

From Secret Clan to the Divine Dynasty

Chapter 441 Assassination of Queen Peggy

"I just saw Arte leaving your place, Hecate, and I wanted to talk to you about your brother Arte, as well as your sister Delia,"

"The reason I want to discuss this is because they both listen to you the most."

Darren looked calmly at Hecate, his gaze quickly moving past her to the bedding behind her.

Those who possess the Power of Consecution and reach the 5th Rank may not obtain special abilities such as "Flight," "Domain," and the ability to "transform life force through spiritual power" like Bloodline Knights at the Monarch Level do,

but they universally gain the ability "to touch the soul," "powerful Perception Ability," and "Burning Soul for increased power."

Darren could clearly sense the presence of the person in the bedding, and even deduced that it was an Extraordinary Exponent who had reached the Transmutation Level, but ultimately he squinted and didn't pay too much attention.

Hecate sighed and shook her head, "Delia hasn't been having any issues lately."

"Arte is feeling very confused; he's not at all familiar with Queen Peggy, yet he is expected to shoulder the responsibility for the Fischer family and become the spouse of Queen Siyate."

Darren chuckled, and given his personality, it was quite out of character. He shook his head, "What does Arte have to be dissatisfied about? Queen Peggy is perfectly matched for him in looks, character, and status."

"And his children will become the new monarchs of Siyate, which is a fine arrangement for the mediocre Arte. You should be very clear that, unlike you, with the best talents, your brother Arte has the worst talents in the Fischer family. His character is too mediocre, so he finds it hard to make progress on any path."

Darren's voice grew louder; it was evident that he agreed with the current arrangements for Arte.

"If he marries Queen Peggy, he can become a monarch in the eyes of the people, which could speed up his progress on the Path of Authority. Perhaps he can reach the 5th Rank in his lifetime and avoid the early demise common to mortals."

Hearing this, Hecate nodded lightly and smiled, "Your arrangement with mother is indeed considerate."

Darren nodded and said, "I know you can understand Christine's feelings, which mother doesn't want her child to live a bit longer?"

Charlotte, hidden under the bedding, couldn't understand at all; her head was clouded with confusion because there were too many unfamiliar terms! What on earth were they talking about?

Darren continued.

"And about your sister, Delia, she is already sixteen years old, and the path she follows emphasizes learning and spreading knowledge, which suits her somewhat weak character... Delia's Destiny's Trajectory is 'Inheritor,' and you must help me ask her if she has any favored man from the major families when you have the chance."

"Okay, I got it."

Delia's Destiny's Trajectory 'Inheritor' is a rather special one.

She can pass on her own experiences, knowledge, and skills in the form of memories to her offspring, who, once they become Extraordinary Exponents, will gradually unlock them completely.

Plus, since Delia's God Pantheon stairway is the Path of Knowledge, she can pass down a vast amount of knowledge.

Therefore, both Darren and Christine hoped that Delia would have offspring and not remain as steadfastly single as Helen had.

Of course, such matters would ultimately depend on her own wishes.

One of the reasons for Arte's anger was that other members of the Fischer family were allowed to remain single if they insisted, but he was ordered to marry Queen Peggy, feeling he was being subjected to a double standard.

However, his mother Christine felt that Arte's talents were too mediocre, even inferior, and without becoming a "monarch," he would hardly have a chance to reach the 5th Rank on the Path of Authority.

So, for her son to live a longer life, the "cold" and calculating Christine resolved that she must force him this once.

Just then, a subordinate of the Black Tide approached Darren and whispered to him.

"Hostile Extraordinary Exponents have appeared around Nasir City in several places, and we are now dispatching people to deal with them."

"Understood,"

Darren nodded slightly, then turned and walked away with a stern expression.

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After Darren had left, Charlotte in the bedding also refrained from any rash movements, feeling a mix of anger and fear deep in her heart that she couldn't shake off, but the last bit of her reason told her not to act impulsively just yet.

On her own, going head to head with Darren Fischer, a Monarch Level powerful expert, was undoubtedly delusional, so she had no choice but to endure.

Good.

He has finally left, and now's the time to kidnap Hecate Fischer.

Charlotte felt very uneasy and confused about the conversation she had overheard, but there was no time to ponder it further, as what she needed to do next was most important!

And that was to kidnap Hecate Fischer and escape the manor!

Hecate seemed to sigh in relief, muttering to herself, "Thank goodness, Uncle Darren has finally left. I was so afraid he would discover you."

"Why do you need to hide me?" Charlotte was slightly taken aback, asking.

Hecate provided an answer, "Because my uncle is a very strict man. If he found out about your existence, he would definitely not let you stay with me. He would be afraid that you would harm me, but I can tell that you are a good person."

So that was it, Charlotte understood.

Hecate then asked, "What is your name?"

"I..."

Charlotte wanted to speak but then fell silent; all she needed was to make up a name, but for some reason, she just didn't want to lie to the other party.

The girl named Hecate was just too gentle and kind. How could she deceive someone like that?

Charlotte's prolonged silence seemed to make Hecate think she didn't trust her, so she sighed.

After a moment of silence between them, Hecate's eyes suddenly began to fill with tears as she said, "I'm sorry, I don't have the right to be trusted by you, which is totally normal. I'm used to it."

"Actually, I've never really had any friends, and most people at the Fischer Manor are afraid of me, dislike me, all just because I come from a special background. My bad reputation gradually spread, and even though I did nothing wrong, people detest and hate me, not wanting to come close to me anymore..."

As she spoke, her voice choked up, and after hesitating for a while, she still asked with a sob in her voice:

"If it's possible, I hope you can be my friend, okay?"

Charlotte's heart was in turmoil, not knowing how to respond, she couldn't help but ponder that it would be difficult to abduct her to escape the Fischer Manor; perhaps she should focus on healing her wounds before contemplating other matters.

"..."

Maybe she shouldn't kidnap her for now...

—

The next day, Her Majesty Queen Peggy's wedding arrived as scheduled.

The wedding banquet was filled with an atmosphere of joy, as if the entire hall was encased in a glow of happiness.

The guests, adorned in splendid attire, with smiles on their faces, chatted merrily with one another, laughter and cheerful voices filling the air.

They gathered around elegant dining tables, savoring dishes meticulously prepared by top chefs, occasionally raising their glasses to offer their sincerest blessings to Her Majesty Queen Peggy and His Highness Prince Arte.

Queen Peggy and Arte Fischer stood at the center of the banquet hall.

Arte Fischer, the second son of Christine, was dressed in a magnificent outfit, fairly ordinary in appearance, his silver hair hanging low, tall and lean.

Queen Peggy, wearing a gorgeous wedding dress, smiled as she looked towards the congratulating guests, responding to each person with warm words.

The music of the royal orchestra echoed throughout the hall, yet it seemed no one noticed that an old man, clad in black, with a pale complexion and high cheekbones, was blending into the crowd, calmly drawing nearer.

Fischer family, you've been troubled lately, haven't you?

I've finally infiltrated here, just one last step.

The old man publicly passed as a relative of Bishop Zane, but that appearance was just a disguise; he was in fact the most dangerous person at the banquet!

He was a Monarch powerful expert hired by the Rhea People from the sea, a true assassin sent to kill Queen Peggy!

To avoid being locked onto by the National Defense Barrier's power, the old man suppressed his strength during the Metamorphosis Phase to enter Siyate, then broke through to the Monarch Level within the barrier.

Right from the start, the complete plan was for him, who possessed Monarch Level power, to deal with Queen Peggy; the rest of those who infiltrated were merely cannon fodder and distractions to conceal his movements.

These people were all unaware of the full plan, and each group thought they would become the heroes to rebel against the Fischer family and assassinate Queen Peggy.

They indeed played quite some part.

Now, the Fischers, in order to guard against the disruptive enemies, had diverted some of their power and attention outside of Nasir City, providing the old man with the perfect opportunity to strike!

Once he successfully killed her, he would immediately use a Forbidden rare artifact to teleport out at a price... Everything would be smooth.

The man in black slowly lifted his hand, intently watching the soon-to-be-lost figure of Queen Peggy.

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

Chapter 442 Witch Hecate

"Some people will never just sit quietly and watch."

A hand suddenly pressed on the shoulder of the man in black, a power like never before quietly descended from behind him. Although it was just a gentle press, it felt as if a mountain bore down on him, causing him to feel an unprecedented immense pressure.

Who?

The man in black immediately became panic-stricken.

His shoulder felt as if it were pinned down by a huge stone, even his breathing became incredibly heavy; the force was not only acting on his body but seemed to penetrate his flesh, striking deep into his soul!

He instantly saw the person who had abruptly stood by his side.

Darren Fischer!

The old man immediately narrowed his pupils.

The Duke with the Iron Mask from the Fischer family, a figure like a demon, whose brutality could even be considered average overseas.

He had concealed his presence using his unique power of bloodline; theoretically, he shouldn't have been detectable!

What is going on!

Darren said calmly,

"Actually, since you arrived in Nasir City, every move you made has been completely under His great control. It was impossible for you to avoid us. In fact, I was also wondering if you had any more accomplices. Now it seems there aren't any."

Black waters continuously emerged from Darren's hands, and the old man seemed to be completely drowning, utterly unable to exert his extraordinary power.

"This is!" his complexion drastically changed.

Actually, after climbing to the 5th Rank, Darren's "Black Tide" ability had also improved. He could even neutralize the power of a low-level Monarch Extraordinary Exponent for an extended period, albeit continuously consuming his spiritual power.

The man in black's complexion turned pale, his forehead oozing with sweat, but he did not give up resisting. Instead, he clenched his teeth, his muscles tensed, trying to find a chance to fight back under this pressure.

His eyes conveyed fear and anger, yet also an unyielding spirit burning fiercely.

The many guests surrounding the wedding banquet remained oblivious, with each ray of light in the banquet hall weaving a dreamy atmosphere. People still wore happy smiles on their faces, completely immersed in the ambiance created by the event.

The battle-hardened man in black constantly pondered in his mind; Duke Darren Fischer was also an Extraordinary Exponent at the Lower Monarch Level, his strength certainly couldn't be much stronger than his own.

Therefore, this ability of his to nullify one's strength surely could not be maintained indefinitely.

If that's the case, he just needed to keep struggling and would eventually break free. Then he could unleash his extraordinary power to wreak havoc at the wedding and immediately use a forbidden rare artifact to escape.

Darren simply smiled at him as if he entirely disregarded the possibility that the other party might think of escaping.

And just then, a strange silver liquid, like a lively silver serpent, silently slithered along the ground.

The liquid shimmered with a mysterious light, its surface seemed to be covered with a layer of fine mercury, yet it was more agile and elusive than mercury.

The man in black was staring at Darren, completely unaware of the silver liquid that was gradually drawing near.

Suddenly, that silver liquid—as if driven by an invisible force—accelerated sharply, turning into a bolt of silver lightning that silently struck the man in black.

The old man's astonished gaze flashed with disbelief, but before he could react, the silver liquid had completely engulfed him!

The silver liquid, like a creature with life, gently yet irresistibly swallowed the old man whole!

The figure of the old man gradually blurred within the silver light and eventually vanished without a trace, leaving behind only faint ripples of silvery on the ground, slowly spreading out and then subsiding, as if nothing had ever happened.

And after fulfilling its purpose, the silver liquid too seemed to lose all its power and slowly disappeared from the ground.

Darren watched this scene calmly; the sudden attacker was a Spiritual Dragon that the Fischer family had raised for decades. Although it hadn't fully matured yet, it already possessed the strength of the Lower Monarch Level.

"Well done, Spiritual Dragon..."

The wedding proceeded smoothly.

As the melodious wedding march began to play softly, Queen Peggy, dressed in a custom-made pure white wedding gown, her head adorned with a crown set with countless sparkling gemstones, walked down the red carpet. Her steps were firm, her eyes shimmering with light.

Arte remained deeply contemplative, occasionally glancing at Queen Peggy with a still-confused look in his eyes.

The ceremony was conducted in a solemn yet warm atmosphere, Bishop Zane's gentle yet forceful voice echoed in everyone's hearts with each vow, until thunderous applause erupted throughout the venue!

The applause lingered on, mingling with cheers and blessings that rippled wave after wave, as the guests rose to their feet, celebrating this historic celebration together.

The wedding went smoothly, and several days passed, Charlotte had been hiding in Hecate's room for a long time, her physical condition had completely recovered.

She finally couldn't contain her worry for her teacher anymore, and was eager to leave.

"Teacher, please don't die..."

During this time, Charlotte had become very good friends with Hecate.

She herself was confused, never expecting to befriend someone from the Fischer family; it was an unbelievable event, but it had indeed happened.

Should she still kidnap Hecate and leave...?

Charlotte's heart was incredibly torn, caught in a painful vortex. She was sure that Hecate was just an ordinary, kind, and gentle girl, like a sister to her. Even if she wanted to take revenge on the Fischer family, she shouldn't lay a hand on her...

She didn't know how to face these complex emotions, nor did she know how to make a choice.

The thought of revenge was tempting within her; Charlotte yearned to punish the person who had hurt her in the same way, for the Fischer family to taste the bitterness of pain.

But whenever this thought emerged, she would recall the kindness and warmth from Hecate, and her heart would be filled with conflict and struggle.

She began to question whether she should be driven by hatred, allowing herself to become as cold and ruthless as her enemy. Should she let go of past grievances and use tolerance and understanding to dissolve the hatred? Yet, these thoughts made her feel indignant and wronged. Why should she easily forgive the person who had hurt her?

"Sister..."

Thinking of her family made Charlotte feel painful again, and her anger reignited.

No!

I cannot betray my own family! I'm sorry, Hecate!

Finally, Charlotte took a deep breath and made up her mind completely.

So, when evening came and Hecate returned smiling, holding a plate full of cakes, Charlotte suddenly rushed to her side, drawing her own dagger and coldly pressing it against her fair neck.

"Charlotte, what are you doing?"

Hecate seemed startled, the plate shattering on the floor, the cakes wasted.

Charlotte took a deep breath again, inwardly apologizing, and then declared firmly,

"I won't kill you, but you have to come with me, Hecate!"

As soon as she finished speaking, a great sense of guilt surged within her.

I'm sorry...

However, Hecate's subsequent reaction completely astonished Charlotte.

"Too bad, you did not pass the test, just a bit more..."

"I like intelligent life forms with human-like wisdom, just as humans like cats and dogs. Charlotte, you are one I find quite interesting..."

"It's really too bad."

Suddenly, Charlotte found herself unable to move, and the once exceedingly gentle Hecate was now behind her at some point.

She reached out, slowly embracing Charlotte's body, resting her head beside her face, revealing a chillingly tender smile.

"Since you've failed the test, you shall stay forever, Charlotte."

"Become my dog."

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

Chapter 443 Karl's Reincarnation Plan

Karl witnessed the entire process with his own eyes.

In fact, twenty years of observation had made him very familiar with what kind of person the "Demonic Woman" Hecate Fischer truly was.

If Karno Fischer had been born in a fantasy world, he would most likely have become a wandering Taoist, uninterested in mundane affairs, abandoning the world of mortals, and traveling to the ends of the earth.

Then Hecate, who also embarked on the Path of Revelation, would be a natural-born enchantress in the fantasy world.

With a personality like hers, she was destined to be anything but ordinary and would become a special existence that caused many people headaches and fear.

Charlotte would be the first, but definitely not the only one to be "tested" by Hecate, and all those who had not undergone the "test" would probably be collected by Hecate as her "pets."

She was very fond of people, just as many people were fond of cats and dogs.

"This might be the inherent 'arrogance' of those who walk the Path of Revelation. It's not even about good or evil; they always feel they are more transcendent than others and qualify to examine and judge others, never feeling arrogant."

Karl silently pondered.

The sky of the Spirit Realm was a resplendent sea of stars. The stars not only illuminated the sky but also moved sluggishly like living creatures, emitting a soft and profound glow.

Karl's consciousness arrived peacefully in the Spirit Realm, stepping into the heartland of the Spirituality world, where he encountered an illusion made of colorful glaze. The nearby mountains, rivers, lakes, and seas were composed of pure and flawless light and shadow, brilliantly colorful yet harmoniously coexisting, like nature's exquisite masterpiece.

If an Extraordinary Exponent moved through it, they would feel as if every step was on the edge of a dream, their souls experiencing an unprecedented cleansing and sublimation.

"This is the place..."

He gazed at where he planted the "Civilization Fragments," things that the Fischer family had once laboriously found within an island in the sea, containing Spiritual Power.

The golden resplendent Civilization Fragments that had been embedded into the ground of the Spirit Realm for decades were finally taking root today, marking the critical moment of their initial sprouting!

The next moment, the dazzling golden Civilization Fragments broke through the soil, swelling and growing larger, eventually becoming an ancient, colossal Soul Tree standing upright.

Its trunk was entwined with ancient runes; its branches and foliage lush, casting shade over the sky, as if it were a bridge connecting heaven and earth.

Beneath the tree, the light from souls from all directions converged, some bright and some dark, intertwining into a series of vivid images, and those image fragments told many stories of the souls' lives before death.

Karl silently admired the giant tree he had planted.

"This Soul Tree is still not fully grown, but it has already reached such a massive size; When it truly matures, it will provide even more benefits."

The tree contained Origin Force, one of the four fundamental forces of the infinite universe, and was also connected to the strong power of the Spirit Realm.

Karl calmly placed the souls of the Fischer family one by one into the tree, and the Origin Force contained within the Soul Tree would reawaken the vitality of their original lost souls.

"In time, they can freely choose to become a Divine Envoy like Irene, or reincarnate in a more perfect form and return to the Fischer family."

"If they choose to become Divine Envoys, they will continuously grow stronger within the Soul Tree, and eventually they can be sacrificed by the priests of the Dawn Church, momentarily summoned to the material world."

"And if they choose to reincarnate, they can slowly reclaim the power of their past life; their progress in the new life will definitely be much quicker than in the last one."

But Karl knew very well that this was just a beginning; the Soul Tree was merely the initial form of the "Civilization Fragments." As long as it continued to draw power from the Spirit Realm, it would grow more vibrant and robust, even advancing to the next stage.

"Quickly, continue to grow strong."

The Seven Stars Empire.

Cardinal Ivan of the Tempest Church, the oldest and most experienced of the cardinals, known as "Pitch Black Tidal Surge," was currently visiting the capital of the Seven Stars Empire in the north.

Because of the previous assassination attempt on Queen Peiji of Siyate by the Rhea People, he wanted to personally convince the Seven Stars Emperor, urging the "God of War" not to continue supporting Carnia and Rhea, who were close to the Seven Stars Empire, and even advising them to stop taking action against the Cyart people.

Nowadays, a large portion of the Siyate populace followed the Tempest Church and naturally was seen as within their sphere of influence. Cardinal Ivan of the Tempest Church did not want any problems to befall the Fischer family.

Just as Darren had previously pondered, Cardinal Ivan of the Tempest Church, as the premier figure of the Tempest Church at present, was actually the most powerful man in the Eastern Four Kingdoms, his influence surpassing even that of the sovereign of Carnia.

However, even a high-ranking individual like the Chief Cardinal of the Tempest Church received a colossal snub.

The God of War Emperor of the Seven Stars outright avoided meeting him, leaving the most prominent figure of the Tempest Church embarrassingly stranded in the capital for a full three days. The "Pitch Black Tidal Surge" not only failed to catch a glimpse of the Emperor but was also denied permission to temporarily stay in the palace.

"Let it be."

Within the inn that had been entirely booked, Cardinal Ivan, the "Pitch Black Tidal Surge," finally shook his head slowly and stood up to address the multitude of priests and servants accompanying him:

"Since the Emperor of the Seven Stars does not welcome us, let's return. Surely the vast Tempest Overlord will offer us other ways to aid the Cyart people."

He knew in his heart that his desire to prevent the people of the Seven Stars from intervening in the affairs of the Eastern Four Kingdoms had failed.

For an adult, "no response" is in fact a very clear form of "response."

As the afterglow of the setting sun gradually bathed the streets of the Capital of the Seven Stars Empire, the Cardinal's convoy slowly started, leaving the ancient city with a solemn yet sacred demeanor.

The convoy consisted of several carefully selected blue and black carriages, led by a guide carriage adorned with the Cardinal's insignia, which slowly made way at the forefront, leading the entire fleet in an orderly manner.

The main carriage, where the Cardinal rode, followed closely behind, its half-closed windows revealing a subtle air of solemnity and mystery.

Cardinal Ivan sat inside with his eyes closed, deep in thought, then looked out through a slit in the curtains, casting a profound final glance back at the ancient city.

"To be outright ignored is a first for me, it seems the Church's authority really has declined..."

As the convoy gradually moved out of the city center, the buildings along the streets grew sparse, replaced by lush trees.

Ultimately, the convoy completely disappeared at the edge of the city.

"Lord Ivan, please don't go, we hope you will stay," a young man's voice suddenly resonated from afar just then, and everyone in the convoy heard it, causing the carriages to halt one after another, ceasing to move forward.

The sudden voice made Cardinal Ivan frown from within the carriage.

He stepped out of the carriage and looked toward the forest in the distance—the voice had come from several kilometers away.

The voice seemed to belong to the "Brass Gear," Cardinal Belotus of the Reforging Church, whose power was slightly inferior to his own, yet he was still a top-level exponent, a high-level Monarch.

Cardinal Ivan frowned, pondering the other party's intentions.

"Would you really try to restrict my movements? This is tantamount to declaring war on the Tempest Church, without a doubt, and is a blasphemy against the Divine."

The voice of "Brass Gear" Belotus echoed from afar once again.

"The gods we serve will not mind at all, and as for what the Tempest Church thinks, hahaha, neither I nor the great God of Reforging could care less about your opinions."

"You must not return because Cyart must be destroyed."

Cardinal Ivan turned to look back at the Capital he had just left, well aware that the Seven Stars Emperor was the mightiest Bloodline Knight in the world and that even their communications outside the city couldn't escape that man's perception.

He asked, "Is this act of the Reforging Church alone, or does he also know of it?"

"It's not just that he knows, Lord Ivan. If you refuse to stay, he will make you stay against your will."

So that's how it is.

After listening, Cardinal Ivan closed his eyes in silence, acknowledging that although he possessed power close to Heavenly Enlightenment, he was still far inferior to the strongest knight in the world.

It seemed his imprisonment was an inevitable conclusion.

Yet, what truly moved him was the profound implications behind this event.

"The Reforging Church, the Seven Stars Empire, it seems you're fully prepared... From this moment on, the various True Gods Churches will no longer be natural allies in

offense and defense, but will become factions struggling for domination of the entire world!"

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

Chapter 444 Saint of Sun and the 5th Step "Eye of Fate

South of the Ouden Continent, Terrell Church Kingdom.

The Blazing Sun hung high above the boundless sky like molten gold, pouring down thousands of hot and dazzling rays, coating the vast desert in a layer of radiant gold.

In this desert forgotten by time, groups of pyramids stood proudly; they were no longer silent mounds of stones but seemed ancient Guardians awakened by the fierce sun, with sunlight dancing and flashing across the sloping surfaces of the pyramids, outlining their sharply defined contours.

As the light and shadows transformed, the surfaces of the pyramids seemed to flow with golden rivers, seemingly breathing slowly. The air around them distorted due to the intense sunlight, as if the ancient ruins were gradually awakening with the baptism of the daylight.

In the distant majestic Temple, a solemn and mysterious ceremony was taking place. The priests of the Terrell Church Kingdom, wearing crowns symbolizing different deities and holding sacred instruments such as scepters and incense burners, followed the grand procession from the Temple. Along the way, people offered flowers, applause, and cheers, and the procession eventually reached the vast altar of the Sun Church.

It was a circular altar with a diameter of hundreds of meters, resembling the sun, with a sun raging flame left by the "Blazing Sun" burning vigorously within the golden circular altar, never extinguished despite years of exposure to wind and rain.

Before the altar, the priests offered sacrifices to the divine statues, chanted prayers, and sought the deities' protection and blessings. They then offered numerous extraordinary materials as sacrifices to the magnificent Blazing Sun!

Finally, the Saint of Sun, "Child of the Sun God," appeared.

Like the rising sun, he was warm and splendid, illuminating every inch of the Terrell Church Kingdom and the hearts of its people.

In the eyes of the Sun Church's followers in Terrell Church Kingdom and around the world, this Saint possessed not only extraordinary wisdom and power but also a divine lineage from the True Gods!

The "Child of the Sun God," clad in a robe woven from golden sunlight and twinkling like constellations, appeared before the crowd. An additional radiant brilliance seemed to emanate from him, lighting up the entire world and dispelling all darkness and cold.

The facial expression of the Saint of Sun was gentle yet solemn, and his gaze revealed boundless wisdom.

"Children of Terrell born in the sun's light, you are nobler by birth than others," he said.

His voice was gentle yet firm, as if it could reach directly into the depths of people's hearts, unraveling confusion and soothing pains.

"Under the great light of the sun, we were born from pure water, while the children of shadows fear us as shadows fear the sunlight!"

"I know the rumors of the departure of the Gods in recent years have concealed unease and fear in your hearts, but just as the Blazing Sun rises and sets each day without pause, the great Divine will never abandon humanity!"

His words resonated like the music of the heavens, and whether it was the nobles or commoners of Terrell, everyone held him in great reverence and trust. They saw him as a guiding light, a source of hope for the world.

For millennia, the deeds of the Saint of Sun, "Child of the Sun God," had been widely celebrated in Terrell. He taught people knowledge and skills, and taught them how to be worthy Sun Followers, to face all challenges with hearts of kindness and bravery.

Thus, the image of the "Child of the Sun God" was carved on many stone steles and depicted in murals throughout Terrell, long since becoming a legendary figure.

Over a thousand years of rule had made Terrell Church Kingdom completely dominated by the Church of True Gods, a stark contrast to other countries on the continent.

A high-ranking priest's voice echoed around the altar.

"Once every decade, the great Saint of Sun has finally stepped out again!"

"He will represent the great Blazing Sun and use the power of the sun to punish those enemies of Terrell!"

People could not help but leap up in a trance, everyone widening their eyes, eager to witness the power belonging to the sun!

A piece of paper was then handed by the priest to the Saint of Sun, who slowly extended his hand to touch it, the paper being covered with hundreds of densely packed names.

The "Child of the Sun God" remained silent.

The next moment, the power of "Heavenly Enlightenment" was activated.

One by one, the names on that paper began to burn!

At the same time, people all over the world who were represented by those names felt the powerful impact of a force as mighty as the sun!

In the capital of the Lorne Empire, Karl Fesherno and Viscount Johnville were having lunch together, having become extremely familiar friends over the past decade.

Suddenly, Viscount Johnville raised his left hand, which bore a dazzling, seemingly precious golden ring, enough to dazzle and mesmerize anyone.

He stared at the beautiful golden ring and murmured to himself:

"This golden ring is a treasure I obtained three years ago from the Terell Church Kingdom. Although it's not a Forbidden rare artifact, it's still a very valuable alchemical tool. It would have been a pity for it to have been buried forever as a grave offering."

Sitting across the dining table, Mr. Kano smiled faintly. He too had once stolen from the Terell Mausoleum, so he hardly had the right to reprimand the other.

However, the things he himself had stolen could bring about the resurrection of the great Lord of the Lost. Even if morally tainted, he could bear it.

Sunlight streamed through the stained-glass windows, scattering over the exquisite lunch table. The Viscount Johnville of the Lorne Empire was dressed in luxurious garments, the gold-threaded patterns shimmering slightly in the sunlight, as if time itself were particularly lenient towards him, allowing Viscount Johnville to leisurely enjoy this tranquil afternoon.

However, just as this tranquility was about to be gently dispersed by the afternoon breeze, something unbelievable happened.

Suddenly, a strange glow enveloped Viscount Johnville's body, as if some unknown power had awakened within him.

Immediately thereafter, his clothes began to emit wisps of smoke—not from the heat of flames, but more like a premonition of accidentally triggered extraordinary power.

"Damn it! What is this? Mr. Kano, save me!"

The viscount's face turned pale instantly, his eyes filled with shock and confusion. He tried to stand up but found himself bound by an invisible force, unable to move.

Soon, the wispy smoke quickly gathered into a fire, enveloping him at an incredible speed. The intense pain from the flames caused him to writhe in severe agony.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

His screams echoed through every corner of the manor. Yet, amidst the desperate cries, there also seemed to be a hint of reluctance and struggle, as if deep inside he was still seeking some form of release.

"Johnville!"

Mr. Kano exclaimed, shocked at the sight, then activated his 5th Rank extraordinary power. His right eye gradually turned a very special shade of gray-white.

"Eye of Fate"

That was both the name of the 5th Rank on the Path of Revelation and the only extraordinary power of that rank.

In the Spirit Realm, it appears as a chaotic gray eyeball, and those who step onto this rank attain an equal improvement in both physical qualities and Spiritual Power.

"How is this possible?"

Mr. Kano took a deep breath. Through the capabilities of the "Eye of Fate", he could clearly see several possible futures for Johnville, along with the specific likelihood of each.

If he could find a possibility to save him and choose the one with the highest probability, he could help Viscount Johnville change his inevitable death!

However, through the "Eye of Fate", Mr. Kano was stunned to discover that no matter how he tried to help Viscount Johnville, his likelihood of death was one hundred percent!

"Moreover, if I dare touch that flame, I will definitely die as well!"

Viscount Johnville continued to scream in agony within the sun-like flames. The manor's servants hurried over upon hearing the cries, but could only watch helplessly, unable to approach or assist.

Mr. Kano frowned deeply and took a deep breath.

Ultimately, when the flames gradually died down, leaving nothing but charred silence, only that golden ring stolen three years ago from the Terell Church Kingdom remained on the ground.

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

Chapter 445 The Beginning of God's Kingdom Dynasty

At this moment in the Lorne Empire, Karno, having just witnessed the death of Viscount Johnville, was still unsettled.

The surrounding servants were already in panic, his brow tightly furrowed, and he could still smell the scent of burning in his nostrils.

After ascending the 5th Rank, the enhanced perception ability deep within his soul allowed Karno to feel very clearly that the source of the flames just now was a terrifying and astonishingly powerful force.

It was a power beyond the reach of Extraordinary Exponents at the Monarch Level!

"It's as if it were the fire of the sun, like something that could incinerate everything, blazing, brilliant, full of power, unmatched..."

Just then, Karno suddenly felt a surge of heat throughout his body, and that burning sensation kept intensifying, as if a blazing sun was about to break out, prompting him to instinctively feel that it was very bad!

"What on earth is this heat?"

It was inescapable! Not even any extraordinary power could avoid it, it simply wasn't on the same level...

This is not good!

He suddenly raised his head, realizing that he was about to meet the same fiery fate as Viscount Johnville!

However, the extremely dire situation did not ultimately occur.

Karno broke out in a cold sweat instinctively and was suddenly startled to see a red complex brand covered by a spell on the back of his hand, gradually beginning to glow!

"It's Him!"

Karno instantly understood, flashing a smile, it was definitely the great Lord of the Lost that had protected him!

In the Terell Church Kingdom, among the papers in the hands of the Saint of the Sun, many names were burnt to ashes, and hundreds of people around the world, including Monarch powerful experts, were instantly killed by the flames transmitted by thought.

Yet, on the paper, the last name that did not change was conspicuously left alone in his hand — a small slip of paper.

That name was unmistakably Karno Fischer! Experience tales at empire

"Karno? The Fischer family?"

"A protected thief..."

"Child of the Sun God," the Saint of the Sun muttered to himself, pondering this family surname that seemed familiar from ten years ago, sensing some unknown force protecting him.

"It's just a matter of time, the sun's punishment can ultimately not be escaped... But who exactly is the protector behind you?"

In the capital of the Lorne Empire, a man cloaked in a black robe walked down the street.

"Having collected evidence for so many years, the moment has finally arrived, it's just a pity that 'monster' has been chasing me, otherwise I would have completed it long ago."

The man under the black robe was Bast Leone.

Since being resurrected, he had constantly been trying various methods, hoping to achieve true rebirth.

However, the state of the deceased was hard to truly normalize, and in this state, Bast was not complete, and his strength could not continue to advance to a higher level.

Eleven years ago, he joined Words of Tranquility in an attempt to find a way to restore a newly born body, but even until the destruction of Words of Tranquility, he found no relevant documents.

Bast had also participated in inciting two heretical cults to besiege the Fischer family, but upon sharply realizing that something was amiss, he fled the scene at the first opportunity.

Later, he heard of Byrne Fischer's death.

At that time, Bast was silent for a long time, his emotions extremely complex.

"With things having reached this point, according to various scriptures, there's only one method most likely to give me the chance of a complete rebirth."

He had already arrived near the great cathedral of the Salvation Church.

Although he had not yet entered the church, merely being within a hundred meters away, Bast could already feel a substantial oppressive force.

"..."

Bast took a deep breath, already prepared to gamble with his life.

Decades ago, the Lord of Salvation had left behind a powerful Divine Power.

Anyone who could find specific information about the Lord of the Lost's cult would be able to obtain it!

If the Salvation Church failed to keep its promise to grant that Divine Power from the Lord of Salvation, it was very likely to purify him, the deceased, on the spot.

And if the Salvation Church kept its promise, Bast would also undergo a thorough transformation!

It was impossible to report the Fischer family directly, so for eleven years, he had been evading the pursuit of a certain "monster" while continuously collecting various evidence of the Fischer family's collusion with the heretical cult and worship of the Evil God, only recently grasping the key to it all.

"Byrne, don't blame me, for this is what you owe me..."

At that moment, his expression was extremely complex; he turned his head to look eastward, but eventually, he turned back with all his determination steeled!

"Let the Divine Power left by the Lord of Salvation grant me true life again!"

The Fischer family's private cemetery in Nasir City.

The cemetery under the gloomy sky was covered with a thin layer of gray veil, the sky heavy with thick clouds, as if even the sunlight was infected with sorrow.

The fine rain fell like silk, landing noiselessly on the cold tombstones, the quiet place was desolate yet solemn.

The numerous tombstones of the Fischer family were arranged in a scattered order, Lucius, Irene, Lilian, Byrne, Margaret, Erik...

Each tombstone silently told the stories of the past, and at this moment, they were silent listeners.

Darren, dressed in a dark coat, walked heavily and slow, his eyes full of complex and heavy emotions.

He arrived in front of a relatively recent tombstone, stopped, and it was engraved with his father's name, Byrne Fischer, along with a brief biography.

In front of the tombstone were numerous bouquets from people along the East Coast who worshiped Byrne Fischer.

Darren gently placed the white bouquet he was holding down, slowly squatted down, and reached out to gently touch the tombstone.

"Father, I was always naughty as a child, but deep inside, I truly hoped to gain your approval and even swore to protect my sister..."

He looked towards his sister Lilian's tombstone, sighed again, and continued calmly, "Unfortunately, I never did anything right before."

"Now the development of the Fischer family is very positive, everything is about to move onto a higher and proper track, I hope your soul in the great Lord of the Lost's care can see these things..."

"Although, now I no longer seek others' approval."

Darren remained silent for a long time then continued:

"But I learned something else, that is about the importance of responsibility. Nowadays, the Fischer family and Dawn Church are in my and Christine's hands, being one of the helms, I must do well enough not to let everyone down."

"It might be arrogance, but I believe I can do well, even if for the Fischer family and Dawn Church I have to sacrifice and kill many people, well, I really don't care about the lives of strangers."

He paused as he was speaking, then after a long while, continued:

"After all, I am the most evil guy in the Fischer family... However, Hecate's growth, has already gone beyond my expectations, she even gives me a feeling that's hard to see through."

"Today, I just came to chat casually, my wife and mistresses have never really loved me, because I deserve it, and I have never had a real friend because the Iron Mask keeps people away... Old Dog, although he admires and looks up to me, is not my confidant. After all, admiration is the farthest distance from understanding."

"The only people in this world who truly understand me are you and myself."

He took a deep breath, his eyes slightly red.

"Half a year has passed, Peggy after the marriage has successfully become pregnant, the Siyate Dynasty belonging to the Fischer family is about to arrive, it's just a pity, you couldn't see this moment..."

As time passed, the rain gradually stopped, but the sky remained gloomy.

Darren stood up, took one last look at his father's tombstone, and then slowly turned around to leave.

His silhouette appeared especially lonely and determined against the darkening sky.

"Rest assured, the Fischer family will never falter in my hands, because any enemy who wants to destroy us must first step over my body."

"No, I will turn those enemies into rotting corpses first."

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

Chapter 446 The Birth of the Prince

In the season brimming with the freshness of spring, an unusual air of tension pervaded the depths of Nasir City's royal palace.

Her Majesty Queen Peggy, the symbol of Cyart, was about to embrace a sacred and solemn moment in her life—the birth of new life.

The news, like the most gentle ray of sunlight at dawn, instantly illuminated every corner of the palace, quietly planting seeds of anticipation in everyone's hearts.

"Hurry, faster!"

Servants within the palace bustled orderly between the halls, their steps hurried yet careful to maintain the dignity required.

The queen's birthing room was meticulously arranged, with soft satin bedding piled just right, and the air filled with the faint scent of extraordinary plants.

The doctors were on full alert, vigilantly attending by the queen's side day and night, hoping their extensive experience and exquisite medical skills would ensure the seamless progression of this life-transferring ceremony.

"It's almost time!"

"Everyone, be ready."

In their eyes was the wariness of facing the unknown, yet all members of the Dawn Church knew well that the doctors were there merely for symbolic reasons.

The one who would actually be responsible for ensuring the smooth progress of the birthing was High Priest Archer of the Dawn Church, waiting outside the door. Should any mishap occur, he would send the doctors out and enter the room himself.

With Archer's rune power present, the birthing process would face no real danger, and it could even be said that any incident could be reverted by his great power!

"The prince is about to be born..."

"Yes, it's almost time, everything will go smoothly."

"Hmm, let us have faith in Her Majesty Queen Peggy and the protection of the divine."

In the council hall, court ministers spoke softly, discussing how to announce the joyous news to the nation once the queen had given birth.

Outside the royal palace, the entirety of Nasir too was immersed in a tense yet expectant atmosphere.

People paused their work to gather in plazas and markets, silently praying for the queen, eagerly awaiting the safe arrival of the newborn prince, with speculations and blessings for the new life incessant on the streets.

Outside the birthing room, but for Karno who had left and Felix who had joined the Reforging Church, the rest of the Fischer family members stood guard at the door.

Christine in her wheelchair was particularly excited, but she also couldn't help but marvel at how swiftly time had passed, and that she was about to have a grandson.

"Time flies so quickly, I've grown old before I knew it... I wonder if I'll have the chance to reach the 5th Rank, sigh."

Christine suddenly felt a sense of realization, surprised by how fast time had elapsed, and that she had become a woman of over fifty in the blink of an eye.

Suddenly, Hecate spoke up, "Do we know what Peggy and Arte's child will be named? It's confirmed to be a boy."

The matter of the newborn's name was indeed of utmost importance. The future king of Cyart could not bear a less-than-stellar name—both significance and pleasant sound were crucial.

So, the members of the Fischer family all looked to Christine. As the Fischer family patriarch, she held more authority to speak on the matter than anyone else.

Christine nodded lightly, speaking slowly, "I actually asked Peggy for her opinion earlier. His name shall be Auston, which means 'Born from Nobility'."

Although Queen Peggy was initially nothing more than a puppet of the Fischer family, she and Arte could be said to have grown to love each other after their arranged marriage.

Perhaps because they both had been controlled by their families, their affection for each other had warmed rapidly after marriage, and so the Fischer family's treatment of Peggy inevitably softened a lot.

"Auston?" Darren muttered to himself, pondering the name.

Everyone understood why the child was to be named Auston. The continuous transformation of "birth" had always been the result of the Fischer family's persistent struggles. The name "Born from Nobility" was not about pride in one's lineage but rather symbolized the family's rise from lowly beginnings to their current noble status.

Finally, the baby's cries echoed from the room, and everyone breathed a sigh of relief, followed by cheers that erupted throughout the entire palace!

"He's born!"

"The future king of Cyart is born!"

People were brimming with joy!

The High Priest Archer of the Dawn Church closed his eyes and silently prayed to the great Lord of the Lost.

"Oh, king of the Fischer family! From this moment forward, you are born with the blessings of the Divine, brought to life in this world! You shall usher in a new era for the Dawn Church, manifesting God's Kingdom on Earth!"

Darren, cloaked in a black greatcoat, slowly left the palace.

In silence, he raised his hand and conjured a mass of black tides. For over a decade, he had cultivated a wealth of negative emotions by purging domestic opposition, fully mastering the extraordinary power of the 5th Rank, "Shadow of the Demon."

Darren was well aware of one thing: he now only needed to complete the ritual for the 6th Rank, "Mad Lich," to step onto the Path of Shadow's sixth tier.

"Mad Lich, huh? Sounds like a tier for spellcasters, but I prefer close-quarters combat. Ripping apart the flesh allows one to truly feel the control over life—it's the most gratifying moment."

He murmured to himself, aware that the ritual for the Path of Shadow's 6th Rank, "Mad Lich," was complex and rigorous.

First, the Extraordinary Exponent must fully master the power of the 5th Rank, "Shadow of the Demon," and then gather a large amount of aura from the dead, preserving it in a special way, followed by collecting three particular types of sacrifices.

These are the "Corner of the Pitch Black Object," "Remnants of the Nightmare World," and the "Death of the Undead."

Finally, the ritual is completed only after all three are absorbed through the aura of the dead.

Whether it's the "Corner of the Pitch Black Object," "Remnants of the Nightmare World," or the "Death of the Undead," all of them are somewhat abstract concepts. In the beginning, Darren couldn't even confirm what they actually were, only discovering their specific locations later through the prophecy of the "Demonic Woman" Hecate.

Suddenly, Old Dog, Carol, and Alger all appeared silently beside Darren.

He spoke calmly, "You've all heard about the disappearance of the Cardinal 'Pitch Black Tidal Surge' from the Tempest Church, right?"

"According to intelligence estimates, he vanished outside of the Capital of the Seven Suns Empire."

"Rhea and Carnia are already getting restless and will definitely join forces to invade Cyart within the next two years, which I must complete the ascension ritual before."

"As for Chris, sigh, I wonder how he's doing now..."

Darren fell into deep thought. A decade had passed and Chris, whose talent was even greater than his, might also be close to mastering the power of the Path of Tranquility's 6th Rank, "Apostle of the Night."

It was unclear whether Chris was a bit faster or slower than Darren. The man could return only a few days each year, and he barely communicated with others.

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And even for a human as powerful as Chris, stepping onto the 7th Tier of the Path of Tranquility, the "Reaper's Blade," would definitely be a challenging feat.

He continued speaking to his three subordinates:

"If I can successfully step onto the 6th Tier, and Chris also solidifies the 7th Tier, then even a combined force of Carnia and the Rhea People couldn't possibly be a match for us."

"But things may not go as smoothly as that..."

"However, before that happens, the Dawn Church, especially the Black Tide, has many things to do; perhaps you can secure a decisive victory before the war even begins."

In the shadows of Rhea today, a group of cunning and secretive Cyart Black Tide spies are lurking.

They blend into the realm of Rhea like chameleons, disguised in various professions and identities, gathering information and carrying out missions noiselessly.

Members of the Path of Contract from the Dawn Church transform into business elites, frequenting upscale hotels, under the guise of business negotiations to extract sensitive information from their targets while covertly observing the economic dynamics of the enemy nation.

Extraordinary beings from the Path of Knowledge, true scholars, engage in academic exchanges, penetrating Rhea's research institutions using their expertise and the extraordinary power of "Profound Memory," sifting through the vast ocean of information for valuable intelligence, providing strategic support and aid to Cyart.

Others aligned with the Path of Tranquility, even more low-key, disguise themselves as ordinary workers, farmers, servers, or street vendors, blending into the common crowds of Rhea, gathering the emotions, attitudes, and reactions of the Rhea populace bit by bit through everyday interactions and mundane chatter.

The existence of the Black Tide gradually brought Darren's eyes to every corner of Rhea!

And recently, a very disturbing message came from Rhea...

It was this message that left everyone from the Fischer family restless.

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

Chapter 447 Fischer's Blood of Salvation

Through the investigations of the Black Tide members, a very troubling piece of news came from the north.

"The news is true," Christine, seated in her wheelchair, nodded gently, confirming the seriousness of the matter.

In the Grand Hall beneath the Fischer Manor, the family members looked at each other from their respective seats, most frowning deeply because the message from Rhea was too pressing.

According to the information Black Tide obtained from Rhea's upper society, the Salvation Church and the Reforging Church had already made a decision. The powers of both True Gods Churches would join forces, and they would officially take the field to support Carnia and Rhea!

Even though the Fischer family possessed unprecedented combat power, the pressure that could be exerted by the two True Gods Churches and two nations together was overwhelmingly large.

Seated in her wheelchair, Christine couldn't help but smile bitterly, "The only good news is that the Enlightened ones from the two True Gods Churches cannot take the field, otherwise we would have no chance of winning the war."

However, High Priest Archibald shook his head, closed his eyes, and said slowly,

"You're wrong, because we are sheltered by the great Lord of the Lost, no enemy can defeat Fischer. On the contrary, those ignorant sinners will fall into the Abyss and never escape their doomed destruction."

Christine found it hard to argue; she knew their perspectives on the issue were different.

Darren took a deep breath, his emotions barely contained, as he said,

"Find a way to get the Tempest Church, the Lorne Empire, and the Thrums Dukedom to increase their support for us, that's one aspect we need to work on."

"The other aspect is simple, we ourselves must become even stronger."

At this moment, Queen Peggy was also among them, but the Queen, held in high esteem by the Cyart people, was just an ordinary member at the Fischer family council.

She looked lovingly at the infant in her arms, attending her first Fischer family council meeting.

For Peggy, this moment meant she was no longer a disposable pawn of the Fischer family, but rather an indispensable member of it.

In her arms, she held the Fischer family's newest member.

Unlike most Fischers, whose extraordinary bloodline lay dormant and required rituals to awaken, the newborn, the future Lord of Cyart, Auston Fischer, possessed the noble divine blood, the "Blood of Salvation," since birth.

From then on, the Fischer family finally possessed the power of divine bloodline!

The rank of the "Blood of Salvation's" bloodline was undoubtedly the highest. Yet, even with the divine bloodline's power, there might still be an opportunity to further develop it.

Karl could clearly sense the powerful force held by the "Blood of Salvation."

It provided the possessor with a significant damage reduction effect and could morph into various forms while also possessing tremendous restraint against all things evil, dark, and undead.

Moreover, compared to other Extraordinary Exponents of the same rank, those with the "Blood of Salvation" would have much more robust physicality, mental power, and spiritual power.

Being on the same low or middle Monarch Level, those with the divine blood "Blood of Salvation" generally had the power to confront two enemies of the same rank alone.

And the above are just a part of the power held by the "Blood of Salvation."

Up to this point, no one in the Adley Royal Family of Cyart had truly activated it in the full sense.

To fully activate the great power of the "Blood of Salvation," a legend of the Heavenly Enlightenment Level was needed. Such formidable power could even bring the dead back to life and enter a near-impervious state immune to most external influences.

"Indeed, there is still room to develop the 'Blood of Salvation' further, but Auston is still too young. Let him undergo the ritual after some time," Karl mused, confirming the divine blood still had the potential for further development. By then, the child would become even more powerful.

—

Days later, in the study, Darren was perusing a pitch-black document, acutely aware that each member of the Dawn Church had different responsibilities, and he was no exception.

For him, the most important thing at the moment was to complete the ritual and advance to the 6th Rank of the Path of Shadow.

"The Corner of the Pitch Black Object?"

Through Hecate's prophetic ability, he learned that the location of "The Corner of the Pitch Black Object" was inside a Snow Mountain in Rhea.

It was the very place where Savoie had once failed his advancement ritual and died, where Archibald, who survived the ordeal, successfully reached the "Hand of Austere Winter!"

The documents Darren had been perusing were from the hands of Ian, the High Priest of the Sea God Cult, who also planned to pursue the 5th Rank on the Path of Knowledge soon.

"According to the contents of the documents Ian provided, there's a special passage to Hell hidden within that Snow Mountain. Although there are multiple ways to reach Hell

on the Ouden Continent, within the bounds of the Eastern Four Kingdoms, that is the only place where one can enter Hell."

According to the records in the mysticism books he found, so-called Hell was a place with many demons, considered to be a different dimensional space that connects countless worlds.

"If the location given in the prophecy is here, then it's very likely that it's not the Snow Mountain itself... but something in the Hellish space that fits the description of 'The Corner of the Pitch Black Object.'"

However, whether it were Rhea's Snow Mountain or the even more terrifying Hellish space, both were dangerous and even more dangerous places. Ordinary people would die the instant they entered Hell and even common Extraordinary Exponents wouldn't last long.

"Rhea, huh?"

"A key problem is that my power is already strong enough that just setting foot in Rhea will trigger the National Defense Barrier to lock on and track me..."

"If I carelessly linger too long, I will undoubtedly be besieged by Rhea's numerous Monarch powerful experts."

He fell into deep contemplation.

Should he just send some who are not at Monarch Level or on the 5th Rank to try entering the Hellish space and then retrieve the Extraordinary materials needed for his ritual?

But can they really survive in Hell?

After mulling it over, Darren muttered to himself, "No matter what, I should still make a trip there myself. For safety's sake, I'll have Yeager and Uncle Chris come with me."

Although Yeager had successfully entered the 5th Rank, he had yet to truly show his capability, but Darren felt he was a very reliable person.

As for Uncle Chris, there was even less need to speak of the man who was like the Death God.

Despite the dangers, Darren had confidence.

So, a few days later, Darren Fischer, Yeager, and Chris the three of them boarded a boat together and snuck into the north of Rhea.

Rhea's National Defense Barrier would undoubtedly detect and start tracking the trio's whereabouts immediately. But the location of the Snow Mountain was near Rhea's border. If only they could quickly retrieve the items and return, they would be fine.

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The Snow Mountain at night was a tranquil and mysterious scroll of painting, showcasing the great nature's majesty and depth to the fullest.

Looking up at the sky, Darren saw the stars twinkling like the tender glances from distant worlds, silently observing this area covered with ice and snow.

The summit of the Snow Mountain, under the gentle caress of the moonlight, appeared even more sacred and majestic.

The silver moonlight spilled upon the pristine snow, reflecting a soft yet cold light, enveloping the entire mountain in a veil of faint silver.

Darren, Yeager, and Chris had already arrived at the foot of the Snow Mountain, all looking very young, though in reality, they were all old men who had lived for many years.

Chris looked around at the sparse coniferous forest with an expressionless face. Under the cover of nightfall, it seemed even more serene, only the occasional wind breaking the silence.

"Let's keep going, I think I know where this so-called entrance is," Yeager suddenly said.

Darren nodded slightly and responded, "We, who have been locked on, don't have much time. We must leave before the Rhea People besiege us."

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

Chapter 448 Fischer to Hell

During the journey, Chris remained silent, taking up the rear, while Darren was in the middle, and Yeager led the way at the front.

Yeager claimed that as soon as he arrived here, he immediately sensed the entrance to Hell, and so he had the other two follow him, though he did not explain how he managed to do so.

On the way, he asked:

"Could you tell me one thing, Lord Darren, what are the items you need to complete the advancement ceremony for the 6th Rank of Path of Shadow?"

The young and handsome Yeager, with his golden long hair, looked at Darren and reached out his hand, smiling as he posed the question.

As the leader of the Dawnbringers, having stepped onto the 5th Rank "Silver Glory Knight" on the Path of Conquest, he had already become one of the core combatants of the Dawn Church.

Darren also looked at Yeager, and although it felt a bit unfair to the Old Dog who admired him, he always felt Yeager's ambitious nature was more to his liking.

After all, sometimes Yeager could instantly understand his thoughts.

However, many of his own ideas were forever incomprehensible to the Old Dog, who had originated from the Killers...

He calmly answered, "The extraordinary materials I need are the 'Corner of the Pitch Black Object', 'Remnants of the Nightmare World', and 'Death of the Undead'."

"I see."

After listening, Yeager pondered for a moment and then said with a smile, "Then I suppose the 'Corner of the Pitch Black Object' might be the most difficult extraordinary material to obtain, while the 'Remnants of the Nightmare World' and the 'Death of the Undead' might be relatively easier."

He continued his conjecture:

"The so-called Remnants of the Nightmare World, if I'm not mistaken, must be located somewhere in the Spirit Realm, right? It may be difficult to reach there, but the danger probably isn't higher than that of Hell's space."

"As for the 'Death of the Undead'... according to my thinking, it should mean sacrificing some undead, although I'm not sure if there are any particular requirements in terms of quantity and quality."

"You are mostly right."

Darren nodded slightly after listening, deserving of being the leader of the Dawnbringers, Yeager had guessed most of the situation correctly.

According to the prophecy of Hecate, both the "Remnants of the Nightmare World" and the "Death of the Undead"...

The former indeed exists somewhere in the Spirit Realm, which is quite understandable, since the Spirit Realm is the destination of things like dreams and the subconscious mind.

As for the latter, the locations described in the prophecy are scattered across Cyart, with more than a dozen options; Darren contemplated that those are very likely "Resurrected Undeads" that have been hidden away.

The undead disaster of the past caused many undead to come back to life, and some Extraordinary Exponents, who died not long ago and were strong in life, could retain their former powers and memories after resurrection.

Since those killed by the "Resurrected Undead" would also become undead, possessing great potential for spreading destruction, the True Gods Church had long since ordered a joint decree that no matter the precise identities of those "Resurrected Undead" from before, whoever encountered them must completely destroy them.

Still, despite such orders, many people, when faced with their deceased loved ones, would more likely choose not to act but rather to help them hide.

So even after the undead disaster ended, many powerful "Resurrected Undeads" remained hidden in the world, not having been utterly eradicated.

Darren looked seriously at Chris and asked, "Uncle, I must inquire... how much longer until you fully master the 6th Rank?"

After a long silence, Chris responded very calmly:

"Just a little more."

Is that so?

Darren truly hoped that Uncle Chris would be able to step onto the Seventh Tier of the Path of Tranquility, acquiring a power equivalent to a high-level Monarch, before the outbreak of the new war.

If he could reach the Seventh Tier, it was quite possible that no one below Heavenly Enlightenment could match him, which would significantly increase the Fischer family's chances of success in the war.

Suddenly, Yeager raised his hand and squinted his eyes, saying, "Stop."

The three of them quickly came to a halt; they were at a place in the Snow Mountain filled with snow, surrounded by nothing but white, with no apparent entrance to Hell in sight.

Unable to discern the entrance to Hell, Darren, with a furrowed brow, immediately asked, "How do you know something is unusual here? Are you sure?"

Yeager nodded with a smile and said:

"Tell me, do you remember Viscount Bast?"

Darren was slightly stunned, then also nodded and said:

"Of course I remember Bast, and it's very likely that I won't forget him for many years to come. That cold-hearted man had a profound impact on the Fischer family decades ago."

Yeager nodded and began to slowly explain one of his abilities.

"Actually, I have been investigating some matters about Viscount Bast before his death..."

"And a few years ago, I made a deal with Andre and had the chance to look into the notes that Viscount Bast left behind. Unexpectedly, I indeed found critical information... Eventually, I went to the mysterious and unpredictable Spirit Realm all by myself in my dreams, and thanks to the blessing of the Great Lord of the Lost, I obtained the forbidden knowledge that Viscount Bast had acquired back then."

Forbidden knowledge!

Darren furrowed his brows slightly, not expecting Yeager to have his own extraordinary adventure.

Yeager smiled and continued, "Thus, I possess the ability to contract with demons... Now I am stronger than Bast ever was, with a dozen demons entangled in my shadow."

He paused, a sharp light flashing in his eyes, and went on, "And the entrance to Hell is right here, as the demons hiding in my shadow have told me."

"Right here?"

Darren looked down at the ground, then Chris used "telekinesis" silently, and instantly the snow around them shot up to the sky!

Subsequently, they saw a Hexagram Magic Circle that was deeply buried under the thick snow and nearly cut off from the world!

The array was formed by six perfectly straight lines crisscrossing each other, each line gleaming with a faint blue light as if it were a thread of magic power condensed from the cold ice, sketching out a complex and dignified pattern on the snowy ground.

At each apex of the Hexagram and where the lines intersected, ancient runes were engraved, containing old magic and wisdom that interacted with each other, together maintaining the stability and strength of the array.

They could sense a powerful aura left behind from ancient times.

Heavenly Enlightenment...

The three of them could confirm it instantly.

Just like at White Bones Canyon, the Hexagram Magic Circle at their feet was definitely also a masterpiece from a Legend of the Apocalypse.

Yeager's eyes brightened, and he exclaimed loudly while staring at the Hexagram Magic Circle, "As expected, the prophecy is correct! This is the place!"

Darren nodded, a trace of nervousness rising in the depths of his heart, until he took out the Iron Mask from his bosom and put it on.

At that moment, he felt as if some sort of switch was flipped and the true "self" had returned!

"Let me see... Ah, I see, this is all demon speech, the way demons in Hell communicate. Indeed, over the past few years I have learned quite a lot through the demons, perhaps it will be useful here."

Yeager studied the many ancient runes on the array, suddenly started muttering to himself and began reading out the obscure texts.

That guy can actually understand it...

Darren was somewhat surprised. Yeager had not only learned how to contract with demons but seemed to have significant expertise in the study of Mysticism in this area.

Suddenly, the Hexagram Magic Circle beneath their feet lit up.

They felt a surreal tumbling sensation as everything around them crumbled and disintegrated, only to be reconstructed moments later!

The next instant, Darren witnessed an astonishing scene!

The surrounding flames and lava intertwined into a heart-pounding canvas. He felt that every inch of space around him was permeated with suffocating heatwaves and the pungent smell of sulfur.

The sky, if one could still call it that, was obscured by thick volcanic ash and swirling smoke clouds, letting not a single ray of light through. Only the red and orange glows of fire fought against the clouds, painting this Hell as if it were the dusky twilight of doomsday.

Occasionally, a blinding lightning bolt would tear through the darkness, accompanied by deafening thunder, like the angry roar of heaven and earth.

The ground, or more accurately, there was no ground here, only boiling seas of magma flowing slowly, like great fire dragons winding through the endless darkness.

Giant bubbles occasionally rose from the magma, bursting with dull roars, flinging splashes of molten rock like apocalyptic fireworks carrying lethal danger.

Darren and Chris, thanks to their abilities, were flying in midair, while Chris also used "telekinesis" to make Yeager float.

Yeager was extremely surprised and delighted, shouting, "Excellent! I've succeeded! Hahahaha!"

He appeared to be very excited, seemingly eager to arrive in the true Hell.

In this Hell, countless volcanic vents dotted the landscape, like wounds upon the earth, ceaselessly spewing hot lava and volcanic ash, devouring everything around, while the edges of the vents formed cliffs of cooled magma, covered in sharp pillars of lava and scorching rocks, unapproachable for anyone.

In this place, time seemed to lose its meaning, with only the endless flames eternally cycling.

Wearing the Iron Mask, Darren took a deep breath, the extremely hot air flowing into him. Ordinary people would likely have been burned through by the high temperature, but at this moment, he only felt an inexplicable excitement rising within him!

"Hell doesn't look too bad!"

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

Chapter 449 Battle of Hell

"Is this Hell?" Darren looked around.

The entire Hell space was covered by blazing flames that varied in color from dark red to bright orange, and then to a blinding white-blue. The colors changed continually as if to amplify its destructive power every moment.

Above the flames, billows of black smoke shot up to the heavens, mixed with the pungent smell of sulfur and the breath of despair, suffocating.

The lava was unbearably hot, and as Darren flew through the sky, he felt danger lurking everywhere in Hell, yet there was also a refreshingly thrilling sensation.

If he stayed longer in this place, he would traverse the Path of Shadow even faster!

"Why is this so?"

He quickly grasped the key point.

"I see. White Bones Canyon can accelerate the advancement rate of the Path of Tranquility. Then, this malicious Lava Hell is the special domain corresponding to the Path of Shadow!"

Darren couldn't help but contemplate that perhaps each God Pantheon stairway had its own distinctive domain.

"A good discovery, I may find an opportunity to return here... But the Array leading to the domain is in Rhea, and going to the same spot each time definitely carries the risk of ambush. It would be better to wait until I have conquered Rhea before coming here frequently!"

He had long thought of taking over Rhea. Even if the Rhea People did not attack Cyart, Darren would not be content with the so-called peace—the experiences of the past years remained deep scars in his heart.

Streaming with boiling lava, they were like angry giant dragons meandering forward, emitting earsplitting roars. The color of the lava was deep and terrifying, with bubbles surfacing and then bursting, casting out scorching sparks.

Flames leaped and twisted, forming massive tongues of fire as if they could devour everything around them!

The expressionless Chris gazed around and then at Yeager not far away, finally asking the most crucial question.

"How do we get back?"

A succinct and straightforward question.

Yeager immediately smiled and responded, "Don't worry, we won't fail to return."

After speaking, he gestured as if to draw a Hexagram in mid-air and continued:

"According to the records on the Hexagram Magic Circle we just used, all it takes is for me to recite that special ancient demon Spell. Then, the three of us can return to the material world."

Chris then quickly asked, "Where is the Qhei object?"

Before Yeager could speak, Darren shook his head with a sneer and said, "I don't know, but there's one thing I do know—we have hit an obstacle. So, we can only keep moving forward!"

An obstacle?

Yeager and Chris Matthew then saw in the sea of fire and lava, endless wails and pained moans echoed. Those souls, heavy with sin, who fell into Hell, writhed in agony as their bodies were scorched by the flames, unable to escape eternal torment.

"Augh!"

Huge chains coiled around the sinners' bodies, dragging them deeper into the inferno.

Suddenly, they saw ferocious demons moving through the flames, ripping at the souls of the sinners with their sharp claws and teeth.

One demon after another flew out of the flames, heading straight for the trio in the sky.

Yeager, floating in mid-air thanks to Chris's telekinesis, scoffed and quickly conjured up an exceedingly sharp sword in his hand, gripping it tightly and then channeling the "Silver Glory Knight's" extraordinary power!

The "Blade of the World Breaker" instantly set the sword ablaze with dazzling silver light!

This was the "Blade of the World Breaker," capable of destroying any defensive power given enough time, a force of conceptual nature, making the demons' defensive power meaningless in its presence!

The next moment, Yeager used the "Duelist's" Quickdraw! A burst of brilliant silver light shot out from his hand!

Many demons were crushed in an instant, but in the raging inferno, new demons would arise, among them a few even possessed Transmutation Level power.

Darren's hands conjured a black tide, instantly destroying numerous demons, and he immediately shouted, "Together!"

"We need to end this battle quickly. After all, the Rhea People could arrive at any moment! If we were to face the encirclement of the Rhea Monarchs upon returning from here, that would be a great trouble!"

Without a word, Chris also chose to act quickly!

Firelight and shadow intertwined to create an apocalyptic tapestry; the sky was obscured by churning sulfur clouds, while the earth was formed of boiling magma and twisted rocks.

The demons, these rulers of Hell, varied in form; some were as huge as beasts, their bodies clad in hard scales, with furrowed fangs; others transformed into intangible shadows, approaching their prey noiselessly; and some wielded the power to warp reality, attempting to unravel the will of Darren and the others with illusions and chaos.

They roared, brandishing razor-sharp claws and teeth, unleashing dark magic that could corrode all things, seeking to swallow the invaders in endless darkness.

Each clash was accompanied by deafening roars and the release of destructive forces as the demons struggled in despair, trying to use their endless resentment and evil power to stop the "uninvited guests" from invading.

Suddenly, at that moment, a giant black demon, hundreds of meters tall, emerged from the scalding lava, its form somewhat resembling a human but with eighteen eyes of various shapes on its limbs and torso, and impossibly black horns; and with every move, it radiated a power distinctly different from the other multitude of demons!

The moment Darren saw it, he felt a stirring in his heart and was almost certain that it was the source of the material they were looking for. He immediately shouted, "Look at its horns, that Monarch Level demon is likely our target! Attack together!"

The black demon roared, swinging its huge arms, launching punches that could easily shatter streets!

Yeager was the first to raise a Silver Radiance Barrier for defense, and the black demon's giant fist slammed hard against it. However, it only caused a huge ripple of impact, failing to shatter it instantly!

Darren, with a wave of his hand, unleashed torrents of black tides that began to engulf the towering black demon, neutralizing its extraordinary power.

The last to act was Chris. Using "Nemesis of Monsters," he had already seen through the demon's weak spot. In the next moment, he set the demon ablaze with the Fire of Sin, then darted forward with rapid attacks.

"Ao!"

The black demon let out a roar, stretching out its immense palm to strike at Chris, yet it only grasped at the afterimage left by his swift movement.

Then Yeager, also lifted by Chris's telekinesis, flew forward, his Blade of Silver Radiance expanding to dozens of meters. With a "swoosh," he fiercely beheaded the giant black demon.

Even a lower Monarch Level powerful demon, when faced with the combined effort of the three members of the Fischer family, was resolved in merely a round or two.

The black horns and the giant head fell towards the sea of fire and lava. Darren suddenly transformed into a giant dragon and rushed to catch the massive demon's head, only to discover that it wasn't entirely dead and was still staring at him!

"Hmph!"

Darren snorted coldly and yanked hard, tearing the demon's head apart with his bare hands until only the pair of horns remained.

After obtaining the horns, he immediately shouted, "Done!"

"Let's go back! Yeager! Cast the spell! We must race against time!"

After shouting, Darren noticed that Yeager wasn't casting a spell but was seriously pondering something and finally took a deep breath.

"No, wait!"

Darren was stunned on the spot; in decades of following his father and then him, it was the first time Yeager had ever disobeyed an order!

Chris looked towards Yeager with an expressionless face, his gaze sharp.

Unfazed, Yeager returned a serious look to the two skeptics and earnestly requested,

"Lord Darren, Lord Chris! I've never asked for much, but just this once, please stay a little longer and help me here!"

"I have something else to do! If we leave now, we may never have another chance!"

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

Chapter 450 Devouring the Abyssal Flame Demon!

"Yeager, what are you planning to do?"

Darren instantly sensed that something was wrong. Yeager's expression was grave, and his eyes were unwaveringly resolute, as if he had made some intense decision.

Yeager did not answer but muttered continuously, reciting some kind of spell.

"Boom!"

Accompanied by a deafening roar, an Abyssal Flame Demon slowly emerged from a sea of molten lava, proclaiming its arrival with a stance that shook heaven and earth.

The size of the Abyssal Flame Demon was unimaginably huge, as if it were a fearsome beast formed from a fusion of molten lava and rock, its body covered with scorching magma, occasionally sparking and even resembling falling stars, lighting up the surrounding dim space.

Its massive head had eyes as hot as furnaces, flashing with a dim red light, seemingly able to peer into the deepest fears of the heart. Its large, flame-wrapped fangs were extremely sharp, each capable of tearing through the hardest rock.

Its limbs were incredibly thick and powerful, each step it took causing the ground to shake vehemently, as if even the sea of fire trembled beneath it. Its enormous wings, though wrapped in flames, could unfold in an instant to darken the skies, bringing with them destructive hot winds that in no time turned many weaker demons to ashes.

"This is bad!"

Darren could sense a massive threat, with the Abyssal Flame Demon appearing like a demon god of flames, towering thousands of meters high, its oppressive presence even more terrifying than the dark demon from before.

With his face turning red from the heat, Yeager did not hesitate to shout loudly,

"Help me attack it, Lord Darren, Lord Chris, help me! I have an alchemical tool that can absorb its power; it was left behind by Viscount Bast. Please, help me!"

Darren took a deep breath, having understood Yeager's actions, and no longer asked 'what exactly do you want to do?'

Although it was completely unexpected, since things had come to this, they could only cooperate. If Yeager could benefit, then the Dawn Church would also gain some strength.

The Abyssal Flame Demon possessed the tremendous power of a high-level Monarch!

Every movement it made was filled with surging strength. Its pure power was extremely terrifying; it could control the flames around it and transform them into lethal weapons, whether spewing out streams of flames capable of melting steel or summoning violent firestorms that struck fear into anyone who heard it!

The Abyssal Flame Demon could also emit a deafening roar from its mouth, containing a powerful psychic shock capable of instilling fear in even the bravest warriors, making them lose their fighting will!

Its existence served as a warning to the many demons in Hell; in this domain ruled by raging flames, the Abyssal Flame Demon was the undisputed king, and its every appearance heralded a devastating calamity!

With a serious expression, Yeager pulled out a black object that looked like a dark smoke pot, painted with special purple patterns and continuously emitting a sense of madness, seemingly containing a powerful force!

He seriously said, "This is an alchemical tool specially made for absorbing demon power... I need your help!"

Darren immediately responded, "Just with the three of us, it's impossible to defeat it!"

Yeager shook his head, continuing, "It doesn't matter, even if we only absorb a part of its power, it's still a huge gain!"

"Awo!"

The Abyssal Flame Demon roared furiously, showing hostility to the three without hesitation.

Darren was annoyed that Yeager hadn't consulted them before making his unilateral decision, but deep down he knew that it wasn't the time to bring this up yet.

He instantly activated all the power available to enhance his body, transforming in an instant into a massive and fearsome Demon Dragon, while using a black tide to mitigate the temperature of the lava, holding a black horn in his mouth as he charged forward, barely resisting the Abyssal Flame Demon's attacks.

Compared to the two colossal beings, Darren's size seemed much smaller.

Endless flames surged onto him, filling him with a sensation of intense heat.

Without doubt, even after strengthening his body to this extent, Darren still felt that the opponent's power was far superior to his own!

"Uh, that's normal, I guess, after all, the Abyssal Flame Demon is a high-level Monarch great demon, I can barely hold off for a while but I still can't beat it..."

Chris's expression was complex; his abilities were very effective in assassinating single targets, undoubtedly making him one of the top assassins among Monarch powerful experts.

However, at that moment, he felt very powerless; he couldn't contribute more than Darren, and neither the Fire of Sin nor the Eye of Conviction were effective. Even if he used time stasis combined with blades, it was difficult to inflict much damage on the Abyssal Flame Demon.

"It will be over soon!"

As Yeager shouted, several demons covered in frost, resembling withered trees, crawled out of the shadows, and they jumped onto the body of the Abyssal Flame Demon, suddenly freezing its terrifying flames.

Darren could clearly feel that although these demons weren't particularly strong, they were the perfect counter to fire-elemental power; even he felt a chilling sensation that was extremely uncomfortable.

Yeager recited the spell again, and countless flames flew up from the body of the Abyssal Flame Demon like a fire tornado towards the dark smoke pot!

The pot continuously absorbed the power of the demon, and his eyes also revealed a frenzied look.

"Very good! Very good! Hahaha! It's great! If it could absorb all its power... It couldn't be better!"

Just then, the gigantic Abyssal Flame Demon suddenly collapsed inward, followed by an imminent eruption of terrifying power!

Disaster!

Darren, who was closest, instantly sensed extreme danger!

"Quick, recite the spell to return!" he immediately shouted.

Yeager was stunned for a moment, hesitated briefly, then nodded immediately, "Okay!"

Although he was very reluctant to not absorb more demonic power, he knew his limits and immediately began to recite the return spell.

Meanwhile, the three of them gradually moved away from this place.

The shape of the Abyssal Flame Demon shrank drastically, then it started to expand continuously, with the flames surrounding it becoming more intense, as if it was about to devour the entire hell.

Suddenly, it seemed to be empowered by some mysterious force, and a dazzling light point began to converge at its center, rapidly expanding until it was no different from a small sun, releasing a brilliant light capable of illuminating the entire Abyss!

This light contained endless heat and destructive power, sweeping away the surrounding cold demons, leaving only a boiling sea of fire!

The Abyssal Flame Demon seemed to transform into the most dazzling existence between heaven and earth, each breath accompanied by a thunderous boom, shocking every corner of hell!

However, the brilliant and terrifying scene did not last long. The energy inside the Abyssal Flame Demon reached a critical point, it could no longer withstand this enormous force, and with an ear-splitting roar, the body of the Abyssal Flame Demon suddenly burst open, resulting in an unprecedented massive explosion!

"Ah!"

The power of this explosion was immeasurable, instantly tearing everything around it into fragments, and fire and lava were thrown all around, creating a destructive storm!

As the flame storm caught up, Chris did not hesitate to use the Rift Moment, pausing the terrible explosion behind them!

They watched the terrifying flames all around, as Yeager, sweating profusely, furiously recited the spell!

One second, two seconds, three seconds...

Time stasis ended!

Under the Iron Mask, Darren's eyes widened as he watched the explosion approaching, subconsciously using the black tide to block it!

When the aftermath of the explosion gradually dissipated and the Lava Hell returned to calm, it was completely transformed. The once rivers of lava were blasted into disjointed pieces, forming new terrain and landforms.

Most of the creatures that had once lived in this hell were obliterated in the disaster.

Only the embers left by the Abyssal Flame Demon, which had transformed into a small sun, were still burning slowly. It had not died but entered a weakened state and would fully recover before long.

The power of that strike was sufficient to directly destroy all powerful experts below the Heavenly Enlightenment.

"Cough, cough, cough..."

Darren felt a strong dizziness, realized that the three of them had already returned to Snow Mountain.

"We're back..."

At this moment, he was very weak, knowing that he had still been affected by that powerful energy wave at the last moment.

Soon Darren realized Yeager had fainted right next to him. Recalling the last moments, Yeager had stood in front of the two, using Silver Radiance Barrier to block the impact for a moment, thus he received the most damage.

However, Darren felt no gratitude.

He took a deep breath and muttered, "This danger was caused by your actions alone, there's absolutely no need for me to feel moved... Instead, I must punish you, Yeager."

"Ambitious Yeager, I actually don't dislike such thrilling actions, it's just that next time you fail to explain the situation in advance, you... definitely cannot be forgiven!"

However, before Darren could say anything else, he quickly heard Chris's cold reminder.

"The Rhea People are here."

"I know!"

Darren nodded lightly, his eyes cold under the Iron Mask, feeling unsurprised deep inside.

With the basic Perception Ability of a 5th Rank Consecution Extraordinary Exponent, he could clearly sense that four Monarch Level Extraordinary Exponents were approaching from two directions.

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

Chapter 451 A Sudden Fierce Attack!

The Rhea People had come.

It was undeniable; with foreign Monarch powerful experts suddenly crossing into the country unannounced, Rhea was surely on high alert, ready to welcome war at any moment.

The Monarch strong experts of the current province would also probe the situation at the first opportunity.

He knew the details well because in Cyart, the same defensive procedures were in place...

Darren silently sensed the enemies several kilometers away, discovering that four Extraordinary Exponents of Monarch Level were rapidly approaching by flight.

"They came so quickly, they definitely aren't moving with an army, so there's no strong endurance capability, good news," he mused.

With military support, even a low-level Monarch Extraordinary Exponent could hold up against a mid-level Monarch. Coupled with the city's barrier, it was even possible to defeat a mid-level Monarch. Therefore, both the Monarchs and the city barriers remained crucial.

Chris suddenly said with certainty, "There's only one at the mid-level Monarch tier."

Darren was briefly startled, knowing that Chris's Perception Ability was stronger than his own, so his words were likely accurate.

So, there's only one at the mid-level Monarch tier, and then there are three low-level Monarch Extraordinary Exponents, correct?

If that was the case, even in a two-on-four situation, his side wasn't at a significant disadvantage.

"I still need a few hours before I can perform the 'Evil Demon Transformation' again, right now I can only transform into a dragon in the simplest sense, and I'm still quite weak..."

He took a deep breath; if he hadn't used up the "Evil Demon Transformation" just now, he just needed to stack the Double Transformation to momentarily gain the strength of a mid-level Monarch.

"Too bad I can only use one kind of transformation now."

However, it didn't matter, Darren was very aware that he still had two other potent rune powers at his disposal.

"Emerald Ring" and "Soul Dice", with their strength factored in, Darren didn't feel he would be any weaker than a mid-level Monarch Transcendent.

"Uncle Chris, let's hide for now and use this time to recover."

Having said that, Darren harshly picked up the unconscious Yeager, unceremoniously slung him over his shoulder, and then plucked a portion of the Pitch Black Object's corner, fleeing southwards with Chris.

The two didn't fly for long before sensing that the four pursuers were drawing ever closer, and the enemies, coming from different directions, had already merged into a single group.

After contemplating for a moment and noticing the sky gradually darkening, Darren knew Chris would be stronger in the night, so he immediately said, "Let's split up and hide!"

No sooner had he finished speaking than Chris moved in another direction, not even bothering to respond.

Meanwhile, Darren continued southwards, dragging the unconscious Yeager with him, though they were still a long way from escaping the barrier's range.

"..."

After a long time, Darren sensed once more, realizing the four enemies had split into two groups: one pursuing Chris and the other two chasing after him.

"Good."

Darren continued flying until he saw a large mountain ahead, and in the mountain, there was a black cave that led directly underground, where he promptly hid.

Soon, he detected that the two behind him had caught up.

"Without the National Defense Barrier's lock-on, you probably would have lost me already, huh?"

After reaching the 5th Rank, Consecution Extraordinary Exponents developed a Perception Ability much stronger than that of the Bloodline Knights, which was a substantial advantage for Darren and his companions.

Darren was acutely aware that the National Defense Barrier's lock was only able to determine a rough location, not a precise position, unlike the Perception Ability he possessed.

So, those two could only sense that he was within this large mountain, but they couldn't pinpoint his exact whereabouts.

"The two chasing me are only low-level Monarch Extraordinary Exponents; even if they specialize in wide-range attacks, they can't just blow up the mountain."

Darren calmly hid in the mountain, set down the corner of the Pitch Black Object, and looked at Yeager, not far from him.

At this moment, Yeager was still unconscious, seemingly not only physically damaged, but also soul-deep, by the power of the Abyssal Flame Demon.

"But I alone am enough; Yeager, I didn't expect your role to be holding me back," he shook his head.

At the same time, two low-level Monarch Extraordinary Exponents also arrived outside the mountain.

Not both of them were Rhea People; one was a middle-aged man with dragon scales on his face, a general of Rhea, known as the "Thunder Scale Claw Dragon." He had fought in numerous wars, even boasting a certain fame in Cyart.

The other was an elderly woman wearing a pure white robe, missing her right eye, and ominously, she was holding a continuously rotating, somewhat eerie red eyeball in her left hand.

If Darren had seen that elderly woman, he would have been stunned for a moment because she was not one of the known Rhea Monarch Transcendents but a person from the Salvation Church!

Indeed, that elderly woman was a bishop of the Salvation Church in one of Rhea's provinces, known as the "Hand of Salvation." Supposedly, as a bishop of the True Gods Church, she would never partake in the secular battles between countries.

But the current situation was just as the intelligence previously provided by the Black Tide had indicated...

The Salvation Church and the Reforging Church had formally entered the fray!

Having retreated into the cave and hidden deep within the mountain, Darren soon heard an elderly female's voice coming from outside. Stay updated with empire

"To the distinguished person who came from Cyart, I don't know who you are, but I want to tell you that I am Bishop Bianchi of the Salvation Church, and I hope you can come out and explain your unpermitted intrusion!"

"Rest assured, as long as I am here, I will not let anything happen to you!"

Hmm? The bishop of the Salvation Church is actually working together with the Rhea people?

As for the assurances of coming out unharmed, Darren did not believe them at all and immediately shouted loudly from the cave:

"Fine, as long as Bishop Bianchi makes an oath, I will come right out!"

Instantly, there was no more sound from outside, and Darren clearly understood that they didn't want to make an oath, which meant his guess was right—if he showed himself, it was highly likely he would be attacked.

"They should be able to roughly determine my location, they'll probably lose patience and come in to kill me soon."

Darren silently pondered and suddenly noticed a kind of irritating green gas "flowing" in from outside, the green gas looking very bizarre, and appeared to be some kind of poison gas!

"A spell or mysterious rare artifact's summoned poison, or perhaps some extraordinary power contained within a bloodline?"

Darren silently pondered, and to him, equipped with his Blood Specter body, poison gas wasn't a problem at all, but the issue now was the unconscious Yeager.

He did not know the extent of this poison gas, or whether Yeager's physical condition could withstand it.

However, the next moment Darren was surprised to see a purple demon with only half of its body crawling out from Yeager's shadow, which then turned into a liquid that covered Yeager, isolating him from the poison gas.

"You have more cards up your sleeve than I imagined, Yeager."

Darren couldn't help recalling Viscount Bast from the past, feeling that the demons Yeager had subdued over the years might even outnumber those of Viscount Bast. They might not be very strong, but their abilities were diverse and very useful.

A while later, he sensed the two Monarch powerful experts entering!

"Good."

Darren immediately went deeper into the mountain and, without hesitation, summoned the "Emerald Ring" to hide in the shadows. It was a powerful rune artifact capable of ignoring defenses, with strike power enough to seriously injure low-level Monarch Exponents.

He planned to use the "Emerald Ring" to launch a surprise attack!

The next moment, Darren sensed a peculiar sensation as the ground around him started to shake violently, followed by the mountain wall nearby suddenly merging, constricting closer as if to crush him completely!

Darren had never expected such a slim probability to occur!

"Damn it! One of those two chasing after me can manipulate rocks and terrain, or are they using some mysterious rare artifact?"

He could turn into a specter to avoid the crushing stones, but what about the still-unconscious Yeager?

For a moment, Darren furrowed his brows tightly.

However, the tunnel was closing faster and faster, leaving him no time to think!

"Hmph!"

Darren stopped thinking and abruptly transformed into a dragon, his enormous size instantly breaking the surrounding rocks apart. The stone shattered!

As a dragon, he took Yeager into his mouth and forcibly opened up the tunnel inside the mountain, charging at the two enemies who had entered!

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

Chapter 452 The Dragon of Madness!

As soon as Byrne saw the two enemies, he didn't hesitate to use the powerful rune power evolved from the "soul dice" called "Soul Command".

It was, to date, the most powerful rune power held by the Fischer family, aside from the "Origin Spirit sea"!

The next instant, his eyes filled with disdain and madness, he unhesitatingly chose the male Monarch powerful expert known as "Thunder Scaled Claw Dragon" as the target of his game.

As the "Tide Master" of the Black Tide, Byrne had access to all the data on Rhea's Monarch powerful experts, and he recognized at a glance that the man was a family member of the Rhea general who had fallen in Fein City years before.

After that war, just seeing a person from Rhea filled him with intense hate—and at the same time, extreme excitement!

"Hahahahaha! Come on, people of Rhea! Let's engage in the most primitive killing game that even animals are capable of!"

The Rhea general nicknamed "Thunder Scaled Claw Dragon" had no idea what was happening when suddenly, a special mark appeared on his body.

It looked like a pale blue arrow entwined with a snake, and it was utterly impossible to remove.

"What is this?"

He sensed it might be some kind of extraordinary power, but couldn't make any judgment.

Byrne, on the other hand, roared loudly, as his innermost choice of game was the most rudimentary and brutal: "combat confrontation"!

In the following minute, whoever got the upper hand in the battle would gain the power to "judge their opponent"!

Byrne, enshrouded in raging flames, didn't hesitate to mobilize his huge frame, chasing after the still-human-formed "Thunder Scaled Claw Dragon" and launching a fierce assault; his opponent quickly transformed into a giant dragon covered in blue lightning, albeit slightly shorter in stature.

Accompanied by ceaseless thunderous booms, the stone walls around them were instantly spread apart by the two massive, fearsome giant dragons!

"Hahahahaha! Is that all?!"

Byrne, augmented by the dual amplifications of the paths of "Monarch" and "5th Rank", instantly took the absolute upper hand as easily as an adult bullying a child.

At that moment, a bishop of the Salvation Church, known as the "Hand of Salvation", decisively spoke.

"Duke Darren, it's you! Stop fighting right now! For the sake of the Lord of Salvation, cease this at once!" Discover hidden content at empire

In reality, she was just saying it in passing, not expecting the other party to truly surrender, but hoping to affect him even if just for an instant.

However, to her surprise, Darren immediately called out with a trembling voice,

"Okay, okay, okay! I surrender, I surrender! Let's stop together!"

The "Thunder Scaled Claw Dragon" stalled for a moment, subconsciously slowing down his attack and even thinking Darren might actually cease fighting. However, Darren let out a wild laugh, his claws turned spectral and piercing through the opponent's dragon scale armor, viciously clutching the vulnerable heart and tearing it out!

"Ow!"

"Despicable Duke Fischer, how dare you deceive me!" the Thunder Dragon bellowed in pain, feeling almost too hurt to live.

The "Hand of Salvation" also wore an awkward expression; she had heard that Darren Fischer was very different from his noble and legendary father, Byrne, and was a despicable villain, and apparently, the rumors were not unfounded.

"Cyart people! To death with you!"

Lightning around the "Thunder Scaled Claw Dragon" transformed into spears of thunder, which then furiously electrocuted Darren, while he himself was recovering his injuries by transforming life force through spiritual power.

He was well aware of the power of Duke Darren Fischer, the man rumored to be able to crush the majority of low-level Monarch experts, and indeed, it was true.

But no matter, he had help; the advantage was on his side with two against one!

The "Thunder Scaled Claw Dragon" also activated the power of a Forbidden rare artifact on his body, rapidly healing his injuries at a visible speed, and for a short time, he would no longer be harmed by any conventional powers!

The price was the random loss of memory of someone he knew well.

"Hahahahahaha!"

Like a mini mountain of flames, Darren pulled his claw out, still laughing wildly!

"Your life is nearly over! Not much time left, oh!"

The "Thunder Scaled Claw Dragon" was utterly clueless, aware only of some kind of intangible aura around him shifting gradually.

Just then, the aged bishop of the Salvation Church, the "Hand of Salvation", who had so far not intervened, finally unleashed her extraordinary power.

"Enough! Duke Darren Fischer, by attacking a general of Rhea within Rhea's borders without authorization, I feel it would be a violation of the Salvation Church's teachings to continue to overlook your vile actions!"

She was a rare healing-type spellcaster and quickly cast forth a pure white light that descended from the sky onto the "Thunder Scaled Claw Dragon", instantly summoning a continuous shield that provided both defense and healing.

"Hehehehe..."

Nevertheless, Darren continued to laugh madly, disregarding the other party's extraordinary power completely.

Seeing his growing delight, a deep fear rose within the "Thunder Scaled Claw Dragon", who finally couldn't hold back and shouted loudly, "Your Excellency, the bishop! He might be about to activate some Forbidden rare artifact! Or some kind of extraordinary power, in any case, he must not succeed!"

The aging "Hand of Salvation" furrowed his brow and, after a moment of hesitation, still paid the price to use the Forbidden rare artifact on himself.

"Good!"

From within that sinister red eyeball, streaks of black and red lightning erupted in an instant, and she aged slightly more.

Five years of life!

The black and red lightning moved at an incredible speed, far beyond what humans could dodge.

In the blink of an eye, it struck Darren!

The countless streams of black and red lightning, like the wrathful whips of a furious deity, tore through the calm of the space, bringing forth the might of world-ending destruction and relentlessly pounding the coiled giant dragon of flame.

This lightning was certainly not of a natural kind; twisted by the forces of darkness and raging flames, each bolt was a blade of malignancy, containing unimaginable destructive power and glowing with an evil and fervent light.

Darren's massive form, covered in ever-flowing flames, trembled under the ferocious onslaught. The black and red lightning collided with the fiery scales of his large body, setting off deafening roars as if the entire world was ignited at that moment!

In the midst of the tremendous explosions, flame and lightning interwove into a doomsday vista, unleashing waves of destructive energy!

"Ahh!"

Under the excruciating pain, Darren couldn't help but let out a deafening roar, a release of his agony and rage, his eyes blazing with an unyielding fire, showing no sign of retreat even when faced with adversity.

"Ahh! Ahh! Ahh! Ahh!"

His colossal body tumbled and turned under the bombardment of the black and red lightning, each struggle accompanied by an even more ferocious burst of flames, continuously attacking the "Specter with Scaled Claws," attempting to engulf the foe in an endless sea of fire.

However, the "Specter with Scaled Claws" suddenly leapt forward to control him, forcibly enduring Darren's offensive while the black and red lightning surged wave after wave, showing no signs of ceasing.

Not only did it strike the giant dragon's body, but it also continually eroded Darren's will. His flames began to dim, and cracks started appearing on his scales.

At that moment, the patterns on the body of the "Specter with Scaled Claws" lit up!

Wrapped in blue and purple lightning, the "Specter with Scaled Claws" suddenly began to undergo a bizarre transformation.

As if touched by an invisible force, he gradually lost the vitality of his body, growing cold and hard.

"What's going on! No!"

The lightning continued to rage around it, but at this moment, it seemed to be imprisoned within a body about to solidify, each flash weaker and more despairing.

The eyes of the "Specter with Scaled Claws" also began to lose their luster, turning hollow and vacant as if all life force was being drained away in this moment.

As time passed, the body of the "Specter with Scaled Claws" began to petrify from the tail forward, inch by inch, with every scale turning into cold stone, shimmering with a faint grey sheen.

The roar of the lightning gradually subsided until only a faint crackling sound remained, echoing off the colossal stone sculpture.

When the last trace of lightning also vanished, the "Specter with Scaled Claws" had completely turned into a massive stone statue, standing quietly there.

"Ahh!"

Darren let out a dragon roar and then fiercely smashed the enemy's stone head with a claw, relentlessly attacking without mercy, persisting until the foe was utterly annihilated.

"The power of some Forbidden rare artifact?"

The "Hand of Salvation" flew in midair, even attempting to save a companion!

Out of nowhere, the Emerald Ring made its move!

It transformed into a green streak of light, instantly covering hundreds of meters to bisect the "Hand of Salvation's" body!

At the same time, the black and red lightning finally stopped.

Yet, despite being split in two, she still kept her cool and quickly said,

"You can't kill me, Darren Fischer! Because my presence here is something that many people are aware of, and as an important figure of the Salvation Church, if you kill me, you will definitely be held accountable by the Salvation Church, even put on trial..."

The "Hand of Salvation," with just a brief analysis, knew quite clearly that Cyart would not dare to offend the Salvation Church without good reason; one could even say that although assassinating a church bishop was nothing new, no country on the Ouden Continent could openly be an enemy of the Salvation Church!

So at most, he would only imprison her.

"Ahh! Ahh! Ahh! Ahh! Ahh!"

However, at this moment, Darren simply roared furiously, his eyes bursting with crimson and pitch black.

In the throes of his life-or-death struggle and the stimulation of the black and red lightning, he had abandoned all semblance of that laughable rationality, frantically grabbing the "Hand of Salvation's" body and then slamming it to the ground like swatting a mosquito, before continuing to hammer away furiously—once, twice, thrice... After pounding the body into a pulp hundreds of times, eliminating any possibility of healing and revival, he finally stopped!

Only after completely wiping out the two low-level Monarch powerful experts did Darren spit out Yeager, who was unharmed in his mouth, and then he collapsed on the ground in human form, extremely weakened.

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

Chapter 453 6th Rank "Mad Lich

In the Snow Mountain.

"Awake?"

When Yeager woke up, he felt as if his soul had been torn apart, his whole body trembling, and the first thing he saw was Darren's frosty face.

His heart skipped a beat, but he quickly smiled.

"Lord Darren, I truly thank you for saving me. Just now, without your protection, I would have surely died thoroughly."

Darren only snorted coldly after hearing this. Although he had tried his best to protect Yeager just now, his expression was still cold and merciless as he shook his head and said,

"You took matters into your own hands and nearly got both Chris and me killed. This is a grave matter, so listen well, Yeager: the Fischer family must punish you."

"I understand."

Yeager took a deep breath and nodded slightly.

He then took out a black smoking pipe and said,

"This alchemical tool of mine is actually a treasure from the Spirit Realm, found in the same place as the Forbidden knowledge used to subdue demons. Viscount Bast lacked the strength to obtain it initially."

Yeager revealed a smile, continuing to toy with the smoking pipe in his hand.

"A very good result—I used it to absorb some of the power of the Abyssal Flame Demon, hmm, roughly giving me three opportunities to unleash an attack equivalent to a high-level Monarch extraordinary attack... Unfortunately, there are only three chances."

"If I could have absorbed it for a longer period, there would have been more opportunities." His voice was filled with regret and disappointment.

The benefits from this adventure were substantial, and Yeager had long been prepared to face punishment.

However, Darren's next words made him stunned.

"However, Yeager, only a few of us need to know about this, and your punishment does not need to go through a family meeting. When you return, I will arrange the most arduous tasks for you."

Yeager smiled faintly, fully sensing the stark difference between Darren and Felix who were men of order.

He appeared to abide by order and rules, knowing that he must not let people act recklessly, but in reality, he valued feelings more.

Indeed.

How could a guy inherently crazy be a law-abiding person?

After Darren finished speaking, he first went to get the two Forbidden rare artifacts in hand, rested for a while, and then used his dragon form to retrieve the discarded Extraordinary material "Corner of the Pitch Black Object".

Then, he and Yeager quickly left Rhea, arriving at the predetermined border area belonging to Cyart, in the forest where everything began.

Soon, the two saw Chris returning from Rhea as well.

His gaze was as cold as frost, and it was not just a simple return from Rhea—he was also carrying three fresh Forbidden rare artifacts.

Clearly, the two Monarch powerful experts who had pursued him were now thoroughly dead, and the Forbidden rare artifacts had also been taken by Chris.

"A bit quicker than we thought, Uncle Chris..."

Darren looked at Chris, who was expressionless, knowing that now he had killed both a mid-level Monarch extraordinary exponent and a low-level Monarch extraordinary exponent with no real danger involved, although it indeed required his full effort.

"Besides acquiring extraordinary materials, we have also killed so many key figures, both the emperor of Rhea and the Salvation Church will not miss the chance to make a big deal out of this event."

Saying this, Darren's face gradually revealed a fanatical smile.

"So the hypocritical peace will be thoroughly torn apart, and war will soon follow."

Immediately after, Yeager analyzed aloud, "Among the Eastern Four Kingdoms, Vallere and us are openly supported by the Lorne Empire, while Rhea and Carnia are in league with the Seven Stars Empire." Experience more tales on empire

"Within the True Gods Church, it's certain that the Tempest Church stands with us, but as for the Reforging Church and the Salvation Church, they're likely to support the countries of Rhea and Carnia."

"As for the stance of the other three churches, it's still unclear, ambiguous."

Chris simply listened silently to their conversation, and Darren nodded, continuing,

"With our current power, although we're still not a true player on a global stage, we're certainly no mere pawns... At least in the upcoming war, we'll prove it to many people!"

"Let people see the power of the Fischer family!"

After the three returned to Fischer Manor, Darren waited a few more days until the other two extraordinary materials required for the promotion ceremony were also collected by the Exponents of the Dawn Church.

Darren had already issued the order before leaving.

Having had so many Exponents for so many years, it would be absolutely abnormal for Darren to have to collect extraordinary materials himself, like a man with no one to help him.

The first extraordinary material was the "Corner of the Pitch Black Object," and the second was the "Remnants of the Nightmare World," followed by the third extraordinary material, "Death of the Undead."

"Remnants of the Nightmare World" were obtained by members of the Black Tide under Old Dog's lead. In reality, it exists at the interface between the Spirit Realm and the Dream World, consisting of very special "world fragments."

And "Death of the Undead" was just as Yeager had once predicted...

The "Eye of the Raven" from the Dawn Church had captured a batch of Resurrected Undeads in Cyart, and this group of "people" would become the sacrifice for Darren's promotion.

"No!"

"Spare our lives!"

Within the cage created by a spell, the Resurrected Undeads kept pleading for mercy, but Darren only sneered continuously and said:

"You should have returned to the land of Tranquility long ago, I'm just sending you back where you should have gone... And keeping you would be a disaster."

Darren knew very well that he needed to absorb all three materials through the essence of the dead to complete the ceremony, and he also knew where the aura of the dead was prevalent.

He and Uncle Chris then arrived in White Bones Canyon.

"The secret discovery of Viscount Bast, after all these years, has turned out to be a bargain for us," Darren murmured to himself.

Chris had spent years in the White Bones Canyon, so his grasp of the Power of Consecration was quick, while Darren continually drew the aura of the dead from the area, starting to transform and absorb the power of the sacrifices.

Time passed slowly...

His eyes gradually became as profound as the night sky, flickering with an unusual glow, as if he could perceive the essence of all things. With a blast of cold wind, the aura of the dead, like white mist, quietly awakened and transformed into invisible, twisted streams of air, swirling and intertwining around him.

Darren slowly raised his right hand, palm facing upward, as if inviting some unknown power.

In an instant, the surrounding white mist seemed to solidify, the drifting aura of the dead being drawn by an invisible force, converging towards him.

They enveloped the sacrifices together, quickly merging into streams of ghostly and eerie energy, swirling around his body, emitting low and mournful whimpers.

As the aura of the dead gathered, Darren's black robe billowed without wind, rustling loudly.

He took a deep breath, inhaling all the aura of the dead inside him.

The laments of the undead, the bloodiness of battlefields, the vicissitudes of the ages... all memories and emotions transformed into a mighty force, surging tumultuously within him.

Three days later.

Darren opened his eyes again, feeling a very special change within his body.

Finally, the last trace of the aura of the dead was completely absorbed, and he cried out to the sky, his voice filled with a desire for power and the domineering attitude to conquer everything.

"So it is, this feels very strange, more chaotic, deeper. I am now ready for the next step."

"To obtain the power of the 'Mad Lich' at the 6th Rank of the Path of Shadow..."

He pondered that the "Mad Lich" was likely geared towards spellcasting, yet he personally still preferred close combat, which was a pity.

"However, possessing more power is always a good thing."

Upon returning to Fischer Manor, Archer and the others had already prepared, and in the Grand Hall, Darren was soon granted the mighty power of the 6th Rank "Mad Lich"!

Everyone watched the scene, a massive black Spiritual Radiance filling several streets. After a while, he suddenly opened his eyes, feeling more powerful than ever!

The ratio of physical stature and Spiritual Power improvements was roughly three to seven, but the quantity of Extraordinary Power that came was very substantial!

"Oh, to become a 'Mad Lich' and actually have so many kinds of spells?"

Darren suddenly realized that after ascending to the 6th Rank, he had acquired a permanent Extraordinary Power as well as five distinct spells!

The permanent Extraordinary Power was the "Soul Box," and the five distinct spells were "Mad Curse," "Calling of the Dead," "Cloud of Death," "Soul Extraction," and "Huge Collapse."

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

Chapter 454 Church Inquisition

The Path of Shadow's 6th Rank, "Mad Lich," appears in the Spirit Realm as a humanoid life form that emits black mist all over its body, resembling a skeleton.

The five powerful spells it brings are "Mad Curse," "Calling of the Dead," "Cloud of Death," "Soul Extraction," and "Huge Collapse"!

Darren profoundly felt the new power he had acquired and was certain he was much stronger than before.

"Five distinctly powerful spells, huh..."

Now, with a single wave of his hand, he could unleash the "Mad Curse" on numerous targets within his line of sight. Those with insufficient willpower would fall into madness under the curse, possibly losing the ability to distinguish friend from foe or even forgetting who they were!

"This is a spell that tests 'willpower' regardless of the opponent's strength. Even those more powerful than me could be affected if their willpower is lacking."

"In other words, even ordinary people with strong wills might be exempt from its effects!"

The second necromancer spell was called "Calling of the Dead." Currently, Darren could spend a dozen seconds chanting a spell, directly screaming at corpses in his line of sight, and then awaken them as his servants to command at will.

"Calling of the Dead" is a very powerful spell, but it also has significant limitations.

This is because the revived dead lack intelligence, their strength would be much less than in life, and the more powerful the revived dead summoned by an Extraordinary Exponent, the more Spiritual Power it consumed.

The third spell was "Cloud of Death," which consumed a great deal of Spiritual Power. Even Darren could barely cast it twice at his current level.

However, it created a massive cloud of dark mist that did not discriminate between friend and foe, including Darren himself, who could not be immune to its threats.

The moving dark cloud would absorb all life force it touched. With each bit of life force it absorbed, it would shrink slightly and its movement speed would increase, until it completely exhausted itself.

The greatest advantage of "Cloud of Death" was its vast effective range, covering an area of several hundred meters. Its drawback was that it moved slowly initially, making it easy for fast-moving enemies to avoid.

Even Monarch Level Extraordinary Exponents could easily dodge it. Darren felt it would be best used in conjunction with some control effects for a magical effect.

The fourth spell, "Soul Extraction," was a very eerie Ritual Spell.

It required a ritual setup for over ten minutes, then the placement of a newly dead body in it. Doing so, Darren could completely extract the soul of the deceased, restoring his own life force, spiritual power, and Spiritual Power.

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If the body placed was from a Monarch Level powerful Extraordinary Exponent, he could almost completely restore his losses all at once. The biggest drawback of "Soul Extraction" was the long setup time for the ritual, which could not be done immediately in combat.

The final spell he obtained was called "Huge Collapse!"

It was the ultimate Lethal Spell of the "Mad Lich" sequence tier. The spellcaster needed to chant briefly and then point at the target location, immediately consuming all his Spiritual Power to fire a pitch-black energy beam. Any life hit by this energy beam would die instantly!

The terrifying aspect of "Huge Collapse" was its extremely powerful Lethality; it was so destructive that if unleashed at full capacity, the damage could be excessive!

Moreover, the pitch-black beam was incredibly fast, making it difficult for most people to dodge.

However, the "Huge Collapse," this Deadly Spell, also had two serious drawbacks. The first was obvious: the spellcaster would exhaust all his Spiritual Power. Although not to the point of being utterly defenseless, his combat power would significantly decrease.

The second flaw was that "Huge Collapse" worked only on life force, and any barrier, shield, or even a mirror could block or even reflect it!

"The effects of the five necromancer spells each have their strengths and weaknesses, hmm..."

Darren fell into deep contemplation, fully aware that facing different types of enemies and various combat situations, he needed to choose different necromancer spells.

"How intriguing! Combat that tests the intellect..."

And he knew very clearly one thing: those five spells were not the "Mad Lich's" key power.

The most crucial key of the 6th Rank was an Extraordinary power called "Soul Box!"

"Soul Box" was the most special Extraordinary power Darren obtained after advancing to the 6th Rank.

By then, he was able to separate a part of his soul and hide it within a "Soul Box", the flaw was that from then on, this part of the soul became a tangible entity that could be attacked in the material world.

As for the advantage, if the part of the soul in the "Soul Box" wasn't destroyed, even if Darren's physical body was destroyed, he would never die; instead, he would become weaker and weaker after each defeat and destruction of his body.

Theoretically speaking, he could be defeated repeatedly until he became too weak to move at all.

"Hahahahahahaha!"

Darren couldn't help but marvel, shaking his head and saying, "Such power is simply too unfair, it seems the 'Mad Lich' of the 6th Rank is the critical tier in the Path of Shadow!"

The people of the Fischer family had long guessed that each phase of an Extraordinary path might be entirely different.

And each path has some extremely crucial "core power".

For example, for the Path of Tranquility, the "Lethality" ability that could be acquired early on is undoubtedly an absolute core!

For those Extraordinary opponents not far superior in strength, the ability "Lethality", which could suppress healing effects, directly enabled Chris to easily perform deadly maneuvers.

The huge advantage of Monarch-level powerful experts "transforming spiritual power into life force" completely loses its meaning.

And the 6th Rank "Mad Lich", undoubtedly, is the key phase of power development in the Path of Shadow!

In the grand hall beneath Fischer Manor, everyone was staring at Darren.

Christine, Archer, Helen, and others were all happy; his progress meant that the power of the Fischer family and the Dawn Church had significantly increased again!

Standing in his spot, Darren fell into deep thought, continuously pondering the abilities he controlled.

"In a sense, my 'Soul Box' greatly restrains Chris's 'Lethality'... Even without needing healing abilities, I could maintain a state of immortality."

"But mere immortality could lead to my being imprisoned, and business isn't omnipotent, I still have to remain cautious in battle."

Just then, suddenly, a Blood Receiver of the Dawn Church came into the grand hall, nervously reporting important matters.

"Archil High Priest! Family Head Christine! People from the Salvation Church have arrived, and not just the Salvation Church, but also the officials from the Sun Church and the Reforging Church; bishops from all three churches have come together!"

Everyone immediately looked over!

"Bishops from all three churches, all sending messages at the same time, then directly entering Cyart's barrier, they will soon arrive at Nasir City."

Hmm?

The people from the Sun Church have really come together with the others?

Darren was slightly startled, he had actually anticipated the situation with the Salvation Church, as peaceful people would never let go of that previous incident; after all, it involved the sudden death of a high-ranking official from their own ranks, ignoring it was not an option anymore.

And the Reforging Church also had a good impression of Carnia and Rhea, even to the point of becoming immensely powerful within the Seven Stars Empire, it seemed like they were definitively siding with that side as expected.

He just hadn't expected the Sun Church, whose influence almost paralleled the Salvation Church, to also follow along.

The main influence of the Sun Church lay in the Lorne Empire and the Terell Church Kingdom, their deity, Blazing Sun, was clearly hanging up in the sky, so many believers of the Sun Church simply didn't believe the claim that the Gods had departed.

"It seems our troubles have grown; are we going to be held accountable by the three major Churches together?"

Darren could still manage a smile, but the rest in the underground hall looked extremely grave. The Church of True Gods, with the Legend of the Apocalypse and many Monarch-level powerful experts, was a top-tier force that even the current Fischer family could not match.

If they truly united completely, aiming to utterly annihilate the Fischer family, even with help from the Lorne Empire, it would be a very difficult situation to withstand!

Christine sighed, saying calmly, "We can only meet them first to see if the Churches of the True Gods are indeed united."

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

Chapter 455 Differences

The influence of the True Gods Church spread not only throughout the entire Konrad World but had also propagated their faith in other worlds, though the Konrad World remained the primary stronghold of the True Gods.

The Salvation Church, the Sun Church, and the Reforging Church—these three True Gods Churches held powers that were undoubtedly beyond the reach of the small eastern nation of Cyart.

The murder of a regional bishop was unquestionably a grave incident, and it quickly shocked the inner ranks of the Salvation Church.

Thus, the bishops from the three True Gods Churches promptly came knocking.

Inside the grand hall of Fischer Manor, Christine and Darren were unusually solemn, fully aware that even without the True Gods Churches deploying their Heavenly Enlightenment Level legends, they were still a formidable force that Cyart could not contend against.

"They've arrived, they are now not far outside the manor," a servant reported respectfully as he entered the room.

Darren nodded slightly and walked out, while Christine was wheeled out by Andre.

As they arrived outside the manor to greet them, they saw three distinctly different convoys. At that moment, Darren heard a voice filled with fury coming from the leading carriage,

"Duke Darren Fischer! I know it was you who killed the bishop of the Salvation Church!"

He immediately looked over and saw a man stepping out of the carriage, an enraged interlocutor dressed in a white robe, his face full of hatred, a tall old man with sparse hair but eyes filled with discontent.

The tall old man continued:

"To kill a servant of the Divine unilaterally is undeniably a great disrespect to the Divine, thus the Fischer family must atone!"

It was this guy, Darren quickly recalled the detailed information about the other party.

The man before him was another bishop of the Salvation Church in Rhea, his name Orlin Gallo, known as the "White Steel Blade," a mid-level Monarch, an Extraordinarily powerful expert.

It seemed that he had worked in Rhea alongside the "Hand of Salvation," whom Darren had killed, sharing decades of deep friendship.

The two were undoubtedly close friends, so this man looked upon Darren as if he were seeing an enemy.

"Not just 'as if'... I am indeed this guy's enemy," Darren mused silently to himself.

He didn't respond immediately but turned to look at the two others who had arrived, the bishops of the Reforging Church and the Sun Church.

From Karania, Bishop Marne of the Reforging Church had come. He was a man in his thirties, wearing red, expressionless except for his eyes, which had a peculiar alien-like oddity. His whole body was tightly wrapped in clothes, leaving only his head exposed. His moniker was "Steam Man."

Since "Steam Man" had recently become a bishop of the Reforging Church, there was little information about him.

The last person was a female from the Sun Church, dressed in splendid gold and white garments, a very pale-skinned half-elf.

She was not only beautiful but also had a cunning intelligence in her eyes; every move she made was full of a high-level Monarch's demeanor, and almost every action exuded nobility and propriety, evidently well-educated.

She was a famous figure in the Sun Church, "Holy Light" Bishop Karania, born into one of Lorne's most prestigious noble families, the "Sun Bird," and was also the only high-level Monarch Extraordinary Exponent among the three.

As "Holy Light," a bishop of the Sun Church with a great chance of becoming one of the Cardinals, she always held a position of significant status and power.

The expressionless "Steam Man" Bishop Marne stared at Darren Fischer, while Darren wore an unusually friendly smile.

"The arrival of the three of you truly honors and moves us! Praise be to the Gods!"

Marne simply shook his head gently and said calmly, "There's no need for those words..."

"Let's discuss something important."

"A terrible bloody conflict recently erupted in Rhea, claiming the lives of three Rhea Extraordinary nobilities and one of the bishops of the Salvation Church."

"Although there were no eyewitnesses left and the remains and traces of the battle were completely obliterated, we have reason to deduce that the culprit was a Cyart person."

The National Defense Barrier, despite its capability to locate powerful beings, fundamentally could not precisely determine the identity of the other party.

What's the deal with this "Steam Man"?

Darren slightly furrowed his brow; this guy's voice lacked even the slightest fluctuation of emotion, completely unlike that of the living.

Moreover, he couldn't perceive the man's complete soul.

It's known that once Extraordinary Exponents of the Consecution paths reach the 5th Rank, they can all sense the presence of a soul and even touch and destroy it.

As for Darren's perception, there definitely wasn't a complete soul in that body, just a small fragment of one... It was very likely similar to a "Silver Poet," some sort of special alchemical puppet.

He immediately shook his head, dismissing it as expected without concrete evidence or witnesses!

"This was not our doing, I have many witnesses here who can prove that these past few days, I've been at the manor of the Fischer family, reviewing various documents."

"For me, the death of any Rhea people is of no concern, but it's quite regrettable that even the Archbishop of the Salvation Church died with them,"

After Darren finished speaking, he even put on a show of turning to "White Steel Blade" Orlin Gallo and slightly bowing as a sign of respect.

"I deeply regret the sacrifice of 'Hand of Salvation' His Excellency the Bishop. Before converting to the Tempest Church, our family was also a devout follower of the Lord of Salvation; I genuinely wish the great Lord of Salvation would protect his pure soul."

"White Steel Blade" Orlin became instantly furious and shouted loudly, "A convert still claiming to be devout? You are truly shameless!"

"Hmph, and besides you Cyart people, who else would have a motive to murder them? The killer is definitely you!"

Christine, who was sitting in a wheelchair, suddenly spoke up, her voice cold:

"Without any evidence, as an archbishop of the Salvation Church, accusing a nobleman in such a manner, isn't that a bit too much disregarding the rules?"

"White Steel Blade" Orlin clenched his fists, too angry to speak. Find more to read at empire

The expressionless "Steam Man" Marne nodded and said, "Indeed, there aren't any direct pieces of evidence as of now, much like countless murder cases related to the

Fischer family; there's hardly any evidence, so the Salvation Church can't judge you openly."

"But... I mean, perhaps the Extraordinary powerful expert who murdered the 'Hand of Salvation' His Excellency the Bishop might come for the Fischer family; what then?"

Faced with this threat, Christine merely shook her head expressionlessly in her wheelchair, asserting firmly, "No matter who it is, the Fischer family will unhesitatingly fight back, push forward and ultimately prevail!"

She continued looking directly at the other, "We won't fear those twisted evils; any enemy who thinks to destroy us has definitely miscalculated, and they will surely be destroyed by us first!"

Even when facing three bishops from the Church of True Gods, Christine managed to keep her composure, sternly asserting the Fischer family's resolve to fight to the end.

The atmosphere suddenly became tense.

Of course, it was clear to everyone that a direct battle here was out of the question.

Finally, "Holy Light" Karania spoke up.

She looked at Christine admiringly, speaking plainly, "Well said, very good. I like resolute women like Miss Christine."

The other two bishops, "White Steel Blade" Orlin and "Steam Man" Marne, were stunned as both turned to look at "Holy Light" Karania who had come with them.

What was going on, why was this different from what had been agreed upon initially?

Darren also looked towards the half-elf woman in the gold and white clothing, suddenly realizing she was smiling at Christine with a friendly gaze, and it certainly wasn't any misperception; her smile somewhat resembled the one he himself might give to certain women...

Well, interesting, Darren narrowed his eyes.

Christine furrowed her brow.

"Holy Light" Karania smiled slightly, raising her hands and continuing, "I also think that we should not hastily judge the Fischer family guilty."

"First of all, the killer of 'Hand of Salvation' His Excellency is uncertain, and everyone admits there is no direct evidence."

"As for the deaths of the Riya nobles, even if the Cyart people killed them, it doesn't matter, because according to long-standing rules, we shouldn't intervene in conflicts among the secular nobility."

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

Chapter 456 Vallere's Invitation

The "White Steel Blade" Orlin immediately became agitated, his entire body trembling with intense anger as he glared at the woman who kept smiling, his inner fear could not stop him from barking out,

"Bishop Karania, what exactly are you trying to say?"

"Don't understand?" Bishop Karania immediately made a very surprised expression, both her gestures and expressions were exaggerated. It almost felt like she was performing in a play.

She shrugged lightly and continued, "I thought even a pig could understand such simple language. I can't believe you, as a bishop of the Salvation Church, fail to grasp it."

The provocative words caused Orlin to laugh angrily. After sneering for a while, he shook his head and said, "Okay, now I get it! I understand fully now!"

"So we thought the arrogance of the Fischer family was because of the Tempest Church and the Lorne Empire, but it turns out it wasn't just them pulling the strings behind the scenes, but also you, a bunch of sun-basking dogs stretching out your dirty paws!"

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He was indeed too angry. Knowing that Karania was much stronger than himself, he still couldn't help but speak out.

"Hehe."

Bishop Karania's expression turned cold, and she said no more.

The "Steam Man" Marne, watching the two, also fell into deep thought, his silence making the atmosphere increasingly awkward.

"Distinguished guests..." Darren approached with a smile and said, "We have prepared a banquet to receive you. Why don't we go inside and continue talking?"

"No need!"

With the conversation having reached this point, the "White Steel Blade" from the Salvation Church, Orlin, instinctively stepped back as Darren approached, his face filled with extreme disgust.

"Duke Darren Fischer, I curse you!"

"And not just you!"

"You filthy Fischer family, you bunch of incestuous scum, sooner or later, you will be wiped out by the blade of the Lord of Salvation, not even sparing a single drop of blood from an infant!

After uttering these derogatory words disdainfully, Orlin remained on the wheelchair, Madam Christine showing no emotion, it was unclear whether she was angry.

However, Darren still kept smiling, his smile becoming even more intense.

"Respected Bishop Orlin, you can rest assured completely."

He paused briefly, continuing with a chuckle.

"Bishop Orlin, I certainly will not let you welcome death easily. At that time, you will see true despair, hmm, you will beg in front of me for death, and you will deeply regret your actions today."

"No oath is needed, but it will definitely happen."

Darren's tone was very matter-of-fact, narrating an unshakeable truth, filled with intention and strong resolve, starkly different from the casual insults of Bishop Orlin, which invoked even greater fear.

"Holy Light" Karania looked at Darren, her eyes brightening, smiling affably.

"Lord Darren, you also possess strong principles and a crazy inner strength; impressive!"

Darren was slightly taken aback. Although he had known from intelligence reports that Karania, a high-ranking figure in the Sun Church, was especially open-minded and even had both men and women lovers of various races numbering at least dozens around her, in a sense directly much more powerful than he.

Even so, she seemed to form that sort of affection too readily?

Upon hearing this, Bishop Orlin widened his eyes, his body trembling uncontrollably once again before suddenly stretching out a finger and shouting at Darren:

"You dare threaten me! You want to murder me! Duke Darren Fischer, your family is provoking the Six Great True Gods Churches!"

Darren laughed heartily, shaking his head resignedly, and said,

"I am just insulting you, Bishop Orlin, don't get confused. Is it against God's laws now to curse a swine? As for the True Gods Church and the Gods, I have always held the highest respect for them!"

"It's not a threat, just insults, which shouldn't be a big deal, right?"

So Bishop Orlin finally had nothing more to say and chose to turn around and leave.

Darren watched this scene calmly, then looked towards the "Steam Man" who had not yet left, his eyes full of contempt, seemingly asking why he was still not gone.

The "Steam man" Bishop Marne of the Reforging Church shook his head gently and said calmly, "Let's leave it at that, we all know what will happen next."

Darren laughed heartily, shook his head, and said with a sense of emotion:

"We Fischers are nothing but a giant chess piece, unable to make decisions on our own, so there's nothing we can do. I hope you understand. In the end, everything will be judged by God!"

His words had two meanings, yet those not of the Dawn Church could only understand one of them.

After the "Steam man" Bishop Marne had left, Bishop Karania of the "Holy Light" followed the two men into the manor's great hall for a banquet prepared solely for her.

At the banquet, they exchanged a lot of intelligence, which was the main purpose of this event.

Karania continued with a smile.

"The situation is quite simple, really. The Sun Church and the Tempest Church stand with Lorne, while the Salvation Church and Reforging Church along with the Seven Stars share the same path."

"As for the Silver Moon Church and the World Order Church, they choose to remain neutral, at least for now."

Darren sighed, chuckled softly, and said with a subtle expression, "So, you all are the chess masters, and we from the Eastern Four Kingdoms are the pieces to be fought over, to live and die in battle?"

"What's wrong with that?" Karania continued smiling, placed her hand on Darren's face, and chuckled, "The Fischer family has grown from the weakest clan to what it is today. You should understand that the weak have no other choice."

"The weak either become fodder or chess pieces, and the latter is at least better than the former."

Darren nodded gently and said calmly, "In fact, that's exactly how I see it, alas."

Karania went on, "Theoretically, the people of the True Gods Church and the two great empires won't take part, but that's just the situation on the surface, so you need to be extra cautious."

"Oh, and there's one more thing I want to tell you—I saw a messenger from the Vallere people on my way here."

"Vallere?"

Darren narrowed his eyes. Just like the Cyart people, Vallere citizens were also pawns of the Lorne Empire. When a grand chaos truly erupts among the Eastern Four Kingdoms, both their nations would be allies on the same front.

"The King of Vallere wants to invite you to his country for a secret discussion."

After finishing, Karania stood up, ready to leave.

"Alright, I understand. We will definitely accept the invitation... and moreover, we must visit Lorne soon, as the upcoming matters are no trivial affair."

Darren nodded gently; Carol from the Black Tide was a Vallere citizen.

Vallere is the Eastern Four Kingdoms' country closest to the West, bordering the immensely powerful Lorne Empire, and for many years, it has always been the latter's pawn.

The previous King of Vallere mysteriously disappeared, and successive royal family members died under mysterious circumstances. The current King of Vallere is entirely a puppet manipulated by Lorne citizens.

Lorne Empire bestowed upon Vallere many new technologies and erected various facilities, but also, devil-like, firmly gripped the country's many industries and resources, turning the upper echelons into their puppet consortium.

In Vallere, many citizens unwilling to be completely dominated by the Lorne Empire, thus formed the "Vallere Restoration Army" to resist.

Darren remembered clearly that Carol was a member of the "Vallere Restoration Army."

At that moment, Karania suddenly leaned in with a smile.

"By the way, I can tell Miss Christine is not interested in me; but if you are, perhaps you might consider joining me for some amusement."

Darren shook his head gently, replying also with a gentle smile, "Sorry, I'm not in the mood these days."

In fact, what he could see was that Bishop Karania of the "Holy Light" and he were of the "same kind."

Firstly, neither could tolerate being part of the lesser side, and even if they engaged in such things, it wouldn't improve her favor, thus no benefit to the Fischer family's future.

Karania generously shrugged her shoulders, shaking her head regretfully, "Well then, that's that. It would be nice if both of you could be my lovers, alas."

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

Chapter 457 Feast at Hongmen

The skies over the Valer Capital seemed perpetually shrouded in a thick, gray veil of haze, an unwelcome yet familiar guest to the city.

At dawn, what should have been a moment of renewal and freshness, the sun was blocked by myriad fine particles, managing only to cast mottled shadows, draping the unsympathetic cityscape in a dim and oppressive filter.

On either side of the streets, towering chimneys stood like giants, intermittently belching black smoke and white vapor that intertwined with the low-hanging haze, merging indistinguishably.

The passersby's eyes revealed resignation and concern about the air quality; their pace quick, as if searching for a temporary haven from this gray world.

The buildings along the street, obscured by the haze, became blurry—distorted versions of themselves. The mountains, naturally the city's barrier and scenic backdrop, were now barely discernible silhouettes.

Yet, even in such conditions, the city's residents lived with unyielding resilience, each ray of light that penetrated the haze treasured dearly.

Darren, dressed in black and wearing a mask with concealing effects, walked along the street, hearing the cries of those nearby.

"Boycott the factories! Boycott the Lorne citizens!"

He shook his head slightly, a cold smile crossing his face.

"No wonder the Vallere Restoration Army exists, because those bastards from Lorne seriously polluted factories, many located close to the Valer Capital. They leave the pollution here and take back the industrial products."

"If Cyart wasn't just a bit too far, making the costs higher, they would definitely have brought the factories there as well."

Darren then glanced at the shops along the street, muttering to himself about some products from Lorne.

"Another point, the labor here is cheaper than in Lorne, and without a doubt, Vallere has also become a dumping ground for numerous Lorne products."

Suddenly someone rushed up to Darren, screaming loudly, continuously patting his own shoulder!

"Reject the Lorne citizens! We must drive out the Lorne citizens, or our nation, our descendants, will have no future! Reject Lorne! Drive them out!"

After speaking, he glared angrily, and started to sing the Vallere national anthem.

Darren just watched the scene expressionlessly, deep inside he felt no particular affection towards the Vallere or Lorne citizens.

He was just very clear that he had to protect the Cyart people!

This meeting was undoubtedly secretive, so instead of going to the Valer Palace, he followed the guide of a contact person to an underground plaza within the capital.
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In the Valer Capital there was a massive underground plaza, almost half the size of the city above ground, reportedly developed long ago by a legendary Heavenly Enlightenment.

It was like a vast underground palace, quietly lying beneath the surface, contrasting starkly with the bustling world above, its grandeur and elaborate design unrivaled.

Upon entering the plaza, the first thing that caught Darren's eye was a long, wide path flanked with soft lighting that illuminated the way forward, opening up dramatically as he progressed.

A vast space unfolded before him, bringing a slight smile to his face as if he had stepped into another world.

"What an interesting place,"

Darren looked up at the ceiling of the underground plaza, built from high-strength, extraordinary materials. Though he didn't know what exactly it was, he could feel a tremendous power.

"Hmm, I have a special premonition... perhaps like White Bones Canyon and Lava Hell, this place might also suit certain consecution pathways for an Extraordinary Exponent to advance..."

Although he wasn't sure, he had this suspicion.

The vast interior of the underground plaza was meticulously organized into various areas, even featuring a massive central fountain whose jets danced and sparkled in the light, surrounded by shops, cafes, brothels, clubs, and inns...

Not long after,

Darren stood in front of a cafe and immediately encountered the person who had come to meet him.

It was a bald dwarf, muscular and robust, his face covered in a beard, dressed in black, though he looked somewhat melancholic.

In the Eastern Four Kingdoms, dwarves were a relatively rare species.

"Hello, esteemed guest, please come with me."

Although most dwarves were either rude and hot-tempered warriors or cunning, mercantile bankers, Darren had to admit that he indeed saw a dwarf full of artistic temperament, possessing a melancholic gaze.

He nodded slightly.

"Alright, lead the way," he said.

Subsequently, Darren was led to an outlying three-story building in the underground plaza by the dwarf, who guided him to a spacious room on the third floor. The room was decorated with various peculiar artworks, appearing like a very normal drawing room for receiving guests.

Inside the room, there were many people, most of whom looked tense, but there were only two who caught Darren's attention.

These two were the only ones sitting in the reception room, one of whom was the current King of Vallere.

In terms of appearance, he was a young man wearing arm rings, with long black hair and squinting eyes, conveying a very shrewd look.

Darren first nodded and greeted him.

According to information provided by the Black Tide, the young King of Vallere came from the head of a Vallere Great Noble Family. He was supported by Lorne citizens to become the new king but had always been resisted by the Vallere Restoration Army, surviving many assassination attempts.

He only looked young, whereas in reality, he was nearly two hundred years old; however, a decade or so ago, he fortunately regained much of his youth through some Spirit Realm Treasure.

The other sitting person was a tall woman wearing a mask, standing close to one meter ninety tall, with short golden-white hair.

Strange!

According to the information Darren had, there shouldn't have been such a person near the King of Vallere. In fact, the reports indicated that there should be two low-level Monarch guardians in black always around him.

However, those two guardians, who were inseparable in the reports, were now nowhere to be seen.

Darren slightly raised his eyebrows, already sensing something was amiss but still said calmly,

"It is an honor to meet you, respected King of Vallere. This is our first meeting... I don't want to exchange pleasantries and will be direct instead," he said.

"A great war among the Eastern Four Kingdoms is very likely to erupt soon, and since we belong to the same camp, we indeed should carefully discuss how to divide our tasks."

The King of Vallere stared at Darren for a long time until Darren frowned slightly, and then he finally spoke, "You are Darren Fischer, aren't you? I didn't expect you to come alone. I thought that 'Death God' Chris would also be here."

"He does not need to come personally. If I face any danger, I believe God will protect me," Darren smiled, not revealing much, but his words carried an implied meaning.

"It doesn't matter, just having you here is sufficient." The one who spoke was not the King of Vallere but that mysterious blonde woman.

Her following words, however, made Darren slightly furrow his brow.

"After all, only you and Chris truly 'support' the Fischer family, so removing either one before the great war would be considered a success!" she exclaimed.

In the next moment, the "King of Vallere's" youthful face began to distort and age, revealing a scarred, expressionless face.

However, Darren recognized him!

"The long-lost Old King of Vallere, I never expected you to still be alive. So, are you actually the Vallere Restoration Army?" he asked.

Darren pondered for a moment and said, "You have received help from the people of Seven Stars, right? I understand your position now."

No one answered.

However, at this moment, everyone stared at him with evident hostility.

The city's barrier outside was slowly rising, and the blonde woman took a shallow breath, nodding proudly.

"Yes, we are the Restoration Army fighting for Vallere's freedom and willing to sacrifice everything. That puppet of the Lorne Empire has been captured by us, and you, the tyrant of Cyart, will soon die at our hands!" she declared.

"Hahahahahaha!"

Darren could not help but burst into laughter, shaking his head and saying, "Talk of freedom, what nonsense! Aren't you also just puppets of the Seven Stars?"

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

Chapter 458 Fischer's Demon

Meanwhile, inside Fischer Manor.

In the Grand Hall underground, several devout people knelt beside a sacred object, praying day and night without stopping, while the black light inside a transparent bottle kept flashing.

At this moment, Karl silently realized the danger Darren was facing, and unlike the last time, the situation this time was entirely unresolvable if Darren were to face it alone.

"Hmm, what happened..."

He quickly understood the entire situation.

"So it turns out that a secret coup has taken place in Vallere without anyone knowing, hence the puppet king supported by the Lorne Empire was captured, and the long-missing old king has returned. Is the situation Darren is facing now an ambush at a banquet?"

Karl clearly sensed the whole situation, and although it seemed grim, it was actually not a big problem.

"It's completely fine, my power just happens to be suited for this kind of situation where one is isolated and surrounded."

Darren took a shallow breath, the power inside his body, no, it should be the power from the deepest part of his soul, was gradually fading, which was the effect of the barrier of Vallere's capital. He was very aware of this.

The powers of both the old king of Vallere and the leader of the Reconstruction Army in front of him were at the middle rank of Monarch, undoubtedly making them formidable opponents.

Facing the heavy encirclement of the enemy, along with the city's barrier weakening his power, although theoretically, the great Lord of the Lost should eventually prevail on his own, Darren was very aware that he should be nervous.

However, strangely enough, he didn't seem to be very nervous, and he even felt a kind of pleasure emanating from the deepest part of his heart.

"Hehehe..."

The thrill of being trapped in a desperate situation was enough to drive one mad. In fact, over the past few years, Darren had been contemplating whether he was no longer as mad as he had been decades ago.

But now, he could completely confirm one thing.

He was indeed a madman!

The blonde woman stared at him calmly, then after a long while, continued speaking, "Perhaps an introduction is due. I am the leader of the Vallere Restoration Army, my name is Agata, and your 'Black Tide' probably never had any information about me."

After introducing herself, Agata continued with wide eyes, "I'm sorry, Duke Fischer, although we have no personal grudges, our positions make us enemies."

"In fact, I have already considered it, if I were to truly kill you here, it would surely be successful...but the people of Vallere in the city would suffer heavy casualties, so, respected Duke Darren Fischer, you also have a choice."

She slowly stood up, bowed deeply, and said earnestly:

"Duke Darren Fischer, why not denounce the tyrannical Lorne Empire and pledge your allegiance to Emperor Jun Shen of the Seven Stars? That is your only way out."

The old King of Vallere also nodded, not standing up, but similarly staring at Darren and said, "These years I have been in the north at the Seven Stars, always protected by that God of War, and I am very aware of his character. A strong person like you would definitely be highly valued if you surrender."

Both of them had an uncontrollable look of reverence on their faces when they mentioned the God of War Emperor, even though they were also revered by countless Vallere citizens.

Darren listened and furrowed his brow, feeling an irritation rise within him.

How could this be?

He was already experiencing the thrill of a life-and-death battle, involuntarily indulging in the pleasure it brought.

And now this woman and that old man, two damned individuals, actually offered him a choice that somewhat alleviated his desperation, which was incredibly uncomfortable!

The pressure-filled atmosphere of a dire situation suddenly seemed to have room for maneuver, which was extremely annoying!

"Fine."

He simply responded calmly, but in the next moment, he transformed in a double transformation without any hesitation!

"Wait!"

Agata and the King of Vallere, sensing the surge of power, both froze and involuntary exclaimed!

Darren's body seemed touched by an invisible force and began to undergo astonishing transformation. His black overcoat fluttered wildly as if caught by wind, inflated by a powerful energy. Then, his figure began to expand, and beneath his skin, flame-like patterns swiftly spread like ancient totems awakening.

His eyes, in that instant, became extraordinarily bright, the pitch-black pupils dancing with two points of fiery red light, like lava from the depths of an abyss, mysterious and daunting.

With a deafening roar, Darren's body completed its transformation, no longer human but turned into a huge demon dragon, its body enveloped in raging flames, each scale flickering with a sinister and perilous glow.

The sturdy ground and walls cracked instantly under its power; the entire building was shaken by an irresistible force, turning into utter ruins in a moment!

Its wings unfolded, like dark clouds covering the sun, its gigantic body almost bursting through the confines of this narrow underground square.

"Roar!"

In that suffocating moment, the demon dragon let out a thunderous roar, its voice filled with endless rage and power, seeming to tear apart everything in its path.

"Hahahahaha!"

Darren laughed deeply, his voice resounding boldly. Even though his powers were suppressed by the barrier, he still possessed the basic strength of a Mid-Level Monarch.

The next moment, he saw not only the old King of Vallere and the Leader of the Reconstruction Army but also two other low-level Extraordinary Exponents appearing from around the city, making a total of four powerful Monarchs coming to strike at him.

Very well!

He clearly knew that if the Lord of the Lost had not bestowed Divine Power upon him, he would have been doomed, yet he still did not hesitate to join the ensuing battle, his heart filled with joy!

Suddenly, Darren noticed a massive surge of thick black mist around him, and amidst an aura as if all living beings were facing their doom, Yeager and Chris suddenly appeared by his side!

Chris looked at him expressionlessly, while Yeager, smiling, said, "Lord Darren, it's my turn to repay the favor!"

"Sure thing... hehehe..." Darren laughed.

Chris and Yeager instantly understood the situation and cooperated with Darren in battle.

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Darren charged towards the old King of Vallere and Agata in the sky, clearly aware that those two Mid-Level Monarchs, who had been resisting for the sake of the Reconstruction for years, were definitely individuals of resolute will, so the "Mad Curse" was likely ineffective against them.

And their speed was basically enough to avoid the initial "Cloud of Death."

As for "Huge Collapse," although it could be lethal if it hit directly, it could be easily blocked by any mundane defense, so it was best not to use it at the beginning of the fight.

Thus, Darren roared loudly and approached, swathed in the Black Tide and pitch-dark flames, heading first for Agata, the leader of the Reconstruction Army!

Meanwhile, over a dozen members of the Dawn Church with "household management" abilities were restoring Spirituality Power at a great distance for them.

The golden-haired Agata hovered in midair, suddenly turned into a shadow, and flickered hundreds of meters away to avoid Darren's dive.

She inhaled sharply, eyes fixed on the ruined streets and the heavily wounded citizens of Vallere, her heart bleeding and body trembling with rage as she cursed, "You beast of Fischer! You've killed so many innocent Vallere people, you're simply a demon!"

The demon dragon form of Darren, upon hearing this, laughed even louder, shouting loudly, "Hahaha, you are absolutely right! Spot on! I've only cared about my own joy, never about the lives of others!"

Having said that, he then raised his head and spewed out a great amount of flames flying in all directions of the city, just to distract Agata and others, even if just a little.

"No! Stop!" Agata couldn't help but scream.

The demon dragon, ablaze with flames in its pitch-black red eyes, soared into the sky, its form like a demon crawling out from the depths of Hell, carrying a momentum to destroy everything.

With a forceful surge of his body, Darren struck against the ceiling stone wall fiercely, causing a vast amount of rocks to crumble, mixing with numerous flames instantly turning the underground square into a chaotic mess!

This scene, akin to the arrival of doomsday, left an indelible mark on all who witnessed it!

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

Chapter 459 The 7th Seal

"Awoo!"

An apocalyptic scene chilled the hearts of everyone in the city.

As a demon dragon, Darren attacked the blonde Agata with malicious intent time after time, yet his attacks were continuously evaded through her method of blink teleportation.

Not a single attack managed to hit its target.

There is, in fact, a widely accepted notion among Extraordinary Exponents that for every Extraordinary, every kind of extraordinary power, there ultimately exists a natural nemesis.

Now, Darren felt he had encountered his nemesis; his skills in "mobility" and "accuracy" were not weak, but they were still lacking.

The woman could continuously "blink teleport" within hundreds of meters, and her evasive speed was simply too fast to touch.

He knew that to defeat the blonde woman, he would have to deplete a huge amount of Spiritual Power and use "Soul Command" to stand a chance in this game against her.

"So, let's play a game!"

However, just at this moment, the outcome of the battle between Chris and Yeager had been decided!

The two had coordinated their fight against the King of Vallere and two other Monarch Transcendents, and with Chris's abilities of "stasis" and "lethality," the result had come about quickly.

The two low-level Monarch Extraordinary Exponents from Vallere were killed in a short amount of time!

Even with the weakening effect of the city's barrier, Chris, who had reached the 6th Rank, still possessed overwhelmingly powerful abilities! Like the true "Death God," he effortlessly destroyed them.

"How could this be so quick? Impossible!"

Agata watched the scene with utter shock, her face a mask of disbelief, chest heaving, and body trembling uncontrollably.

Why was the Fischer family's "Death God" able to appear suddenly in the capital from miles away? And how did he avoid being locked down by the National Defense Barrier?

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Why was that man from the intelligence reports, supposedly named Yeager, also a Monarch Level Extraordinary?

Why, despite the barrier's weakening effect, did their power seem even greater than imagined?

Question after question, one incredible thing after another, almost drove Agata to the brink of collapse.

However, as the leader of the Reconstruction Army, she remained a very determined person and quickly recovered.

"I think I understand now, it's very likely that someone from your Fischer family, or some kind of powerful Mysterious rare artifact, possesses a power similar to mine?"

"But remember this, Cyart people! This will not be the end! It will only be the beginning!" she declared loudly.

After expressing her anger, Agata used some Forbidden rare artifact to amplify her own power, and a severe flash of light began to emerge around the city. The next moment, she and the Valer Old King were both teleported thousands of miles away.

In an instant, both had fled the battlefield.

"Tsk, a handy ability."

Darren shook his head and sneered as he watched the scene unfold. Just moments ago she had been so eager to fight for the Vallere citizens, and now, wasn't she decisively abandoning the entire city to escape?

His mouth mocked, but in his heart, he had formed a clear assessment of Agata, the leader of Vallere's Reconstruction Army.

She was a woman of meticulous thought and decisive action, and today's failure to kill her would likely cause significant trouble in the future; truly a pity.

Soon after, both Chris and Yeager disappeared without a trace, and Darren knew that they had returned to Nasir City in Cyart.

Darren realized he couldn't linger here any longer and quickly took three four-digit numbered Forbidden rare artifacts from the two fallen Extraordinary Exponents before flying towards the south, in the direction of Cyart.

Shortly after, he began to feel weakened, as the "demon" part of his Double Transformation faded.

"I hope I won't be intercepted by the Church's strongmen on my way..."

Unconsciously, he had a vague sense that he had used his "Destiny's Trajectory" once again to avert a lethal disaster.

"Phew, truly a useful destiny..."

So it was; indeed there had been a powerful presence from Vallere trying to intercept him on his return, although he hadn't encountered it... thankfully, he had not encountered it!

After fleeing for a while, Darren finally made it back to Nasir City in Cyart successfully.

Within Fischer Manor, everyone had been waiting anxiously for a long time, completely unaware of whether Darren would make it back safely.

At last, when people saw him return safely and smoothly, they all breathed a sigh of relief.

In the hall of the Fischer Manor, Christine sitting in the wheelchair already knew the whole situation and said directly, "I didn't expect the people of Vallere to actually betray us."

Now that he had completely relaxed, Darren nodded and said with a smile, "Because the coup was carried out in secret, I indeed was a bit surprised, but they still completely underestimated our power, as well as the great power of the Lord of the Lost..."

"That's a very normal thing," Christine nodded calmly.

"The great Lord of the Lost, the power He possesses is something that mortals cannot understand, and since it cannot be understood, naturally it cannot be speculated with the wisdom of ordinary people."

Darren agreed with this view; indeed, it was logical.

Even the most intelligent person needs to deduce various situations through the "known."

If someone could really come up with the "unknown" solutions out of thin air, then that's not the level of ordinary human "intelligence," but it could be said that it's the level of "foreknowledge" or "deduction" of extraordinary power.

Afterward, they sacrificed the three forbidden rare artifacts they obtained in this battle to the great Lord of the Lost.

Finally, after more than ten years of accumulation, the Seventh Seal... was broken!

Karl truly felt that after the Sixth Seal was broken, his "mobility" had become much more powerful than before.

He used to need believers to initiate prayers before he could bestow the black mist, allowing other believers to arrive on the scene, but now there was no need for prayer as a medium; as long as there were believers present, he could summon the thick black mist.

Moreover, after the Fischer family's influence expanded, he devoured a very large amount of forbidden rare artifacts, continuously acquiring spiritual power, and today, the time to break the Seventh Seal finally arrived.

"I've finally reached this step... the Seventh Seal... Only the last three seals are left, and all the seals can be completely broken, and all memories regained."

Thinking of this, Karl couldn't help but feel a bit confused and thoughtful.

So, what will I become once I break all the seals and regain all my memories?

"Am I truly Karl, or am I still Shen Ling?"

"So, can I turn back into a 'human'? Or will I become an even more advanced 'god'?"

"Who was it that sealed me in the first place?"

"What exactly are those voices and dreams in my previous memories about?"

"Why do I possess such powerful strength?"

Although many seals had been broken, Karl truly felt that his confusion had only increased, not decreased, and deep in his heart, he harbored various concerns.

He even had a vague idea.

Perhaps, something very terrible would happen after all ten seals were undone.

In the end, Karl made up his mind again!

"But no matter what, having come this far, I can only keep going, to resolve all doubts, I must... break all the seals."

Thus, he still did not refuse the sacrifices of the Fischer family and Dawn Church, devouring more forbidden rare artifacts containing spiritual power...

The Seventh Seal, broken!

"Look quickly!"

People all over Konrad World raised their heads as the sky seemed to be torn apart by an invisible hand; a gigantic black light burst into the sky across the world, instantly dyeing the daylight into an ominous darkness.

This neither the fall of stars nor the clash of thunder and lightning but a never-before-seen, profound and eerie darkness, carrying with it an indescribable pressure that reached deep into the core of people's fears.

As people looked up, they saw the black light twisting and spreading like the shadows of the end, segmenting the sky into disjointed domains of darkness.

The city lights seemed so tiny at this moment, as if they could be devoured by this power at any time. The expressions on people's faces froze, quickly shifting from surprise to shock, fear, and finally to despair. Nearly everyone's body began to tremble uncontrollably, heart rates accelerated, as if they could hear the tremble deep within their souls!

As the black light continued, the balance within Konrad World was finally broken; fire dragons surged, dark clouds blanketed the sky, and lightning struck the earth. The whole world trembled at this sudden and bizarre phenomenon!

Many people began to wonder if this were a harbinger of the end of days, or if some unknown and terrifying great power was awakening, ready to completely overturn existing civilization!

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

Chapter 460 Chess Player Mode

The immense black light was no longer just a tangible luminance; it resembled ink spilling from the deepest part of the abyss, bringing with it a bone-chilling coldness and unspeakable horror, madly tearing through the boundaries between reality and illusion.

The dark radiance wasn't merely a visual shock but a direct assault on the soul. Each ray of black light seemed to carry the cries of the end and the wails of despair, as if the malice from the depths of hell was reveling wildly, celebrating their feast.

People throughout the entire world were almost suffocated by the terrifying atmosphere, every inch of their skin felt the icy touch of death, and their mental states were firmly grasped by endless fear, unable to break free.

"What on earth are those black lights?"

"Why has the whole world turned into night, wasn't it just daytime?"

"Where is the sun? Why has the sun disappeared?"

Even the Blazing Sun in the sky seemed to have hidden away, and in that moment, the entire world became silent and frightening. On the land, numerous animals and even plants sensed an unprecedented threat, curling up their bodies in a bizarre manner.

In the face of this absolute power, all life seemed so insignificant and powerless.

And those black lights continued to expand and spread as if intending to engulf the entire world into the endless darkness. In the abyss of despair, people began to doubt whether there were any divinities willing to heed their prayers, whether there was any hope of light that could pierce through this boundless darkness...

The black light gradually disappeared from sight, but the shock in the hearts of the people did not. This terrifying spectacle, which occurred every few years, had become a topic of discussion for everyone.

Many even prophesized that it was a sign of the impending destruction of the world, and even the vigorous refutations by the True Gods Church were ineffective.

Karl could clearly feel that the power he possessed had recovered further!

"This part of the memory is about power..."

He knew not only the Extraordinary Sequence promotion ceremonies for the God Pantheon stairway, all the way up to the Tenth Tier of each path but also discovered that he could do more things than before.

The most important aspect was that Karl now needed to consume less Spiritual Power to do anything.

For example, Karl suddenly found that now he no longer needed to expend Spiritual Power for "issuing Divine Oracles"; he could communicate at any time with the direct members of the Fischer family, that is, those favored clan members who bore his own brand.

"Although the consumption of Spiritual Power wasn't much before, it really is a great thing to become completely without consumption."

Moreover, he was now able to scatter his consciousness amongst many believers at once, directing or even manipulating large numbers of followers from the Dawn Church at any time, which meant he had activated a special strategic mode.

It was as if he had become a true chess player.

After sensing the power, Karl then dispersed his consciousness to observe the many members of the Fischer family.

The Fischer family had already become a vast Secret clan, and he had as many as eleven favored clan members.

These eleven favored clan members were Chris, Darren, Christine, Karno, Felix, Helen, Archer, Hecate, Arte, Delia, and Carter.

Karl pondered to himself.

"Without a doubt, Chris and Darren are the two strongest favored ones, and Hecate is the one with the most potential in the Fischer family, followed by Karno, Felix, and Helen. As for the most devout person, that is unquestionably Archer."

In the Grand Hall beneath Fischer Manor, among the many members of the Dawn Church, excluding external members like Vanessa and Andre, there were a total of eight favored clan members belonging to the Fischer family. Read new adventures at empire

Felix, an undercover infiltrator for the Reforging Church, wasn't there; Karno, who had left the family to act on his own, wasn't there; and also absent was the seven-year-old Carter, who was too young.

Karl subsequently transferred his consciousness to Darren, covering the space above him as if he were the divinity that resided "three feet above one's head".

He could keenly feel that Darren was just as excited about the miracle that had just occurred as the other family members and also sensed a feeling of relief.

Karl could understand why Darren had "breathed a sigh of relief".

Because he was well aware that in the upcoming war, Cyart would likely have to resist three nations with his own strength, and facing the terrifying encirclement of the triple alliance, even the Fischer family with many secret forces would have a hard time contending.

And the further awakening of his own power would undoubtedly give the Fischer family a chance to breathe.

Although Darren was often very crazy, his concern for family members was always constant.

Afterwards, Karl, suspended in the air, listened to the Fischer family's discussion.

"Fantastic!"

Archer revealed an excited smile, even trembling with excitement as he loudly said, "The great Lord of the Lost is finally making further strides in his revival! The day of the great achievement is getting closer and closer!"

"Yes, the day of the great achievement... I wonder what will happen that day..." Christine sighed in her wheelchair, not becoming overly happy, just reflective.

"When that day comes, we will all witness the descent of the God's Kingdom on earth, and everything will welcome the dawn and the first light, everything will change as all beings wish, to gain unprecedented satisfaction and happiness..." Archer smiled, easily reciting the content that Irene had once written in the scriptures.

How should I put it?

Karl really didn't know what to say—because, in fact, he didn't have a clear idea himself about what would actually happen after truly unraveling the ten seals.

"As of today, I increasingly feel that the removal of the seals is not just about a gradual restoration of power, but very likely to bring about some... unknown and special situation."

The next moment, Karl also projected part of his consciousness onto Karno Fischer, who was thousands of miles away.

In the capital of the Lorne Empire, the City of Thousands and the City of Stars, Kennas, on one of the streets, a seemingly young Karno hid in a dark and narrow hotel room, slightly tense, as he had been investigating the cause of Viscount Johnville's death for several days.

After witnessing the burning death of Viscount Johnville, Karno cautiously concealed himself, guarding against subsequent assassins, while investigating the cause of death of his old friend Viscount Johnville.

"Is it because of the power of Heavenly Enlightenment? Could it be because of some Heavenly Enlightenment from the Sun Church? No, there's another person who could do this..."

Karl observed everything around Karno calmly from the skies above.

He immediately spread his consciousness further, centering on Karno and expanding for several kilometers, observing everything within that radius with a godlike perspective.

No one could know of His existence.

And Karl looked down upon all beings, whether mortal or Extraordinary Exponent, all flowing like ants.

"In the capital of the Lorne Empire, there are also three members from the Black Tide, and the tendrils of the Dawn Church have stretched across half the Ouden Continent."

"Very good."

"Having further increased influence, the speed at which I collect Mysterious rare artifacts has also accelerated."

Now counting Karno Fischer, the Dawn Church had a total of four people in the capital of the Lorne Empire, Kennas.

They were Karno, on the Path of Revelation 5th Rank "Eye of Fate," an Extraordinary Exponent from the Tranquility Sequence of the Path of Tranquility 3rd Rank "Disguiser," an Extraordinary Exponent from the Consecution Sequence of the Path of Wholeheartedness 2nd Rank "Painter," and an Extraordinary Exponent from the Shadow Sequence of the Path of Shadow 3rd Rank "Blood Dancer."

Karl then divided his consciousness, simultaneously inhabiting these individuals.

Suddenly, he discovered something strange on the Path of Wholeheartedness 2nd Rank "Painter"—faint bubbles began to appear.

They were pale white bubbles, something he had never seen before, drawing Karl's full attention at that moment.

"Hmm, what is that?"

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