcome.

She had finally decided to completely sever ties with the rest of the Adley family!

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

## **Chapter 422 Duke Darren Fischer**

Not only in Nasir, but citizens from cities all along the East Coast, townspeople, and even villagers were informed of an important matter.

That was, Queen Peggy from the north would soon give a public speech!

Although the content of the speech had not been made public in advance, everyone speculated that it was a pre-war speech made by the Fischer family and Queen Peggy for the unification of Cyart.

Many were frightened at this thought, but even more people, who saw the situation clearly, felt that perhaps this long-lasting civil war was about to completely end, and joy surged from within their hearts.

On the eve of Queen Peggy's speech, the entire Nasir City seemed to be enveloped by an invisible force, filled with an atmosphere of anticipation.

The city hall and public spaces had been redecorated by the Fischer family, with Cyart national flags and unification symbols fluttering conspicuously in the wind, while banners and slogans expressing firm belief in the unification of Cyart and aspirations for the future were hung all over the streets.

The citizens of Nasir organized spontaneously to participate in the preparations for the speech, while the Dawn Church under the command of the Fischer family continuously patrolled and investigated throughout Nasir and even the Four Towns.

They were absolutely determined to prevent anyone from assassinating or causing trouble. If Queen Peggy were assassinated during the speech, the situation would also become very tricky for the Fischer family.

In today's society, a legitimate heir to the Royal Family was still very important.

As the time of the speech drew closer, almost everyone in the city held their breath, both tense and excited, knowing they were about to witness a historic moment. Your next journey awaits at empire

"Look! It's Her Majesty the Queen!"

Finally, when the teenage Queen Peggy stood on the lofty platform, people rose to their feet and applauded, showing their respect to the Queen.

Peggy smiled as she looked around and took a deep breath.

The moment had finally come...

But I won't just be a puppet.

Someday, I will become an important figure in the Fischer family!

Meanwhile, in the shadow behind the high platform, a black-clad Darren was communicating with the emerald elf March, arms crossed.

"Do you really want to go?"

"Mhm."

The emerald elf nodded lightly, her expression emotionless, and said, "I haven't found that sacred object, the New Green Constellation, I've been looking for. In fact, I've wasted decades of time here, so I want to leave."

Darren squinted his eyes and smiled, "But you must be aware that once you join the Dawn Church, it's not so simple to just leave whenever you want."

"..."

March remained silent, taking a long time to reply, and finally said, "I can stay with the Church, but I plan to leave, just like Karno did."

Darren nodded, showing he understood her point and continued:

"What you mean is to serve the great One loyally, voluntarily and conscientiously, but without adhering to all the various rules of the Church, living freely... Karno has always

been regarded as a disgrace of the Fischer family until he made a series of irreplaceable major contributions, earning the 'privilege'..."

"Forgive me for being blunt, Madam March, but you may not be quite qualified for 'freedom' yet."

He paused for a moment, then added, "The Power of Consecration... that's not free."

March asked, "What do you want me to do?"

Darren spoke indifferently, "Listen, Madam March, during the unification process of Cyart, I will assign you many of the most difficult tasks, and you must complete them all. Only then will you be eligible to be free from the Church's constraints."

"Of course, when the Dawn Church urgently needs you back, you must also comply with orders and return immediately."

Finally, March turned her head, her brow slightly furrowed as she looked intently at Darren, noticing that his eyes were serious and earnest.

This father and son were completely different; compared to the once more gentle Byrne, Darren represented a starkly contrasting presence.

She knew clearly that she could not negotiate, as Darren's conditions were already a major concession.

In fact, March knew Darren was displeased, because "Black Tide" had secretly dealt with several individuals who had tried to leave the Dawn Church, and for those inconspicuous ordinary members, Darren's orders were uniformly to eliminate them thoroughly.

He required absolute loyalty.

Darren's expression was blank, but deep inside, he was very clear about one thing: being a monarch came with a big problem... those requests from friends and family members that didn't follow the rules.

He couldn't be completely insensitive to others, nor could he allow his relatives and friends to break all the rules, and finding the right "degree" in this was difficult.

Father, after reaching a higher position, I genuinely find many things have become harder...

Meanwhile, Queen Peggy had already ascended to the platform, overlooking the numerous Syate nationals of Nasir City.

She knew that her current identity was merely a puppet of the Fischer family, and even when she had once harbored dissatisfaction in her heart, she wept bitterly due to His grand will, unable to sleep for months on end.

But Queen Peggy also understood that as long as she could take the stage herself, and as long as her child would still be the king of Cyart, she would have the opportunity to gain a more important position in the future.

As if she had rehearsed, she began her speech, using a mysterious rare artifact of jewel-like quality to amplify her voice, spreading it all around.

"Citizens of Nasir City, in this solemn and hopeful moment, I speak to you—the most important subjects of Cyart—my heart's voice, and the voice of this land!"

"Today we gather together to jointly draft a more brilliant and splendid blueprint for Cyart."

"Those great moments that shaped the people of Cyart have always been enshrined in our hearts, from the dawn of Cyart's civilization by my ancestor, the First Monarch and Duke Black Iron, to today where the Fischer, Romann family and all of you have stood with me through storms, yet remain unyielding; every step embodies the wisdom, courage, and blood of all Cyartians!"

"Yet, there are those who wish to challenge the true Cyart, they despicably murdered my ancestors, and even sought to deliver the lives and souls of the Syate Nationals to the Evil God, launching the horrific Undead Calamity!"

"My heart aches because those malicious perpetrators are my own kin, the despairing and fearful Adley family from the south! They have conspired with the Words of Tranquility and the Stars Embrace Order, their crimes unforgivable. It is their evil that has led us to countless deaths, put every Cyartian in jeopardy, and displaced families one after another!"

"Even though they are my own kin, I cannot forgive them, because the people of Cyart will not forgive!"

She took another deep breath and shouted loudly:

"The time has come! Now that the False King Noah is dead! The Wordless Elder, head of Words of Tranquility, has been executed! The remaining members of the southern Adley Royal Family must also pay the price! Next, Cyart will usher in complete unification!"

The crowd burst into cheers immediately!

People were extremely excited, and Queen Peggy fully incited everyone's emotions. She watched the crowd with an air of majesty until their cheering ceased and then continued.

Darren stood backstage with his arms crossed, silently listening to her speech. Other people came and went by his side, speaking to him with reverence, exchanging many important matters.

He handled the situations well, mainly thanks to the framework set by Christine, which provided "rules" and "grounds" for dealing with most matters.

Most of the time Darren only needed to maintain an "iron facade."

To this day, everyone in the Dawn Church realized that Darren and Christine, the two figures substantively in charge of the Fischer family, were "stern" much different from their predecessor, His Excellency Byrne.

Only that Lord Darren was more emotional, while the Family Head Christine was more rational.

The last to arrive was Yeager.

Yeager, who is now "the leader of the Dawnbringers," has completely regained his youth. With his golden hair, he appeared like a handsome, polite nobleman, and he had a very special charm about him.

Darren looked at Yeager with a smile and reached out his hand first.

"Congratulations, reaching the 5th Rank means you will have many opportunities in life to come."

Yeager clasped Darren's hand, and the two of them were like the best of old friends.

"Indeed, staying alive is more important than anything else, because once dead, that's it. Even if there is a next life, the accomplishments of this life would become meaningless."

However, Darren shook his head after listening, negating Yeager's view, and then brought out Carol, Grandma Narda's reincarnation, as an example.

"That's not quite true, Carol. Her advancement in the Power of Consecution this life is much faster than her previous one, at least three times as fast, enticing enough, isn't it... But first, one must become 'A devout person' to reap such benefits in the next life."

He continued, "She tells me that every time she wakes from a dream, the digestion and mastery of the Power of Consecution advances. She has now reached the 3rd Rank on

the Path of Divine Sacrifice... In those dreams, Carol can always remember her past lives in great detail."

"I see."

Yeager nodded gently, murmuring to himself, "Threefold, that's good news, just to become A devout person... am I not doing well enough? Oh great Lord of the Lost... "

Darren's expression turned serious as he slowly said, "Do not question Him, think more about what you need to do."

Yeager immediately bowed deeply, his face showing a gentle smile with a wisdom in his eyes that was inscrutable.

"Hmm, I understand, thank you for the reminder, Lord Darren."

Just then, atop the high platform, Queen Peggy's speech reached its most critical moment!

"I will bestow titles upon some who contributed during the civil strife, while others will become higher nobility. I know only by honoring them in such a way can we do justice to the expectations of the Cyartians and bring comfort to the great Divine. The first person I am going to bestow a title upon is Darren Fischer of the Fischer family. He will become the new Duke of the Cyart Kingdom!"

The people of Nasir City gasped in surprise, cheers and applause resounded all around, almost the entire city celebrated with a roar.

"Long live Queen Peggy! Long live the Fischer family! Long live Cyart!"

Backstage, Darren maintained a calm demeanor in the shadows for a long time without moving. Before going onstage to accept the investiture, he took another look at Yeager, then said, "Well, it's starting now, from this moment."

"Cyart will usher in an era belonging to the Fischer family."

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

## **Chapter 423 The Beginning of Unification**



One noble family after another within the Cyart Kingdom successively declared their submission to Queen Peggy of the North, and they were each conferred new titles by Queen Peggy and had their territories redivided.

The Fischer family, which had long been called the "Fisherman" and the "Regicides," gradually gained a new nickname in Cyart—"Heart of the Ocean."

Since Karl possessed part of the "Sea God's" authority, the Fischer family was practically invincible at sea. As long as the battle was within the range of the White Sea, he could strike with lightning and intervene.

At the same time, many of the territories actually controlled by the Fischer family were overseas and not in Cyart, and they also had stable sea routes and significant influence on the White Sea.

Therefore, "Heart of the Ocean" was actually a very logical title. While people openly called them the "Heart of the Ocean," many would refer to the Fischer family in private as "Leviathan" or "Agor," "Monsters of the Deep"!

As a result, more and more families swore allegiance to Queen Peggy, including the "Heart of the Ocean" Fischer family, the "Obsidian Angel" Romann family, the "Wasteland Beast" Frosac family, the "Wrathful Angel" Jones family... and even the "Ruins Song Spirit" Middell family, which, after losing Marquis Middell, pondered, hesitated, but ultimately gave up on revenge, and chose to surrender completely.

Now, of all the great families within Cyart, excluding the Adley Royal Family, only the "Fog Wayfarer" Abernathy, and the "Flaming Blood Proud Dragon" Castleton family, still had an unclear stance.

So, the Fischer family asked Queen Peggy to issue orders to call the heads of several subdued noble families, asking each grand family to send a Monarch powerful expert.

The Fischer family had Yeager stationed in the East Coast Province and only sent Darren and Chris along with one representative from each of the great families, making a total of six Monarch powerful experts to lead the army.

They united the formidable military forces of several great families and began an advance attack on the territory of the "Flaming Blood Proud Dragon" Castleton family.

The Monarch powerful experts of the many families displayed their strength, easily smashing through resistance and simply causing the "Northern Kingdom Army" to arrive at the gates of the city where the Castleton family resided.

Even though the barrier of the Castleton family had been fully raised, nobody believed they could win. After the death of Marquis Vlad, the "Flaming Blood Proud Dragon" family had only two low-level Monarch extraordinary powerful experts left.

Even with their resistance, it was very difficult for them to counter the "Northern Kingdom Army."

The "Northern Kingdom Army" did not immediately storm into the city. Instead, Darren ordered someone to step forward in the Queen's name, demanding accountability from the "Flaming Blood Proud Dragon" family for their actions over the past decade and inquiring whether they would surrender!

"Surrender, Flaming Blood Proud Dragon, you still have a chance for repentance!"

Darren, having transformed into an incredibly large Flame Dragon, emerged in the sky, his voice deep and authoritative, causing everyone to feel immense fear.

However, the "Flaming Blood Proud Dragon" family did not surrender!

The son of Marquis Vlad also transformed into a massive Flame Dragon, taking flight within the city and responding loudly to Darren:

"You killed my father, and I will defend to the last breath! The power of the Flaming Blood Proud Dragon does not lie in our bloodline, but in our dignity and souls!"

Darren laughed heartily and nodded in the sky:

"Good, a person with backbone. I like people with backbone. Perhaps the final foundation of a kingdom needs such people to hold it up."

But when he returned to the allied forces' camp, he immediately said:

"Destroy this city."

Everyone fell silent, and Aldrich shook his head and said:

"In fact, it's possible to pursue a decapitation strategy, to kill the enemy's two Monarch powerful experts. The rest will probably surrender."

Darren nodded gently, his smile calm:

"You make sense... So, let us destroy this city. I hope their downfall will hasten the unification of Cyart."

Aldrich furrowed his brow and still insisted, "I hope we can show some mercy, Lord Darren. After all, the people in the city are from Cyart; we are killing our own kind."

"In the internal war of more than a decade, enough people have already died."

So what? Darren looked at Aldrich with surprise, not expecting him to be fonder of mercy than he had imagined, and, spreading his hands, said:

"Respected Lord Aldrich, some intimidation is a necessary means. You must believe that my killing now is to avoid many killings in the future." Explore stories on empire

"Then I hope I do not have to participate in this battle." Aldrich finally gave up persuading, but he did not plan to take the field himself.

"Agreed."

The Fischer family made considerable concessions for Aldrich. Almost every suggestion and request from Aldrich were earnestly considered and compromised by Darren.

Because the Romann family was willing to give the greatest fruits of the civil war to the Fischer family, promising not to grab benefits but to agree that the Fischer family, who controlled Peggy, would divide the spoils of victory.

In fact, Aldrich's "modest" behavior had filled the Romann family with resentment, some even wishing to backstab the Fischer family at the final stage and enjoy the complete fruits of victory alone.

However, his attitude was very rarely firm, suppressing many people's thoughts within the family, ensuring the Romann family would not threaten the Fischer family in the slightest.

Therefore, within the Fischer family, the goodwill towards the Romann family had reached a very high level.

So, except for Aldrich and Chris, the four Monarch powerful experts present led the vast army to attack Rus City, belonging to the "Flaming Blood Proud Dragon" family.

Unprecedented disaster quietly descended upon this city. The people saw in the sky two huge fire dragons, as if breaking free from ancient myths, their scales flashing ominous crimson and dark gold, drawing two fiery trajectories across the skies, intertwining in a heart-pounding spectacle.

One was Darren, who had transformed into a fire dragon, and the other was the son of Marquis Vlad, who had also inherited the "Burning Dragon" power of Bloodline. However, he was only a low-level Monarch in terms of strength, so both his size and power were clearly much weaker.

Darren's body was so massive it almost obscured half the sky, wings spreading like dark clouds covering the sun, each flap accompanied by a deafening roar and a gale that swept everything away. His eyes burned with unquenchable fury, and his mouth

spewed flames hot enough to melt gold and scorch stone, turning buildings to ash in his path.

The streets twisted and deformed under his raging fury, as if the whole world trembled in his anger.

The son of Marquis Vlad was by no means insignificant, with thicker scales and broader wings, flying as if to swallow all the surrounding light. His roar was deep and forceful enough to shake the heart.

The two fire dragons circled and chased each other above the city. Every clash was accompanied by deafening explosions and earth-shaking tremors.

They tore at each other with their claws and struck buildings with their bodies. Flames intertwining with flames painted an apocalyptic scene; the city's inhabitants were terrified, screaming and wailing as they fled the land of death, plunging the entire city into chaos and despair.

Suddenly, the size of Darren's transformation into a fire dragon surged, becoming even larger than before, and not only his body swelled up, but at the same time, the ominous aura of a demon and bloodthirsty eyes suddenly made the other side fearful.

"No! I surrender!"

Seeing this, Marquis Vlad's son was greatly shaken, watching another member of his family die, and witnessing his city gradually crumbling to ruin, the principles he had held deep inside finally could not stand firm, and he couldn't help but shout out loud.

"I am willing to submit! Ahhhhh!"

Darren suddenly extended his claws, piercing through the barrier of fire, tightly grasping the fire dragon's thick neck as sturdy as a column, and fiercely bit down on its throat, tearing with all his might.

The fire dragon struggled desperately, flames and roars intertwining, but it could not escape the shackles.

A heart-stopping crack split the sky, as if the entire world stood still at that moment.

"Whoosh!"

The fire dragon's neck was actually torn apart, blood gushing out like a fountain, not the usual red but mixed with the fiery and enraged blood, drawing dazzling and cruel arcs in the air, eventually turning into a rain of blood that sprinkled lavishly upon the earth.

They scorched every inch of the land, the air around seemed to freeze with this sudden turn of events, leaving only the increasingly faint wails of the fire dragon and the trembling of people caused by their fear.

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

## Chapter 424 Complete Surrender

After both "Flaming Blood Proud Dragon" family's Monarch powerful experts had fallen, the remaining people in the city earnestly surrendered, and the Northern Kingdom Army swiftly moved in and took over everything in the city.

Rus City was greatly destroyed in a short amount of time; many citizens died or were injured. However, Darren, as the initiator of it all, did not feel that there was anything wrong with this.

The people of Rus City provided the "Flaming Blood Proud Dragon" Castleton family with clothing, food, shelter, and transportation, participated in building railways, and collected various extraordinary materials, among other actions, all lending strength to the "Flaming Blood Proud Dragon" Castleton family. Even in the investigations by the Black Tide, most of these citizens were proud of the "Flaming Blood Proud Dragon" family and were not merely exploited unilaterally.

Beyond that, they also spontaneously did many things for the civil war.

So were the citizens who died or were injured truly innocent?

Could it be that those who died over the years in the East Coast Province, who until their last breath still believed wholeheartedly in the Fischer family, died without innocence?

Moreover, Darren firmly believed that if he showed any leniency toward cities that were not keen to surrender, then the remaining cities might follow their example. At that point, if every city actively resisted and had to be conquered one by one, even with their huge advantage, they might suffer significant losses.

So his thought was very simple, direct, efficient.

Surrender and be accepted, don't surrender and be killed! Surrender too late and also be killed!

Because if you're allowed to repent and surrender partway through, and we then immediately hold back, it would mean that our previous "hard" stance was completely meaningless.

Negotiations, only one chance.

When the city was conquered, the remaining people from the "Flaming Blood Proud Dragon" family finally declared their surrender to Queen Peggy!

Marquis Vlad's grandson, with grey hair, came forward with the remaining direct members of the dozen or so "Flaming Blood Proud Dragon" family, all kneeling down in the Central Square, heads lowered, waiting for Duke Darren's judgement.

Over the years, the "Flaming Blood Proud Dragon" family had too many people assassinated by the "Death God" Chris, so the accumulated massive hatred was also the reason they did not want to surrender.

Occasionally, some still couldn't help but raise their heads, staring around with eyes full of hatred. Darren saw this scene as he approached.

"..."

Darren, wearing a black coat, silently walked over, followed by Old Dog, the Emerald Elf, March, and the wolf-eared Alger—three close members of his team.

He looked at those direct members of the "Flaming Blood Proud Dragon" family and said in a very calm manner, "Is the recording device ready? It's about to start."

"Yeah."

The ugly-faced Old Dog stood aside and nodded, snickering as he took out a gemstone-grade mysterious rare artifact from his bosom.

It was like a crimson gemstone, possessing the unique function of recording visual images.

Duke Darren spoke with a voice that was calm yet full of dignity and utterly unassailable.

"Marquis Vlad assisted the heretical cult, committed the crime of treason, and was entirely unforgivable. He has already suffered the judgement of Her Majesty the Queen and the Divine in Nasir City and fallen into Hell!"

"Originally, our Queen was incredibly magnanimous; she hoped the Castleton family could return to God's embrace and help her achieve the unification of Cyart. But when we arrived, you were still corrupted, unwilling to heed advice, even less willing to

surrender, completely ignoring the mercy of the benevolent Divine and Her Majesty the Queen..."

As he spoke up to this point, he paused, and everyone's gaze turned to Darren.

"This is not the case, they acted on their own!"

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Those people wanted to argue, but they were all suppressed by the terrifying aura emanating from Darren, freezing in place, unable to move.

Darren could fully feel his power of Consecution at the 5th Rank becoming continuously mastered, for since the siege began, he had kept creating "shadows" for his enemies.

The Path of Shadow required spreading negative emotions to go further, and that was also one of the reasons he chose to take the extreme path.

"Undeniably, the Castleton family, from top to bottom, has committed the great crime of treason and is just as unforgivable. Therefore, our gracious and noble Queen is extremely enraged and has already decreed that you be thoroughly stripped of your status in Cyart!"

Dressed in the black coat, Darren, in the eyes of the crowd, appeared like a Demon Dragon, surrounded by pitch-black flames.

He finally said a sentence.

"May the merciful Gods forgive your sins, and I hope that Hell will punish your cowardice."

The people of the "Flaming Blood Proud Dragon" Castleton family soon had a bad premonition, and they all began to plead loudly, but there was never any forgiveness to speak of...

Billowing flames erupted fiercely from Darren's hands.

The flames burned everything...

Life, glory, all of the family's possessions were destroyed in the fiery inferno.

Darren listened calmly to the wails, cries, and curses, his heart distinctly perceiving that the Consecution power of the 5th Rank "Shadow of the Demon" was further mastered.

Good.

As long as he could step into the 6th Rank more quickly, the safety margin for the Fischer family and the Dawn Church would rise another level amidst the increasingly chaotic situation on the Ouden Continent.

He simply dreamt of becoming even more powerful!

After leaving the Central Square, Darren took out the crimson gemstone and spoke privately to March:

"March, be the messenger of Little Queen Peggy for once. This dangerous task is entrusted to you; take this mysterious rare artifact that records images to the 'Fog Wayfarer' of the Abernathy family."

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

## **Chapter 425 Comprehensive Surrender\_2**

"I hope they would surrender,"

"Hmm, I understand." Marzo was still as expressionless as ever, nodding as he took the Mysterious rare artifact.

Darren pondered silently for a moment, then gave Marzo a black and red earring, which was the Forbidden rare artifact "Dark Red Blood Moon" of the "Flaming Blood Proud Dragon" family, with the serial number 4555. Its effect was to nullify a fatal attack once, but the cost was the random loss of some flesh and blood from the body.

He still said calmly and indifferently,

"Don't die."

After Marzo left, Darren went to the camp and found his uncle, Chris.

"Uncle Chris, you should go, too. If the 'Fog Wayfarer' Abernathy family resolutely refuses to surrender, you can directly take action to kill their Family Head, 'White Spirit.'"

Chris nodded slightly, expressionless, and then disappeared.



After the Northern Kingdom Army stationed itself in the city, they immediately started taking a census, checking losses and gains, searching for fleeing individuals, dealing with issues caused by destruction, and preventing the possible spread of the plague.

The entire city was operating under the command of Aldrich Romann, who was undoubtedly the most adept at this among the coalition forces.

In less than a month, the news of the complete annihilation of the "Flaming Blood Proud Dragon" family spread not only throughout Cyart but also became known to most of the Extraordinary nobility in the Eastern Four Kingdoms.

The "Flaming Blood Proud Dragon" had been wiped out!

All the Extraordinary nobility were greatly shaken!

In fact, compared to the deaths of countless common people, the complete demise of a well-established noble family stirred the emotions of the noble Extraordinary Exponents even more.

They became increasingly aware of the Fischer family's ferocity.

So, in the following period, every town and city that the Northern Kingdom Army arrived at chose to surrender without exception; the people had no desire to resist.

Finally, before arriving at the southernmost province of Cyart, Alfenia, Marzo brought back two legitimate members of the Abernathy "Fog Wayfarer" family to surrender, along with an important piece of news.

Their family's Patriarch, "White Spirit," had recently gone missing.

"White Spirit has gone missing?"

In the temporary camp, after hearing the important news, Aldrich looked at Darren and, after a long contemplation, finally said:

"Lord Darren, you might not be fully aware, but 'White Spirit,' in my view, is likely one of the most mysterious people in Cyart. He only ever had Marquis Vlad as a friend and mostly kept to himself, rarely talking to others."

"His sudden disappearance, I feel, is an ominous sign..."

Darren raised his eyebrows, sinking deep into thought.

Recalling the eleven years of civil war, "White Spirit" had hardly appeared on the frontal battlefield, even though he had long been a mid-level Monarch and a significant force.

"Please tell me specifically about 'White Spirit.'"

He quickly inquired with the people from the Abernathy "Fog Wayfarer" family along with Aldrich, only to find that even the Abernathy family members didn't know much about their Family Head, "White Spirit."

Even though that man is clearly the Family Head, in reality, he's similar to Chris in the family: elusive, and now he has simply upgraded to a situation like that of Karno...

Inside the temporary military camp, General Archibald, the strongest member of the Dawn Church, "Path of Calamity," was also listening. He eventually shook his head and spread his hands, saying with apparent unconcern,

"I think it's no big deal. There's no extra information on 'the White Spirit,' and pondering too much won't yield any results."

"We should focus our energy on other matters."

Darren fell into deep thought, feeling in his heart that there were some secrets associated with "the White Spirit," but as Archibald had said, it was pointless to dwell on it for the time being.

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At this very moment, in the Siyate Imperial City.

Dozens of members of the Adley Royal Family were discussing with anxiety and concern what they should do next.

"Let's surrender. It's still not too late to surrender. Those families who chose to surrender are all safe!"

"But the Castleton family was nearly annihilated, and they surrendered too!"

"That's because they surrendered too late! That army is about to reach the Royal Capital, and we might be too late by then! Send someone to surrender immediately!"

In the resplendent room, members of the Royal Family argued incessantly, with many urging surrender in fear and despair, but there were also quite a few who thought they should not just give up and suggested that the Fischer family and the Romann family would definitely not let them go, so they should seek help from outside.

Even if it meant giving away half of the country's territory, they must seek revenge against the despicable Fischer family and the Romann family!

The arrival of one man offered them a third path.

This person was the high-level Monarch "Weird Light," the second-in-command of the Salvation Church, and a Cardinal, Albert Saxon, who had once tried to rescue "the Sword of Salvation."

He seemed to twist space itself, causing unseen ripples to appear, and in the next moment, he had already arrived here.

Seeing Cardinal Albert, everyone instantly fell silent, not daring to speak out of turn.

The Salvation Church and Sun Church are the two most powerful True Gods Churches!

Their influence spreads across several continents around the world and can be said to be second only to the two great empires, Lorne and Seven Stars. Moreover, the number of followers of the True Gods Churches is simply incalculable, and their influence has deeply permeated every aspect of people's lives. Even the two great empires, Lorne and Seven Stars, dare not offend the Churches easily.

The most senior member of the Royal Family there immediately fell to his knees, took deep breaths, and with tears streaming down, pleaded painfully,

"Oh great Lord of Salvation! Have you come to save us, the descendants of your blood? Cardinal Albert Saxon, please go to the battlefield and eliminate the Fischer family and the Romann family!"

"You are the strongest Extraordinary Exponent under the Heavenly Enlightenment of the Ouden Continent, you must be able to do this!" Discover exclusive tales on empire

Facing the hopeful eyes of everyone, Cardinal Albert fell silent for a while before shaking his head gently, calmly saying,

"I can take you away and protect your lives in the name of the Salvation Church. However, I absolutely cannot directly intervene with the secular Extraordinary nobility, as that would break the 'rules' they established from the beginning."

Seeing the disappointed looks of the people, he said impatiently,

"Make your choice quickly."

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

## Chapter 426 The Final Echo of War

The members of the Adley Royal Family turned ashen at once, their hearts had harbored the last hope of mounting a counterattack with the help of the Salvation Church; after all, if the mighty ones of the Salvation Church took action, it would be almost effortless to annihilate the Fischer family and the Romann family.

But now, their last hope had completely shattered.

Powerful as the Six Great True Gods Churches were, they still abided by the rules laid down by the Gods to this day.

Though they had already begun to intervene covertly, openly, without a justified and valid reason, the True Gods Church would not directly meddle in the various conflicts amongst the Extraordinary nobility.

In truth, that was to be expected.

Throughout the long history of ten thousand years, the major True Gods Churches had been directly manipulated through "Divine Oracles" and other means by numerous divinities, acting as their "limbs" in Claud World.

Therefore, mostly those who were unwilling to abide by the divine rules would be eliminated from the start, leaving the clergy who mostly possessed a certain level of faith.

Even after the complete departure of the Gods, some people's faith in their hearts would eventually deteriorate and corrupt, but, at least until today, that rule had not yet seen true and total "collapse".

The True Gods Churches were still forces that cared about face and rules.

Cardinal Albert looked down at everyone calmly from on high.

"Hurry up, if you don't choose who to leave with now, I will leave alone."

In the end, the members of the Adley Royal Family split into two factions, most willing to leave with Cardinal Albert, while a minority expressed their wish to stay.

"Good, now that you have made your choices, then come with me," Cardinal Albert said, nodding slightly, then stretched out his seemingly powerless hand and tapped in front of him, a series of ripples slowly emerging in the void before space itself was torn open.

On the other side, the blurred silhouettes of the Kennas, dubbed the "City of Thousands", "City of Stars", and the denizens walking continuously in the great cathedral became visible.

That was a true "Space Gate".

Cardinal Albert possessed the power of Bloodline to manipulate space, and as such, he had always been one of the most "free" individuals on the Siate Continent.

Then, with his other hand merely making a grasping motion, he instantly transported those who chose to leave with him to Kennas using an invisible force.

They disappeared just like that.

Only five members of the Adley Royal Family remained behind, looking at each other, some quickly regretting their decision, but they were unable to follow anymore.

The leading elder sighed, saying with a gaze filled with weariness,

"Let us wait for the final moment."

----

The rain fell fine and even upon the ancient and mottled ground, producing a crisp and lingering sound, like gentle footsteps progressing slowly along the river of history.

The sounds of horses' hooves, footsteps, and carriages mingled in the rain.

Darren, riding atop a black and red steed, reached for his pitch-black coat and gazed into the distance.

"We've finally arrived."

The Northern Kingdom Army had finally reached the outskirts of the Cyart Royal Capital; a sense of joy spontaneously welled up from the depths of many hearts, knowing that the war had finally come to its final moment.

They could now fully see the walls of the Royal Capital!

Under the caress of the soft rain, the city walls seemed enshrouded in a hazy and mystical veil.

The city walls soared into the clouds, becoming even more majestic against the curtain of rain, every stone telling stories of past glory and change.

Rainwater slowly trickled along the crevices of the walls, gathering into streams and murmuring down ancient drainage channels, leaving mottled marks, witnessing the Royal Capital's resilience through the storms of time.

Beyond the walls lay a vast land enriched by the light rain, fields, villages, and rivers appeared intermittently through the drizzle, like a finely detailed painting.

An army, symbolizing conquest and destruction, arrived abruptly near the Royal Capital, jarringly out of place in the painting.

Darren remained silent, still gazing at the city that symbolized the supreme power of Cyart.

It bore witness to over one hundred and seventy years of sunrises and sunsets, the coming and going of the seasons, embodying countless dreams and hopes, and had long become an eternal symbol of the nation.

Soon, it would belong to the Fischer family.

A complex wave of emotions surged in Darren's heart, a mix of victorious joy, a longing for power, and a yearning for the unknown challenges that lay ahead; the blend so intense it felt as if Blazing Fire ignited his chest, every drop of blood boiling within him.

"We're finally going to win!"

"That's amazing!"

"The Southern Adley Royal Family will pay a hefty price!"

Standing on this conquered land, the many Extraordinary Exponents within the army looked towards the distance, their eyes sparkling.

Every inch of Cyart had witnessed their bravery and wisdom, their names would be forever engraved in the nation's history, a sense of accomplishment flooding them, filling them with immense pride and satisfaction.

However, the feelings of Darren and great figures like Aldrich were not limited to mere joy over their victory.

They knew that conquest was just the beginning; the real challenges lay in governing this land, ensuring the people could live and work in peace, and rejuvenating Cyart with new vitality and vigor.

Moreover, in Darren's heart, there was also a desire to explore the unknown world; he longed to keep moving forward, conquering new lands, facing more challenges, and ultimately ensuring the Fischer family's name echoed through the heavens!

This longing attracted him like a magnet, compelling him to never stop, to always advance.

The barrier had no intention of rising from the start; the city gates were wide open.

Under the Royal Capital, the atmosphere was tense and solemn; although the drizzle had ceased, the air still thrummed with an indescribable sense of tension and anticipation as the gates of the Imperial City slowly opened with a heavy creak.

This scene signified the official surrender of the Royal Capital to Darren.

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On both sides of the gate, the once vigilant guards had now laid down their weapons, their faces etched with helplessness and resignation, their eyes filled with sorrow for their fallen homeland and anxiety for their uncertain future.

From within the gates, an elderly man in resplendent court attire slowly stepped out, his steps heavy, yet his eyes shone with an indomitable dignity.

He held the scepter that symbolized royal authority, representing the entire Imperial City in delivering the act of surrender to Darren.

At this moment, everyone held their breath deeply, the past glory and splendor of the Adley Royal Family seemingly condensed onto the act of surrender, becoming a part of ancient history.

As the ceremony of surrender proceeded, the residents of the Cyart Royal Capital also began to emerge from their homes, bowing their heads in mourning, looking up in contemplation, their hearts filled with mixed feelings.

Some wept for the loss of their homeland, while others prayed for the incoming peaceful life.

The disarmed Extraordinary nobility also came out from within the city.

Leading them, the elderly member of the Adley Royal Family lifted his head, fixing his gaze upon the approaching Duke Darren Fischer, and took a deep breath.

He bowed his head, as if suddenly stripped of all his dignity and spirit, and finally uttered the words he most reluctantly harbored in his heart.

"We swear to the Divine, unconditional surrender, complete obedience to all decisions of Her Majesty Queen Peggy..."

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

## Chapter 427 Ascending the Throne

The earth exuded the scent of rain, and under the gaze of the surrounding people, Darren simply nodded calmly, accepting the surrender of the Adley Royal Family from a superior stance.

In that moment, the people who had come to surrender all breathed a sigh of relief, as they had always feared "Iron Mask Man" Darren from the Fischer family would plunder and massacre the Imperial City.

Darren looked around, frowning.

With considerable concern, he looked at the old man and asked, "Why? Why have only the five of you from the Adley Royal Family come here? Give me a valid reason, why are the others not here?"

"Because..."

The old man bowed his head, his expression complex, and after hesitating for a long while, he chose to speak the truth without concealment:

"Cardinal Albert of the Salvation Church took most of the members of the Adley Royal Family away. Those people are now with the Salvation Church in the Lorne Empire and they will never return to Cyart."

"They will never pose a threat to the Fischer family again."

Hmm, taken away by the people of the Salvation Church...

Seeking refuge?

After hearing this, Darren's frown deepened, quickly realizing this was no small threat; however, since those people had already been taken away, it was too late to stop them.

He chuckled coldly, his eyes filled with a chilling intent that terrified the old man.

"It's no wonder they're called the 'Weird Light', who can manipulate spatial powers so swiftly."



In fact, deep down Darren was well aware that the Salvation Church had ample reason to intervene in worldly matters, since the Adley Royal Family were descendants of ancient saints of the Church, with Divine Blood flowing through their veins. They couldn't sit by and watch the Divine Blood clan be completely wiped out.

"Let it be, then."

Darren slowly shook his head, contemplating deep inside.

"Retreating ten thousand steps, not encountering them in the act of withdrawing is also a blessing. After all, 'Weird Light' could instantly subdue Uncle Chris, and I'm probably no match for him either, not to mention people like Aldrich might be unpredictable..."  
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Darren was already well informed about Cardinal Albert, the "Weird Light" of the Salvation Church. He knew that this top-level power wielder could freely manipulate spatial forces, always surrounded by an invisible spatial barrier, possessing near invincible defenses, unapproachable even by ordinary Monarch Transcendents.

Even among the many fearsome beings at the upper-tier Monarch level, Cardinal "Weird Light" ranked as one of the strongest.

"And no matter what, we cannot truly come to blows with the big figures of the Church."

Even after taking Cyart, he was well aware of his place.

After all, Cyart was only a small Eastern kingdom, and the power wielded by the Fischer family was limited; they dared not and could not provoke the Salvation Church, one of the most powerful True Gods Churches.

Though the Six Great True Gods Churches were not allowed to directly intervene in secular conflicts, retaliating against an aggressor was undoubtedly within the permissible scope of actions.

"You've made the right choice."

Darren spoke calmly to the old man, void of joy or sorrow.

"Lead the way, take me to the Imperial Palace."

Since it was not necessary to exterminate all members of the Adley Royal Family, there was no need to strike against the few who remained; it also gave face to Queen Peggy Adler.

With the heavy footsteps of men and the neighing of horses, the conquerors slowly entered the bustling yet serene city. Their weapons glistened with a cold light in the sunshine, and every step they took proclaimed the arrival of a new order.

The people on both sides of the streets shut their doors tightly, casting fearful and complex looks through the cracks of the windows. Mothers hugged their children close, and the elderly bowed their heads with sighs, their hearts filled with unease and anxiety about the unknown.

Aldrich followed close by Darren, taking a deep breath.

It was fortunate that the Siyate Imperial City did not completely succumb to the flames of war. Most of the city's people had been sacrificed during the early stages of the Plague of the Dead, or had died from subsequent events. It would have been terrible indeed if "Iron Mask Man" Darren were to commit further slaughter.

In his heart, he harbored some fear towards Darren, sensing vaguely that the man was always suppressing something deep within himself.

It was a terrifying madness! It was as if he wanted to burn everything to ash!

"His Excellency Bain was a kind and gentle man, yet one of his successors, Darren Fischer, is a completely different 'madman.' It's probably the existence of the Fischer family that acts as a lifeline to his sanity, preventing him from plunging completely into darkness."

As the troops of the Northern Kingdom Army penetrated deeper, the atmosphere in the city grew increasingly oppressive. Yet within this oppression was mixed a subtle anticipation of the end of the old order and the possibility of something new.

Although this hope was buried deep beneath the people's fear, it was impossible to detect.

Along the way, Darren issued his orders calmly.

"No one in the army shall harass the people. No wanton destruction, no arson. Anyone who disobeys will be sentenced to death."

When the army finally reached the outskirts of the Imperial Palace, and as people's gazes lingered on the grand building symbolizing power, the atmosphere of victorious joy reached its peak.

The palace gates were pushed open amidst a thunderous roar, and the ancient and solemn aura rushed towards them.

The moment Darren stepped into the Imperial Palace, his emotions surged indescribably, not just excited for the victory at hand, but also feeling a strange thrill of a dream fulfilled.

"The Fischer family has finally come this far. We rose from a humble fishing village, step by step under the protection and affection of the gods..."

He knew that the Fischer family was about to stand at the pinnacle of power, to rule the land of Cyart, to shape a new chapter in history.

Yet beneath the surging tide of emotions, Darren also harbored deep reflections about the future.

A profound unease within his heart.

Darren knew that conquering Cyart was just the beginning; the true challenge lay in how to govern the land, how to make the people wholeheartedly accept the new rule, and how to leave the Great Lord of the Lost's mark on the Cyart people!

"To turn this country into His dominion, the terrestrial kingdom of the Great Lord of the Lost..."

He stepped into the palace, where the interior was resplendent with gold and luster, every detail exuding luxury. Huge crystal chandeliers hung from the soaring ceiling, casting a soft and bright light that illuminated the spacious hall.

Passing through the elaborately decorated corridors, Darren, who had come alone to the depths of the Siyate Imperial Palace, unexpectedly found the throne adorned with gemstones and gold, symbolizing ultimate power and nobility.

"This is the throne for two generations of Siyate monarchs. Heh, before Peggy sits on it, let me rest on it for a while. I'm sure she wouldn't mind."

With a smile, he slowly approached and sat down without hesitation, only to feel very uncomfortable.

"The war has finally ended, but many things are just beginning..."

---

Inside the palace treasury, there were not only vast amounts of gold and silver treasures, extraordinary materials, but also a great number of books, documents, and precious mysterious rare artifacts, all part of the Adley Royal Family's accumulation and heritage.

Unfortunately, all forbidden rare artifacts had already been transferred abroad by the Adley Royal Family.

Aldrich, with his hands clasped behind his back, calmly approached the towering bookshelves, immediately starting to peruse the treasured books, attempting to unravel much of the history that was unclear to him.

"Good, these things are the real treasure."

He found a book recording much about the "Legend of the Apocalypse," which had sorted and classified quite a bit of information on the existing Apocalypse legends of the Claud World.

"The thing inside me must be one of them..."

Aldrich fell into deep thought; the golden substance within him had devoured the Wordless Elder and had recently become increasingly active.

As if it were about to awaken!

"So what exactly are you?"

"Why did you suddenly come into my body? Or did I forget some key memories?"

---

Sitting atop the throne adorned with gemstones and gold, radiating the splendor of ultimate power, Darren's figure seemed especially tall and lonely. His hands gently rested on the armrests, but his gaze penetrated the grandeur of the palace, reaching far beyond into more profound places.

He was pondering how exactly to forever link the name of the Fischer family with the throne and the land.

Internal worries stemmed from the fact that although Cyart had been conquered, the hearts of the Cyart people had not fully submitted.

On the surface, they submitted to the new rule, but deep down, some still longed for the days of old, wary of the Fischer family, the Romann family, and Queen Peggy.

How to soothe the public's heart, eliminate the divide, and truly get the Cyart people to accept and support the new regime was the primary problem the Fischer family had to face.

Moreover, the strife among the major internal forces was causing him endless headaches.

Finding a balance point among the interest groups to ensure the stable power of the Fischer family was an issue that required deep thought.

External threats, on the other hand, hung over the Fischer family's head like a sword.

Even though they had successfully conquered this land, neighboring countries and powers had not given up on coveting it. In the shadows, they amassed strength, preparing to seek opportunities and join other forces to invade Cyart.

The Fischer family had to maintain a high level of vigilance and clear-headedness, to devise effective strategies in anticipation of a new war that might come.

"There is just so much to do."

"Even more so than during the civil war. The tasks we need to accomplish are countless times more!"

He longed to build a powerful empire on this land, to fulfill his lofty ambitions, and also worried whether the Fischer family's rule could last.

Darren was keenly aware of the heavy responsibilities and missions he bore, knowing that only the right decisions would lead the Fischer family and the Dawn Church into a new era.

He took a deep breath, his gaze fixed on the distant horizon, murmuring to himself.

"Great Lord of the Lost, may Your power protect us to continue moving forward."

"The Fischer family swears to You, we will turn Cyart into Your kingdom on earth, let the sorrowful and the ignorant recognize the true nature of the false gods, and wholeheartedly regard the Great You as the one true God!"

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

## **Chapter 428 Unified Cyart**

Cyart welcomed its unification.

Nasir City.

The news of the kingdom's unification spread quickly through every corner of Nasir City like a spring breeze, and the entire city seemed to be enveloped in an unprecedented joy and hope.

The streets swelled with people, laughter and cheerful voices rose and fell, and everyone immersed themselves in this hard-earned peace.

Colorful flags fluttered gently in the breeze, embroidered with symbols of the kingdom's unification, hung high on the city walls, in front of shops, and on the balconies of every home, heralding the arrival of a new era.

In the center of the square, people held hands and danced joyfully, their singing and laughter intermingling as the band played cheerful melodies alongside.

"Praise Fischer!"

"Praise Cyart!"

"Praise our Queen Peggy!"

In the taverns, people raised their glasses, and a middle-aged man loudly said,

"Cheers, this glass is to the respected His Excellency Bain, and then this glass is for our Queen Peggy!"

"Cheers! To the respected His Excellency Bain and our Queen Peggy!"

"Cheers!"

Vendors also set up stalls, selling all kinds of delicacies and souvenirs, with tempting aromas filling the air—freshly baked bread, steaming roast meat, and sweet juices and wines.

The people of Nasir City savored the food, exchanging joys with each other, as if at that moment all troubles had vanished.

There were also many souvenirs about the Fischer Family, and the most popular was a silver pin featuring a young portrait of Bain on the front and a raven on the back; it was sold by the family of the old butler Theo. Because it was a limited edition with only five hundred pieces made, and came with a signed card of a Fischer family member, it quickly fetched up to several Gold Coins.

Actually, the person who agreed to give out autographs was Chris's wife, the easygoing Vanessa.

As night fell, the jubilation in Nasir City did not cease. Gorgeous fireworks erupted in the night sky, illuminating the horizon with colorful lights, and lighting up the hope in people's hearts!

"God, please bless us..."

People looked up, their eyes shimmering with tears of excitement and emotion.

They knew that peace was bought with countless sacrifices and was always hard-earned.

The news of Cyart's complete unification undeniably marked the beginning of a new era; the Lorne Empire and the Valer Kingdom, which was under Lorne's influence, quickly sent congratulatory messages.

After discussions between the Fischer family and the Romann family, they decided to no longer use the traditional southern Imperial City of Cyart as the national core but instead announced...

From now on, Nasir City will serve as the new Imperial City of Cyart!

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A fishing village a century ago, a fishing town decades prior— from now on, it will become the power center of Cyart!

The Fischer family had many reasons for this choice, such as the numerous railroads in East Coast Province, the rapid development of Nasir City, their greater familiarity with the city, its proximity to the White Sea, and its strategic location for defending against invasions from northern nations!

It was undoubtedly a significant change that stirred up much attention, and several major families of Cyart voiced their opposition.

However, the opinions of Darren, Christine, and Aldrich were most critical; as their stance solidified, the major families soon stopped their objections.

Deep down, they only prayed for one thing—that their family's lands would not be greatly affected, as these also represented various resources, including the production of Extraordinary materials.

For families of Extraordinary Exponents, this was undoubtedly the most critical interest. As for the rest, it entirely depended on the mood of the victorious families.

It could even be said, if the Fischer and Romann families decided to massacre ordinary people, it wouldn't matter.

However, they still needed to wait because Queen Peggy, a puppet, aside from issuing orders to maintain public order and stabilize the situation, temporarily hadn't enacted any new policies.

Maintaining public order and restoring civil life were necessary actions. In fact, after eleven years of civil war and the disaster of the dead, Cyart had long suffered from deterioration in public security and livability, and its national power had markedly regressed to the edge of total collapse.

Following the unification of Cyart, upon the advice of Christine, Darren, and Aldrich, Queen Peggy immediately issued measures to restore public order and provide relief to the people. On one hand, it was to restore Cyart's national strength, and on the other hand, it was because, as the new ruler, Queen Peggy needed to establish a good image.

Indeed, enacting new policies wasn't something needed right away.

Christine from the Fischer family and Aldrich from the Romann family saw eye to eye on their first actions being to conduct assessments.

Counted populations, food supplies, factories, and the number of Extraordinary Exponents... Counted all the lands owned by the noble families.

"Only with sufficiently accurate information can we be well-prepared for what comes next."

Christine, like Byrne, was fascinated by straightforward, real data. She deeply felt that only by gathering enough data could they properly govern the newly reborn Cyart Kingdom.

---

Carnia.

The reigning King of Carnia, once renowned in Carnia for his wisdom and benevolence, now trembled uncontrollably, as if devoured by endless darkness and rage.

He appeared to be about fifty years old, his features very angular, clad in a wide, luxurious purple robe, with eyes no longer gentle but instead filled with flames of anger, strong enough to ignite a city in a moment!

Having learned about the brutal murder of his dearly loved younger brother, who had shared countless laughs and secrets with him, it struck him like a bolt from the blue, completely breaking his inner defenses.



"Fischer family! Romann family! Cyart people! I want you to pay a bloody price! You are provoking Carnia, and the blood of ten thousand of you is not as precious as a single drop from Conrad! You dared to actually kill him!"

He clenched his fists, nails digging deep into his palms, blood dripped slowly through his fingers, yet he felt no pain.

Anger and sorrow mingled, forming an uncontrollable force that surged within the chest of the King of Carnia.

"Aaaah! Conrad! I swear to make the murderers pay a thousand times the suffering you endured! I will make every member of the Fischer and Romann families accompany you in death!"

His deep, hoarse roars echoed in every corner of the palace.

And his grandfather, who was once revered as a god by the people, a high-level Monarch who retired behind the scenes, the First Monarch of Carnia, had not appeared.

"Cyart..."

"You pack of beasts, you shameless living filth, mere scum that need to be exterminated..."

He was no longer the fair and impartial Arbiter in the eyes of his people, but merely a brother who had lost his reason, seeking only revenge!

However, beneath the furious exterior lay deeper agony and struggle within the King of Carnia.

He missed every day spent with his brother, those simple yet warm memories now turned into the sharpest blades in his heart, each recall a heart-wrenching pain.

The King of Carnia truly wished he could turn back time to prevent this tragedy, but reality cruelly told him that all was irreversible!

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In the modest palace of Rhea.

In a plain study, "Blood Flames King" Flamme, with hair radiant like the afterglow of sunset, was now completely cloaked in deep concern.

His face looked grave, his brow furrowed with persistent clouds of worry, those eyes usually sparkling with wisdom and decisiveness, now filled with uncertainty and concern for the future.

The unification of the neighboring Cyart, like an unexpected surge, impacted the realm he ruled over—Rhea.

This was not merely a geographical change but a great challenge to the long-standing balance and stability. "Blood Flames King" Flamme was well aware that the people of the Cyart harbored butcher-like ferocity; they were savage and merciless, and the rise of the Cyart people was inevitably going to affect his kingdom.

"Unfortunately, the disaster of the deceased delayed our steps, unable to intervene during the Cyart civil war, to completely destroy this sinister, savage country... And the land we lost has not yet been reclaimed... but we must reclaim it."

He paced back and forth in his modest and practical palace, unable to sleep, heart filled with constantly mulling over strategies.

"But do I really want to start a war?"

"Once a war is initiated, what about the people who have just recovered from the disaster of the deceased? Many more will die..."

Flamme took a deep breath, then summoned advisors and generals, holding one emergency meeting after another, attempting to find a way to break the deadlock.

However, each discussion ended in a stalemate, with no one able to provide a satisfying answer.

"Blood Flames King" Flamme's worries stemmed not only from the fear of external threats, but also from his deep understanding that should his kingdom fall into turmoil, the innocent Rheas would suffer the most.

Therefore, he was even more determined to lead Rhea through this crisis and to protect every inch of land and every citizen.

Finally, "Blood Flames King" Flamme made up his mind, his eyes sparking with firm determination.

"Since those Cyart people are insatiable butchers, hungry wolves, the darkest evil, forever harboring nauseating ambitions... We Rheas must strike them first, completely destroy the barbarous Cyart, and only then can real peace be achieved!"

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## Chapter 429 "City of Thousands" Kennas

The capital of the Lorne Empire is Kennas, known as the "City of Thousands" and the "City of Stars."

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It has another name, the Misty City, due to its unique charm; positioned at a corner of the Claud World, it has become a place many yearn for in their hearts.

As its name implies, Kennas is shrouded in a veil-like mist all year round.

At dawn, the mist interweaves with the morning light, and the entire city seems immersed in a gentle golden ocean. The outlines of buildings appear to flicker, like mirages, kindling endless fascination.

At night, lights penetrate the mist, forming columns of illumination that adorn the city like a resplendent starry sky fallen to earth, a sight too beautiful to behold.

This strong and prosperous city of Kennas is undoubtedly the center of the Ouden Continent and even the entire Claud World. For centuries, it has been an ideal place many aspire to reach, where people can pursue their dreams and futures.

Yet, Kennas also lacks no place to hide its filth, where countless individuals fail to fulfill any dreams and completely lose their futures, merely reduced to fuel for the enjoyment of the Extraordinary nobility.

At this moment, within the palace of the Lorne Empire, seventeen people standing at the very center of imperial power are actively discussing matters about Cyart.

The majestic and valiant Emperor of Lorne sits on his throne, eyes closed, leaning slightly backward, seemingly indifferent to the matter at hand.

Below him, the sixteen members of the Lorne Cabinet discuss amongst themselves.

"We have already helped the Fischer family and the Romann family of Cyart to successfully win their war, and a new queen has ascended the throne, named Peggy Adler."

The speaker, the Prime Minister of Lorne, "Diamond Man" William Pitt, is a frail old man nearing eighty, his demeanor utterly calm. Dressed in black clothes, he appears severe and meticulously tidy.

Suspended around his body are a myriad of differently colored stones, imbued with Extraordinary power. Of these, at least a dozen can be counted, one of which is the ultimate miracle of alchemy, the "Philosopher's Stone."

"From now on, we can indirectly control Cyart by puppeteering the Fischer family and the Romann family, and the Lorne Empire can take this opportunity to reap many benefits. It is time to receive our dues."

The elder Prime Minister paused, then continued, "But I'm not optimistic about the future of Cyart."

"The Emperor of the Seven Stars will surely not stand by idly. He might command his dogs... the Carnian people to make trouble for Cyart, and the Rhea People also deeply hate the Cyart people."

One of the cabinet members immediately asked a question:

"So, if a war against the Cyart people does break out, should we send the Vania people to assist and help Cyart through the crisis?"

Just then, a deep voice said:

"It doesn't matter, even if Cyart is completely destroyed in the end, as long as the Empire can plunder enough benefits in the meantime."

The man, clad in Lorne military uniform, looked to be only about thirty years old, with a resolute face, blue veins visible beneath his pale skin, and an overtly reserved demeanor in his eyes.

Most Extraordinary Exponents would likely feel panic-stricken at the sight of him, then involuntarily deem the man as "a very decisive ordinary person."

However, everyone in this city knows him!

He is the strongest of the Empire, the "Iron Blood Marshal" Horatio Wesley, the protective deity of the Lorne military!

"Once the power left by the gods has vanished, the unprotected Eastern Four Kingdoms will sooner or later become colonies of the Empire. Right now, we should conserve all our strength and attention for that 'Military God' of Seven Stars."

The voice of the Iron Blood Marshal remained low.

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The power brokers of Kennas are three mighty legends of Heavenly Enlightenment: the Emperor of the Empire George Fryer, the Prime Minister of the Council "Diamond Man" William Pitt, and "Iron Blood Marshal" Horatio Wesley.

Beneath them is the Lorne Council.

National matters should be discussed by the Council, and even the wise Emperor must cooperate with the Extraordinary nobility to resolve issues, a belief firmly rooted in the hearts of Lorne citizens.

The Lorne Council has a history of several hundred years and is the supreme legislative body of Lorne, the political epicenter. Successive Lorne governments have arisen from the Council and are accountable to it and to the Emperor.

In reality, the Lorne Council is divided into the House of Nobles and the House of Commons, but the House of Commons is practically powerless, as the people with power of Bloodline, the Extraordinary nobility, possess tremendous authority and can easily veto proposals from the House of Commons!

Power is indeed the root of authority!

Today, some members of the Kennas Council are having a small gathering at the home of one of the members, discussing matters related to colonies on other continents or even in alternate worlds.

"Those troublemakers in the colonies are unbearably audacious, to actually burn down my warehouse, resulting in a significant loss of Extraordinary materials..."

"How could they do such a thing? It's just outrageous!"

"Indeed, fortunately, the local general helped me out, and all the tribes involved have been dealt with. I've managed to vent quite a bit of frustration because of it."

At that moment, a lesser-known newly risen member of the Council brought up a small country to the east of the continent, Cyart.

"How much do you know about the Eastern country, Cyart?"

This councilman was none other than Viscount Johnville who had acted as a go-between for the Fischer family, providing many forms of assistance.

He narrowed his eyes, which gave him a shrewd and mercantile appearance, a nobleman with the air of a businessman.

The councilmen were momentarily stunned before they began sharing their impressions of Cyart, thinking back and forth.

"I know their country has particularly good seafood; it's something of a fishing nation, I suppose. But overall, their seafood seems to be not as good as that from the Western Moon Sea and Dragon Bay, right?"

"Lobsters, Cyart's lobsters are definitely in first place! Not even Moon Sea and Dragon Bay can compare!"

"Cyart, a friend of mine bought some indigenous slaves shipped from there. Oh yes, there's a certain special stone on the Great Snow Mountain nearby. It's quite a fine piece in collector's clubs."

The councilors chatted away, and overall, in the upper echelons of Lorne Empire society, few people had much understanding of Cyart, a remote small country on the continent.

Viscount Johnville laughed with a "hehe," shook his head, and said, "Actually, the eleven-year civil war in Cyart has recently ended, and Queen Peggy, supported by the Lorne Empire, has finally ascended the throne."

"Oh, an eleven-year civil war? That sounds like a terrifying thing," said another councilman nonchalantly.

Viscount Johnville took a deep breath.

He spoke solemnly, "Respected councilmen, there is a rather important piece of news. The fact is that Queen Peggy was someone I found and brought to the prominent Fischer family in Cyart, so she and the local Fischer family would give me some face."

"So if any of you has something you want to trade, or hope to sell to the people of the Eastern Four Kingdoms, or want to set up a factory in Cyart... you can come directly to me after this gathering."

Everyone showed a dawning realization. So that was it; Viscount Johnville's "investment" in Cyart was ripe for harvest.

He was not only pulling everyone together to reap the resources of Cyart, but he was also flaunting his own achievements.

Someone said with a laugh:

"It was because of this achievement that the Prime Minister let you into the council, right?"

Viscount Johnville nodded and replied, "Perhaps, but it's mainly because the Prime Minister has a keen eye for people and gave me a chance. I think I will do even better in the future."

When Viscount Johnville returned home, a very special guest had arrived at his villa.

Being a member of the Imperial Council, he was undoubtedly a genuine high society figure, not someone just anyone could casually meet.

However, upon learning of the visitor's surname, Viscount Johnville was very pleased to receive them.

"I really did not expect someone from your family to come to Lorne; I am very happy to meet you!"

The visitor was a young man with silvery-white hair, wearing a monocle and a light black tailcoat and having only one intact arm. His face bore an inscrutable smile.

"Hello, my name is Karno Fischer."

It was Karno's first visit to Kennas, the capital of the Lorne Empire.

He had had several dreams a few months ago.

In these dreams, if he came to the Lorne Empire, Karno would meet a mysterious deceased who would bring him many things, even something unforgettable for life, and should he miss it, terrible things would happen.

At the same time, the name "Andersen" would keep appearing in the dreams...

Karno was well aware of what the so-called "Andersen" was— a veritable nightmare causing even Extraordinary Exponents to pale, very dreadful indeed.

For decades, many of those who had died in the adventures of the Spirit Realm gradually came to believe they were someone called "Andersen" in real life, eventually losing all sense of their former selves.

Over these many years, people were completely powerless against this, not even the heavens could awaken those individuals to their true selves.

As for what exactly "Andersen" was?

Nobody knew.

Karno felt he might find the ultimate answer to the problem in the Lorne Empire.

In the end, he chose to trust the prophetic dreams he had, and so he came alone to Lorne, the strongest empire in the world, and since he knew no one else here, he went straight to Viscount Johnville.

What exactly did that dream mean?

Regardless, he knew the first thing he needed to do was to complete the promotion ritual for the "Eye of Fate" at the 5th Rank; otherwise, the end of his life would draw nearer.

"My life shouldn't be over yet, right? Great Lord of the Lost."

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

## **Chapter 430 Arte of the Fischer Family**

The people of Nasir were always immersed in joy and elation, for they all knew an important piece of news. Nasir was about to become the Royal Capital of Cyart, and everyone's heart was filled with extreme delight!

As the gentle glow of the setting sun draped over the area, Fischer Manor was abuzz with celebratory scenes, once again celebrating a magnificent victory.

The gates of Fischer Manor stood wide open, welcoming each distinguished guest who was invited. The air was filled with the scent of joy.

In the garden, the meticulously arranged celebration site was like a fairyland, with colorful flowers crowding around the central fountain. The jets of water danced to the rhythm of the cheerful music, sprinkling droplets that sparkled golden in the sunset.

The long banquet tables, crafted from the finest wood and covered with pristine tablecloths, were set with silverware and exquisite porcelain.

Before the feast began, the band struck up an exuberant and cheerful movement from a high platform in the distance. The melodious music floated through the air, and guests took their seats with faces brimming with anticipation and excitement.

The food was a feast for the eyes, ranging from delicate appetizers to hearty main courses, and sweet desserts. Each dish was a masterpiece meticulously prepared by the chefs.

The guests raised their glasses in a shared toast, cheering for victory, for heroes, as laughter and conversation filled the entire manor.



As night fell, the banquet did not come to an end.

Brilliant lights were lit throughout the manor and fireworks bloomed in the night sky, adorning it like a beautiful painting.

"I am very grateful for everyone's presence today..."

Darren Fischer.

As the "Duke Fischer," he mingled effortlessly throughout the entire banquet. A smile was plastered on his face from beginning to end, until after the event ended, and only then did he adopt a mocking smile, shaking his head as he left the place.

There had been a lot happening recently, especially with an endless series of victory celebrations and meetings, seemingly without end—perhaps that was the price of becoming a Conqueror of Cyart.

"Phew, today's victory feast is likely to be the last... There probably won't be any more nobles from other provinces arriving in Nasir, right?"

With a raise of his eyebrow, he quickly headed to Christine's study in Fischer Manor, where Andre was also present.

Christine paid no heed to Darren's sudden arrival, engrossed in her work.

Documents were piled up on the desk like small hills, yet they were arranged very neatly, without the slightest disorder, in line with the character of Christine and her husband Andre.

Darren sauntered in, casually picking up a document from the desk, finding that it contained statistics on a multitude of situations across Cyart in recent months.

In Cyart, there were, in total, five provinces: East Coast Province, Ahornblatt Province, Glenborough Province, Emerald Lake Province, and Elphinia Province.

Within these five provinces were fourteen cities. Ahornblatt Province, the poorest, had only one city. Glenborough, though not very wealthy, had four cities due to being three times the size of East Coast Province. In addition, there were three cities each in East Coast Province, Emerald Lake Province, and Elphinia Province.

Beyond the fourteen cities in Cyart, there were also a full fifty-eight towns, and an even greater number, indeed a vast multitude, of villages.

In the decades since steam engines appeared, Cyart's rural population had been steadily and rapidly decreasing, while the populations of cities and towns exploded,

especially since the "Calamity of the Dead" accelerated urbanization, for the villages had no way to fend off the onslaught of the dead.

Nowadays, the population of Cyart's cities and towns was around six million, while the rural population numbered over seven million, totaling over thirteen million people.

Within this population of over thirteen million, the number of Extraordinary Exponents had drastically diminished during eleven years of civil war, leaving just over nine thousand, most of whom were legitimate Extraordinary nobility.

The survey also clearly indicated that Extraordinary individuals without inherited territories were converging towards the cities.

The number of Extraordinary beings in Cyart who had reached the Transmutation Level and still lived was about three hundred, with roughly eighty in East Coast alone, while those on the Monarch Level were merely a dozen or so.

Besides, this statistical survey contained many "yet to be ascertained" areas, including the status of various lands owned by the Extraordinary nobility families, the output of Extraordinary materials, and the like. Experience exclusive tales on empire

Having finished reviewing the statistics, Darren lifted his head and fixed his gaze on Christine, saying:

"You didn't go to the feast, Christine."

Christine, in her wheelchair, took a deep breath and finally began to acknowledge Darren.

"I've been too busy recently, too lazy to bother with such trivialities. It's best you don't come bothering me unless it's something important."

Darren nodded, understanding her deep down. Christine was never a social butterfly to begin with. Although her insight into people's hearts meant she wasn't bad at socializing, she just didn't like it, or it could be said she detested it to the point of "abhorrence."

Because she possessed the "Peeking Eye," she could discern other people's aptitude, talent, and character. Deep down, Christine truly had no patience for those who were hypocritical or even more disgusting.

"How are things with all the various matters lately?" he asked casually.

Hearing this, Christine paused, her face gradually showing an expression of despair and pain.

"Not bad, I guess. The situation in Cyart has gone to the dumps already. Even if more troubles arise, heh, what can be done?"

"The eleven years of civil war and the Undead Calamity have destroyed most of Cyart's foundations..."

"Since the unification of Cyart, I've been continuously busy, non-stop. But there are simply too many things to do, and even my 'Enforcer' team, at full capacity, still faces too much..."

She sighed and continued,

"Rather, our original efficiency and scope were only sufficient to cover the East Coast Province, and now is the busiest time for governing Cyart, so there's just too much to do."

"However, the upside is that these 'actions' have quickened my pace on the 'Path of Authority'."

After Christine had spoken, Darren nodded his head, smiled, and squinted his eyes as he said,

"As far as I know, you've completely mastered the power of the Consecution at the 3rd Rank, Christine. When do you plan to complete the ascension ritual for the 'Glorious Knight' at the 4th Rank?"

However, Christine appeared quite "nonchalant," or one might say indifferent, about her personal extraordinary power.

"No rush. My personal extraordinary power really isn't important."

"No, I think it's very important." Just then, Andre, who had been listening by the side, spoke up.

He gazed at Christine, whose eyes slightly trembled as they met the gaze of her significant husband.

"Andre..."

Andre said very earnestly,

"Christine, I know you don't cherish your own life, but I want to say that your life is very valuable to me! It's even more important than my own life!"

"I dream that you will advance to the 4th Rank sooner because only then, in the time that remains, will you have the chance to reach the 5th Rank!"

"I beg you, Christine... I haven't asked much of you, but this is the one thing I hope you can promise me, to complete the ascension ritual for 'Glorious Knight' soon!"

Andre's expression turned unprecedentedly gentle as he held his wife Christine's hand and said,

"Survive, my Christine..."

Christine was clearly moved, but after some thought, she still said, "Andre, I have already pledged my life and destiny to the family..."

But then, Darren suddenly interjected very seriously, "Christine!"

"I agree with Andre because perfectly honing a blade is actually the best way to use it. If you hope to be relieved of duty and retire back to the Lord's side in a few decades, then it doesn't matter."

"But if you hope to serve the Fischer family longer, perhaps even for centuries, and genuinely want to help everyone in the Fischer family, you must step onto the 5th Rank while you still live!"

Christine took a deep breath, knowing full well in her heart that Andre and Darren were expressing concern for her.

They hoped she would live longer, instead of being reduced to a "consumable."

In fact, as Andre had said, for a while, Christine felt that her "Life" and "Individual Will" were completely unimportant.

But in that moment, she suddenly understood a lot. Andre and Darren were right—if she had the chance to ascend to the 5th Rank, she needed to try for it.

Such an attempt would be a positive action for herself, for those close to her like Andre and Darren, or even for the entire Fischer family and the Dawn Church.

Although deep down Christine felt it was highly unlikely she would ever touch the 5th Rank in her lifetime, she still nodded decisively and said, "I understand. I'll complete the ascension ritual in the next few days."

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

## Chapter 431 The Demon of the East Coast and the Guardian of the Queen

Time advanced unceasingly like a severed kite string, while Karl silently observed the changes around him.

"Decades ago, I couldn't have imagined that Cyart, this country, would ultimately become my possession..."

"The Fischer family, you've done very well."

In the five years following the civil war, Cyart embarked on a lengthy period of reform.

Many had maliciously anticipated a conflict between the Romann and Fischer families; however, Romann, under Aldrich's control, chose to retreat gracefully, gradually withdrawing most of their edge and beginning to wholeheartedly assist the Fischer family.

In fact, Aldrich himself was a person of extremely stable emotions who disliked conflict.

One could tell this from his earlier decision not to become the family head; for Aldrich, securing stability seemed to be more important than anything.

If Byrne had not met Bast, in his old age, he might very well have developed a character more similar to that of Aldrich.

Over the five years, Darren and Christine, manipulating Queen Peggy, who was but a puppet, silently purged all kinds of opposing and dangerous voices from within the country.

Darren astutely avoided a direct massacre of the Extraordinary nobility but instead eliminated them one by one, constantly finding just and lawful reasons to deal with those who harbored dissent.

Furthermore, as he eliminated some, he would immediately reward and show favor to others, creating the illusion for the rest that they were "safe" and that "Duke Darren and I are on good terms."

Plus, with the powerful influence of the Fischer and Romann families, the difficulty for the remaining Extraordinary nobility to revolt anew was immense, hence no new civil war erupted.

During those five years, Darren killed many people.

He made full use of the power of the Dawn Church to infiltrate and investigate, as well as to survey the internal situation of the country.

At times, a noble who merely voiced dissatisfaction at a family banquet would the next day be taken away by agents of the Dawn Church on suspicion of treason.

Whether they could return or not depended on the subsequent investigation.

Because the great families often held banquets, their members gradually became familiar with each other, so now and then members of the Fischer family would come to Darren to plead for mercy.

In such cases, he would reply with a mocking laugh:

"I have always been very clear that in the Fischer family, no one is more suited to be the 'villain' than I am. To step onto the Path of Shadow, I am the 'evil presence' ordained by the great Lord of the Lost!"

"So, what I'm doing now is exactly what the Lord wishes! Do you really have the right to stop me?"

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"Listen well, unless the great Lord of the Lost issues a Divine Oracle, or someone overpowers me through a family council, the person I want to kill will die no matter what!"

Thus, in the simmering five years, although opposition erupted continuously, ultimately the major nobles did not manage to band together successfully and were instead successively suppressed and restrained by the Fischer family.

Even August Frosac, known as "Claws of Wasteland" from the Frosac family, fell victim; he was caught in secret contact with the Seven Stars and was publicly executed by Darren. Even the plea of Frosac, the "White Beast" Family Head, and Bishop Zane could not reverse the outcome.

Luckily, Zane and his uncle were never on great terms, and thus he did not hate the Fischer family for it, although he was quite displeased with Darren.

The eldest and most despondent Monarch Transcendent, the "White Beast," filled with regret and unwillingness at the core because of the death of his most valued family member, did not live much longer.

Fueling negative emotions enabled a better grasp on the Path of Shadow... So Darren's mastery over the Path of Shadow soared during those five years of silent dominance.

The name "Iron Mask Man" had become more fearsome than demons inside the Cyart Kingdom, a concept that could stop children's cry!

Even at a noble banquet, a young noblewoman who stole a glance at Darren could be frightened enough to spill her wine just by one of his looks.

Darren walked up with a smile, nobly nodded to the trembling young noblewoman, handed her a handkerchief, and signaled that she need not fear.

"I apologize if my presence scared you, but I am also aware of some of the rumors about myself; most of them are nothing more than slander from outsiders."

"Moreover, as everyone present surely knows, the measures I have taken were directed at traitors; they were necessary actions to protect Syart under the blessings of the Gods, and to safeguard Her Majesty Queen Peggy! They were unavoidable and absolutely the right thing to do,"

Darren added more solemnly, then concluded earnestly, "For a pure and beautiful young girl like yourself, I would have no groundless malice. Please be assured of that!"

After the banquet ended, he secretly ordered the people of the "Black Tide" to investigate the girl's family.

Sure enough, the "Black Tide" discovered that the girl's parents had contacts with the Carnians. They hoped to leverage their power to overthrow the Fischer family and Queen Peggy, plotting to kidnap Her Majesty in the near future.

A few days later, the people of the Dawn Church took her entire family away for severe torture.

After Darren learned of this, he took a deep breath.

"Her fear that day was so apparent, it was clearly not normal. So, how much was she aware of or involved in... Oh, that's unfortunate."

During the five years of rampant purging, besides being known as the "Iron Mask Man," Darren gradually earned new nicknames among the people, such as "Butcher of Syart," "Demon of the East Coast," and "Leviathan's Dark Tentacle."

Thus, the various stories circulating among the people of Syart became increasingly outrageous. They said that Marquis Vlad had a fiery temper and would have a killing urge when angry! While the "Iron Mask Man" of the East Coast was simply not human—at the mere absence of killing for a few days, he would become greatly agitated!

On the contrary, Christine's reputation was soaring.

Under the manipulation of the Fischer family, all the good deeds attributed to Christine, whether rumors or facts, were propagated far and wide within and outside Syart by the hands of the Dawn Church.

This included, but was not limited to, treating civilians, aiding in disaster relief, eliminating monstrosities, and repelling pirates, and so on...

In reality, most of these deeds were not carried out by Christine herself. She was too busy on a daily basis to manage all of it; most of the actions were taken by members of the Dawn Church.

However, the Dawn Church credited Christine with many of these good deeds, claiming that even if she didn't personally carry them out, she had sent others to do them. The goal was to create a favorable reputation for her.

Even Queen Peggy repeatedly commended Christine, awarding one medal and honor after another, causing the Syart people to deeply admire her from the bottom of their hearts.

In some ways, this was also paving the way for Christine's future promotion.

In the new era of the Peggy Dynasty, the people feared and were terrified of Duke Darren as much as they revered and admired the honorable Christine.

Some said that Queen Peggy was a puppet of the Fischer family, convinced that any missteps she took were the result of manipulation and deception by the crazed Duke Darren. But they believed as long as the honorable Christine was there, Queen Peggy would still be safe, and Syart would still hold hope.

In the popular stories that people enjoyed sharing, Christine and Darren were at odds like fire and water, constantly clashing over various matters regarding Syart. Every time Queen Peggy trembled, nearly coerced by Duke Darren, she would be righteously thwarted by the honorable Christine. In these stories, Duke Darren was repeatedly outwitted by Christine's intelligence and would leave, grunting coldly in speechless defeat.

While those truly familiar with the Fischer family found these tales to be outlandish, the common folk of Syart indeed enjoyed such stories.

Consequently, Christine quickly acquired nicknames like the "Guardian of the Queen" and "Syart's Shielding Moon." Even Andre became increasingly famous because of her, turning into the most perfect spouse prototype in the minds of many naive young girls.

Stories full of the struggle between good and evil have made both her and Darren even more renowned through each other's existence.



And these actions hastened Christine and Darren's progress on the Path of Authority and the Path of Shadow, further than ordinary people.

Over the five years, several significant events also occurred in Syart, such as the birth of Felix and Sunny Frosac's first son at the end of the first year.

Christine named him Carter.

Furthermore, during these five years, many people within the Dawn Church ascended to new Ranks, and new 5th Rank Extraordinary Exponents emerged.

Some people, however, failed in their ascension rituals.

Falling short at the last moment.

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

## **Chapter 432 Successive Promotions**

Over the course of five years, Christine finally reached the fourth rank of the Path of Authority, becoming a "Glorious Knight."

As the new head of the Fischer family and one of the actual rulers of the Cyart Kingdom, her progress on the Path of Authority had been remarkably swift.

Christine's talent alone would have made it difficult for her to reach the 5th Rank, but for the Path of Authority, becoming "a powerful upper-level individual" was likely the best way to advance.

Additionally, the divine words Karl inscribed on the black monolith greatly accelerated her promotion.

Ray and Marzo successively reached the fourth rank of the Path of Nature, known as "Shepherd of Trees."

In fact, the advancement ceremony for a "Shepherd of Trees" was quite simple—simply involving firsthand planting of a large number of plants. Those with the "Growth Promotion" ability from the Path of Nature, given time, could create a forest by hand.

The Fischer family's sacrifice was a Class 4 Extraordinary Material known as the "Ramon Drum."

The name sounded like some kind of object, but in truth, it was a drum-shaped mysterious creature about a dozen meters tall, with red and purple skin, densely packed eyes, and a gaping maw all on the surface of the drum, particularly fond of consuming humans and elves.

For those advancing to the "Shepherd of Trees" Consecution, their physical fitness would increase by 80, and Spiritual Power by 120.

In the Spirit Realm, its image was that of an old man with skin like the bark of a tree, and an ambiguous gender.

"Shepherd of Trees" offered two significant Extraordinary powers: "Natural Absorption" and "Plant Manipulation."

The power of "Natural Absorption" allowed them to use their Spiritual Power to absorb various negative forces from the outside world, including sustained injuries.

Defensive and life-saving capabilities were undoubtedly very important, and the presence of "Natural Absorption" significantly strengthened those on the Path of Nature.

However, it did have some drawbacks, such as "Natural Absorption" being an active ability that required a large expenditure of Extraordinary Power to activate, and it only worked on oneself.

The Extraordinary ability "Plant Manipulation," as the name implied, was straightforward: "Shepherd of Trees" could make various plants act on their commands, fighting as if they were their own fingers. The more plants manipulated at the same time, the more Spiritual Power would be continuously consumed.

Clearly, if someone on the Path of Nature reached higher levels, they could fully control an entire forest to attack their enemies.

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Marzo, for her part in secretly executing many people during Cyart's great purge, had finally accumulated enough merits to temporarily leave the Dawn Church. However, Darren only granted her ten years of freedom, after which Marzo must return to the Church and follow the orders of the Fischer family.

Marzo did not object, understanding that Darren had to keep up appearances and could not give the impression that the Dawn Church was a place one could leave and enter as one pleased.

Colin, the dedicated merchant of the Fischer family, had reached the fourth rank of the Path of Contract through years of relentless effort.

"Arms Dealer."

The image of an "Arms Dealer" in the Spirit Realm was that of a shrewd, middle-aged man who seemed to be laughing heartily, holding many weapons stained with blood.

For the advancement ceremony, the Exponent had to sell a sufficient number of weapons, which couldn't just be discarded carelessly but had to have been used effectively in battle.

With the support of the war-faring Fischer family behind him, Colin found it quite easy to complete the ceremony.

Ultimately, the Fourth Level Extraordinary Material sacrificed by the Fischer family was the "Monolith of Horon."

It was the horn of a mysterious creature "Horon" that looked like a monolith; its real body underground resembled a black mushroom. Horon's overall appearance was like a colossal black mushroom with a monolith atop, and it possessed considerable power.

For those who stepped onto the "Arms Dealer" Consecution, their physical fitness would increase by 70, and Spiritual Power by 130.

This consecution offered only one Extraordinary power: "Weapons Trade," a conceptual Extraordinary ability.

An "Arms Dealer" could expend some Spiritual Power to swap the "weapons" held by two individuals within sight. This didn't necessarily mean actual weapons; anything considered a weapon by the "Arms Dealer" would suffice.

For instance, theoretically, Colin could trade a mere stone for a forbidden rare artifact with a four-digit code.

However, "Weapons Trade" had a significant flaw: the larger the value difference between the weapons exchanged, the greater the Spiritual Power consumed.

Colin tried it and found that if he truly tried to swap a stone found on the roadside for such a forbidden rare artifact, he wouldn't have enough Spiritual Power.

It was theoretically possible, but in reality, even several times the Spiritual Power wouldn't suffice.

Perhaps once he ascended to a higher rank and possessed more Spiritual Power, he could perform this astonishing feat.

Karl believed that under certain circumstances, it would be enough to change the entire tide of battle.

Helen successfully completed the advancement ritual and reached the 4th Rank of the Path of Wholeheartedness, "Treasure Appraiser."

The advancement ritual for the "Treasure Appraiser" requires an Extraordinary Exponent to obtain at least ten Mysterious rare artifacts within a month, a task that might be very difficult for individuals but effortless for those backed by powerful factions.

The Class 4 Extraordinary Material sacrificed by the Fischer family was named "Wolf's Mist," which is actually a kind of colorful water mist that randomly appears after each occurrence of a maritime rainbow, a very special but not so rare Extraordinary Material.

In the Spirit Realm, the "Treasure Appraiser" is envisioned as a woman surrounded by many treasures, with a mysterious smile, wearing a golden veil and light blue clothing.

An Extraordinary Exponent who reaches this Consecution would boost their Spiritual Power by 170 and their physical attributes by 30, making it a series heavily oriented toward Spirituality.

Extraordinary Exponents will receive a trait known as "Treasure Calling" as well as an Extraordinary power called "True Identification."

The Extraordinary trait of "Treasure Calling" is a passive effect; "Treasure Appraisers" can automatically sense the approximate location of various treasures nearby, including but not limited to Extraordinary materials and Mysterious rare artifacts.

"True Identification" is an active Extraordinary power that enables "Treasure Appraisers" to see through the true nature of any existence that contains Extraordinary power and to analyze various related information.

Although the "Treasure Appraiser" does not directly enhance combat capabilities, it is an Extraordinary power very suitable for development and growth.

Besides, the Dawn Church also saw many members successively advancing to the 2nd and 3rd Ranks, and several new members joined the Dawn Church to become Extraordinary Exponents with Power of Consecution.

Compared to them, the most significant advancement for the Dawn Church and the Fischer family over the past five years was the promotion of the old butler, Theo.

Theo finally completed the advancement of the 5th Rank, "Deadly Baron!"

The advancement ritual for "Deadly Baron" required an Extraordinary Exponent to "kill enough obstructions to consolidate one's position."

Hence, during the five-year purge, Theo temporarily abandoned his duties as butler and joined "Black Tide" as a subordinate of Darren.

He secretly dealt with a large number of dissenters and ultimately completed his advancement ritual.

The Extraordinary Material sacrificed by the Fischer family was a Level Five Extraordinary Material, named "Lin-Dragon Horn," which comes from a dragon tribe living in the Spirit Realm, covered in thick scales, with their single horn being extremely hard and emitting a tremendous roar when angered.

The image of the "Deadly Baron" in the Spirit Realm is that of a solemn male noble, full of blood, holding a pitch-black blade in hand.

An Extraordinary Exponent who arrives at the Consecution of "Deadly Baron" will gain 700 physical attributes and 300 Spiritual Power, as well as various fundamental abilities associated with the 5th Rank.

Such as touching the soul and an exceptionally large range of perception.

The Consecution of "Deadly Baron" provided Theo with three powerful Extraordinary powers, named "Lethal Mark," "Rebuke," and "Upper level Suppression."

"Lethal Mark" allowed Theo to place an invisible Spiritual mark on a single enemy, and an enemy afflicted with "Lethal Mark" would temporarily lose the ability to recover from injuries.

Of course, if the power gap was too great, "Lethal Mark" would be ineffective.

The "Rebuke" ability, on the other hand, was for use on allies. The "Deadly Baron" could activate "Rebuke" to cause Extraordinary Exponents within sight to lose part of their life force and recover part of their Spiritual Power.

It essentially worked on a double proportion recovery scale; if someone lost half of their life due to "Rebuke," their Spiritual Power would be fully restored.

However, "Rebuke" could only be used once a day per individual, and Theo's "Rebuke" could not be used on those more powerful than himself, nor could it affect those with hostility towards him.

The last Extraordinary power was "Upper level Suppression," a passive Extraordinary trait whose effect was very straightforward.

When attacking enemies weaker than themselves, the damage dealt by "Deadly Barons" would be greatly increased, even doubling in extreme cases!

After successfully advancing to the 5th Rank, Theo completely regained the youth he had lost early on.

His strength was the weakest among the Fischer family's several 5th Rank Extraordinary Exponents. However, his Extraordinary abilities were all very useful, especially when faced with enemies slightly weaker than him, which, combined with "Courtly Majesty" and "Upper level Suppression," provided a nearly absolute advantage.

Having mastered the information of the first seven Ranks, Karl even felt that if Theo could successfully advance to the 6th Rank, he would be able to effortlessly defeat seven or eight low-level monarch Extraordinary Exponents on his own.

On the other hand, Moore's advancement ritual to the 5th Rank "Spirit of Sanctuary" was declared a failure.

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

## Chapter 433 "Big Boss" Moore

In Nasir City, there is an ancient and solemn mansion, just a few kilometers away from the famous Fischer Manor.

The elderly and extraordinary leader of the "Dagger Brotherhood," Moore, stood quietly on the spacious balcony.

His not so tall figure was concealed by the gray curtain woven by the torrential rain, emanating a mysterious and ineffable authority.

Raindrops fell around him like pearls off a broken string, harshly striking the stone pavement, splashing countless fine and rapid droplets, as nature displayed its irresistible force and wildness at this moment.

Moore, dressed in a well-fitted dark suit with a coat of the same color, had his lapels fluttering lightly with the occasional strong wind, yet his composure and determination remained unshaken.

His features were stern and profound, and those eyes that seemed to see into people's hearts were now piercing through the dense rain curtain, gazing at the blurred scenery swallowed by the storm.

Moore stood in silence, his aged fingers trembling slightly, a side effect of the failed promotion ritual.

The ritual to become the "Spirit of Sanctuary" had failed.

That was bad news.

But the good news was that he had not died during the ritual—instead, he had survived.

"Dagger Brotherhood."

It was one of the many forces under the Dawn Church, having a history of several decades, initially formed by the slum dwellers of Nasir Town.

It was originally just a small gang, with its initial members merely Moore and his two brothers, the three siblings.

Now, the "Dagger Brotherhood" has become a large gang presence spread across the East Coast, having devoured all other gangs big and small with ease thanks to the support from the Fischer family behind the scenes.

He was Grandma Narda's eldest son, with high intelligence and skill; but most importantly, Moore was a man who emphasized rules and order.

"Rules are the foundation of everything."

That was what Moore said, the most popular saying within the Dagger Brotherhood.

Therefore, he could be chosen by the Lord of the Lost to follow the Path of World Order.

However, it gradually dawned on the members of the Dawn Church that the Path of World Order was definitely not an easy path—if someone like Vanessa had their principles completely broken, it might even become impossible to ascend the next step.

Deep in his heart, Moore also knew that, at times, whether someone could go far on certain Paths depended much on the era and the position one held.

If not for the frequent wars in Cyart but rather a relatively peaceful country, those Extraordinary Exponents on Paths of Conquest, Shadow, and Calamity would also struggle to ascend.

And if not for having the support of the Fischer family, which controlled Cyart, the Path of Authority would not be easy for people like Christine and the others.

And Vanessa was unlucky in one respect: her principle was a "heart of justice," and unless she completely adhered to her principle, she would be unable to fully integrate into the pragmatically inclined Fischer family.

"Vanessa..."

Moore sincerely believed Vanessa to be a great person.

She would actually sacrifice her ideals and principles for the Fischer family and the Dawn Church, giving up the chance to live a longer life.

Although Vanessa broke her own ideals and principles, Moore still respected her.

"You said a few years ago that you couldn't ascend the next step, that I have become the fastest on this Path of World Order..."

"But do I really still have a chance?"

Just then, lightning and thunder appeared simultaneously!

"Boom!"

Moore was pondering the Fischer family's next move and how the Dagger Brotherhood would steady itself amidst the storm, continuing to lead its members forward.

His figure in the storm seemed like an unshakeable lighthouse.

The Dagger Brotherhood, which had been under Moore's reign for decades, had weathered many storms, as he had done many things for the Fischer family, especially those that lurked in the shadows, which were more suitable for the Dagger Brotherhood to handle.

These tasks included but were not limited to collecting resources, intelligence, surveillance, probing, managing the black market, murder, kidnapping, and so on...

Nowadays, the Dagger Brotherhood had over three thousand peripheral members in East Coast Province, more than five hundred core members, and over thirty executives; they spread like tentacles into every corner of the city, steadfastly aiding the Dawn Church in penetrating society's lower echelons, while all core members had joined the Dawn Church as Proselytes.

Because the Dagger Brotherhood had established "Moore Security Company," Moore was also known as "Big Boss" by many.

He was highly regarded, and often times, even those Extraordinary nobility with their own territories, or even Viscounts, tended to give him face.

But Moore knew that the Dagger Brotherhood had reached its end.

Because he had been ordered not to expand any further.



Next, the Fischer family would gradually address the various issues at the bottom of Cyart society, and Christine had already asserted at the family meeting that once all the dark aspects of Cyart were resolved, there would no longer be a need for so many gang members.

"Sigh."

Moore had long anticipated this day, only he did not know when it would actually arrive.

Without a doubt, in the new layout of Cyart that Christine had planned, there was no place for a large gang presence.

The deaths of his two younger brothers in the war had caused Moore immense pain deep in his heart, and it took a long time for him to recover.

Luckily, they left behind five descendants, four of whom had joined the Dawn Church as Proselytes and had become his right-hand men.

In recent years, Moore had also been protecting someone else.

His mother's transmigrator... Carol.

It was a matter that anyone would find odd, and when he discovered that woman was the soul reincarnation of his mother, Moore could only feel extremely astonished, and even incredulous, to the point of losing sleep for several nights.

However, Lilian had told him it was an undeniable fact.

So, was the transmigrator of his mother still her?

That question filled Moore with confusion as he kept observing the woman named Carol.

He quickly noticed that in appearance and many habits, she bore a natural resemblance to his mother, but there were also many differences; the two seemed like sisters who were similar yet distinct.

However, no matter how others saw it, at least in the depths of Moore's heart, that woman was not his once important mother.

No matter what, Moore would not get close to her, or even wish to speak much with her, yet he would do his utmost to protect that woman.

The promotion ceremony for the "Spirit of Sanctuary" required him to protect three people with the same principles as his own, and then help them continue adhering to their own standards.

So Moore, who had known the content of the ceremony for many years, began searching long ago and found more than a dozen young people who strictly followed the gang's rules, allowing the three most outstanding among them to join the Dawn Church.

And Moore knew that as long as he could protect them through a series of dangers, he could complete the promotion.

However, he ultimately failed.

The reason for the failure of the promotion ceremony was simple: one of the excellent young men had entered the Spirit Realm unconsciously in a dream and unfortunately perished.

By the time he awoke, he had turned into a lunatic who could only shout "Andersen"!

The young man's entry into the Spirit Realm was completely accidental, something no one could have anticipated, and everything was ruined due to that accident!

The backlash of Spiritual Power caused by the failure of the promotion ceremony instantly harmed Moore's soul, almost causing him to die!

Everyone felt sorry for the young man and regretted Moore's failure to be promoted, with many believing that his time was running out and that he would likely not succeed in advancing.

"Is my time not enough?"

Moore slowly closed his eyes, recalling all that had happened over the decades, how Yeager, whom he had always been at odds with, had succeeded, but he himself was likely to die.

Having come this far, he was exhausted, and perhaps it would also be... to completely give up right here.

No...

He did not want to give up.

The torrential rain continued to pour.

His hands clasped behind him, he exuded an implicit leadership quality, a composure and decisiveness unique to someone who had been through the test of time and numerous life-and-death situations.

The noise of the outside world contrasted sharply with the tranquility in his heart, but like the raging storm around him, Moore's thoughts were turbulent, each deep breath an inaudible conversation with himself, reflecting on the past, present, and future.

Still, he did not want to give up!

Eventually, Moore clenched his fists and reopened his eyes.

The man with snow-white hair decided not to give up but to start over and try the promotion ceremony for the "Spirit of Sanctuary" once again!

A few days later, Moore began scouting for outstanding young people again, and even found Archer, the holder of the "Origin Spirit sea," to inquire about how many years he had left to live.

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

## **Chapter 434 Extraordinary Reforms!**

Two years had passed.

At the beginning of the new year, an extremely terrifying rumor gradually spread among the upper echelons of the Cyart society.

The rumor went like this...

Her Majesty Queen Peggy, the Exalted, would reclaim the multitude of lands held by the nobility of Cyart, and from then on there would no longer be any land-owning nobility; all the land would belong to the Adley Royal Family and the nation.

However, all the Extraordinary nobility were very clear about one thing—though it was said that everything would be returned to the Adley Royal Family and the nation, in reality, this meant that the Fischer family would control everything!

Her Majesty Queen Peggy was just a puppet of the Fischer family!

"This is absolutely unacceptable! We will not give up our lands; that was the agreement we made a hundred years ago with the First Monarch!"

"If they really intend to do this, it means the Queen has betrayed us! The Fischer family will be the enemy of all the nobles of Cyart!"

"We care not for other matters, but for the love of the gods, this we cannot consent to! Her Majesty the Queen wouldn't commit an act more evil than the heretical cults, would she?"

Having been purged once over during the past five years, the Extraordinary nobility of Cyart had almost become like loose sand. But due to the emergence of this foundation-shaking rumor, everyone was unconsciously infuriated and united, even ready to fight to the death!

At any cost, the lands of the Extraordinary overlords were the bottom line!

However, just when everyone was filled with anger and anxiety, Duke Darren Fischer of the Fischer family stepped forward, voluntarily declaring that the matter was absolutely a rumor and an impossible scenario, hoping everyone could be at ease.

Following that, Her Majesty Queen Peggy also made a public statement—The Royal Family would maintain the interests of all Extraordinary nobility and would never betray them.

Thus, the collective outrage was finally quelled, and everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

But not long after, several leaders of the last unified opposition among the nobility died mysteriously, without a trace and unknown to both gods and ghosts.

Then, the rumor that Her Majesty Queen Peggy intended to claim all lands for the Kingdom surfaced once again!

Many nobles were once again outraged, and they began accusing the Fischer family of being cruel executioners, even going directly to the Tempest Church to denounce them, asserting that the murderer of those nobles must have been "Death God" Chris! They even claimed that the Fischer family had colluded with a heretical cult!

The Tempest Church, having placed their bets during the Cyart civil war, was now the largest church in Cyart. They had significantly suppressed the influence of the Salvation Church.

About fifty percent of the population in Cyart had become followers of the Tempest Church.

Bishop Zane stepped forward, expressing helplessness over the accusations made by the Extraordinary nobility, as there was no evidence whatsoever.

Moreover, he earnestly proclaimed that the Fischer family he knew was devout and pure.

"By the vast Tempest Overlord above! I've never seen anyone more devout than the Fischer family; how can you accuse them so?"

"Oh, why is it raining all of a sudden?"

Although it inexplicably started pouring immediately after he finished speaking that day, everyone understood the stance of the Tempest Church.

Just as everyone was gearing up to confront the Fischer family, Duke Darren unexpectedly appeared. Just when everyone thought he was about to wage war against them, an astonishing twist occurred.

In anger, Duke Darren led the crowd to Nasir's not-yet-completely-built new palace, and called out Her Majesty Queen Peggy in the dead of night. He furiously stated that Queen Peggy should not harbor any ulterior motives, or else the Fischer family was always ready to replace her with a new ruler!

Queen Peggy immediately begged for mercy in public.

"I swear to the gods, I will never..."

Everyone watched as Queen Peggy trembled, making a "oath" before the Divine, and were utterly confused. Could it have been a misunderstanding after all?

After all, Queen Peggy had made a "oath." If she dared to break the "oath," she too would suffer Divine retribution.

And soon enough, Duke Darren also made a "oath" quite frankly in public, declaring that the Fischer family would never support the Royal Family in reclaiming the nobility's lands!

Thus, the Extraordinary nobility of Cyart breathed a sigh of relief.

Since Duke Darren and the Fischer family were both victims, they need not worry excessively. After all, Queen Peggy was but a puppet at any rate, and her petty schemes would lead to no substantial outcome.

It seemed that the rumors were a mixture of truth and lies that had merely spread; even if Queen Peggy harbored such thoughts, the most powerful lord, the Fischer family, would never agree to it.

Regardless, they had all sworn oaths, so there truly was no need for further concern.

Thus, the once-furious nobles disbanded again, everyone feeling utterly secure in their hearts.

Yet within a few months, those nobles who had jointly attacked the Royal Palace vanished one after another, were thrown into prison, or were outright assassinated.

The Fischer family stopped pretending altogether, and everyone finally saw clearly that it was all a plot and trickery of the "East Coast Demon"!

Duke Darren Fischer!

He truly was the most cunning, vile, and deceitful member of the Fischer family!

But after six years of repeated purging and filtering, all those in Cyart with the will to resist no longer existed, and the remaining nobles were too scared to speak out, many rejoicing that they had not taken a stand.

It wasn't long before Queen Peggy announced that she would start an experiment from the East Coast Province.

"We will undertake an experiment that will absolutely not involve other provinces but will implement various reforms in East Coast Province only..."

"The nobles of the East Coast still have the right to collect ground rent from the peasants, become officials, enjoy tax exemptions, carry weapons, and other privileges, as well as generous pensions, stipends, and rewards..."

"However, they will no longer be able to form private armies or arbitrarily become Extraordinary Exponents, nor will they be allowed to enhance their extraordinary powers on their own or secretly hoard Mysterious rare artifacts... All these matters must be applied for and approved by the Kingdom."

"Cyart will reconstitute a permanent 'Cyart Royal Army', and all military forces of the East Coast Province will be reformed to become part of the standing army."

"All Extraordinary Exponents of the East Coast Province, whether Bloodline Knights or Spellcasters, will be registered by the Kingdom and managed by a new department of the state, 'Raven'."

The only major noble family in the East Coast Province was the Fischer family, with each remaining Viscount noble family heavily infiltrated by the Dawn Church, each having at least one significant member who was a Proselyte.

They raised their hands in agreement one after another, unanimously passing Queen Peggy's reform proposal! And they offered praises upon praises.

After the emergence of the new reforms, tumult immediately swept over Cyart!

Precisely, the foundation of the Extraordinary nobility was shaken!

It was not merely about the land—it was something even more terrifying: they could no longer freely cultivate new extraordinary powers!

Christine, who operated from behind the scenes, had pondered carefully; this way, the root cause of chaos and frenzied struggles among the numerous Extraordinary nobility would be thoroughly suffocated!

At first, they were just piloting in East Coast Province, but it was certain to be promoted to the entire nation of Cyart later on.

Christine truly felt that "extraordinary power springing up from the ground" was the root of all chaos.

One way or another, it must be curbed!

The majority of the Siya Nobles could not tolerate it; they felt they were no longer nobles, but rather, had become slaves to the Adley Royal Family... no, to the Fischer family!

But that was of no use.

Given that the situation had reached this point because the East Coast Province's nobles had all agreed, and because all nobles in Cyart brave enough to rebel had already been suppressed, the numerous nobles left were discontented but only dared to oppose verbally, with absolutely none willing to initiate a new civil war.

Thus, the Fischer family embarked on their significant Extraordinary reform, successfully averting the possibility of a second civil war.

Duke Darren slew numerous Extraordinary nobles in six years, yet the lives of the common people were unaffected, and no opportunity was given to other covetous nations to invade.

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

## **Chapter 435 Christine's Reform**

The reforms that began on the East Coast had expanded throughout the territory in no time, and soon Cyart entered a three-year period of reform turmoil.

The nation's new important department, "Raven" was established, forcing all the extraordinary Exponents of Cyart to register, and besides the establishment of "Raven," the new Cyart Royal Army and the Royal Nasir Academy were also established.

The new national framework was essentially a product meticulously constructed by Christine herself.

She sent people to investigate many countries on the Ouden Continent, especially focusing on Lorne, the Seven Stars, and Thrums, the three powerful nations.

Undoubtedly, the three system-leading powers had already centralized power to the core, having ended the chaotic feudal lord period a century ago.

The new Cyart Royal Army was divided into "Professional Standing Army" and "Local Militia" two parts.

Across the whole nation, only a smaller but well-equipped professional standing army was retained, alongside a professional regular navy, both responsible for main national defense tasks.

And militia reserves were recruited based on regional population ratios, solely responsible for local defense and auxiliary combat, with each region managed by a Beginning Level extraordinary exponent.

Only in the regular Professional Standing Army did there exist extraordinary exponents of the Transmutation Level, the basic structure being a low-level Transmutation extraordinary exponent paired with twelve Beginning extraordinary exponents, a hundred auxiliary soldiers, together with a rare artifact of the Mysterious Level, and some alchemical tools... This configuration was considered a standard infantry battalion, commanding several companies and platoons.

Three infantry battalions and one mid-level Transmutation extraordinary exponent, plus three rare artifacts of the Mysterious Level and more alchemical tools, made up the configuration of an infantry regiment.

Four infantry regiments and one high-level Transmutation extraordinary exponent, a Forbidden rare artifact with a four-digit code, and a large amount of alchemical tools, made up the configuration of an infantry division.

Beyond the regular troop formations, Christine also established the "Cyart Royal Knights," aimed to serve as the trump card in battle. Apart from many ordinary people serving in logistics, all combat members consisted entirely of Bloodline Knights and Spellcasters; their numbers might not be high, but their combat capabilities were extremely strong.



In total, there were squads of knights numbered one to nine, each headed by Monarch powerful experts from major families, who directly reported to the supreme commander of the Cyart Royal Army.

The newly formed Cyart Royal Army, its nominal supreme commander was, without a doubt... Duke Darren Fischer!

Christine placed significant emphasis on military training, improving the combat capabilities of the military through the establishment of military academies in every province nationwide and conducting widespread military training.

She also specially set up a Nassir Royal Academy on the outskirts of Nasir City, suitable for extraordinary exponents, to help them better master their extraordinary powers.

The academy had many extraordinary exponents of the Transmutation Level as teachers. Apart from them, there were also many ordinary teachers with professional knowledge, and the school only accepted extraordinary exponents under the age of twenty to further their studies and enhancement.

Nassir Royal Academy had a wealth of free resources, which instantly attracted many young extraordinary exponents.

The extraordinary exponents who graduated from Nassir Royal Academy with excellent results would directly receive titles bestowed by the Queen, and they could be assigned to serve in the Royal Army in the future, while also being first in line in terms of various treatments.

After much consideration, the Fischer family finally handed over the position of dean of Nassir Royal Academy to Aldrich Romann... to show the Fischer family's appreciation and gratitude towards him.

For decades, Aldrich Romann had tirelessly supported them; even though members of the Fischer family had diverse personalities and moral standards, good and bad, none were heartless or unjust, and of course, they thought of reciprocating this noble scholar.

Compared to the newly formed Cyart Royal Army and Nassir Royal Academy, "Raven," responsible for managing extraordinary affairs, was the most important new department.

Because it directly controlled the most powerful force in the entire Cyart... nearly all the legal extraordinary exponents.

"Raven" held the archive data of numerous extraordinary exponents, conducted tests annually, registered all the various deeds they performed within a year, and also collected and recorded the conditions of various mysterious rare artifacts, especially those Forbidden rare artifacts.

At the same time, within the Dawn Church, the original organization known as "Purgers" was reorganized into a brand new organization called "Eye of the Raven".

"Eye of the Raven" would specifically be responsible for overseeing and investigating extraordinary powers within the country, and the minister in charge was the former captain of the "Purgers," who had now reached the 4th Rank on the Path of World Order.

After its establishment, "Eye of the Raven" continually expanded, recruiting many peripheral members who were newly absorbed Extraordinary Exponents, most of whom were unaware of the existence of the Dawn Church; all group leaders and captains above them were Blood Receivers of the Dawn Church.

Apart from "Eye of the Raven," which specifically handled oversight and investigation, Christine also established a terrifying new department for "The Raven" called "Mask".

The members of this department totaled only eight, all significant members within the Dawn Church who had reached either the 3rd Rank or the Transmutation Level. Each individual, during operations, would wear an alchemical mask containing an "invisibility" effect, and the head of the "Mask" department was none other than Yeager, the leader of the Dawnbringers!

"Mask" was a purely assassin organization. Whenever "The Raven" internally decreed a target should be erased, "Mask" would handle those Extraordinary Exponents below the Monarch Level; for assassination targets above this, at Monarch Level, Chris of the Fischer family, the "Death God," would personally take action.

Apart from several major reforms in Cyart, there were also many minor reforms, thus, for the entire three years, Cyart underwent significant turmoil.

Therefore, the Fischer family did not start reforms at the moment they seized control of Cyart; taking such large steps immediately could have led to complete chaos.

Moreover, many things happened on the Ouden Continent outside of Cyart.

The Seven Stars Empire and the Lorne Empire continuously rubbed against each other, finally erupting into war on an overseas battlefield; within three years, nearly a hundred powerful Monarchs were said to have died, with the Legends of the Apocalypse even taking action to cause huge islands to sink.

At the same time, Thrums Dukedom also waged war against the City-States of Silvermoon on the western side of the Ouden Continent, swiftly invading the mainland of those city-states.

Thrums Dukedom's "Splitting Blade", under the direction of the Black Falcon, conducted multiple secret trades with the Fischer family, gradually building more trust between them.

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Cyart Royal Capital, Nassir.

"The wedding is only a few days away."

Under a gentle drizzle, the magnificent new palace stood silently amidst the misty water vapor, as if tenderly embraced by a thin layer of gauze.

The palace's spires appeared intermittently through the curtain of rain, the stone walls covered with the traces of years; raindrops slowly slid down the delicately carved reliefs, producing a crisp and tinkling sound.

Dressed in lavish attire, Duke Darren stood quietly under the palace corridor, dressed in a dark, tailored tailcoat adorned with delicate silver edging and the family crest, showcasing his distinguished status.

A bespectacled female Daybreaker stood beside him, holding a long-handled black umbrella, impassively shielding him from most of the rain.

A few droplets of light rain bypassed the brim of the umbrella, gently brushing against Darren's cheeks.

He gazed into the distance, sighed softly, then turned around and looked sternly at the numerous subordinates of the "Black Tide" behind him.

"Her Majesty the Queen's wedding is set to commence in three days. I have received critical information that some individuals from the Rhea and traitors within Cyart will infiltrate Nassir City to assassinate our vital Queen..."

"You must trace their whereabouts first; not only must nothing happen to Her Majesty the Queen, but even the possibility of an assassination must not occur before the public eyes! We must ensure that the wedding proceeds normally!"

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

## Chapter 436 Rebel Charlotte

There were only two days left until the Queen's wedding.

Queen Peggy of Cyart was to wed Arte Fischer of the Fischer family.

The sky over Nasir City seemed to have cracked open, endless drops of rain pouring down in torrents, weaving a dense water curtain that shrouded the entire world in a blur of obscurity and noise.

"Bang bang bang bang bang bang!"

The raindrops fiercely pelted the windows, producing a series of urgent and powerful sounds, like the most vigorous drumbeats of nature.

Inside the house became a haven from the wind, warm and safe.

From within, people looked out the window to see the outside world completely altered by the rain, everything becoming blurred and distant.

This was the "Nebula" district of Nasir City, where five people were drinking and exchanging words in a tavern room, their faces all wearing expressions of grave seriousness and complexity.

They were about to do something momentous!

Whether that great deed succeeded or failed, each of them would die, making the atmosphere incredibly somber and tragic.

The youngest among the group of five was a girl with short green hair, dressed in the kind of outfit only nobility would wear. Her name was Charlotte Persires, and she too came from a viscount family.

Charlotte hid inside the building, quietly observing everything in Nasir City, her heart filled with complex emotions.

She had finally arrived in Nasir City...

That nightmare-like fallen city where demons had long been stationed. Although the people on the streets seemed to live better than those elsewhere, she felt they must have paid a bloody price.

"Teacher, we must succeed!"

Charlotte took a deep breath and looked towards the eldest of the five, an old man in blue who appeared to be in his eighties and was the commander of this operation.

The teacher had told her very solemnly some time ago that only by successfully assassinating the infamous puppet Queen Peggy Adler could Cyart have hope and a future.

She believed this wholeheartedly!

In the ten years since the Fischer family came to power, the whole of Cyart had become incredibly chaotic, the old order overturned in an instant, many courageous and wise individuals dying noiselessly...

She couldn't understand!

They shouldn't have died—many were even heroes of the nation, yet they were killed one after another under the persecution of the despicable "Iron Mask Man," the "demon of the East Coast," Duke Fischer.

Charlotte clenched her fists tightly, her chest heaving with immense anger!

"I want revenge! I must crush the Fischer family!"

But the teacher shook his head, calmly stretching out his hand and saying:

"Charlotte, don't let hatred drown the brightness of your eyes. You are the last hope of your family... Actually, I wish you could leave and not take part in this action."

"Why?" Charlotte was completely stunned, why ask her to leave at this point?

"Because you are the only one left in your family who is alive. If you too were to die, I could not face your departed parents..."

"No, since I'm the only one left, how can I continue to live if I can't avenge my family?"

Charlotte closed her eyes, tears streaming from the corners.

"Charlotte, you are a genius. At just sixteen, you successfully reached the Lower Transmutation Level... If you choose to live, there is a good chance for you to reach the Monarch level in the future, and then you will have the opportunity to personally avenge your entire family, to kill Darren Fischer yourself!"

After hearing this, Charlotte could only offer a bitter smile and shook her head.

"How easy is that? I have been closely monitored for years. If it weren't for you taking me away, I would still be under the 'Eye of the Raven'..."

"With no family or resources, even as a genius, the likelihood of becoming a Monarch powerful expert is almost impossible."

"Sigh, since you are so resolved, I won't stop you anymore."

Years ago, her parents had tried to overthrow the cruel and tyrannical Fischer family, seeking help from outside forces, and her sister had accidentally spilled water out of fear upon seeing Duke Fischer, "Iron Mask Man," at a banquet...

Thus, all members of Charlotte's family were arrested, except for her, a young and ignorant girl sent to relatives; all other direct family members were executed.

Charlotte couldn't possibly forgive, nor ever forgive! She knew she lacked the strength to kill the terrifying demon Darren Fischer! But she had to kill that most despicable accomplice, Queen Peggy Adler, at least!

The cold light of a dagger flickered in the candlelight, reflecting the endless hatred and thirst for revenge in her heart.

Her face twisted with anger, and her eyes burned with a fury that seemed capable of devouring everything.

The hands clutching the dagger trembled slightly from the exertion, yet her gaze was unwavering, not showing the slightest hint of hesitation.

She was consumed with thoughts of the main culprit behind her family's demise and her despair. Every drop of rain that fell sounded like an echo of the rage in her heart!

Charlotte was well aware that the path of revenge was fraught with thorns and dangers, but she feared nothing.

She was willing to pay the price with her life, to seek the punishment those sinners deserved. She was no longer the frail noble girl, but a warrior driven by hatred and bent on justice!

The storm raged on, yet the girl inside the house seemed to be in another world, with only the flames of vengeance burning brightly in her heart.

Time passed little by little, and evening gradually approached.

Everyone here waited for the arrival of the Rhea People, but for some reason, they never came, and anxiety grew in everyone's hearts.

Outside the window, the night sky was low, the wind howled fiercely, and the rain poured heavily, the droplets lashing the earth like whips of fury, creating a deafening noise.

"Boom!"

Thunder roared, lightning cleaved the sky, briefly illuminating the pitch-black night!

Charlotte took a deep breath.

Why haven't they come yet?

The turbulent waves of anger in the girl's heart found an echo, as she stood alone in a dim corner of the house, her figure both lonely and resolute.

Unable to bear it any longer, she turned to question her teacher.

"How much longer must we wait here for the rendezvous with the Rhea People? It's odd—they should have been here by now!"

However, before the teacher could respond, someone else in the crowd said disdainfully:

"The Rhea People are no saints, hmph, if it weren't for the need to overthrow that demon family, I wouldn't bother cooperating with the Rhea People!"

"If they really don't show up, we'll have to act on our own! Queen Peggy is just an ordinary person; as long as we launch a surprise attack, there's a chance to kill her on the spot in front of everyone!"

"Without Queen Peggy, the Fischer family will lose their authority!"

Everyone remained silent, tacitly understanding that although the Fischer family was the most evil entity, the Rhea People weren't much better—it was just that everyone was forced to collaborate with those folks out of necessity.

Suddenly the teacher spoke:

"Trouble, there's an Extraordinary Exponent outside, it might be the Eye of the Raven, or the Black Tide... or possibly 'Mask'!"

The faces of everyone inside the house changed.

Someone was there?

Charlotte also drew a deep breath, her heart seizing as she nervously looked outside the window.

Who could it be?

Please, not Mask!

Both "Eye of the Raven" and "Black Tide" were terrifying entities, but while they were evil minions of the Fischer family, only "Mask" was the most frightening dagger of that dreadful family!

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

## Chapter 437 Fischer's "Magic Wolf"

Under the night sky shrouded by heavy dark clouds, raindrops fell like endless silver needles, violently striking the ground, causing fine splashes to erupt only to be swiftly scattered by even fiercer winds.

"Boom!"

Thunder roared, low and oppressive, weaving together with lightning to create a terrifying picture of the dark night.

Silently, a few people inside the house gazed out, not daring to make a sound.

On the street, several black figures emerged stealthily, like the most elusive specters in the darkness, their figures cloaked in long black capes that seemed to merge with the night. Their pace was neither hurried nor slow, but in the dark, their true movements were difficult to trace.

Those people...

Despite the raging storm, Charlotte saw an indescribable chill on the faces of the black figures; their faces flashed intermittently under the lightning, full of mystery and unpredictability.

Pair after pair of eyes, hidden in the shadows of the capes, glowed sharply, as if they were peering into the deepest secrets of the world.

Among the silent onlookers, Charlotte's teacher suddenly spoke up.

"Those seem to be people of the Black Tide... Why have they found us!"

The Black Tide!

Charlotte's eyes instantly widened, and she subconsciously gripped her hands tight!



The Black Tide was undoubtedly a fearsome secret organization, shrouded in legend, and long under the command of the "demon of the East Coast," "Iron Mask Man" Duke Darren.

Compared to the Eye of the Raven, the Black Tide often felt even more unsettling.

And the difference between the Black Tide and the Eye of the Raven was that the latter was an officially recognized monitoring organization by the Cyart officials, while the Black Tide was a group of evil hidden in the shadows!

They were like the black shadows stretching out from Duke Darren, engulfing one person after another like an evil tide!

What should we do?

The people of the Black Tide have come!

Charlotte took a deep breath.

Although all five people in the house were Extraordinary Exponents, only she and the teacher were strong ones at low-level and middle-level Transmutation, whereas the other three were merely high-level Beginning Bloodline Knights.

Could we defeat the Black Tide?

"Teacher?"

She asked softly, and the respected elder took a deep breath, his voice determined.

"It seems we've been discovered."

"Next, we might have to fight a life-and-death battle."

Everyone became visibly anxious, and so someone whispered:

"What do we do? Since we've been discovered, doesn't that mean our plan has failed?"

Others were suddenly outraged, clenching their fists, venting all their dissatisfaction on the Rhea People.

"Damn it! It's all because those cursed Rhea People never showed up!"

"Should we surrender?" Suddenly, someone made a suggestion that silenced everyone.

Charlotte was stunned, then everyone turned their heads, their expressions varying as they looked at the person who had advocated surrender.

Swallowing nervously, that person flailed their hands, their face exaggerated and anxious as they said, "Since we're doomed to fail, why continue in this folly? I'm not afraid to die. I can accept death if my name remains after assassinating the Queen, but being caught here means dying unknown in a filthy ditch. Better to surrender and find another opportunity!"

What nonsense! That person was clearly just scared and cowardly — Charlotte felt an immense rage building inside her and almost wanted to strike!

However, her calm teacher laid a hand on her shoulder to signal her not to attack that "companion."

He looked around at everyone calmly, and said indifferently, "So that's it. Some of you have come here for revenge, others for fame, and yes, some for the Cyart in your hearts."

Charlotte watched silently as her teacher slowly turned around, his slender figure appearing tall and imposing as he walked to the door.

"I won't oppose any of you, and I won't stop anyone from surrendering. That's each individual's choice. In fact, just holding out this long is already a testament to great courage," he said.

His voice wasn't loud but was incredibly steady and profound.

"No one truly knows what the future of Cyart holds. I am fully aware that Duke Darren and the Fischer family may be ruthless and brutal, yet they are not as corrupt and incompetent as the resisters claim. On the contrary, they are capable and might even lead Cyart to a better future."

What was the teacher saying... Why was he acknowledging the Fischer family, that demonic family?

Charlotte stared, her mouth agape, her whole body trembling slightly, her heart a tumult of shock.

She had always felt that the Fischer family was disrupting the established order, the new system clearly plunging Cyart into a horrific chaos, with everyone suffering as a result!

Therefore, Charlotte simply could not understand why her teacher would show any recognition for the Fischer family!

The teacher continued to speak.

"However..."

"I am an old guardian from a bygone era, a knight pledged to the past, standing upon the land of blood and fire, guarding our nation with my soul. Yet within the future envisioned by the Fischer family on the East Coast... there is no place for me!"

"No matter what, I shall issue my final challenge to the Fischer family!"

He suddenly pushed open the door and strode out. Charlotte, after listening, felt the blood in the depths of her heart boiling, and immediately followed her teacher out to confront the Black Tide.

The three people behind them looked at each other, gritted their teeth, and also walked out.

"Boom!"

The thunder roared!

In the raging storm, there were about a dozen people from the Black Tide. The middle-aged man leading them wore dark clothes, his face marked with deep scars and his temples grizzled, his gaze sharp and profound.

Just the sight of that middle-aged man with the facial scars and grizzled temples was enough to sink the hearts of all the resisters.

The infamous "Fischer's Hound," "Magic Wolf," "First Tidemaster"!

Charlotte's hand, gripping her weapon, trembled slightly as she recalled many intelligence reports... That man, who called himself Old Dog, was the Black Tide's deputy leader and its former First Leader.

As one of Duke Darren's right-hand men, he undoubtedly possessed immense strength.

For those who had just mustered their courage, the presence of the "Magic Wolf" was like an insurmountable steel wall. The mere fact that the man was standing there spread fear rapidly!

Charlotte saw the "Magic Wolf" whisper to a middle-aged woman by his side, who then nodded gently. Following that, the Black Tide's people rushed forward in masse.

They were all Extraordinary Exponents, and each held a new automatic pistol produced by the munitions factory, exuding threat and oppressive might!

"Charlotte, protect yourself!" the elderly teacher shouted as he, with his aged body, was the first to confront the people from the Black Tide.

He instantly transformed into a pitch-black Dragonkin for battle, facing the Black Tide without falling behind, fully displaying the tremendous power of a Middle Transmutation Level Extraordinary Exponent. The bullets that hit his black dragon scales had no effect whatsoever.

Charlotte, when facing that middle-aged woman by herself, realized that her opponent was a powerful Spellcaster with physical prowess far inferior to her own but possessed very special powers.

However, despair wasn't what she felt in her heart. Instead, she sensed a tentative hope rising within.

Perhaps, we could win!

Even the legendary Black Tide might not be able to destroy us!

For we are fighting for the heroes of Cyart who have been wrongfully slain, for the people oppressed by the Fischer family. Our fate marches forward under the watchful eyes and protection of the Gods, and we shall not fail so easily!

Charlotte's emotions stirred fervently deep inside!

However, the battle had barely begun when her teacher's strength drew the attention of that most terrifying man.

"Hm? A Middle Transmutation Level?"

At that moment, the man known as the "Magic Wolf," the Old Dog, frowned and spoke in a low voice:

"Carol, you all should step back. He wouldn't want casualties for the Black Tide; let me take care of them."

He was already at the 4th Rank of the Path of Calamity, a mighty powerhouse; only Marzo among the Black Tide could match him.

"Understood!" Charlotte saw the middle-aged woman before her nod.

The people from the Black Tide immediately retreated. Charlotte, burning with vengeance, wanted to hold back the enemies, but suddenly she heard her teacher shouting anxiously, "Retreat quickly!"

She hesitated for a moment, then saw the "Magic Wolf" step forward.

The next moment, everything changed.

An unprecedented cold current stealthily invaded, carrying a chill that could freeze one's soul, instantly altering the outcome of the battle.

In that instant, it was as if time had hit the pause button on the rain.

The torrential water droplets hadn't yet touched the ground when they were trapped mid-air by the frigid temperatures, turning into crystal-clear ice beads. They kept falling, no longer as liquid, but in a static beauty, freezing into strings of ice beads hanging in the air, flickering with a cold and mysterious light.

Trees, streets, houses... everything touched by the rain quickly frosted over with a thin layer of ice.

The whole world became both unfamiliar and enchanting, every detail was finely carved, frozen into a breathtaking ice sculpture tableau.

Three companions perished in an instant, their innards completely destroyed by the cold, and even the teacher was completely sealed in ice.

Charlotte felt the immense cold invading her body and soon was completely immobilized; most of her body was frozen, and even her consciousness began to blur.

Too strong...

With a pale face exhaling cold breath, she experienced for the first time the strength of such formidable power.

"Fischer's Hound," the "Magic Wolf," the Black Tide's deputy leader was simply too powerful. Could there really be someone this strong in the world, how could it be like this...

"Ahhh! Fischer!"

Charlotte soon noticed that her teacher, who initially couldn't move as well, was now bellowing as he forcefully broke free from the ice and, shivering, took out a powerful Mysterious rare artifact from his bosom, unquestionably ready to fight to the end with his opponent!

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

## **Chapter 438 415 Chapter Entering the Demon's Lair**

In the pouring rain, Carol saw several enemies get killed and immediately said, "The Tide Master has already said we need to capture someone alive for interrogation, Old Dog, don't kill them all!"

However, Old Dog suddenly shook his head, with a very serious look in his eyes, he spread his arms and replied in a deep voice, "We can't hold back, the Mysterious rare artifact on that old man is of Forbidden class, and even with a four-digit code, it's very powerful!"

"Forbidden rare artifact!" Carol exclaimed in shock.

Unable to move and her consciousness hazy, Charlotte also heard this exclamation and quickly grasped its meaning.

Yes, it was their last ace in the hole, the heirloom left by her parents, a four-digit coded, immensely powerful Forbidden rare artifact!

"Teacher..."

Charlotte, pale-faced, struggled to keep her eyes open, dearly hoping that her teacher would unleash the formidable power of the Forbidden rare artifact and kill those vile accomplices of the Demon Duke.

Lightning Empowerment!

She suddenly saw Fischer's "Magic Wolf" as if it flung out some tiny object, and in an instant, that thing burst into a flash of lightning in mid-air, and the arm with which her teacher held the Forbidden rare artifact was shattered by lightning that came in the blink of an eye!

"Ahhhhhh!" The teacher screamed in agony, the Forbidden rare artifact also fell to the ground.

Charlotte was dumbstruck, feeling as if her heart was completely shattered, never expecting that even such an opportunity had now been lost.

It's over...

Deep down she was acutely aware that their teacher, now bereft of the Forbidden rare artifact, no longer had any chance to resist the powerful "Magic Wolf," and thus the road of these rebels had come to an end.

They would not succeed in their revenge, leave their names in history, or save the people of Cyart. Instead, their bodies would simply be thrown into a stinking ditch.

"Well, this time the mission was perfectly accomplished, wasn't it? Showing restraint isn't easy because my power lies in 'Destruction' and 'Destruction' on a grand scale..." Old Dog said calmly.

"That old man and the girl should both be alive, be careful Carol!"

Just as Charlotte was about to pass out, she suddenly saw a man descending from the sky, and it was indeed the Rhea person who had agreed to meet them there.

He was a tall and thin male dressed in a white tailcoat and wearing a pocket watch, with distinctly half-orc ears.

Charlotte was completely stunned.

That man had finally arrived!

He was supposed to be the Enforcer prepared to assassinate Queen Peggy, but he appeared completely covered in blood as if he had just suffered a fierce battle, and intense, scorching steam burst out all around him.

Some of the less powerful Extraordinary Exponents in the Black Tide immediately retreated with screams of pain, their bodies scorched, but thankfully the heat was soon neutralized by Old Dog's power of austere winter.

"High-level Transmutation! Hahaha, not a bad powerhouse! An attack with the heat of steam instead of flame?" With a formidable enemy suddenly appearing, Old Dog also narrowed his eyes, growing even more serious.

But even if it was a strong Extraordinary Exponent of high-level Transmutation, it didn't matter.

He was not only a 4th Rank "Hand of Austere Winter," but also a high-level Transmutation Bloodline Knight; even if the enemy was a powerful Extraordinary Exponent of high-level Transmutation, they were no match for him!

The key still lay with the Forbidden rare artifact...

Because of the scalding steam, the ice on Charlotte's body was completely melted, but she was too severely injured to flee any further, merely collapsing weakly on the ground.

Just then her teacher suddenly used that formidable Forbidden rare artifact, making Old Dog roar furiously. Afterward, the old man trembled as he picked up Charlotte and fled into the deep darkness.

That was the last scene she perceived before completely losing consciousness in her teacher's arms.

...

Pain, my head hurts so much, my body feels terrible.

Mom, sister, father...

Charlotte had a dream in her deep slumber, a remote, hazy, and fantastical dream where she was still that innocent, carefree little girl.

Her stern father, her gentle mother, her kind sister, and other family members were all alive and well as if they were about to host a barbecue feast at the manor, and everyone was very happy!

The warmth of the sun, the soft air, the fragrance of flowers and grass made Charlotte gradually forget reality.

Reverting to a child, she was very happy, so ecstatically happy, running around in the garden of the manor, only to find herself inexplicably shedding tears.

"Do we really have to do this? If we get discovered, our entire family will be done for, and even if we could succeed with the first step, what then..."

Suddenly, she saw her parents whispering in a corner, her mother's face full of anxiety as if weighed down with worries, but her father's eyes held a determined resolve.

That look in her father's eyes frightened Charlotte!

"Don't worry, I've thought it all through. In a little while, I'll secretly send you all abroad, to immigrate to Carnia..." her father said in a low voice.

Father, mother, what were they discussing?

Despite not knowing what they were talking about, Charlotte felt a strong fear deep inside, an immense terror and despair, giving her an intense impulse to run over and scream for them not to do it, desperately wanting to stop her determined father.

However, she couldn't move her feet at all!

Why can't I move?

Father, mother...



At that moment, Charlotte suddenly widened her eyes, seeing a man standing not far behind her parents, clad in a black robe and wearing an Iron Mask.

He...

Iron Mask!

It's him!

It's definitely him!

Just as Charlotte was struck with disbelief, she noticed the Iron Mask Man had moved and was walking towards her parents; however, her father and mother seemed completely oblivious to the impending threat of death.

No, no, no, no, no, don't come over here! Please don't come any closer!

Yet, no matter how desperate and frightened she was, how much she didn't want to face it, the silent Iron Mask Man still slowly approached. He suddenly grabbed a family member and, without hesitation, tore them into indistinct flesh and blood amidst their screams.

The scene left Charlotte dumbfounded, her mind blanked out, completely stunned.

Besides Charlotte's reaction, everyone else in the dream was unaffected by the events, everything was very eerie.

"Run! Everyone, run! No, please!"

No matter how loudly she screamed, family members playing in the garden continued to be torn apart one by one, dying horribly, while Charlotte could only stand rooted to the spot, helplessly watching it all unfold.

In the end, the Iron Mask Man finally arrived beside her parents, who suddenly turned their heads to look at her, their eyes full of warmth and regret.

"Charlotte, survive..."

Charlotte collapsed, screaming.

"Aaah, aaah, aaah, aaah!"

The last of her family members were brutally murdered by the "Iron Mask Man" in her dream, and she wailed and wept, her body shaking violently with an overwhelming breakdown, with a flood of tears and snot pouring out.

Finally, that demonic "Iron Mask Man" slowly walked over.

"No, please..."

She fell weakly to the ground, wanting to run but utterly immobilized, engulfed by despair in her heart, allowing the "Iron Mask Man" to grab her neck and slowly tear her fragile body to pieces as if meting out punishment.

"Ah!"

Charlotte abruptly woke up, her heart racing wildly!

She opened her heavy eyelids as if piercing through an invisible mist, finally escaping from the suffocating nightmare.

Charlotte's breaths still carried the remnants of panic from her dream, each inhalation accompanied by a slight tremor within her chest, sweat soaking the hair on her forehead, adhering to her cheeks, leaving mottled traces, in a particularly disheveled state.

She tried to move her body, only to find her limbs as if tied by unseen ropes, heavy and powerless, every tiny movement bringing a whole body ache and discomfort.

Her heart was pounding violently in her chest as if she'd just run a fierce race, unable to calm down.

She squinted her eyes, struggling to get used to the slightly glaring light in the room. The surroundings gradually became clear, but the fear and unease that came with the nightmare were slow to dissipate.

Charlotte found herself in an unknown room, lying on a bed and barely able to move.

Where is this?

A hint of confusion and helplessness flashed through the girl's eyes. She gently massaged her temples, trying to dispel the lingering grogginess.

Her throat was unbearable dry, and as Charlotte tried to make a sound, she found her voice hoarse and weak, like a dry well that hadn't been used in a long time.

However, the discomfort in her body was temporary; what truly troubled her was the haunting nightmare that wouldn't go away.

Charlotte closed her eyes, trying to erase those terrifying images from her mind, but they were as deeply engraved and clear as a brand.

Uh...

Tears welled up in her eyes, and she bit her lip hard, refusing to cry out loud.

A very gentle voice suddenly sounded from outside, getting closer and closer.

"You're awake? You've finally awakened. I was afraid you wouldn't wake up, how wonderful."

Charlotte, feeling a bit breathless, saw the person who walked in from outside, slightly opened her mouth in astonishment, and saw a silver-haired girl slightly older than herself, with strikingly beautiful features.

She had her eyes closed, her countenance so exquisitely delicate it seemed like a divine handcrafted doll, from head to toe, impeccable, her smile as fragile and full of life as dew-laden flower petals.

The girl's silver hair was like the beautiful, tender moonlight of the night, gently draped over her shoulders, glinting with a faint silver luster.

Seeing such a dreamy and beautiful sister, who most likely was her savior, Charlotte's heart was instantly filled with gratitude and affection.

"Thank you, thank you for saving me..."

She paused, then asked with confusion, "Where is this? Where is my teacher? Have you, have you seen him?"

The stunningly beautiful girl gently shook her head, smiling with the world's most perfect smile in response. However, her words made Charlotte plunge into the most terrifying abyss, her gaze freezing.

"No need to thank me, hehe, it's fate that I could save you..."

"As for where this is, this is my home. Its name is quite well-known in Cyart, it's called... Fischer Manor."

Charlotte stared trembling at the gorgeous beautiful sister, listening to her self-introduction.

"My name is Hecate Fischer. Christine, the head of the Fischer family, is my mother. You may have heard of her. Many here secretly call me..."

"The Demonic Woman."

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

## Chapter 439 Extremely Jealous

The witch of the Fischer family?

Am I actually inside Fischer Manor?

Upon realizing she was in the home of her enemy, Charlotte's heart was instantly filled with indescribable terror as if the entire world had lost its color and warmth at that moment.

Her eyes were wide open, reflecting not peace, but endless shock and disbelief.

Fear, like icy tides, surged rapidly from the soles of Charlotte's feet, spreading through her entire body, causing her to shiver uncontrollably as every nerve tensed to its limit, as if they could snap at any moment.

She tried to control herself, but her body's reaction far outpaced her reasoning, beginning to shake uncontrollably, like the helpless and fragile leaves in a chilly wind.

Why did I wake up here? Does she know my true identity? What kind of person is this "witch"? Is my teacher still alive? What should I do next?

Countless thoughts flashed through Charlotte's mind, each like a sharp blade, slicing through her already fragile spirit.

She couldn't understand why fate was playing such a cruel trick on her, finding herself in the most dangerous place when she needed safety the most.

Nor could Charlotte comprehend why her momentary savior, who offered her brief warmth and hope, turned out to be her deeply despised enemy.

Fate always seems to make the cruelest jokes.

"What's wrong?" Hecate asked calmly.

"Nothing... I just feel a bit unwell."

"Thank you, thank you for saving me."

Charlotte managed to say, then couldn't help but take a deep breath, feeling innate fear and horror, deep down she was certain not to reveal her identity, otherwise, it would surely be a terrible end!

In fact, on the eve of her arrival in Nasir City, she had already learned a lot of information about the Fischer family, these demons, and remembered every bit of information behind each name very clearly.

She had also heard of the name "Demonic Woman" Hecate, though information about Hecate was extremely scarce and secretive.

She seemed to have just come of age not long ago, still not quite twenty years old, a young woman who had never done anything for the Fischer family, not even having left Nasir City.

The most notable thing about the "Demonic Woman" was her exaggerated beauty and her very special eyes...

It was said that beneath her eyes, a seal held the gateway to Abyss Hell, thus Hecate was also called a witch by those around her, even feared within her own family.

Charlotte couldn't help but look at Hecate's closed eyes, finding it hard to believe that those eyes contained such immense power.

She was in turmoil, forcing herself to think.

Where was my teacher?

Why am I here, saved by a woman from a demonic family?

And can I...

...kill her?

Charlotte stared at Hecate's strikingly beautiful face, recalling the turmoil she had gone through over the years, anger instantly ignited deep within her, almost inextinguishable like an oil-fed flame, then suddenly delighting to find her usual Alchemical Dagger still hung at her waist.

Good, very good, this dagger of mine is an Alchemical Weapon infused with "toxin," and if I can inflict a wound on her... it might be lethal.

Charlotte couldn't help but smile, carefully contemplating, her eyes fixed on the silver-haired girl.

Unless she's a Transmutation Level Extraordinary Exponent, she would hardly be able to withstand the fierce poison on the dagger, otherwise, it's very likely she would gradually succumb to the toxicity... But the likelihood of reaching Transmutation Level at her age is actually not high.

After all, not everyone is a genius like me.

Just then, the "Demonic Woman" came closer.

Charlotte instantly tensed up, and the more she looked at the beautiful face, the deeper her inner revulsion grew.

"Demonic Woman"... perhaps what they said is true, her beautiful exterior merely cloaks a deeply malicious demon inside!

However, Hecate simply reached out calmly, groping to hand over a bowl of medicinal soup, smiling gently.

"Drink this. I found you very cold when I discovered you; this warm medicinal soup should help you recover quicker."

Charlotte hesitated, realizing that it would have been easy for the other to harm her, so it was very likely she did not know Charlotte's true identity.

"Thank you."

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Charlotte's voice was still hoarse; after drinking the soup, she immediately felt much better, thus her affection for Hecate grew somewhat.

Hecate sighed and reached out again.

Charlotte instinctively wanted to dodge, yet her forehead was still stroked. She shivered slightly, her mind unavoidably recalling her sister and mother.

Charlotte remained still, Hecate continued softly.

"It's sad, winter is nearly here, the weather outside is so cold, I don't even want to leave the house, and you endured a whole night in the rain... It couldn't have been easy..."

Surely, judging from the habit, she can't be a Transmutation Level Extraordinary Exponent!

Charlotte quickly analyzed in her mind, for a Transmutation Level Extraordinary Exponent, ordinary extreme cold or heat would hardly be a problem, even high-level Beginning Extraordinary Exponents don't care much about it.

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

## **- Chapter 440 Particularly Jealous\_2**

### **Chapter 440 Particularly Jealous\_2**

In fact, she hadn't felt even the slightest bit of power from the other person, that so-called "Demonic Woman" seemed to be just an ordinary person.

That was just too good!

Even if she decided not to kill her, when it came time to escape from here, she could hold her hostage and kidnap her!

Charlotte suddenly realized, right, if she could kidnap the girl in front of her from Fischer Manor, that would definitely be an important merit!

She was the daughter of that Christine! With this trump card, Cyart's rebels wouldn't be too passive when facing the Fischer family in the future!

Yes, she must kidnap her no matter what!

"But rest assured, now that you're here, there won't be any more trouble!" Hecate's smile was as warm as the sun, making Charlotte fall silent for a long moment, unsure of what to say.

"I... thank you for saving me, for not letting me freeze to death outside."

Hecate nodded gently and continued with a smile, "Don't thank me, it's what I should do. I think anyone who came across this situation would choose to save someone just like I did."

After speaking, she continued to caress Charlotte's forehead and said calmly, "I will call a doctor to come see you soon."

"No!" Charlotte shouted subconsciously.

"Hmm? What's wrong?"

Hecate looked puzzled, and after Charlotte thought for a moment, she continued, "I, I am a bit afraid of strangers..."

"Is that so?"

Hecate thought for a moment and said very gently, "Good child, I understand what you're thinking, yes, you must have been through a lot over the years."

"But I still hope you get better soon. Since you are afraid of strangers, I can find a gentle female doctor for you. She should be able to make you feel less afraid and uncomfortable."

Charlotte fell silent, clearly feeling that the girl's every move was filled with genuine goodwill, and couldn't help but feel a pang of guilt deep inside her heart.

What if there were good people within the Fischer family too?

In that moment, the girl's heart felt as if it had been torn in two, and a torrent of emotions raged within her chest.

Complex, confused, and lost like a dense fog that tightly enveloped her, Charlotte felt almost suffocated.

She was somewhat unwilling to believe, and didn't want to believe, that the gentle girl who had offered her help in her most helpless moment belonged to the same family as the man who was the source of her past pain and scars.

No!

She had to make a decision...

So many people had died at the hands of the Fischer family...

She couldn't let a little kindness confuse her...

Not kill her, but at least take her hostage, yes, she wouldn't kill her ...

Charlotte had made up her mind deep inside, and just then a shadow appeared outside the door, and her heart jolted.

"Sister, may I come in?"

Hecate also showed a surprised look, quickly saying loudly, "Wait a moment, Arte!"



Charlotte was shocked when she heard the name of the incoming person.

Arte Fischer was the man who was about to marry Queen Peggy. If Arte really succeeded in marrying the Queen, he would be Cyart's future prince.

What to do? He was about to come in!

An intense anxiety and panic surged deep within her heart—had she been discovered, it would all be over. Should she take advantage of the situation to take the two hostage and fight to the death in an attempt to break out of Fischer Manor?

Huge waves rose again in Charlotte's heart, and then she suddenly realized that Hecate had covered her with a blanket and then she felt a soft touch on her hand, as if Hecate had sat down on her.

Was she hiding her?

Hidden under the blankets, where she could smell a faint scent of flowers, Charlotte, tucked away inside, was filled with doubts, not daring to breathe too deeply. Luckily she was thin enough, and the bedding was thick enough, to completely conceal her body.

"All right, you can come in now, Arte."

First came the sound of the door opening, then footsteps of someone entering. Charlotte was very aware that the person who came in must be Arte Fischer, the young man about to marry Queen Peggy.

He was one of the detestable beasts of the Fischer family!

"What is it, Arte?" Hecate asked.

Soon, Charlotte heard a male voice filled with hesitation and a slight youthfulness.

"I just feel so confused, sister."

"Peggy, Her Majesty the Queen has only met me a few times, and she's even several years older than me. It's very likely we have nothing in common, yet we're getting married in a day. It really makes me feel lost... I don't know how to put it, but I just feel really uncomfortable."

Arte was Christine's second child. While others might fear his sister Hecate, known as the "Demonic Woman," he and his younger sister Delia always felt she was the closest person in the world to them.

He had only met Peggy Adler five times at banquets, and they had exchanged fewer than thirty sentences. Yet, Arte had been told upon reaching adulthood that he was going to become Queen Peggy's husband.

Such things filled Arte's heart with confusion and unease.

"It's okay, Arte, you will have plenty of time to get to know and communicate with each other in the life that's ahead of you. I think your relationship will gradually become close," Hecate paused briefly before continuing, "and you have the destiny's trajectory of 'Friendly Person', don't you? So as long as the other person doesn't have ill intentions, most people will take a liking to you. You don't need to worry about being disliked by Queen Peggy."

"But..."

Arte's voice was still filled with doubt, anxiety, and even a hint of resentment.

"Why does it have to be me? Isn't Archer of a more suitable age?"

Hecate let out a sigh and said, "His position does not allow it, as you know."

"But he can change other parts of the doctrine, so why can't he change this one? Can't it be so that from his reign, a High Priest is allowed to marry?"

Doctrine? High Priest? What were they talking about? Charlotte, wrapped in the bedding, felt very confused, somewhat at a loss.

"That's because he hopes to devote his body and soul to Him, you know they have all done the same, how could he apply a double standard?" Stay updated through empire

"Alright..."

Arte took a deep breath, turned around, and then said, "I understand, sister. I will try to adapt. Thank you."

After Arte left, Charlotte meant to emerge from under the covers, but found her body held down by Hecate's hand, as if indicating she should not come out yet.

What?

Had she discovered my identity, or what was it? Charlotte's mind was in turmoil.

Just then another man walked in from outside the door, seemingly wearing boots, his footsteps heavy, and his voice magnetic yet authoritative.

"Hecate, I hope I'm not disturbing you?"

Hecate was silent for a long moment, then immediately asked, "Uncle Darren? What brings you here?"

"Oh, there are some things I wanted to discuss with you, let's do it now, as I'll be busy with many things in a little while."

Darren Fischer!

It was him!

The atmosphere around became heavy and oppressive, making it almost impossible for Charlotte to breathe. Her heart wanted to scream, to flee, but her throat felt as if choked, unable to make a sound.

Fear struck in an instant, and she instinctively hugged herself tightly, seeking a sliver of comfort amid the boundless fear.

Darren Fischer, Darren Fischer, Darren Fischer, Darren Fischer... the demon of the East Coast, Duke Darren!

The next moment, Charlotte's mind was consumed by the burning flames of hatred!

Her eyes, once sparkled with innocence and dreams, were now replaced by endless hatred.

Hatred, like the darkest ink of the night, had been eroding Charlotte's soul noiselessly, causing her to toss and turn during sleepless nights, unable to let go.

Finally, the wheel of destiny slowly turned, bringing her and the enemy who had once brought her endless pain and despair into each other's air for the first time.

Charlotte's heartbeat accelerated like drumbeats, her eyes ignited by the flames of anger, mingled with a complex mix of sorrow, reluctance and determination.

She would never allow this grudge to fade with the passage of time.

Instead, this force kept building up inside Charlotte, becoming an unstoppable torrent, compelling her to take action and seek justice for herself.

I'm going to kill you!

The thought of revenge grew wildly in her heart, utterly uncontrollable!

Darren Fischer!

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

