

From Secret Clan to the Divine Dynasty

Chapter 461 Iron Blood Marshal Horatio

Karl calmly made contact with the pale white bubble through telekinesis, and quickly, he perceived something contained within it.

It was the power of faith that had been present in many prayers.

He soon discovered that within the bubble, there was also a certain idea that the man had hoped for.

More precisely, it seemed to be a wish of the believer.

From the bubble, he could feel that the believer hoped to obtain a special Class 3 Extraordinary Material, "Flame White Honey", to evolve his secretly kept ant-type magic beast.

Although the act of secretly rearing magic beasts was denounced and forbidden by the True Gods Church, more and more heretical acts had been cropping up in recent years.

The Fischer family and the Dawn Church themselves had been breeding numerous magic beasts through the Exponents of the Path of Nature, most of them on the islands of the White Sea, not easily noticed by outsiders.

After Karl became aware of the believer's wish, he tentatively issued a Divine Oracle to the Priest of the Dawn Church near Kennas, and soon, the other party provided the Extraordinary Material to the believer.

And when the believer obtained the needed Extraordinary Material and fed it to the secretly kept magic beast, the beast indeed underwent a violent evolutionary reaction.

From initially being a high-level Beginning "Fire Spirit Ant", it evolved into a lower-level Transmutation "Mad Ant".

Upon witnessing this scene, the believer could not help but shed tears of gratitude, incessantly thanking the great Lord of the Lost.

"Great Lord of the Lost, thank you for your mercy and gift!"

Another bubble emerged above the believer's head, this time the pale white bubble gradually turned golden, and then completely ruptured.

Meanwhile, Karl suddenly felt that he had become A devout person, willing to sacrifice everything for the "great Lord of the Lost".

A good situation.

Karl also discovered something very important, that was, the believer himself was not aware of his desire for "needing a certain Extraordinary Material".

He simply hoped to evolve his secretly reared magic beast.

"Understood."

In fact, the appearance of that bubble was not due to his own thoughts, but Karl's own "foreknowledge".

"So it is, my new ability is to foresee the believers' futures in advance and directly discern their most needed things..."

"If I can satisfy it, the believer would greatly increase in devotion, or even directly become A new devout person."

This matter was important, firstly because each "big move" requires A devout person to burn their lifespan, so having a sufficient number of devout people was undoubtedly very important.

"The lives of one devoted person after another pave the way for the revival of the Dawn Church and me."

"But their sacrifice is voluntary, and indeed, they will be compensated in the next life... so there are no problems, in fact, it's more like a generous offer."

Karl silently pondered, that recent ability was also very important, as long as he made good use of the "foreknowledge of the future", it could be enough to help the Fischer family and the Dawn Church avoid many disasters.

Several days later.

Karl refocused his consciousness on Darren and Christine.

Several days had passed since the ambush that occurred in Vallere, and Darren hadn't stopped thinking about his plans, he was just preparing to travel to the Lorne Empire to communicate with their biggest backer. Continue your journey at empire

Darren and Christine and the others were very clear about one thing, that no matter what, the Eastern Four Kingdoms were still only four important chess pieces on the Ouden Continent's board.

In order to win the upcoming war, it was still necessary to fully consider the intents of the chess player, without the Gods, the Lorne Empire was that most powerful chess player.

Of course, they also believed that behind those so-called "chess players", there existed the great Lord of the Lost who could completely overturn the chessboard.

Karl quietly observed the developments of everything.

Darren, still dressed in black as usual, took a seat on a steam train, quietly making his way first to Vallere following the railway, then transferring from there, finally arriving at the Lorne Empire's City of Thousands, Kennas.

It was evident that this city had highly industrialized.

The sunlight filtered through the cloud layer, casting golden brilliance on the cobblestone-paved streets, coating the city with a glow.

Once upon a time, the Lorne Capital was also known as Misty City, but later on, the Heavenly Enlightenments joined forces to completely move away the smog, restoring the city to its former beauty.

Approximately every ten years, the environment of the Lorne Capital was cleaned by several Heavenly Enlightenments working together.

The citizens of Lorne bustled about their trajectories in life along the streets.

Businessmen in crisp clothes, carrying heavy briefcases, hurried between banks, stock exchanges, and major companies, their steps quick and resolute, their eyes reflecting a yearning for success.

The workers had just walked out of the factories, their faces still showing a hint of fatigue, but more of that was the anticipation for home and longing for dinner.

They wore simple work clothes, either walking along familiar routes towards home or heading to nearby pubs, exchanging words loudly with their workmates over drinks.

"Such a city..."

Soon, Darren in the coach arrived in the wealthy district, noticing the surroundings had drastically improved, with noticeably more flowers and plants.

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Chapter 462 Iron Blood Marshal Horatio_2

In the affluent district, carriages and steam-powered automobiles bustled incessantly on the streets, ferrying noble ladies to their afternoon tea gatherings. Coachmen skillfully navigated their vehicles, weaving through the crowded streets with ease, while the shops and stalls lining the roads bustled with activity, displaying a wide array of goods. Shoppers carefully selected their desired items, haggling with the shopkeepers.

The whole of Kennas was driven by an invisible force; everyone was busy with life, striving for their livelihood.

It is the city of ten thousand cities, a city of dreams! For most people on the Ouden Continent, this city represented infinite possibilities and hope!

Finally, there were fewer people outside.

Darren knew the reason; it was because the carriage was getting closer to the core of the city.

Imperial City.

The royal family of the Lorne Empire had always been a powerful Divine Blood clan, the supreme family, boasting many top-tier Bloodlines, including the dual Divine Bloods of Blazing Sun and Salvation. Consequently, the chances of an Extraordinary Exponent in their family awakening the power of Bloodline were tremendous.

At last, he arrived at the core of Kennas and laid eyes on that palace.

It seemed like an artistic masterpiece collectively sculpted by the wisdom of all Lorne citizens, each inch exuding a sense of nobility and elegance!

The entire palace was constructed with immaculate white marble, resembling a giant cloud that had gently descended from the heavens, or as if a crystal-clear iceberg, shining softly yet brilliantly under the sunlight.

Each piece of marble was carefully selected and polished, smooth as a mirror, reflecting the blue skies, white clouds, and the surrounding scenery; it made the entire building seem suspended between heaven and earth, both solemn and mysterious.

"Please halt your steps!"

Merely approaching, Darren was intercepted. He quickly produced a token from Viscount Johnville, and the palace guards asked him to wait, then took the token away.

About ten minutes later, the guard returned and handed the token back to Darren Fischer, who had been waiting.

"Please follow me, but remember not to wander. There are many barriers and Arrays in the palace. If you wander, something untoward might happen."

Darren nodded softly, feeling that it was less about preventing mishaps and more about ensuring he didn't stumble upon certain secrets belonging to the Lorne royal family.

Stepping through the gates of the Lorne Empire's Imperial Palace, he was greeted by a wide, straight avenue lined with meticulously trimmed trees and blooming flowers. At the end of the avenue loomed the magnificent palace complex, intricately built and ascending layer by layer.

Inside the palace, the white marble floor was as smooth as a mirror, reflecting the soft lighting and exquisite decor, transporting one into a dream-like world. The walls were inlaid with gold, silver, jewels, and gemstones that gleamed brightly, complementing the white marble. The ceiling was adorned with exquisite frescoes.

Karl's consciousness accompanied Darren, observing everything around him.

He felt an urgent sense that the palace harbored Forbidden rare artifacts unseen before, surely single-digit numbered. Their allure to him was immense!

"Unfortunately, there's no way to take it from here for now... The power of that Forbidden rare artifact is a bit too terrifying, much stronger than those with double-digit numbers!"

Karl gazed in a certain direction of the palace, overwhelmed by the presence permeating in all directions. It was an irresistible temptation for him!

At last, Darren arrived at a grand hall and stopped.

A man was waiting for him there.

Before seeing him, Darren was completely unaware of his presence, but the very moment he laid eyes on him, he sensed a terrifying, unsettling aura.

How could this be?

It was as if he had reverted back to being mortal, an uncontrollable fear rising from the depths of his heart when faced with this man!

"You finally arrived, Duke Darren Fischer. Good, you are neither a minute late nor excessively early, arriving ten minutes ahead of time,"

"Hmm, I like the way you conduct yourself." Read new chapters at empire

There stood a man at the pinnacle of history, with a sculpted, rugged and profound appearance, exuding an extraordinary leadership aura.

The strongest man in the Lorne Empire.

Iron Blood Marshal!

Horatio Wesley!

He was tall and well-built, with broad shoulders and a thick back, short hair a mix of unyielding black amidst the silver-gray, meticulously groomed. His forehead was broad, his eyes conveyed profound wisdom, his gaze sharp as an eagle's, piercing to the deepest fears and desires of the heart.

Horatio's nose was prominent, his lips pressed into a straight line, and his chin bore a beard that was trimmed just right.

Majestic and mature.

Those were the two best words to describe him!

He wore a custom-made marshal's uniform, with golden epaulettes that glittered in the sunlight, and his chest was covered with densely packed medals and decorations, each a testament to his bravery in countless battles.

"Darren Fischer, the Emperor and the Prime Minister are still at the banquet, they will be over soon,"

"At that time, you will need to report all matters to us."

"Report?"

Darren murmured the word, gently shook his head, and mused silently.

Clearly having heard his voice, Marshal Horatio looked at him and nodded, speaking calmly, "Don't forget, Darren Fischer, Cyart is just one of the many pawns we have."

"So, you need to make your report, just as you would to a superior."

Darren nodded, saying, "Of course I understand that, Marshal Horatio sir, without a doubt, the Fischer family and the whole of Cyart are pawns of the Lorne Empire, we will

risk our lives for the interest of His Majesty the Emperor of Lorne, and for His Majesty, we will defeat and seize those Eastern countries."

He paused and then continued with a smile, "However, whether a pawn or a soldier, they need ample reward to maintain adequate combat strength."

"In order for us to have strong motivation, to bring tangible benefits to the Lorne Empire, and to ensure your initial investments don't go to waste, Marshal sir, I hope you can provide more support."

Horatio remained silent for a while, then sneered, "Hah, almost every puppet, every pawn speaks like that, but why does the Lorne Empire really need to care about you all?"

Darren nodded and immediately responded:

"The reason is simple, it is because of the situation I notified you of a few days ago by sending a message... Your puppet in Vallere has been captured, and it's very possible that Vallere might completely turn over to the Seven Stars."

"If the Lorne Empire abandons Cyart now, watching Cyart being annihilated by the three countries, the entirety of the Ouden Continent's East will become the Seven Stars Empire's territory!"

Marshal Horatio's expression didn't change, as if he wasn't affected at all.

In reality, what made him more uncomfortable wasn't whether the Lorne Empire could profit, but the significant growth in the Seven Stars Empire's influence.

The people from the Eastern Four Kingdoms didn't matter; their death didn't matter, but the Seven Stars Empire, being an archenemy, every move they made weighed heavily on Marshal Horatio's heart.

If they really allowed the Eastern Four Kingdoms to fall completely under the Seven Stars' influence, the enemy capable of producing Extraordinary materials would multiply, and given time, the Seven Stars Empire would definitely have more Monarch Transcendents than before, and just one additional Heavenly Enlightenment would be enough to erase many of the Lorne Empire's advantages.

No!

He absolutely could not let those Seven Stars people succeed!

Marshal Horatio paced back and forth for a moment, then suddenly gazed at Darren Fischer and said calmly:

"You're very clever, Duke Fischer of Cyart."

"For us Lorne citizens, we already have enough, even one more Cyart as a pawn, or one less Cyart, doesn't make a substantial difference to the Empire."

"However, the Seven Stars are indeed the deepest hatred within all Lorne citizens' hearts."

Darren didn't utter a word, just smiled. His provocation hadn't even been a covert strategy, but rather a straightforward analysis of the facts.

It was hard to deceive such a man; he could only be guided.

Marshal Horatio instantly understood the logic.

He said coldly, "Even though I know you're using rhetoric, I have to admit you're right. The current situation is indeed as such; we Lorne citizens cannot give up on Cyart."

"Vallere has been a major disappointment to us..."

Then suddenly, Marshal Horatio's presence surged forward powerfully, instantly causing Darren's expression to drastically change.

"So, Duke Fischer of Cyart, I hope you can show sufficient strength! You must win this war!"

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Chapter 463 Emperor of Lorne!

...

Heavenly Enlightenment.

Across the whole world, the legends who could reach the Heavenly Enlightenment Level were few and far between.

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They were also known as demi-gods, and every Heavenly Enlightenment possessed a great power that made ordinary people revere and tremble in fear.

Many of the Heavenly Enlightened had the strength to easily destroy small nations, and even those considered "powerful" Monarch powerful experts seemed weak in their presence.

And in the Lorne Empire, "Iron Blood Marshal" Horatio, the supreme commander of nearly all of the Lorne Empire's armies, was a true Heavenly Enlightenment!

Darren could feel very clearly and specifically the extreme strength of Marshal Horatio, a fierce and pure sense of power. Just standing before him, it was as if he were on an actual battlefield!

He could even vaguely see an increasingly clear vision, with a blood-red sky and soldiers constantly in battle around him, blood and flames streaming and dropping from the sky, with the sounds of battle cries and howls never stopping, all of which filled one with tension.

This wasn't any Mental Magic!

It was the power of Heavenly Enlightenments, their innate aura and Domain evolving even further.

They merely existed there, and could influence the rationality and thoughts of others, even allowing them to see, hear, smell, and sense different wondrous and mystical visions.

However, like being on a battlefield, Darren felt no discomfort. On the contrary, the sight before him was very soothing and he smiled as he gazed at Marshal Horatio.

"Cyart will definitely win, the Fischer family will absolutely not lose, definitely not..."

Marshal Horatio nodded slightly, and the scenery around him instantly returned to normal. There was no doubt that Heavenly Enlightenments could completely control their aura—what had just been revealed was merely a test.

Karl silently watched everything, his heart feeling the strong power of Marshal Horatio, probably not inferior to the "most learned man in the world" known to them, the Chief Librarian of the Sapphire Library.

"At least as a human, he is already very strong."

What a pity he is human and not a mysterious creature, so his Spiritual Power was still no different from ordinary people... simply put, this Horatio was not consumable.

Karl felt somewhat regretful.

In this world, feasts like the "Sea God" were still rare...

At this moment, Darren heard footsteps.

A steady and powerful stride came from outside the hall, breaking the surrounding silence, as an immensely prestigious figure was about to step into this hall of power.

As the sound drew closer, a group of servants in gorgeous uniforms slowly parted. They held golden rods and silver platters, bearing the scepter and the crown that symbolized imperial power, their faces solemn and steps in unison, every movement meticulously rehearsed, all to welcome the supreme figure approaching.

Suddenly, a tall figure appeared beneath the grand portico of the palace, the highest Emperor of the Lorne Empire, dressed in white gold adorned with the Empire's totem. Each step was steady and imposing.

Emperor George of Lorne, his eyes flashing with unfathomable wisdom, his expression calm and majestic, inherently possessing a regal presence commanding enough to make all bow before him.

The surrounding servants bowed in unison, their movements aligned, chanting praises and admiration. Their voices echoed through the cavernous palace.

With his entrance, the illumination in the palace seemed to brighten, and behind him were loyal servants and guards, closely following, ready to serve Emperor George at a moment's notice.

"Darren Fischer."

After Emperor George entered, he walked up to where Marshal Horatio and Darren were standing, stopped, and then gazed at Darren for a long time, his eyes seeming to possess a special power that could penetrate the heart and see through all pretense.

"Darren Fischer, this is the first time I'm meeting you, but I heard of the Fischer name decades ago."

After a pause, he nodded.

"Hmm, your father Byrne was a hero, a legendary figure of Cyart."

Darren bowed deeply, speaking in a rare tone of respect:

"Thank you for your praise of my father, respected ruler of the Lorne Empire, God-blessed Emperor George, I am Darren Fischer of the Fischer family. It is truly an honor to meet you today."

...

He immediately continued:

"Cyart has reached a critical juncture of life and death, and the tentacles of the Seven Suns Empire People are about to spread across the Eastern Four Kingdoms. We are all waiting for your supreme salvation."

Emperor George raised his eyebrows but did not speak.

Darren was well aware that the Emperor of the Lorne Empire before him was undoubtedly one of the most powerful men in the Claud World, and it was very possible that the "one of" could be removed.

He had a chance to become the pinnacle of the Ouden Continent and even the entire Claud World in the future.

Darren also knew some information that this man named George was the sixth Emperor of Lorne in a millennium, and the position of Emperor in the Lorne Empire is always changed every two hundred years.

Of course, he had also heard of a very important legend regarding the Lorne Empire.

Regardless of what kind of person the emperors of the Lorne Empire were before their ascension, or what kind of power they possessed, as soon as they ascended the throne, they would suddenly become exceedingly wise and their nature would become indifferent. Moreover, they would directly inherit the powerful legacy of their ancestors, reaching the Heavenly Enlightenment Level of the power of Bloodline!

Compared to the sudden rise of the God of War Emperor of the Seven Suns Empire, the stable inheritance of emperors from generation to generation in the Lorne Empire possessing the fearsome combat power of the Heavenly Enlightenment Level was undoubtedly great news for the entire country.

However, Darren also knew a very strange fact, which was that after the accession of each new Emperor of the Lorne Empire, the old Emperor of Lorne would become noiseless.

Despite being legendary figures of the Heavenly Enlightenment Level, whose every move was watched by the powers of the whole world, they would vanish without a trace and no further information could ever be heard of them again.

Very strange.

"Your Majesty."

Marshal Horatio, expressionless and serious, saluted Emperor George and then continued:

"You must already be aware of the situation in Vallere, just as he said, the only piece we can fully control now in the Eastern Four Kingdoms is Cyart."

"Therefore, we must support them with all our might... to prevent the Seven Suns Empire People from taking control of the entire east of the Ouden Continent. The one in the north has grown increasingly rampant."

George simply nodded calmly and said indifferently:

"I am already aware of the situation in the East. Prime Minister William is currently unavailable as he is dealing with other continental colonial matters. Marshal Horatio, you shall handle the entire situation in the Eastern Four Kingdoms."

After speaking, he turned and left, having spoken no more than three sentences with Darren throughout the process.

Darren didn't feel particularly surprised, as in the eyes of the other party, he was just an unremarkable one among the many pawns.

In the eyes of Emperor George, it was possible that there were "more important things" to do than the life and death of countless people in the Eastern Four Kingdoms, such as enjoying a drink he liked, or playing with a pet for a while...

"Understood, Your Majesty," Marshal Horatio nodded and bowed, then looked at Darren and said, "It seems Prime Minister William will not be coming. Come with me."

"I have something important to give you."

"Alright."

Darren nodded lightly, without any superfluous words, and followed Marshal Horatio out of the palace.

Karl's consciousness observed everything the entire time, with no one able to detect his presence.

He felt strange occurrences.

Something was off.

Very off...

"That Emperor of the Lorne Empire is very odd; he possesses an enormous amount of Spiritual Power. You should know that the power system of a Bloodline Knight theoretically does not enhance Spiritual Power, which is a significant reason why the Power of Consecution can help me... So, compared to other Bloodline Knights, his condition is a very abnormal phenomenon."

Karl even couldn't help but wonder, is he really human?

At least in his perception, the Emperor of Lorne seemed less like a human and more like... some kind of mysterious existence, exceedingly peculiar and strange...

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Chapter 464 Number 35: Box of Illusion

Darren smiled and followed Marshal Horatio, leaving the Lorne Royal Palace built of white marble and arrived outside the palace, where they boarded the carriage belonging to Horatio's family.

Although automobiles were quite common in the Lorne Empire, as far as the nobles were concerned, only carriages could symbolize their status.

Once seated in the carriage, he quickly said, "When we met His Majesty just now, thanks to Marshal Horatio's persuasion, His Majesty so readily expressed his support for us, the Cyart people."

Marshal Horatio nodded gently and said calmly, "I wasn't speaking for you."

"You should be quite aware of this matter. I was merely speaking on what I believe to be the right course for the empire at this moment; your interests and those of the Cyart people are not within my consideration."

He was indeed a very practical person, without a shred of pretense, Darren thought. What had just been said would normally not be voiced according to social etiquette, but Horatio had said it very directly.

"But the fact that you helped the Cyart is undeniable, and I will feel grateful to you in my heart no matter what."

He nodded, and quickly realized just how unusual the carriage of Marshal Horatio's family was.

Since raising magic beasts directly contravenes the rules of the True Gods Church, the noble families on the Ouden Continent, though wanting to use magic beasts to draw their carriages, could not do so; thus, they all had horses that possessed magic beast bloodlines.

The horses used by Marshal Horatio's family for pulling the carriage were of a kind with dragon blood, the Dragon Blood Unicorn Steeds. They were almost entirely black, with patterns of lightning, and only their single horns and manes were snow-white. They looked very handsome and large, nearly twice the size of regular horses, and their horns could emit flashes of lightning.

The most remarkable aspect was that even though they were merely beasts of burden pulling a carriage, they still possessed great strength.

This carriage had no coachman; the steeds had intelligence almost equivalent to humans and clearly knew what to do.

Thus, the carriage began to move slowly.

"These two Dragon Blood Unicorn Steeds pulling the carriage even have Transmutation Level strength... Marshal Horatio, your family is too powerful," he said.

Darren knew very well that when facing anyone, it was always beneficial to sincerely compliment them a lot from the heart.

Of course, after complimenting them, he held back from saying the last thought on his mind, which was "Brother, I really want to taste what a Dragon Blood Unicorn Steed is like."

"No matter how, even the most magnificent and noble steeds can only fulfill the role of horses," Marshal Horatio said, looking straight ahead, his voice low yet majestic.

Darren nodded again, recalling the various intelligence provided by the Black Tide network.

In the past century, there still existed three top family clans in the Lorne Empire, respectively the family of the Emperor of Lorne, Marshal Horatio, and Prime Minister William.

The most noble was undoubtedly the Freyr Royal Family under the "protection of the Gods," which had very powerful Bloodline powers and was basically intermarried with half of the top noble families on the Ouden Continent.

Prime Minister William and Bishop Karania both came from the "Sun Bird" Pitt family, another family with Sun God Blood, while the Pope of the Sun Church was also from the same lineage.

Marshal Horatio's Wesley family, on the other hand, claimed themselves as "Swordbearers," also a fearsome family with Divine Blood, but theirs was that of the "World Order Emperor" among the Six Gods.

Eventually, their carriage left the city and arrived at the countryside estate belonging to Marshal Horatio's "Swordbearer" family.

Somewhat to Darren's surprise, the scale of that estate was about as large as the Fischer family manor. Although that was no small size, within the upper echelons of the Lorne Empire, it could only barely be considered average.

He quickly recalled the words Marshal Horatio had just said; if he asked why the estate wasn't expanded to be bigger, the response would surely be "an estate only needs to provide a function for lodging"...

Darren recollected again the description of Horatio's character in the intelligence.

According to the extensive investigations by the Black Tide, for that majestic Iron Blood Marshal, practicality was the highest priority, and all other complex formalities and embellishments were meaningless.

It seemed he did not have any particular likes, but rather many things he indeed despised, and he had dedicated his life to contending against those detested matters.

Without this intelligence from Black Tide, Darren might also have made mistakes in communication and persuasion.

The estate they entered was situated in a vast meadow surrounded by lush forests, with gentle rolling hills in the distance and a crystal-clear stream flowing at the foot of the hills.

The outer walls of the manor were covered with patches left by the passage of time, the roof was filled with dark tiles, and under the afterglow of the setting sun, it shimmered a warm golden color. A bronze lion's head was hung on the main gate, imposing yet solemn.

Around the manor were scattered several quaint farmhouses and barns, the barns full of harvested grain and agricultural products.

As Darren walked into the estate, the first thing that caught his eye was a meticulously maintained garden, with flowers of various colors orderly scattered across the

flowerbeds; bees buzzed among the flowers, and butterflies danced, the air filled with a faint fragrance of flowers.

Not long after, the two arrived inside a room in the manor that, on the surface, seemed quite normal—a storage room that appeared immaculate, with everything in its proper place. This room was completely constructed of alchemy materials, designed to block external Perception Abilities...

But that was only in theory. Read latest chapters at [My Virtual Library Empire](#)

In reality, Karl had sensed from afar that this seemingly ordinary room was not only fortified with powerful Arrays to withstand various attacks but also had barriers that could undo invisibility and function as automatic alarm systems...

Most importantly, it held a significant number of Forbidden Rare Artifacts!

He felt immense pain.

"To think there are actually twenty-five Forbidden Rare Artifacts..."

"I never imagined I would still endure such immense pain and despair..."

After his consciousness arrived here with Darren's body, it was like a starving ghost entering the finest restaurant in the world, seeing countless delicious dishes yet unable to move.

Karl practically wanted to die, so rarely had he experienced such agony in decades!

"This Forbidden Rare Artifact is aid from the Empire, and also a part of the 'compensation,'" Marshal Horatio said.

Having spoken, the Iron Blood Marshal expressionlessly took a glaze-colored square box from an ordinary old cabinet in the room, and handed it to Darren who kept observing his surroundings.

"Huh?"

Darren immediately realized something was terribly off just from handling it; the square glaze-colored box was extremely heavy, so much that even in his human form, he needed to exert all his strength to lift it.

If it were an ordinary person, they wouldn't be able to budge it in the slightest.

Marshal Horatio continued, without shifting his gaze:

"Forbidden Rare Artifact Number 35, a rather important one, is named 'Box of Illusion.' Its method of use is simple—once opened, it emits a light that can cause all things to vanish into illusion."

"Essentially, anything exposed to it, whether living beings or objects, will collapse and be destroyed instantly, and it can even threaten beings at the Heavenly Enlightenment Level."

"In theory, if exposed for a sufficient duration, it can even completely kill Heavenly Enlightenment, I can assure you of that," Marshal Horatio said calmly.

Darren's heart was both shocked and thrilled—it was a Forbidden Rare Artifact powerful enough to cause damage to Heavenly Enlightenment beings...

Then, Horatio's words took a turn.

"However, its cost is simply enormous. The lower the number of the Forbidden Rare Artifact, the greater the cost; the person using this box must be an Extraordinary Exponent at the Monarch Level, and upon use... will vanish instantly, turning to nothing alongside the illusion..."

That was it, Darren quickly realized why Marshal Horatio had specifically given him this Forbidden Rare Artifact, rather than any other two-digit Forbidden Rare Artifacts.

And it was not a loan, it was a direct gift!

Because the cost was too great!

It also had to be a Monarch Level to use, not just any expendable soldier opening the box, likely making it rather underwhelming for the Lorne Empire.

But...

"The Fischer family and the Cyart people are deeply grateful for the Lorne Empire's assistance!"

Darren, with a broad smile, genuinely and enthusiastically expressed his gratitude, unable to conceal his excitement.

Marshal Horatio was somewhat puzzled, staring at Darren Fischer in wonder.

In his memory, the number of Monarch powerful experts among the Cyart was not many; even if there were many, it wasn't possible to casually order any to die. Although this item had strategic value, its cost-performance ratio was very low among two-digit Forbidden Rare Artifacts, yet he was so excited?

In reality, someone was even more excited.

That was Karl, insatiably craving!

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

Chapter 465 The Power of Single-Digit Forbidden Rare Artifacts

Marshal Horatio's study was the largest area in the manor, with various books piled up like mountains. Though not neatly arranged, they were covered in labels.

"Would you like coffee or tea?"

Darren pondered for a moment, then said with a smile,

"Hmm, I'll choose tea."

Marshal Horatio nodded gently and waved his hand; soon, an alchemical fairy appeared, carrying tea and coffee which it handed to Darren and him respectively.

"Let's continue then."

In the study, Marshal Horatio discussed in the time that followed the detailed issues concerning the Lorne Empire aiding the Cyart.

Firstly, one point was completely confirmed.

The Lorne Empire would not directly deploy any soldiers or Extraordinary Exponents in the war, because such an action would likely provoke the Seven Suns Empire People to enter the fray directly, ultimately leading to an even larger scale conflict.

"The empire just ended a major war and is not yet prepared for another, and if we were to battle the Seven Suns Empire People in the East, where the Gods are limited and Heavenly Enlightenment cannot appear, the ultimate direction of the war would be very complex. Lorne certainly does not want to take such a huge risk,"

"But apart from not sending troops directly, Lorne Empire will provide a significant portion of support, whether it be food, medicine, money, or various Extraordinary materials and alchemy tools, to Cyart."

Marshal Horatio paused, then continued expressionlessly,

"To be more direct, it is to be given to your Fischer family... but the Fischer family must also provide certain assurances, I need you to establish an 'oath' for the empire."

"If you can defeat the enemy in the war, you must return more to Lorne over the next ten years."

Darren listened silently, without objection, while Marshal Horatio emphasized one particular matter.

"Especially those unique resources only found in the Eastern Four Kingdoms, which were controlled by the Seven Suns Empire People and thus became expensive. But if you gain significant influence in the Eastern Four Kingdoms, Lorne would like to obtain them at lower prices."

"I completely understand."

Darren nodded lightly; he knew all too well that Lorne citizens were not philanthropists by any means; they were essentially a group of ruthless devils, and in fact, the Fischer family was making a deal with the devil.

But these were profitable transactions... and if the Cyart people lost in the war, everything would be utterly nullified, with nothing left to say.

Such an outcome was absolutely unacceptable to him!

After all the detailed issues were discussed, both parties established the 'oath', and then Darren left the manor with a leisurely demeanor.

Marshal Horatio thought deeply.

"He is very confident, as if Cyart truly has a chance to defeat two countries and most of Vallere united against them."

"How could that be possible?"

He shook his head lightly, knowing deep down it was an impossibility!

The total number of Cyart's powerful Monarch experts was much less than that of the three countries combined. Even though several Vallere Extraordinary experts were still Lorne puppets, they were a minority.

Even though the strength of ordinary human armies had grown stronger over the years, the outcome of the battlefield was still ultimately decided by the incredibly powerful Extraordinary experts, which everyone internally agreed upon.

"Facing three with one... Cyart's chance of winning exists only in theory."

Based on multiple intelligence summaries, Marshal Horatio had reason to believe that both the Carnian and Rhea people planned to invest all their efforts to completely erase Cyart from the map!

The annihilation of the Cyart people was almost inevitable!

"However, I don't really care."

Marshal Horatio's gaze was extremely cold; he did not care even slightly about the life or death of the Cyart people, even if millions turned into skeletons.

"You just need to drag those countries into a Hell-like quagmire before being completely destroyed, causing the support from behind on the part of the Seven Suns Empire People to bleed heavily without gaining too many benefits; that would be considered mission accomplished."

"Complete the mission for the empire, then die gloriously, Fischers."

Darren quickly returned to Cyart from Lorne.

To save time in between, he chose to directly use Flight ability to return to Cyart instead of taking a train and soon received information from Black Tide members... The other three nations, Rhea, Vallere, and Carnia, within the Eastern Four Kingdoms were all mobilizing. Continue your saga on My Virtual Library Empire

"As expected, just as predicted."

Resources and troops were constantly being mobilized, vast numbers of Carnia Army and ordinary Vallere armies, along with numerous powerful Extraordinary experts, had all arrived at the Rhea border, beginning to converge with many Rhea people.

Fortunately, in the time since Darren left, Christine and others had also arranged all aspects of Cyart's mobilization, whether on land or at sea; Cyart was mobilizing comprehensively.

Darren soon sacrificed the "Box of Illusion" to the great Lord of the Lost!

He was very excited.

Although the Fischer family obtained a large number of Forbidden rare artifacts, no matter what, the powers of those Forbidden rare artifacts generally did not compare to the "Box of Illusion".

Forbidden rare artifacts in double digits were extremely precious!

"The 'lamp cover' section previously taken away by Marquis Vlad has finally been obtained, just missing the last component. If all parts can be acquired, it could be combined into a single-digit Forbidden rare artifact..."

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

Chapter 466 The Power of Single-Digit Forbidden Rare Artifacts_2

Darren thought of this, tightly clenched his fists, and a peculiar, pleased expression appeared on his face.

"It's unimaginable."

Decades ago, the Fischer family had obtained parts of a "Bronze Oil Lamp," and over the following decades, they continuously collected intelligence on its various components.

The Fischer family had long confirmed that this "oil lamp" was a Forbidden rare artifact from another continent, detailed with its specific number and ability in a certain book.

Number five...

It possessed the power to grant wishes!

But the cost of using it was also tremendous... The user would be completely forgotten by everyone, and his soul would become enslaved by it, forever becoming a part of the lamp oil.

Darren pinched his chin, muttering to himself.

"Hmm, now only the base of the lamp is left to be acquired, and that part is undoubtedly in the hands of the Rhea people, in that family with a deep-seated grudge against us... the Meyer family."

His eyes flickered with a fire of hatred.

"Just getting the 'base' from them would allow the restoration of a powerful single-digit Forbidden rare artifact." Read new chapters at [My Virtual Library Empire](#)

Many mysticism books record that single-digit Forbidden rare artifacts are things that can change the world, their powers so immense that even the Heavenly Enlightened ones go mad over them, and since ancient times countless people have fought desperately for them.

Their true names are only known by the users at the moment of use, so people often use very simple aliases when referring to them.

Once in the history of Claud World, certain individuals had used five single-digit Forbidden rare artifacts, and their code names were number two "Mirror," number three "empty cup," number seven "Black Coat," number eight "crucifix brooch," number nine "Single-lens Glasses."

The impact of single-digit Forbidden rare artifacts was also extremely significant, such as turning a once-rich and glorious region into a permanent forbidden zone, or causing a destroyed city to reappear in the world.

However, the cost of single-digit Forbidden rare artifacts is also tremendously unbearable for mortals.

The users of these Forbidden rare artifacts hardly ever survive, and they might even affect those around them, like the cost of the third Forbidden rare artifact "Mirror," involving the souls of the user and their blood relatives...

However, there is a great existence that can erase the "cost."

"The Box of Illusion" was sacrificed to the great Lord of the Lost.

Karl felt a sense of satisfaction he hadn't experienced in a long time.

It was like savoring a feast of exotic delicacies, experiencing an indescribably pleasant satisfaction.

A fresh yet profound aroma instantly spread, resembling the unique scent of the mountains interspersed with the nourishment of sunlight and dew and the fragrance of the earth, making one involuntarily intoxicated.

Delicate yet ruggedly mountainous, refreshing and palatable, with the sweetness of dewdrops, it felt as though one was in the mountain forests at dawn, breathing the purest air.

Additionally, there was a part of the wild flavor, appearing as if the meat was exceptionally firm yet elastic, with every fiber containing the essence of nature and the vitality of life.

"Very good."

Karl was truly very satisfied, even feeling that if he actually had a human form, he might never have the opportunity to taste such pure delicacies.

"Perhaps the real wild flavor wouldn't even offer such a fantastic experience."

After his satisfaction, he started tinkering with a new rune power.

The newly formed rune was a red luminous curved mark, somewhat resembling a swimming fish and also a bit like red satin, very eye-catching.

Finally, Karl acquired the new rune power "Illusion"!

"Not bad!"

Those who possess the "Illusion" rune power can emit a strong, peculiar glare by gazing, a force that can almost utterly destroy all things.

Among all the Forbidden rare artifacts Karl had acquired thus far, the theoretical Lethality of "Destruction" was undoubtedly the most formidable.

However, there was a problem, the Spiritual Power needed to use "Illusion" was immense.

Simply put, aside from Chris and Darren, who had already reached the 6th Rank, and Karno, who mainly increased Spiritual Power at the 5th Rank, none of the other members of the Dawn Church could withstand the enormous amount of Spiritual Power required to use it.

"..."

Karl muttered to himself.

"Although there is no enormous cost to pay, the demand for its use is still very significant... but it's already quite acceptable."

So, to whom should the "illusion" be given?

Karl fell into deep thought.

"Is it Darren, Karno, or Chris?"

Firstly, it could be confirmed that the two Forbidden rare artifacts on Chris had strong controlling effects, yet his lethality had become a shortfall.

Although "Lethality" was indeed a potent capability against those weaker or of the same rank as Monarch Transcendents, Chris would appear feeble when facing someone distinctly more powerful.

"Especially when facing an Extraordinary Exponent with a Domain of transformation ability or a huge form, Chris's potency seemed insufficient."

Angel's Cage, although very powerful, seemed somewhat superfluous when two strong control abilities were on one person.

Then there was Darren.

"The effect of Soul Command is very powerful; it even has a fair chance to overpower stronger foes. Yes, the Emerald Ring isn't weak, but compared to the powerful 'illusion,' it's still lacking a lot."

So, Darren also needed the lethality of "illusion"...

Lastly, there was Karno, who possessed "Iron Attraction" that could attract and control matter within several kilometers—a relatively balanced rune power—but still inferior to the other, more potent Forbidden rare artifacts.

And "Death Retrospection" gave Karno an extra life, which was very crucial. That definitely could not be swapped.

"I've made up my mind."

After careful consideration, Karl finally decided to grant the rune power of "illusion" to...

Chris.

Because the controlling effects of "Rift Moment" and "Angel's Cage" indeed conflicted, and although "Angel's Cage" seemed extremely powerful, its use would instantly make one lose all Spiritual Power, which was a significant disadvantage.

Moreover, the effects of "Rift Moment" and "illusion" could work together.

In simple terms, it could halt an opponent's movement first, then commence the "illusion" irradiation... With this combo, Chris would be capable of killing the majority of enemies, though the consumption of Spiritual Power would also be gigantic.

And if such a combo still couldn't kill an enemy, there was hardly a need to consider direct confrontation anymore.

"Mmm, I should dismantle the rune of 'Angel's Cage,' take some time to reassemble it, and then swap Darren's 'Emerald Ring' for 'Angel's Cage.'

"Since Darren's situation relies less on Spiritual Power, solely in physical strength, he is exceedingly formidable."

"And the most important point is that the effect of 'Angel's Cage' can also work with 'Soul Command.'"

Karl could already imagine the scene where Darren, while fighting an enemy, could simply dictate through "Soul Command" to play a game of hide-and-seek or racing, then easily secure wins in the games.

"Just thinking about it feels quite unfair, very good, indeed excellent."

Thus, in the Grand Hall underground, many from the Fischer family were eagerly anticipating when suddenly, Chris looked up.

He felt it.

A certain change deep within his soul.

The rune power that had been inside him for a long time had undergone a different alteration; the once very powerful "Angel's Cage" had been switched for a new rune power.

Chris slowly closed his eyes.

So that was it.

It was... "illusion."

Theoretically, even a power strong enough to kill Heavenly Enlightenment!

Since the dismantled rune required some time to be reassembled, Karl hadn't yet swapped Darren's "Emerald Ring"; this process might take several years.

After the ceremony, as soon as his son Archer finished his final words of gratitude, Darren once more thanked the great Lord of the Lost, then turned to face everyone in the Grand Hall.

He now emanated a leader's aura.

"The great Lord of the Lost will protect us."

"And in the upcoming war, we, the Fischer family, the Dawn Church, and the Cyart people, will certainly achieve complete victory under the watch of the Lord of the Lost!"

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

Chapter 467 The Helping Hand of the Tempest Church

The Fischer family had summoned all the war forces that Cyart could mobilize before the war began.

Of course, the most important Monarch Level and the Extraordinary Exponents above the 5th Rank in terms of quantity and quality were centered around the Fischer family.

The strongest were undoubtedly Darren and Chris, followed closely by Karno, and then came the leader of the Dawnbringers, Yeager, and the old butler Theo.

Recently, the leader of the Dagger Brotherhood, Moore, had been making another attempt at reaching the 5th Rank. The High Priest of the Sea God Cult, Ian, as well as Chris's good brother Archibald, also had the potential to arrive at the 5th Rank at any time.

Apart from the forces of the Dawn Church, there were only a dozen or so Monarchs from the Cyart region, such as the Family Head Aldrich of the Romann family; however, each of them possessed very important strategic value. Enjoy exclusive chapters from My Virtual Library Empire

As for the situation within the Church, Zayne came to Darren's room within Fischer Manor and expressed in private and with utmost seriousness that the Tempest Church would also be entering the fray of this war.

With rare seriousness, he nodded and said, "It's just that we won't appear openly, we'll be working behind the scenes..."

After hearing this, Darren felt pleased but still asked, "Has the Tempest Church truly made up its mind, though? This would be a breach of the rules."

Zayne couldn't help but sneer after listening and said,

"Hahahaha, we of the Tempest Church have lost a Cardinal. If we don't strike back, how can we still claim to be believers of the vast tempest? The Tempest Overlord has always supported taking revenge on the enemies with lightning and fierce winds!"

The doctrine of the Tempest Church has always been of the radical type, especially in supporting revenge, so it's only natural that the temperament of its followers is not good either.

The "Pitch Black Tidal Surge" Cardinal went to the capital of the Seven Stars and disappeared without a trace; it's impossible to believe that the Seven Suns Empire People have nothing to do with this incident.

The influence of the Tempest Church on the Ouden Continent is confined to the Eastern Four Kingdoms, and their influence on other continents is also lesser, mainly concentrated in coastal areas, which is nowhere near as significant as that of the Sun Church and the Salvation Church.

But it is still one of the Six Great True Gods Churches, naturally, they would not let things slide, so they sent several envoys to the Seven Suns Empire People to negotiate, but they received no response whatsoever.

However, they can't really start a war directly with the Seven Stars.

Therefore, for the Tempest Church, aiding Cyart in fighting against the alliance of the three nations in this war is the best opportunity and most important counterattack!

They must teach the Seven Suns Empire People a lesson they won't forget!

The outcome of this war is quite important for Lorne, but even if they truly lose, it wouldn't be a devastating loss. As long as the Seven Suns Empire People don't win or pay a great price, it will be enough.

But for the Tempest Church, having been deeply offended by the Seven Suns Empire People and with their influence reduced, this war is an extremely crucial matter; they must win no matter what!

"I want to introduce you to two very important personages."

Zayne said seriously, then took out two water globes from his hands, calmly causing them to float in the air. Inside the water globes emerged two figures, a man and a woman.

He spoke respectfully, "Two Cardinals of the Tempest Church would like to communicate with you."

The male inside the water globe appeared to be a composed young man, wearing a complex dark gold mask, dressed in a purple robe.

The female was a middle-aged woman with graying temples, dressed in a blue and white robe, her expression quite solemn.

Darren immediately looked toward the figures in the water globes, smiling and nodding respectfully, "I'm Duke Darren Fischer of the Fischer family, and I'm honored to meet both of you."

With the position of Pope of the Tempest Church vacant, the three Cardinals were the highest-ranking officials. Now that the "Pitch Black Tidal Surge" had mysteriously vanished, Darren knew that these two individuals were among the highest echelons of the Tempest Church.

The woman, known as the "Lord of Tsunamis," was a female Cardinal who hailed from the Western Silver Moon City. She was of high-level Monarch rank, her Domain being of the wide-range type; she was exceptionally skilled at controlling seawater, making her incredibly powerful in naval battles.

In some ways, her abilities were all-around superior to Zayne's, both in strength and range, and she could even transform herself into water.

The man referred to as "Crazy Thunder" was a mysteriously originated young Cardinal, only a bit over a hundred years old, born with an eye filled with lightning power. His power of Bloodline in the realm of lightning and thunder was progressing remarkably quickly, a top-tier genius.

He too was of Upper-tier Monarch rank, and his Domain specialized in the frequency of attacks.

"Crazy Thunder" can release hundreds of lethal thunderbolts in an instant, with great speed, and too many attacks for there to be a possibility of completely dodging them, and the power of those thunderbolts is immense.

Besides, "Crazy Thunder" can also transform into a lightning giant capable of standing among the clouds, its immense strength enough to destroy towns. It is currently the strongest force of the Tempest Church, even a bit stronger than the missing "Pitch Black Tidal Surge" and "Lord of Tsunamis".

"We will help you with all our might, Duke Darren Fischer."

The woman who was called the "Lord of Tsunamis" and a Cardinal spoke, her voice clear and cold.

"We must win this war."

"The Sun Church and the Reforging Church will both help those three nations; in fact, even the World Order Church had originally thought to take action but was persuaded by us to stand down."

Darren immediately said joyfully, "Mighty Tempest Overlord above, I am truly grateful for the help of the Tempest Church! Your Eminence, with your support, Cyart will surely be victorious!"

She shook her head slowly and said, "It's nothing, after all, Cyart is an important area of influence for the Tempest Church; we cannot abandon it... "

"But let's not mince words, I actually think the odds of winning are very small."

As she spoke, the "Lord of Tsunamis" paused for a moment before continuing:

"The 'Heavenly Enlightenment' from the Sun Church can't enter the Eastern region, but together with the Reforging Church, their combined power is ultimately greater than ours."

"While we stand a chance of winning if it were a battle at sea, what is your plan for resisting the alliance of three nations?"

Her concerns were not unfounded; in fact, the vast majority of people on the Ouden Continent felt that Cyart's chances of victory were slim, even the Lorne citizens felt that unless substantial assistance was provided to Cyart, winning would be very difficult.

After all, Cyart wasn't even the strongest nation among the Eastern Four Kingdoms, and yet now it faced the challenge of confronting three nations alone, which was indeed very difficult.

Darren noticed something; "Crazy Thunder" hadn't said a word the whole time. He was currently the strongest in the Tempest Church, yet he seemed to dislike speaking in such settings.

It could well be as the rumors said, that "Crazy Thunder", like Chris, was purely a combatant.

After thinking it over, he replied, "I cannot deny that Carnia, Rhea, and Vallere have more Monarch powerful experts than Cyart, and significantly more at that."

"After forming their alliance, they can deploy eight Middle Rank Extraordinary Exponents, and there's also the First Monarch of Carnia, the upper-tier Monarch 'Divine Might Titan' lurking in the background..."

The "Lord of Tsunamis" suddenly interrupted him.

"The 'Divine Might Titan' is indeed very strong."

"That person is more powerful than I am, though not necessarily stronger than 'Crazy Thunder', yet we, the True Gods Church, cannot intervene directly in frontal combat, hmm, at least we can't openly help you dethrone kings."

Darren fell into silent contemplation, his eyebrows lifting as he felt that the True Gods Church's concerns were too numerous, and some matters of prestige would lose their value once broken.

He believed that inevitably, one of the True Gods Churches would openly break the principles and pull all of the True Gods Churches completely down to a secular stance, but it was hard to say which one would be the first to break these principles.

"We all know that the outcome of a war isn't decided by size alone, whether it's the military's spell inscriptions, city barriers, or powerful Forbidden rare artifacts, as well as compatibility issues of powers, all will play a crucial role."

"And if we want to win against the odds, I think we need to defeat the enemy one by one, gradually erasing our disadvantage."

The "Lord of Tsunamis" said, "I understand the theory, but how exactly does the Fischer family plan to achieve this?"

Darren looked up and said calmly:

"It's not about how to do it, but that it must be done! Rest assured, we naturally have powerful Forbidden rare artifacts to accomplish this... as long as the price is sufficient..."

Of course, he couldn't reveal the various means of the Dawn Church and the Great Lord of the Lost.

Facing the Tempest Church, which were temporary allies but actually heretics, one must also be cautious and vigilant.

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

Chapter 468 Three Kings Meet

"There's another thing, I didn't expect the Tempest Church to still not confirm this point... that is the stance of the Sun Church. Recently, one of their bishops has made their position clear to us, the Sun Church has decided to stand with the Fischer family!"

Darren spoke of the significant matter calmly while recalling the face of Bishop Karania of the "Holy Light," that high and mighty person who would become an aid to the Fischer family.

In addition to her, there were also the many powerful supporters from the Sun Church behind her.

Both the "Lord of Tsunamis" and Zayne showed expressions of joy, while only "Mad Thunder" seemed to fall into deep thought, raising one hand to support his chin, it's just a pity that the face beneath the mask could not be seen.

"So that's how it is, that's really great! We had been feeling uncertain about the Sun Church's ambiguous stance, hearing you say this puts us at ease!" Enjoy exclusive content from My Virtual Library Empire

The "Lord of Tsunamis" nodded and spoke with a smile, "With this situation, things will be much better. The World Order Church and the Silver Moon Church will remain neutral, while we ally with the Sun Church against the Salvation Church and the Reforging Church. Hmm, after all, the Reforging Church is just a new church that has been around for a few decades and lacks any real foundation, so we still have a good chance of winning."

"Unless..." She hesitated for a moment, then shook her head gently.

"No worries, that kind of thing won't happen."

"And even if it does happen, we won't need to think about it too much..."

Darren was momentarily taken aback, initially not understanding what that "unless" meant, but soon he realized a terribly frightening possibility...

That is, what that "unless" truly referred to.

Unless the God of Reforging personally enters the fray!

Nowadays, with all other five divine beings gone without a trace, only the newly ascended God of Reforging remains. If He truly took action,

All the efforts of everyone would be in vain.

God.

Their power is absolute!

The power possessed by any one divine being is greater than the sum of all the extraordinary individuals in Claud World!

However, deep inside, Darren had a faint idea that the Fischer family need not fear this!

If the God of Reforging truly made a move, then the great Lord of the Lost would also surely descend and be able to defeat Him!

In Rhea, within the magnificent and splendid royal palace, a banquet gathered many nobles from the Eastern Three Kingdoms, all dressed in exquisite garments and exuding an extraordinary dignity in their demeanor.

Since their ancestors were all from the Ten Great Families driven away by the Lorne citizens, they generally intermarried with each other, so these nobles from the three kingdoms already had regular interactions. The scene was very lively at the moment, resembling a distant relatives' gathering.

However, the three most important monarchs were absent from the banquet.

In the Royal Chambers of the Rhea King, the "Blood Flames King," Flamme Meyer, there gathered the rulers of the three nations.

First was the Rhea People's "Blood Flames King" Flamme Meyer, who, having overthrown the old king's throne, ascended to power, harboring enmity with the Fischer family all along.

Flamme was very handsome, possessed an extraordinary demeanor, and had always been the Rhea People's most respected powerful knight. After becoming extraordinary, he always adhered to the knight's code, cleared away the various malpractices left by the old king after ascending as monarch, enabling the Rhea People to enter the industrial age, and resolved to completely address the problems of famine and disease.

In Rhea, countless people adored him; his prestige could be said to be only second to that of the "Divine Might Titan," the first King of Carnia, among the sovereigns in the history of the Eastern Four Kingdoms.

He sighed and said, "Although I don't want more people to die, if we don't eliminate the barbarous and brutal Cyart people, they will ultimately threaten Rhea's future and the peace of the Eastern Four Kingdoms."

Flamme spoke with firm eyes, "Cyart must be destroyed."

"Ha, you really are an unforgiving fellow. Several of your Meyer family have died at the Fischer family's hands, yet you don't harbor hatred because of this, instead, you use this excuse to declare war on Cyart."

The other speaker was the King of Carnia, who sneered, because his important brother Konrad had been killed by Byrne, and he, too, had come to hate the Fischer family of Cyart to the depth of his soul.

The King of Carnia appeared to be around fifty years old, with very distinct facial features. Dressed in a wide and luxurious purple robe, he was a powerful monarch in Carnia, known for his wisdom and kindness, as well as a formidable spellcaster and Bloodline Knight.

People called him the "Giant of Wisdom and Spirit."

Because he possessed the strength of a Bloodline Knight, the wisdom of a spellcaster, and cared deeply for his citizens and family members, he was a king with few, if any, flaws.

"Fischer family... I will never forgive you..."

"I will use the lives of all of you to mourn my brother."

His face was very ugly.

Since the death of his most beloved brother, the King of Carnia had been in great pain. All the care and kindness he had always shown had turned into fury and hatred, ready to be unleashed on the Fischers of the south!

"Blood Flames King" Flamme shook his head at this scene and said calmly, "Once you become a monarch, you cannot be bound by mere hatred."

"All my actions are for the benefit of the people of Rhea; personal gains no longer concern me."

"I don't believe a word you say," said the last person to speak.

The last of the three monarchs was the recently restored King of Vallere, who looked much more sullen than the other two and was the shortest in height.

People once called him the "Valer Blade."

The old King of Vallere had been a very warlike and heroic person, but during the years he was displaced by the Lorne citizens, his mentality had completely changed.

Having endured in silence under the Seven Stars until he finally took back his throne, his inner madness and hatred were beyond doubt. He could not help but fill with malice at the sight of Lorne citizens.

And there was no doubt that the Fischer family of Cyart were nothing but dogs to the Lorne people!

Consequently, the "Valer Blade" also harbored intense hatred toward the Fischer family.

After the three kings met, they quickly reached a consensus: the Kingdom of Cyart must be destroyed, and not a single bloodline of the Fischer family should be left; they needed complete annihilation.

The King of Vallere glanced back at Flamme, finding him full of hollow words and utterly hypocritical.

Could an extraordinary noble really think to serve those lowly commoners?

Impossible!

"Blood Flames King" Flamme shook his head and did not offer any explanation. He only said, "Rhea still has a part of the land that has always been occupied by Cyart. Next, the Rhea people will not only take back everything, but they will also cause the annihilation of Cyart, to ensure those barbaric people can no longer pose a threat!"

Just then, a female voice came from outside.

"Do not fret; we will undoubtedly achieve victory... it's almost unthinkable for us to fail, the probability is exceedingly thin."

It was a female elf.

The three men immediately looked over with respect, and "Blood Flames King" Flamme smiled, saying, "Cardinal Lian! You've arrived!"

This female elf was exceptionally beautiful, even among elves she would be considered strikingly attractive, and her silver long hair and golden eyes also made her stand out. Her pale dress was edged with continuously burning silver flames.

The Salvation Church and the Reforging Church had each sent a cardinal to assist the Eastern Three Kingdoms in their fight against the True Gods Church and to cause the downfall of Cyart.

Other cardinals were engaged in other matters on different continents; recently, many special situations had been unfolding across the Claud World, and the True Gods Churches were also very short-handed.

For instance, the primary enemy for the Salvation Church is still the most powerful secret organization on the planet— the Primordial Tree!

At this point, one thing was certain: the scale of this impending war was going to be massive, rivalling the size of the largest conflicts that the Ouden Continent had seen in years.

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

Chapter 469 "The Destroyer"

One month later, the armies of Rhea, Vallere, and Carnia formally set out towards Cyart.

At that Tri-King meeting, the "Blood Flames King" Flamme Meyer of Rhea, who had participated in the most wars and had the richest combat experience, was the first to express his opinion.

"We can't focus all our forces on a swift attack to break through Nasir of the East Coast Province. Although capturing the enemy's capital for a major victory is very tempting, and the journey from Rhea to Nasir is indeed very short, all those who previously prepared to do so have failed."

His face was grave as he recalled the many times over the decades that the Meyer family had attempted to conquer the Fischer family but never emerged victorious.

"The recent Stars Embrace Order and Words of Tranquility, their power was actually several times that of the Fischer family. And when the Fischer family had not yet consolidated Cyart's military forces, they chose to directly concentrate all Monarch powerful experts for a quick decision..."

"Theoretically, their thinking wasn't incorrect, because once the reinforcements from the Fischer family and the powerful experts from the True Gods Church arrive, the situation would become much more difficult."

The "Blood Flames King" Flamme shook his head.

"However, the final result was that the Stars Embrace Order and Words of Tranquility were defeated, and utterly so—Fischer miraculously survived once again."

At this point, the "Blood Flames King" Flamme Meyer raised his two fingers and said calmly,

"I suspect that the Fischer family must possess some kind of double-digit Forbidden rare artifact, so, at that time, Byrne Fischer gave his life as the price, in a burst of energy, taking the chance to kill many Monarch powerful experts from the Stars Embrace Order and Words of Tranquility."

The King of Carnia looked displeased, his brother had also died mysteriously in that battle.

"Therefore, we cannot go together. I suggest choosing the opposite strategy, that is, to disperse forces, divide into three separate routes, and then occupy most of the cities by steadily eroding all the living forces of Cyart, making the besieged Cyart people too exhausted to handle every battlefield..."

His strategy was based on a mismatch of actual strength, believing time was on his side.

"Unless they can instantly support a battlefield a thousand miles away, they won't be able to simultaneously take care of three regions, and that is almost an impossible task. Even if, by using Forbidden rare artifacts, the Fischer family manages to do such things once or twice, they must pay a heavy price."

"My strategic advantage will become very apparent, after all, whether it is in terms of numbers of ordinary people or Extraordinary Exponents, we are undoubtedly in an absolute advantage over the Cyart people!"

The King of Carnia and the King of Vallere were ultimately persuaded by the "Blood Flames King" Flamme.

However, the King of Vallere looked very seriously at the two sovereigns and recounted what he had experienced recently in the Valer Capital.

"What, they can actually carry out attacks across a thousand miles instantly?"

After listening, the King of Carnia was stunned on the spot, appearing very surprised, while the "Blood Flames King" Flamme fell into deep thought.

"According to what you said, that person named Yeager is indeed an Extraordinary Exponent, and has already reached Monarch Level, and they can indeed launch sudden long-distance surprise attacks."

"Yes," the King of Vallere nodded.

Flamme continued to ponder.

"I see."

In the end, the armies of the three countries still set out on three separate routes; thus, the problem of poor coordination among the different countries' armies no longer existed.

Because the western and southern sides of Cyart are completely surrounded by the Great Snow Mountain, to reach the heart of the country, there are actually only two routes: one through the northern East Coast Province and the other via a sea voyage, landing along the east coast of Cyart.

The Carnians were skilled at sailing and had a strong navy, so they decided to take the sea route and directly land in Emerald Lake Province.

In reality, Flamme felt this wasn't a good choice because he believed, based on various data, that the Cyart people and especially the Fischer family were also very good at naval warfare, having been almost unbeatable in past battles.

However, the King of Carnia did not agree with his view.

He felt that the Fischer family's past continuous victories in naval battles were due to their opponents being too weak, and that against the strong Carnians, they would no longer stand a chance.

"Don't worry, we will completely destroy the coastal navy of Cyart as well as various other installations and then join you to squeeze and gradually consume the entire Cyart."

So, the King of Carnia lead the navy to set sail from the southern part of Rhea, and they would cross the vast White Sea, landing from the south of Cyart to strike Emerald Lake Province, with the Romann family being the most likely first adversaries they anticipated.

Then, Rhea's "Blood Flames King" Flamme and the King of Vallere, their troops would directly traverse the vast expanse of the great forest that bordered Cyart and arrive at Ahornblatt Province and the East Coast Province to the north of Cyart.

Although the King of Vallere found Rhea's "Blood Flames King" Flamme quite hypocritical, he still heeded one of Flamme's suggestions, which was not to actively attack cities, nor to approach Nasir City too closely.

Instead, their armies would roam around the vicinity of Fein City, sweeping through and occupying one town and village after another, destroying railways and factories, taking control of key roads, and thoroughly wrecking the resources needed by the city.

"Judging from the fate that befell the Stars Embrace Order and the Words of Tranquility, storming cities is not a good choice, but there is one thing we can use... Monarch

powerful experts aside, ordinary Extraordinary Exponents and normal people must eat no matter what."

"Blood Flames King" Flamme analyzed his thoughts calmly:

"As long as we destroy the railways in Cyart and take control of the key roads, after some time, it will cause a food crisis in large cities like Nasir, especially since they keep a kingdom-protecting class big barrier active, which also consumes a lot of alchemy materials. In this way, we can force the Fischer family out from the sanctuary of the city's barrier and they will have no choice but to attack us proactively."

"And as long as we fight on the open field, our chances of winning are much greater."

He paused for a moment, then continued: "Not just in terms of numbers and combat power, we also hold a massive advantage in resources. As long as we delay, Cyart people will definitely lose first, so let's not be in a hurry no matter what."

The King of Vallere couldn't help but look more highly upon this usurper from the Rhea, the "Blood Flames King" Flamme. Without a doubt, he was the monarch with the richest combat experience, and it was important for himself to heed his advice.

"By the way."

Before leaving, the King of Vallere spoke again: "You must remember the thing I mentioned!"

He said solemnly:

"The Fischer family definitely possesses some kind of powerful Forbidden rare artifact, allowing their family members to instantly teleport to distant locations for support. Although the specifics and limitations are unclear, the Fischer family will surely adopt surprise tactics to win the war!"

"Blood Flames King" Flamme nodded gravely and said, "Good, then we'll set up traps in advance and wait for them to fall into our net!"

"I have some methods..."

Thus, the armies and Extraordinary Exponents of the three kingdoms began moving towards their respective targets, executing the plan.

Meanwhile, the Church side also began their own scheme.

A portion of the Reforging Church's Priests chose to follow the Valer Army, and leading them was a powerful Cardinal of the Reforging Church.

"Cardinal Barto, Your Eminence..."

Felix, who had reached the 5th Rank of the Path of Forging and completely regained his youth, was now in the Valer Army, wearing red and white robes belonging to a Bishop of the Reforged Church.

Under the questioning gaze of another bishop colleague, Felix knelt down sincerely.

He took a shallow breath and then swore to the superior before him. Stay updated through My Virtual Library Empire

"In my heart, only the God of Reforging is the most important and greatest existence. Even if I have to assassinate a member of the Fischer family for the God of Reforging, I would carry out the mission..."

Felix couldn't help but internally criticize himself, why did he have to go through this again?

"I hereby make an important vow..."

After taking time to make his vow, the Cardinal known as "The Destroyer," before whom Felix stood, finally nodded his head.

"Very well, I am willing to believe in your vow, Felix Fischer, for you carry the mark of the God of Reforging, and there is no doubt that you are a chosen one of the God. How can I not believe you... But people outside do not want to believe you, so you'd better go and personally kill a member of the Fischer family to prove yourself."

The Cardinal of the Reforging Church, "The Destroyer," wore an Iron Mask, or rather, it was a face entirely forged from steel, his voice cold and utterly devoid of human emotion.

His body was very tall, over two meters in height, and he was draped in a thick coat, holding a tome of the Reforging Church's doctrine in his hands. Not only were his arms mechanical, but he also had two mechanical arms attached to his back.

Having said that, "The Destroyer" placed his hand on Felix's chest, and a portion of a miraculous silver liquid instantly surged into the heart, as if becoming a part of Felix.

"Felix, how about... I help you kill Darren Fischer."

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

Chapter 470 5th Rank 'Alchemist

The background of the Reforging Church was quite shallow, and it only became a part of the True Gods Church a few decades ago, with its actual emergence spanning just a brief few centuries.

Although the development of the Reforging Church had accelerated dramatically since the industrial era, with technologies enabling public preaching, its expansion was much faster than that of the Dawn Church. However, the number of high-ranking officials and basic believers in the Reforging Church was still far less than other True Gods Churches.

The "Destroyer" was one of the two Cardinals in the Reforging Church, undoubtedly one of the top figures.

He was a man driven mad by technology, having received multiple Divine Oracles from the God of Reforging. It seemed he had long lost human emotions and ethical morals, solely focused on acquiring more technology and keen on recreating the various strange artifacts mentioned in the Oracles!

The inventor of the earliest version of the steam engine in the Claud World was none other than the "Destroyer" and the Pope of the Reforging Church, the "Iron Lord," who invented it together!

Although now known as the "Destroyer," he was once called the "Creator," undoubtedly a top technical genius within the Reforging Church, overseeing a large number of researchers and producing many inventions.

The reason why "Creator" was later called "Destroyer"... was because in recent years he had invented various war machines, such as having a close involvement in the creation process of the "battle puppet."

Besides, the "Destroyer" was also deeply addicted to refining alchemical explosives, even claiming that one day, he would create an ultimate explosive powerful enough to kill Monarch powerful experts!

However, even within the Reforging Church itself, few believed it was possible. No matter how much those weapons developed, the idea that their power could one day be strong enough to kill powerful Monarch experts was still highly unlikely and far-fetched.

In order to research the power of explosives, the "Destroyer" began actively promoting wars in small countries on other continents, merely to test his creations.

Thus, the title of "Creator" gradually evolved into "Destroyer."

The "Destroyer" did not care about these changes at all.

In a tent made of sturdy materials, three high-ranking officials of the Reforging Church were discussing.

At that moment, the "Destroyer" was slouched in a chair, all four arms idly resting, his eyes under the iron mask calmly looked at Felix and said,

"Honestly, Felix, what if I help you kill Darren Fischer? If you kill him, no one will ever doubt your devotion again."

Felix was silent for a while; he wanted to confidently shout, "I can," but felt that such a statement would be too exaggerated, insincere.

So Felix just sighed, his face full of sorrow and struggle, and said,

"Your Excellency, I, I am ultimately the son of Duke Darren Fischer. Although I have decided to betray the Fischer family for the Reforging Church and the great God of Reforging, I truly do not wish to kill Darren Fischer by my own hands..."

"I'm sorry, but I only have this one request!"

Surprisingly, the "Destroyer" seemed to have no intention of pressuring Felix, but instead spoke with a sudden realization.

"Ah, I see, okay then."

"I understand now, a father... cannot be killed by his son at will... I almost forgot that."

He appeared completely oblivious to human moral ethics, exhibiting an inhuman aspect.

"It's fine, Felix. Since you don't want to kill Darren Fischer, then killing other members of the Fischer family is also an option."

The "Destroyer's" tone was very cold, yet it seemed like he was really trying to understand Felix.

"Thank you."

Felix knew the "Destroyer's" mind was completely unhinged, so he wasn't angry, just a bit perplexed and amused.

However, his colleague was not as agreeable.

The man was also a bishop of the Reforging Church, notably "Steam Man" Bishop Marne, who had previously visited Fischer Manor to hold the Fischer family accountable.

"Steam Man" Bishop Marne stared at Felix and coldly said,

"Actually, I still think you are untrustworthy, Felix Fischer. Your blood carries that family's lineage, and if it weren't for the mark of the God of Reforging on you, the Church would imprison you immediately."

"But I have the mark of the God of Reforging!"

Felix suddenly shouted, then glared at Bishop Marne with angry emotion and said indignantly, "What right do you have to question me? I am the chosen of the God of Reforging! Are you trying to question His thoughts, His decisions?"

"Of course not..." Bishop Marne's face changed.

"Since it's not, then shut up!" Felix said expressionlessly.

The Destroyer sat in the chair, listening calmly to everything, appearing to have no particular thoughts, yet seemingly trying to understand why Felix was experiencing the emotion of "anger."

"Hmph!"

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After the outburst, Felix turned around and left the tent.

Sigh...

He finally breathed a sigh of relief. After infiltrating the high ranks of the Reforging Church, his naturally honest character had also begun to change.

Now, not only was he gradually learning to lie, but he was also becoming more skilled at it.

"Truly difficult..." Felix shook his head.

Felix had now ascended to the 4th Rank "Cook" and the 5th Rank "Alchemist" on the Path of Forging.

He had originally thought that all ranks on the Path of Forging were various kinds of artisans, only to discover that there was even a type like "Cook"... but upon reflection, a cook was also a type of "Gourmet Artisan."

The true essence of the Path of Forging is... how to use one's skills to create special creations, gradually perfecting them.

The 4th Rank "Cook" provided a ratio of physical fitness and Spiritual Power of three point five and six point five, but it offered only one kind of Extraordinary power.

"Delicious Processing."

Simply put, a "Cook" could transform any Extraordinary material, directly forming different kinds of "Magic Food."

Those Magic Foods were akin to various kinds of Magic Potions, but the more Spiritual Power the "Cook" added, the more powerful the created Magic Foods became.

Of course, the specific effects of Magic Food also depended on the grade of the Extraordinary materials themselves.

If he could obtain top-grade Extraordinary materials, Felix could use the ability "Delicious Processing" to transform them directly into top-tier Magic Potions, with effects equal to those of Forbidden rare artifacts.

Of course, regardless of the grade of Extraordinary materials, after undergoing "Delicious Processing," they could all become very delicious food!

The image of a "Cook" in the Spirit Realm was a focused red-dressed female chef.

And the 5th Rank "Alchemist" provided a ratio of Spiritual Power and physical fitness of nine to one.

Its representation in the Spirit Realm was a gaunt old man wearing a brown cloak, holding a very peculiar potion bottle in his hand.

The "Alchemist" granted Felix three distinctly different Extraordinary powers.

They included the Passive "Toxin Absorption," and two actively triggered Extraordinary powers... "Decomposed" and "Reconstruction"!

Now, Felix was nearly immune to all toxins in the world, having truly achieved invulnerability to all poisons, and he could even absorb toxins to recover life force.

The abilities of "Decomposed" and "Reconstruction" allowed him to use Spiritual Power to decompose and then reconstruct everything his hands could touch, and even, with sufficient Spiritual Power, decompose and reconstruct flesh and soul!

These were two abilities brimming with creativity; theoretically, they had very high limits. However, their major drawback was that the "attack distance" was too short—it required direct touch to activate.

"Once the army arrives near Fein City, 'The Destroyer' will set up a temporary barrier, and there will be many other traps and ambushes. If the Fischer family and any other Cyart people rashly attack, they will definitely suffer heavy casualties!"

He pondered silently.

"Great Lord of the Lost, please let the Fischer family be aware of all this..."

Felix's heart was filled with unease and prayers, and at this moment, Karl was intently looking at him, witnessing everything that had just happened through Felix's perspective.

I am aware.

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

Chapter 471 445

Just before the war fully commenced, the Fischer family received some tremendously good news!

Chris had finally mastered the 6th Rank of the Path of Tranquility, and once he completed the elevation ritual for the "Reaper's Blade" at the Seventh Tier, he would gain even greater power.

What power the "Reaper's Blade" at the Seventh Tier of the Path of Tranquility held was unknown to the members of the Dawn Church, but they all believed that the current Lord Chris was already very powerful. If he succeeded in stepping onto the Seventh Tier, he might very well become the strongest under the Heavenly Enlightenment!

Moreover, the Eastern region of Ouden Continent was forbidden to those granted Heavenly Enlightenment.

Should Chris reach the Seventh Tier, the Fischer family and the Dawn Church would undoubtedly become the reigning supreme powers across the entire region of Ouden Continent!

In the Grand Hall, Christine, seated in a wheelchair, looked at her father and, with an unsteady emotion, flashed a smile, saying,

"According to the Divine Oracle of the great Lord of the Lost, the ritual for the Seventh Tier 'Reaper's Blade' is very simple and fits well with the Path of Tranquility... It requires the killing of three, exactly three 'worthy' enemies to ascend."

She was a bit puzzled and muttered to herself, "Hmm, how should I understand what 'worthy' means? It feels like a very abstract concept."

"Does it refer to Extraordinary powerful experts at the Monarch Level?"

"I know."

Chris shook his head, his face expressionless, and said, "I have my own criteria."

He had always had criteria.

Some people were worth killing, while others simply didn't deserve death but needed to be eradicated, this criterion of "worthiness" isn't even about strength, but something much more crucial.

For instance, the head of the Garcia family, whom Chris had once fought to the death with in the village, was in his heart an opponent worthy of killing. Though there were many stronger than the Garcia head, Chris knew very clearly that only such individuals were truly strong!

The simplest premise of strength, in fact, was the ability to carry out one's own will with full force, unreservedly and recklessly expressing one's caprices!

Indeed, Chris did want to murder those true strong individuals.

Even without the requirements of the elevation ritual, he had always thought as much.

It was precisely for this reason that Chris was a genius of the Path of Tranquility.

Standing to the side, Darren nodded, smiling as he said, "Then let Chris complete the ritual during the war. In a way, we are lucky. If it weren't for this war... Chris would probably need much more time to complete the elevation ritual."

"And according to the intelligence held by our Black Tide, the enemy has already decided to attack Cyart in three separate groups. In my view, this is a good thing... We can also concentrate our forces to defeat each enemy one by one!"

He could probably guess why the enemy didn't unite all their forces to attack Nasir directly, likely because of the huge failures of the Stars Embrace Order and the Words of Tranquility before.

Christine immediately asked, "So, there are three enemy forces in total. Which should we defeat first?"

She thought for a moment and then added, "At sea, the power of the great Lord of the Lost can be far more effective, perhaps crushing the Carnian navy in an instant!"

Darren responded with a smile, "Yes, the Carnians are indeed too foolish. Although they possess theoretically strong capabilities, they ultimately chose to come from the sea... But they are unaware of the greatness of the Lord of the Lost, so this is our advantage in terms of information."

However, just when Christine thought he would agree with her, Darren's tone shifted, and he continued,

"But I think we should start with the Vallere army, which is closest to us. Based on the intelligence given by Felix, we are very clear about the internal situation of the Vallere army."

Darren was very satisfied with Felix's infiltration, as his son had still managed to provide all kinds of intelligence in spite of being under surveillance.

The inner realities of the Vallere army were now very clear, making them the easiest for them to defeat.

"Defeating one of the three strong enemy forces will fill the other two with fear, causing a severe drop in their overall morale," he paused, then continued,

"After dealing with the Vallere army, if nothing unexpected happens, let's go and take care of the Carnians at sea... We should resolve them before they land, because as you know, the great Lord of the Lost can wield much greater power at sea!"

"As for the eternal enemies of the Fischer family, the deadly foes... the Meyer family and the Rhea people..."

Darren's eyes brimmed with intense hatred and malice.

"Let them become the final feast!"

At the break of dawn, a faint mist enshrouded the Vallere Army's camp like a mysterious veil gently covering the land that did not belong to Vallere citizens.

They had already arrived near the towns around Fein City.

Within the camp, the sound of the bugle suddenly erupted, long and spirited, piercing the quiet air and awakening the soldiers from their slumber.

"Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry!"

The soldiers quickly poured out of their makeshift barracks, dressed in uniform, weapons slung over their shoulders, their eyes sparkling with a desire for victory.

Under the command of the officers, the soldiers quickly fell into line, skillfully checking their firearms, ammunition, and backpacks. The quartermasters busily darted among the ranks, distributing the final supplies.

"These people are just cannon fodder, these invaders, yet each of them feels they are heroes of Vallere..."

Felix silently watched the scene, still embedded within the Vallere army, following the entire troop southward.

Even though he was a bishop sent by the Reforging Church and held a high position, he was still not trusted by the King of Vallere in the army and was basically not allowed to leave his place.

However, that was not a big problem for Felix.

He used the extraordinary power of the "Path of Forging" - "Mold Making" and "Stone Sculpting," to create a type of special stone person similar to alchemical puppets and alchemical fairies.

These special stone people were only palm-sized; when they lay down motionless, they were indistinguishable from a few real stones, and they could also decompose and roll around on their own.

Felix himself did not leave the range of the watchers' sight but secretly used these stone beings as his means of investigation, gathering various intelligence within the Vallere army.

The King of Vallere and the Leader of the Reconstruction Army had recently been purging a part of the Extraordinary nobility in Vallere, mainly those who had first defected to the Lorne Empire, and then trapped the King's close associates.

After this purge, Vallere was also greatly weakened. Excluding the King of Vallere and the Leader of the Reconstruction Army, there were only five Monarch powerful experts in the army, and if there had not been three from the Reforging Church to assist, they would have been the weakest among the three armies on their own.

Felix glanced at the person watching him, who was also a low-level Monarch Extraordinary Exponent, still smiling at him, to which he also responded with a smile.

"The King of Vallere's power of Bloodline is the 'Earth Blade,' which can condense the power of the earth into a blade, possessing solid strength... and the Leader of the Reconstruction Army, that woman Agata, is more troublesome, her Bloodline power is the rare spatial type 'Shining Angel,' capable of constant 'Flashing,' making it very difficult to defeat."

"Besides, they also possess many Forbidden rare artifacts."

He sighed, continuing to ponder deeply.

"But even though they are powerful, they can still be defeated with some effort. In reality, the biggest problem we, the Fischer family, face is actually the 'Destroyer,' a cardinal of the Reforging Church."

Felix furrowed his brow tightly, his hand reaching out and biting his finger.

Although he was not very clear on the specific details of the 'Destroyer's' power of Bloodline or Power of Spells, the 'Destroyer' was suspected to possess the ability to manipulate several creations.

Moreover, the variety of things he had created so far was vast and peculiar, unpredictable. Read exclusive adventures at [My Virtual Library Empire](#)

There was no doubt that it would be extremely difficult for the Fischer family and Dawn Church to defeat him!

Just then, a stone emerged from the ground and touched Felix's shoe, delivering important information: the Vallere citizens had captured a large number of Cyart people!

They planned to use these Cyart people for some sort of special sacrifice!

"What?"

Hearing this news, Felix's expression dramatically changed!

The God of Reforging was a True God and would never accept human sacrifices, so who were the Vallere individuals planning to sacrifice? What exactly was going on?

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

- Chapter 472 Responsibility

Chapter 472 Responsibility

Felix didn't hesitate and immediately went to the site where the ritual was about to take place.

It was located several miles outside the military camp, and it appeared to have been set up for quite some time.

He quickly saw the specifics, only to realize that it was not a sacrifice being made, but a certain ritual being arranged, with an alchemy array inscribed on the ground, filled with complex spells.

"Alchemy?"

Because followers of the Reforging Church also heavily researched alchemy, even hoping to incorporate it into the system of the Reforging Church, Felix recognized it at a glance.

This was an alchemy array of immense scale, very complex and exquisitely detailed, and it seemed to have been directly transplanted from somewhere else.

"Can there actually be an alchemy array of such a level in existence?"

The more he looked, the more fascinated he became as the alchemy array before his eyes was too exquisite. To anyone who had studied alchemy, it seemed like a near-perfect work of art, instantly captivating those who understood it.

"What kind of alchemy array is this, what is it used to refine, and why is there such an alchemy array here?"

Felix murmured to himself, subconsciously kneeling before the alchemy array, wanting to reach out and touch it but then retracting his hand, fearing that he might affect the various precise effects of the highest-level alchemy array.

It was then that cries and wails reached his ears.

"No... something's not right."

Felix suddenly awoke from his fascination, shaking his head and surveying his surroundings. Continue reading at [My Virtual Library Empire](#)

Thousands of Cyart people were being driven here by Vallere citizens, while the King of Vallere, Leader of the Reconstruction Army Agata, and the Cardinal of the Reforging Church, "The Destroyer," all watched this scene.

Afterward, "The Destroyer" looked toward him.

"Felix, you've arrived too, look... This is an alchemy array left by the Heavenly Enlightenment, and soon the ultimate alchemical creation will be born from here, provided we offer enough souls."

"The Destroyer" also showed an obsessed emotion, which was a rare exposure of huge emotion from him, a person almost devoid of feelings.

In fact, whether it was alchemy or technology, for any replicable and deconstructable, learnable new technologies, "The Destroyer" always had an incomprehensible passion that others found difficult to understand!

He continued to speak.

"Although it's not very clear why, the King of Vallere encountered a being of the Heavenly Enlightenment Level in the Spirit Realm and obtained this incredible alchemy... it's simply a miracle!"

"We only need to offer enough souls to witness the birth of the legendary Philosopher's Stone!"

"Souls..."

Felix turned his head to look at those crying and wailing people; they were Cyart people, men and women, old and young, even mothers holding infants.

The captives gathered together, huddling with each other, their eyes filled with helplessness and fear, tears swirling in their eyes, loudly expressing their pain and sorrow.

The children's cries were particularly piercing; they didn't fully understand what was happening, but the environment around them caused them to cry heartbreakingly. Mothers held their children tightly, touching their heads with trembling hands trying to console them with tender words, but their own tears had already broken through, unable to restrain themselves. The men tried to hold back their tears, silently praying for redemption to come, helplessly waiting for outside help to rescue them from this sea of suffering.

"No, this can't be!"

Felix suddenly became furious, as the most important thing in his life was "responsibility."

And since the Fischer family were rulers of the Cyart people, deep down in his heart, he always believed that he was responsible for all Cyart people!

So he tried to persuade "The Destroyer," saying, "Stop this! Your Eminence, Cardinal! Those Cyart people are innocent!"

The King of Vallere immediately looked at him, his tone laced with malice, "What are you talking about? Bishop Felix, don't tell me your position isn't firm even at this moment?"

"I understand now; after all, you are a member of the Fischer family, is that the reason?"

"Are you our friend or our enemy?" he aggressively queried.

"The Destroyer" remained silent, only staring at Felix.

Felix shook his head and said, "In fact, we in the Reforging Church hope to dedicate the whole of Cyart to our great God of Reforging, and to turn those Cyart people into our followers."

"Our enemy is only the Fischer family and the forces that rely on them, not every single Cyart person!"

"The Destroyer" still stared at him, his icy gaze containing an almost inhuman indifference, and he said quietly:

"Felix."

"While it's not me who is initiating the ritual but the King of Vallere, I want to make it clear to you, that I also agree with the commencement of the ritual..."

"The Philosopher's Stone, that is the legendary miracle, a thing that can realize any wish!"

His voice trembled slightly, all four arms shaking, and beneath the iron mask, there seemed to be fervor and heat.

"And for me, the appearance of Ultimate Alchemy is just too shocking. I really hope to see its results! And now, this wish might be realized right before my eyes!"

That's the "Destroyer" from the Reforging Church.

Felix frowned deeply. In fact, just as he remembered, the "Destroyer" was a person who was obsessed with all technologies and alchemy to the point of madness, and in his eyes, the lives of ordinary people were insignificant, with technology being the only thing of importance.

And the ultimate technique of alchemy was right in front of him; asking him to give it up was impossible.

The blonde leader of the Vallere Reconstruction Army, Agata, also came over and said, "I'll just say it straight. Even without it, we can still win, but it's always better to be cautious and increase our chances of victory, even if just a little bit."

"We need the creation of Ultimate Alchemy... the legendary Philosopher's Stone. I don't know what power it possesses, but it will definitely be useful!"

Felix looked at Agata, the leader of the Vallere Reconstruction Army, who continued calmly:

"I can understand your desire to stop us and, if I were in your place, I wouldn't stand by and watch my countrymen be treated as expendables either. But fundamentally, our stances are different... Rather, Bishop Felix, if you truly stand with our Three Kingdoms Alliance, then allow us to do all this, as a declaration of your stance."

What to do?

Felix felt extremely troubled, as his Cyart conscience wouldn't allow him to ignore such matters.

At the same time, the captured civilians looked over in unison, their gazes converging into a forceful plea, all directed toward that influential person on their side.

The appearance of this influential figure was like a beam of light piercing through the clouds, illuminating this forgotten corner.

In the eyes of the Cyart people, there were complex emotions ranging from a yearning for freedom, like parched earth longing for rain, to an expectation for redemption, like mariners seeking a lighthouse on their way home.

Their eyes shimmered with tears, but these were not tears of despair; rather, they were the shine of hope.

They gazed at Felix, each look filled with aspirations for the future.

"Save us!"

"Please! Save us!"

"Help me. I am willing to die, but please save my child!"

Felix felt the weighty expectation and trust of the Cyart people, acutely aware of his substantial responsibilities and understanding that his every word and action would affect the destinies of these innocent lives.

Finally, he set his resolve and looked sternly at the three people:

"If you insist on using the souls of the Cyart people to create this so-called Philosopher's Stone, then take me instead. Although I am a devout follower of the God of Reforging and chosen by Him, I am also a Cyart."

Having said that, Felix stepped resolutely into the Alchemy Array, among all the Cyart people, and then quietly fixed his gaze on the "Destroyer," the King of Vallere, and the Leader of the Reconstruction Army, Agata.

"Well then, Your Excellency, I am willing to honor and respect your will!"

The King of Vallere's voice suddenly became deep, betraying a hint of ruthlessness.

He had long felt that having a person from the Fischer family mixed into the Three Kingdoms Alliance could potentially be a disaster. If he could resolve this issue here, it would be for the best.

Agata frowned slightly but did not speak.

"Stop."

The icy voice of the "Destroyer" suddenly made the King of Vallere turn his head.

"Your Eminence Cardinal, do you also wish to stop us?"

The "Destroyer" nodded, seeming rather helpless as he said, "Because he bears the mark of the God of Reforging, which is important to us at the Reforging Church. Apart from the Chief... he is the only second person to have such a mark, I don't even have it."

"So, we can discuss this matter later, but Felix must not die."

He suddenly crouched down, pointing out a subtle "transfer" spell among the myriad of intricate spells.

"Moreover, I've come to my senses a bit. It seems that in this Alchemy Array, the Heavenly Enlightenment has left behind... a certain contingency."

"If we truly create the Philosopher's Stone, that stone might just be snatched away by the Heavenly Enlightenment from afar and will not fall into our hands."

This revelation by the "Destroyer" shocked everyone, as the level of the Alchemy Array was too high, and the designs of the spells were too intricate and interlinked for them to have noticed this detail.

Felix fell silent for a long moment before suddenly asking, "King of Vallere, was the person you encountered in your dreams an old man wearing a blue robe who claimed to be the Sapphire Ancient Library's Curator?"

"How do you know?" The King of Vallere was stunned.

Felix fell silent again, recalling everything his grandfather Byrne had experienced. So the habit of the Sapphire Curator of stealing others' achievements still hadn't changed, thinking back to his grandfather's case.

Although he had failed once with his grandfather, if he were to spread such an enchanting Ultimate Alchemy on a large scale... Felix couldn't imagine how many people around the world would sacrifice ordinary people's souls in pursuit of the Philosopher's Stone which was said to work miracles, and in the end, every last one of those stones would wind up in his hands!

Just the thought of this made sweat break out on Felix's back.

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

Chapter 473 Night Death God

...

The nightfall arrived like a stealthy painter, spreading a deep black canvas across the sky, swallowing the daytime's clamor and brightness entirely.

The sky seemed to be covered with a thick qhei velvet, stars hidden, and the moonlight sneaking into the crevices of the clouds, occasionally revealing a mysterious and distant silver hui.

In the boundless darkness, all things appeared to have sunk into slumber, yet undercurrents rippled; trees gently swayed under the caress of the night breeze, rustling softly as if whispering.

In the pitch-black sky, a Monarch powerful expert of the Valer Army patrolled the surrounding area of the Valer forces.

"Half an hour more and it'll be someone else's turn, good, it looks like I won't be encountering anyone from the Fischer family." He had been worried about the notorious "Death God," but as his patrol time was nearing its end, he breathed a sigh of relief.

Though the perception ability of Bloodline Knights was far inferior to those specialized in perception among Consecution Extraordinary Exponents, the perception power of a

Monarch Level Extraordinary was still much stronger than that of the Transmutation Level.

Add to that their formidable agility, so they were at least more suitable for patrolling the surroundings than anyone else in the Valer Army.

Indeed, when on the offensive against an enemy nation, the issue of intelligence becomes very unfavorable, because within the National Defense Barrier of the adversary, your position is completely exposed, but the aggressor simply cannot detect the enemy's location through simple means.

"Only ten minutes left, might as well head back now..."

Since his power of Bloodline was of an avian nature, with wings grown on his back that could harness the storm, his speed through the air was swift, so even though he possessed only the strength at the low-level Monarch, his mobility was even more rapid than some mid-level Monarch Extraordinary Exponents.

As he flew back, he saw the contours of distant mountains blurred in the night, occasionally a few nocturnal birds crossing the sky, leaving behind a trail of crisp chirps that broke the stillness of the night, yet soon merged into the endless darkness.

"Good, it's almost over."

Suddenly, the Monarch Transcendent sensed a strong impending crisis!

Wait!

Something had set its sights on him!

The experienced man didn't waste time trying to identify the source of danger but immediately started flipping through the air currents, ascending speedily to evade the impending threat.

However, the next moment, a barely distinguishable presence appeared precisely above him.

"Damn, why would something suddenly appear above me?"

The winged Monarch Transcendent was shocked, completely unprepared for the close approach of the other, who he couldn't detect at all in his movement trajectory.

Luckily, the Forbidden rare artifact he possessed could be passively deployed, so he directly spent three years of his Life to activate a transparent shield with impressive defensive power, managing to evade the assailant's attack in the nick of time!

A fierce strike stabbed down, but it failed to break through the defense provided by the Forbidden rare artifact.

"Who are you?"

Actually, the moment he asked, he had already realized who it must be -- among the Cyart people, only one person could appear so noiselessly and mysteriously!

And because of the attack, the effect of "Night Concealment" gradually began to fade.

A young and handsome man, resembling a white Angel, emerged from the darkness, his face devoid of any human emotion, as if sculpted by God into a perfect creation.

That was the Cyart's "Death God," Chris Fischer!

"Damn it, it's you!"

Chris was reputed to be a mid-level Monarch absolute strong man, instantly making him perspire profusely and fill with dread, immediately attempting to whip up the surrounding wind into a frenzy to disrupt the "Death God" and flee from there.

However, the next moment, a special light shone in Chris's eyes.

That light was like glistening gold at dusk, concealing endless Destruction power, dazzling and instantly causing the defense built by the Forbidden rare artifact to vanish without a trace.

Why would light ... what on earth was that?

He stared in bewilderment at Chris's eyes, those strange luminescence bringing an incredibly terrifying illusion to Life.

Soon enough, the Monarch powerful expert turned into ashes within the special light, gradually dissipating into nothingness in the sky, completely ceasing to exist.

Even some of the alchemical tools on him were destroyed along with it, leaving only the Forbidden rare artifact undamaged.

...

Although it remains a mystery how the Forbidden rare artifacts came to be and who exactly created them, so far the circle of mysticism has no thoroughly compelling explanation.

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Yet, their almost universally shared trait of indestructibility is quite obvious.

Chris, expressionless, floated in the sky, with the breeze flowing by, acutely felt the substantial depletion of Spiritual Power—even though he only used the "illusion" for a brief few seconds, it still consumed a lot of Spiritual Power.

"Chris Fischer, you really showed up!"

Just then, a mechanical, icy voice rose from the ground.

It was him.

Chris instantly looked toward the ground, and his powerful Perception Ability immediately detected who the comer was.

It was the towering figure whose face had been replaced with an Iron Mask, and whose arms both in front of his shoulders and behind his back, were all mechanically constructed—the Destroyer!

The Cardinal of the Reforging Church had suddenly arrived personally at this location.

Chris frowned, having not noticed him until now, despite having a vast range of perception, which meant the Destroyer had some kind of anti-surveillance capability or mysterious item.

Behold, the Destroyer's body swiftly ascended, and a mechanical tone emerged beneath his Iron Mask.

"Don't be surprised why I arrived so swiftly, Chris Fischer. I've implanted 'special machinery' inside each of those individuals, which can sense their condition, so I knew the moment you engaged in battle. It's just unfortunate that I'm still a step too late... But you must have expended a lot, haven't you?"

Chris, silent and unseen within the darkness, calmly waited for his Spiritual Power to regenerate, while the Destroyer continued to speak his mind.

"I've always felt that something was amiss. Why does the Fischer family possess such... comprehensive Extraordinary powers? Although you've found excuses, which may deceive ordinary people, I have done my investigations..."

"It interests me greatly that some of the Cyart people who aren't from the Fischer family, can also use the abilities specific to your family members. Ha ha ha ha!"

"Speak, Lord Chris, please tell me..."

The tone of the Destroyer was exceptionally polite, but his body quivered along, containing a hint of madness.

"Could it be that you have mastered a method to pass on Extraordinary powers?"

"Also, have you worshipped some extremely evil mystical entity to gain such power? Otherwise, I can't comprehend its origin..."

The Destroyer's near-mad ravings almost stirred up a tempest; he was simply too smart. After combining a vast amount of information for research, he had guessed part of the truth about the Fischer family!

Chris frowned, having never heard of this matter from Felix.

It is very likely that this surmise was just the personal research of the Destroyer, not yet validated, so he had not informed the rest of the Church.

Good news.

The Destroyer continued speaking.

"My instruments have sensed it! Lord Chris Fischer, the 'Killing Intent' emanating from you is gradually rising, which means I must have said something right. You plan to silence me, don't you?"

His excitement was unchecked as he raised all four hands, for this discovery was madness itself, enough to change the future of the entire world!

"Excellent, absolutely splendid! Lord Chris, I'm so excited I can hardly contain myself! The whole Fischer family, I hope you will all become subjects of my research—aside from that fellow Felix, the rest should let me study them thoroughly from start to finish, alright?"

The tone of the Destroyer had reached the edge of frenzy, it was evident that the contents of that speculation were incredible to him, and everyone knew it was of extreme importance!

"Extraordinary powers that can be stably passed down without depending on bloodlines, it's nothing short of a miracle! Not even the legendary Philosopher's Stone can compare! Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!"

Meanwhile, Chris no longer hid his Killing Intent, which, in an instant, seemed to make the pitch-black sky grow colder.

With an expressionless face, he was resolutely determined to kill the highly esteemed Cardinal before him!

Yet, within the Destroyer's heart, there was not the slightest trace of fear.

"Heh, Lord Chris Fischer, although your Killing Intent is very strong, let me clarify one thing... you have surely killed far fewer people than I have."

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

Chapter 474 Night Raid

Karl had limited knowledge of military strategies in his mind, but even so, he was very clear about one thing.

He possessed a kind of black fog power that was extremely powerful in warfare, capable of striking enemies globally.

As long as there was a dense black fog, the numerous extraordinaries of the Dawn Church could traverse thousands of miles out of thin air and launch a deadly assault on the enemies!

He was paying attention to the battle between Chris and the "Destroyer" of the Reforging Church.

Both individuals were very powerful; the "Destroyer" was a high-level Monarch powerful expert whose reputation was well-known even across the Ouden Continent.

It is known that even the mighty Lorne Empire, which had hundreds of Monarch powerful experts at its service, had only a dozen or so people who could reach the level of a high-level Monarch.

If every Heavenly Enlightenment could be said to be a legend powerful enough to influence the world's situation, capable of filling a page in the history books,

Then, the high-level Monarch represented the theoretical peak that an ordinary extraordinary could reach!

As for Chris Fischer, although his "numbers" in theory were only equivalent to a mid-level Monarch, he possessed two very powerful rune powers that could bridge most of the gap.

Thus, his true combat ability during the night was by no means inferior to that of a high-level Monarch!

At the same time as the battle between Chris Fischer and the Cardinal "Destroyer" was going on,

About a kilometer from the Valer camp, a strong, dense black fog suddenly appeared, and several figures gradually emerged from the black fog—none other than the extraordinaries of the Dawn Church who had reached the 5th and 6th Rank.

Yeager, Theo, Karno, Darren.

Although not being in Cyart proper, Karno Fischer was also summoned across a great distance, and with just one glance, he understood the situation.

"Long time no see, Karno. Do you really think you are free?"

Upon seeing Karno, Darren revealed a somewhat mocking smile, acknowledging Karno's contributions to the Fischer family but still failing to comprehend his values.

Of course, there was another important reason for his mocking tone—

Darren considered himself a bad guy.

"Freedom is in the heart, not sought externally," Karno replied with a smile, showing no hostility towards Darren.

Meanwhile, a portion of the powerful individuals on the Valer side also noticed the four of them, with none other than the famous Duke Darren Fischer at the forefront.

"Look there! Hahaha!"

Darren no longer paid attention to Karno and laughed wildly, pointing towards the Valer camp.

"They are over there!"

The most senior among them, Theo nodded, speaking earnestly, "I am ready."

He and Yeager began to provide various supportive powers for their companions.

Meanwhile, the "Boundless Light" big barrier provided by the Lorne Empire still had effects in the sky, and the Cyart people still had strong recovery power.

The next moment, instead of charging in a rush, they initiated a long-distance assault first.

Darren's figure suddenly grew larger, and the raging flames he spat out quickly rose into the sky.

The stars twinkled in the vast night canopy, draping the peaceful night in a mysterious and dazzling shroud, but this tranquility did not last long.

Suddenly, a dazzling light streaked across the night sky, tearing through the silence like a sword forgotten by the gods, swiftly slicing through the dark veil.

It was a multitude of fiery meteors, unusually bright and colorful, far surpassing any constellation, as if Skyfire had descended with an irresistible force and power!

As the mass of Skyfire rapidly approached, the air turned scorching hot, and the Valer camp was filled with shock and unease.

They looked up to see the many Skyfire getting larger and faster, eventually transforming into a brilliant trail, hurtling towards their location.

"Not good! Enemy attack!"

"God!"

"Save me!"

Just as the crisis reached its peak, Skyfire crashed down to the earth, instantly erupting with a deafening roar, as if the entire world trembled at that moment.

The fire blazed up to the sky, illuminating the night as if it were day; heat waves and shock waves spread in all directions, whipping up the dust on the ground and the embers from the campfires into a chaotic whirlwind.

Everyone in the camp was devastated by the sudden disaster; the encampment was engulfed in flames, which spread everywhere. Terrified Valer Soldiers scattered in all directions, with the smell of charring and despair filling the air.

Darren didn't hold back at all, desperately spewing massive amounts of flame.

The flames still raged, mercilessly consuming everything they could touch.

It was then that he suddenly felt there was a problem with the barrier in the sky!

The "Boundless Light" barrier suddenly developed a crack, and then began gradually dissipating from everyone's senses, but the mysterious force that destroyed it was completely unknown.

Yeager immediately furrowed his brow and said, "The enemy might have used some kind of forbidden rare artifact to temporarily damage our barrier."

Darren shook his head and said, "Yeah, just like Felix said before, they definitely planned this in advance, no worries."

Darren, who had transformed into a giant dragon, did not hesitate to be the first to fly over.

Meanwhile, amidst the Valer army.

The King of Vallere and Leader of the Reconstruction Army, Agata, were not afraid of the flames around them, but instead looked up at the sky with anticipation.

In the oppressive atmosphere, a colossal creature descended slowly from the night sky, the Demon Dragon Darren. His body was enormous, covered with black and red scales that shimmered with an eerie light, as mysterious and terrifying as the night's flames.

His eyes twinkled with shrewd and brutal light, overlooking the earth below as if to take everything living under his gaze.

Suddenly, he opened his massive jaws again, as if to devour everything, and the intense flames surged forth like a torrent, aiming straight for the ground.

The fire traced a brilliant path in the air. Wherever it went, vegetation withered, rocks melted, everything seemed so fragile in the face of such destructive power.

"Father..."

Felix looked at his own father, feeling a complex mix of emotions.

Because not long ago, The Destroyer, a cardinal of the Reforging Church, implanted within him a special liquid alchemical tool. If he were to betray, he could be executed at any moment.

"That person is really too cautious. Not even an oath to God could be trusted. I can't immediately betray to help my father."

The reckless Darren suddenly saw golden light shimmering around him and, in the next moment, found himself transported to another space.

This odd space was dominated by a deep and pure shade of blue that was neither the azure of the sky nor the profundity of the ocean; it was a blue that transcended reality, filled with a fantastic hue.

"Hmph, brought me to another space or dimension, have they?" Darren sneered.

He saw numerous cubic shapes of varied forms floating neatly in the space. They differed in size, from tiny particles barely visible to the eye to colossal structures that seemed to reach the skies, all woven into a spectacular yet orderly and unpredictable tableau.

Some shone with the brilliance of gold, sparkling like constellations; others were covered in green tendrils, teeming with life; yet others had surfaces flowing with silver liquid, flickering with enigmatic light.

They rotated and floated with an indescribable rhythm, occasionally intertwining or colliding, yet harmoniously coexisting the moment they touched, without any friction or clashing sounds, leaving only trailing colors that slowly dissipated in the space.

In this strange space, time seemed to lose its meaning, the interplay of light and shadow, and the fusion of colors and shapes, creating a dream that was both real and illusionary.

Darren pondered silently; this place somewhat resembled the Spirit Realm, but he couldn't be completely sure.

Still, he was confident in handling the situation ahead. Having reached the 6th Rank, his true strength was now beyond extraordinary.

He could even say that he had become the strongest in the Fischer family!

Darren sensed the enemy's position and bellowed with a cruel laugh.

"Come on out!"

Quickly, he heard the voice of Leader of the Vallere Reconstruction Army, Agata.

"Our Ritual Spell Trap worked, now it's two against one, Darren Fischer!"

Then the somber voice of the King of Vallere rang out.

"Today is the day you die!" Explore stories at My Virtual Library Empire

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Chapter 475 A Thousand Cuts and Ten Thousand Slices

Darren's body became robust once again, even more fierce and terrifying than before, for he had added the transformation of a demon on top of his original giant dragon transformation!

"Hahahahahaha!"

He first let out a low, demon-like, unsettling and terrifying laugh!

Then, he issued an extremely high, powerful roar of a dragon! Stay connected through My Virtual Library Empire

"Awooo!"

With eyes glowing red, Darren bellowed, having already detected the location of two enemies through his Perception Ability. Though they had concealed their forms, they were still discovered by the Perception Ability granted at the 5th Rank to a Consecution Extraordinary Exponent.

He then raised his claw and pointed at the two people, unhesitatingly casting "Mad Curse"!

Anyone with insufficient willpower would fall into madness due to the "Mad Curse".

The King of Vallere immediately felt an intense wave of warping intent enter his mind, making his body tremble. He instantly realized something.

His invisibility was seen through; that Darren Fischer could perceive his and Agata's locations!

"Damned monster..."

In fact, both the King of Vallere and Agata were very solemn and serious, even though it was a two against one situation, they did not take it lightly at all.

Because they were well aware that, being one of the strongest in the Fischer family, Duke Darren Fischer's battle records were extremely illustrious, making him an incredibly powerful "monster" in combat.

Although they had used a powerful Ritual Spell prepared beforehand to confine him in this special space, achieving complete victory still required utmost seriousness without any negligence.

This Ritual Spell was named "Azure", a legacy passed down from hundreds of years ago by the family of the King of Vallere.

To activate this Ritual Spell, it required a huge amount of Extraordinary materials, and its effects were also very powerful. First, it could continuously provide spiritual power to the person casting the Ritual Spell. Secondly, it could amplify the effect of releasing Extraordinary powers.

Eventually, the King of Vallere, with bloodshot eyes, stood firm, and Agata, too, stared intently at Darren Fischer with unwavering willpower. The "Mad Curse" had no effect on them.

Darren muttered to himself, "Pity, it still doesn't work... Well, actually it's not too surprising."

"But having such power and not trying it out would just be boring!"

The effect of the "Mad Curse" did not work on either the King of Vallere or Agata; the ordeals they had undergone over the years were so numerous that their willpower was strong enough to withstand it.

Following that, Darren extended his claw and released a terrifying Cloud of Death.

The Cloud of Death moved very slowly at the beginning of its release, so he didn't direct it to chase after the two powerful enemies. Instead, he manipulated the Cloud of Death to cover the space around him, forming a very unique protection.

A pitch-black cloud of death, as if born from nothingness, noiselessly shrouded everything around Darren, enveloping the entire space in a profound and despairing darkness.

"What is that? It gives off a very unsettling feeling..."

Agata frowned tightly.

This pitch-black cloud was unlike ordinary clouds with their light and ethereal nature; it was thick, viscous, as if it condensed all the gloom of the world, its color deep enough to cause one's heart to palpitate, like the deepest black hole consuming all the surrounding light and hope.

Moreover, with its appearance, a cold chill that was hard to describe permeated the air, as if even time itself was frozen by this power.

The air seemed to fear the majesty of the Cloud of Death, becoming unnaturally calm, and the entire space around Darren had fallen into a strange, deathly silence.

Under the shroud of the Cloud of Death, time seemed to lose meaning; each second felt infinitely elongated, forcing an unprecedented feeling of oppression and despair on everyone.

"Do not touch it, don't come close, let's attack from a distance!"

Agata quickly realized that they must not approach the pitch-black cloud and that it was best to attack Darren Fischer from a distance.

"Understood!" the King of Vallere said loudly without hesitation.

The next moment, the King of Vallere pointed his hands toward the ground, and instantly, several massive sickles burst from the earth, slicing horizontally towards the Cloud of Death and Darren Fischer with ferocity.

His Bloodline had the attributes of earth, known as the "Earth Blade" of ancient magic beasts. Even though the ground in this space was unlike any other, it could still be condensed by the King of Vallere into terrifyingly sharp blades.

These blades were extremely sharp and contained incredibly powerful Magic Power, almost indestructible, capable of easily slicing through Monarch-Level Extraordinary Exponents!

However, even with their astonishing lethal power, there was still one very fatal and significant drawback: their preparation time was just too long.

The Earth Blades had to rise from the ground, and if the enemy's position was too far from the ground, it was difficult for them to strike.

Darren had thought the same.

But in the next moment, the Earth Blades suddenly covered a vast distance and directly entered the pitch-black Cloud of Death!

"What's happening?"

Darren immediately widened his eyes, quickly realizing that this was a combination move by the King of Vallere and Agata!

The leader of the Vallere Restoration Army, Agata, possessed a spatial-type Bloodline power. She could not only move herself but also her companions.

Even moving those Earth Blades created by the King of Vallere through his Bloodline power!

"Aargh!"

It was too late to dodge!

Even if Darren wanted to evade the attack by becoming a Specter, he would still be harmed by those Magic Power-infused Earth Blades, completely unable to evade them.

So, he had to endure it!

These terrifyingly sharp blades were completely invisible to the naked eye, yet they carried a sharpness that could tear through time and space, striking the pitch-black Demon Dragon with fatal speed and precision that was indescribable.

For a moment, each blade struck precisely on the enormous body of the Demon Dragon, accompanied by deafening roars. Darren Fischer's previously indestructible scales began to crack, and black blood, like a filthy stream, splashed across the space, darkening the surrounding air.

"Aargh!"

Under this relentless assault, Darren's body rapidly became torn and fragmented; the enormous dragon head emitted a deafening roar, yet it could not cover up its anger and madness.

The dreadful blades seemed to have a will of their own, continuously slicing and tearing until the Demon Dragon's huge body was completely dismembered into pitch-black pieces, scattering between the ruins and the night sky.

Spiritual Power rapidly transformed into Life Force, an extremely powerful recovery power began to take effect, and Darren coldly recovered his composure, a terrifying voice echoing through the entire space!

"My turn now!"

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

Chapter 476 Mutual Destruction!

"The Mad Lich," within the 6th Rank of the God Pantheon stairway, was undoubtedly a very powerful Power of Consecution.

At least in the hearts of Darren and others, an equal-ranked "Apostle of the Night" was no match for "The Mad Lich."

And the "Soul Box" was the most unique Extraordinary power Darren had acquired after ascending to the 6th Rank, relying on this tremendous power he could recklessly endure attacks from various enemies.

He had already separated a part of his soul and hidden it in a chest, stored in a place unknown to anyone.

As long as the part of the soul in the "Soul Box" was not destroyed, Darren would never die even if his physical body was demolished. He would simply become increasingly weaker.

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At this moment, the power of Bloodline and Power of Consecution were regenerating his body rapidly, as he jestingly controlled the dark Cloud of Death to advance, having the immense power of the "Soul Box," there was no need to retreat even in the face of thousands of cuts.

Soon the dark Cloud of Death spread out, constantly expanding around!

The King of Vallere and Agata, seeing the Cloud of Death approaching more and more, could only quickly dodge, their positions isolated by the increasingly dense Cloud of Death.

"You might as well stop running! Die right here!"

The next moment, Darren Fischer burst into laughter, suddenly using his claws to fling large amounts of his flesh from the scattered black clouds. The King of Vallere and Agata noticed this and found it strange but still instinctively avoided the scattered flesh.

"Hahahahahahahahaha!"

Darren kept tearing at his own regenerating flesh and burst out laughing, shouting in an unrestrained tone, "You are destined not to defeat me! I am not an opponent you can defeat now!"

"What in the world is this guy freaking out about?"

The King of Vallere, watching Darren Fischer get more and more excited while insanely scattering his own flesh, was utterly baffled by this madman.

As for Agata, she remained silent, her thoughts bustling. She carefully observed the flesh; although they hadn't caused any strange mutations yet, it was still safer not to get close.

She murmured to herself, "He keeps letting his blood and flesh occupy this special space, but what's the purpose? Is it some kind of ritual prerequisite?"

"Don't get close to that flesh. I have a very bad feeling!"

"Anyway, just completely reducing his life force to nothing should work. I don't believe he is truly immortal. That's a privilege only the Divine have."

The next moment, Agata without hesitation took out a Forbidden rare artifact.

It was one of Vallere's two national treasures. In fact, the other national treasure-level Forbidden rare artifact had been taken by the Lorne citizen, and they could only manage to salvage this one.

It was a bracelet, transparent like a crystal, numbered sixty-seven, named "Huilo Crystal," possessing a truly magical power.

The wearer needed to pay with two limbs belonging to a loved one; those two limbs could not be restored by any means but had to disappear completely from the world.

And then the "Huilo Crystal" would burst forth with a strong, dazzling white light.

It would put all the enemies illuminated by it into a deep slumber that they could not awaken from without special means.

"Everyone in the Vallere Restoration Army would not hesitate. Each one of them would be willing to sacrifice their arms for the country!"

Agata's voice was very firm, her brilliance and will even above that of the King of Vallere.

In fact, to many people, this woman was the spiritual leader of the Vallere citizens! She had long decided to dedicate her entire life to the people of Vallere!

When Agata put on the bracelet, it emitted light, which meant that one of her loved ones had forever lost their arms or legs.

"..."

She actually felt very uncomfortable, greatly anguished. Compared to the sacrifice of others, Agata would have preferred to bear it herself, to endure, yet the fact was she could not make all the sacrifices alone.

The tragedy of this world was that one could only watch as the things they cherished had to leave this absurd, miserable world before them.

The next moment, Darren collapsed into a deep sleep.

Then his body fell into the Cloud of Death and disintegrated instantly.

"Is he dead?"

The King of Vallere frowned. He could no longer sense the presence of Darren Fischer.

And just then, a pool of seemingly ordinary blood near Agata began to move on its own, as if struggling to escape some invisible restraint.

With a low and distorted groan, the blood seemed to be drawn by an invisible force, quickly gathering and solidifying, turning from bright red to dark purple, accompanied by waves of heart-pounding fluctuations. At the peak of its power, a figure suddenly broke free from the pool of blood.

Darren, wearing a black robe, was tall and burly, with a twisted and fierce expression, his eyes sparkling with madness and dominance. His skin was unnaturally pale, covered with complex blood vessel patterns.

At the corner of his mouth hung a cruel smile, a posture full of disdain and scoff for all things in the world.

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

Chapter 477 Mutual Destruction!_2

This scene was as if the ancient legends of demonic arrival were replaying!

All of this was virtually completed in an instant!

Agata immediately turned around, intending to Flash away.

However, the distance between the two was just too close!

"How is this possible?"

With a malicious smile, Darren suddenly reached out to grab at Agata's front, his hand transforming into a dragon claw that phased through her chest like a Specter, and then he viciously clutched her heart.

"Ugh!"

With her heart seized, Agata was instantly enveloped by the Death Black Cloud released by Darren from close range, her life force continuously devoured, and her entire body began to petrify, rigid and unable to move.

Yes, just a moment ago, Darren had invoked a designated game through the "Soul Command." The chosen game type was "Hide and Seek."

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Since Agata was caught by him, her body began to petrify in sight.

Darren slowly began to speak, his voice low and magnetic, yet laden with undeniable authority and command, "I am the Son of Darkness, I swear by blood, I bear the name of evil, all things in the world should submit at my feet!"

"Demon of Cyart! Release her!" bellowed the King of Vallere in rage, charging at Darren Fischer without regard for his own safety.

Although there was no love between him and Agata, the King of Vallere had always held her in great admiration, even worship.

Initially, Vallere had killed a Cyart ambassador in a contrived conflict, which then provided the Cyart people with an excuse to intervene in Vallere.

Later, when they were suddenly invaded by the Cyart people, he was simply unable to resist and fled. At that time, his relationship with the Church was extremely poor, so he hadn't received the support of the True Gods Church.

As he watched the Valer Kingdom become a puppet of the Cyart people, and he himself was about to fall into decline, that was when the woman named Agata appeared out of nowhere.

Although she was just a Viscount's daughter, she was outstanding in every respect, a genuine prodigy.

After finding the King of Vallere, Agata calmly and confidently stated that she was a student of the "Military God" of the Seven Stars Emperor, having returned from studying abroad in Seven Stars and decided to repay her homeland.

Agata's words were filled with confidence, determination, and a diamond-like resolve.

He was captivated!

Thus, Agata took the King of Vallere to Seven Stars shortly after and stayed in Vallere alone, organizing a Reconstruction Army with the help of the Seven Suns Empire People.

Over the decades, the Vallere Restoration Army assassinated many Vallere traitors and Lorne Nobles, causing the Lorne citizen to be extremely angry and scared, even sending high-level Monarch top-tier fighters to annihilate them multiple times. Yet, time and again, Agata cleverly thwarted these extermination attempts.

The King of Vallere knew that while the Lorne people would often vilify Agata in their propaganda, calling her the dog of the Seven Suns Empire People, saying she was secretly promiscuous, claiming she was an incarnation of a demon,

Even so, even the Lorne citizen had always held a certain reverence for Agata.

As for himself, who was born destined to be king... he worshipped such a person... such a legend who came from humble beginnings, yet truly surpassed monarchs!

Darren had already locked Agata's body with the Soul Command, and at the same time, he continued to infuse more of the Cloud of Death into the body of this golden-haired woman.

If just a little more time passed, she would surely die!

"Don't hesitate, just use that Forbidden rare artifact, and then kill me along with it!"

Agata, in extreme pain, had realized that Darren Fischer was unexpectedly strong, his true power not at all inferior to a high-level Monarch top-tier fighter.

Although she was surprised, she quickly made up her mind for Mutual Destruction.

It's just a pity that Vallere was about to face many storms, even if it could consume some of Cyart's remnants, it would definitely not be steady. If only she could continue to live to help the Vallere citizen...

"Eh?"

Darren suddenly realized something, the space around him had already been locked down by spatial power, not only could Agata not move, but he also couldn't escape from here.

Hmm, was this a way to use the power of Bloodline to lock down the surrounding space within a short distance?

Does this guy plan on taking me down with him?

"Heh, I've always despised you idealists!"

The King of Vallere stopped in his tracks, his face showing hesitation.

At this moment, Darren couldn't help but burst into wild laughter, looking up at the sky.

"Stop! King of Vallere! You can't kill me! If you take this opportunity to act, you will only cause her to die by your hand, hahahaha!"

This guy is truly a demon!

Upon hearing Darren's words, turmoil surged in the depths of the King of Vallere's heart, but then he remembered Agata's resolute tone and suddenly felt that no matter what, he could not betray her will!

So he took out Forbidden rare artifact No. 177—a long emerald spearhead named "Poison Green."

Shortly after, the resolute King of Vallere made his sacrifice.

His appearance became instantly more aged—he paid a price of thirty years of life—and the spear that he would release next would be coated with a terrifying "touch-and-die" poison.

No matter how strong Darren Fischer's life force might be, it was destined to kill him in a short time!

"Die! Darren Fischer!" The King of Vallere roared angrily.

Driven by some mysterious force, it transformed into the most incredible emerald meteor between heaven and earth.

The tip of the spear flashed with a gleam as smooth and sharp as jade, devoid of the heaviness typical to a cold weapon, becoming the embodiment of lightness and speed.

With a deep and prolonged hum, the streak of emerald slashed through the sky, leaving behind a trail of extreme brilliance. Its speed was so astonishing that it seemed to transcend the boundaries of time and space. The air around was stirred by its sharpness, forming visible ripples accompanied by faint booming sounds!

In almost an instant, both Darren and Agata's bodies were thoroughly penetrated by "Poison Green."

However, that was only on the surface!

In reality, Agata had already used space magic to create a hole where her petrified chest was!

Yes, she had just pretended to commit Mutual Destruction with Darren Fischer, but had actually been prepared all along, and that was to use space magic to create a hole in herself.

Although there was still a high likelihood of death, Agata still did not give up on a chance for life!

So "Poison Green" directly pierced into Darren's body, and the dreadful toxin brought agonizing pain, making him roar in anger and madness.

"Aaaaahahaha!"

Each cell seemed to be in extreme pain, the suffering contained in the toxin was more intense than all the pains Darren had suffered to date! He was both mad with pain and unable to stop laughing, the pain and laughter seemed to come hand in hand, and Darren finally felt a strong sense of crisis deep inside!

Am I going to die?

No, no, no, it seems I cannot die from such force because of the Soul Box!

But, it's quite possible that I'll be tormented by continuous pain!

Perhaps that's something even more terrifying than death!

At that moment, within his heart, he desperately wished for immediate death, but the powerful force of the "Soul Box" made it impossible for him to die easily!

Just then, Darren, with a crazed look in his eyes, bit down on Agata's neck, and the violent toxin quickly spread through the bloodstream.

Agata also immediately succumbed to the severe pain, her veins rapidly turning green, and even as strong-willed as she was, she couldn't help but scream in agony.

"Hahahahaha!" Darren couldn't help but laugh wildly once more, this time the laughter filled not with pain and madness, but with pure delight.

Seeing this scene, the King of Vallere's heart turned utterly cold.

It was just as Darren had said a moment ago; he would end up killing Agata by his own hand...

He is without a doubt the Cyart demon!

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

Chapter 478 Brave!

Having been severely poisoned, Darren felt the "Soul Box" taking effect—thoroughly effective, indeed.

Otherwise, he would have already been dead.

Such a toxic poison was truly terrifying; once it entered his body, it was difficult to expel and continuously tormented him!

The double-digit Forbidden rare artifact's "hypnosis" force had instantaneously plunged Darren into a deep sleep, but because he had prepared by setting up the Black Tide on himself beforehand, he quickly awoke from the dream.

But even though "Poison Green" was only a three-digit Forbidden rare artifact, it caused even greater damage and trouble for Darren!

"You personally killed your most important comrade—in-arms, the King of Vallere!" he shouted aloud!

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At the moment, he seemed to be tightly bound by invisible shackles, every inch of his skin and every cell undergoing unprecedented agony.

The intense poison felt like thousands of ants gnawing at his heart and as if Blazing Fire burned his body, eroding not only his physical flesh but silently tearing at his soul.

Extreme pain contorted Darren's face, his eyes wide open and bloodshot, no longer reflecting the brilliance of the world but the bottomless rage and madness.

I might as well die now, Darren thought to himself.

At this point of living that felt worse than death, a strange emotion quietly sprouted in his heart—the rage against the fragile nature of life, and amidst this deep abyss of despair, he somehow twisted into a distorted smile.

"Hahahahaha!"

Sweat streamed down his pale cheeks, yet it didn't alleviate an ounce of pain; his breathing became rapid and erratic, each breath seemed to draw even more agony into his chest.

"Agata!"

The King of Vallere, no longer mindful of the Cloud of Death surrounding them, used his battle skill to rush forward and finally shattered Darren's body, then hastily grabbed the dying Agata.

"The power possessed by the Fischer family is quite strange..."

Agata lay in the arms of the King of Vallere, already very weak, her voice trembling as she spoke, "My king, you must survive... The future of Vallere's citizens still needs you."

"Damn it!"

The King of Vallere's eyes bulged, his body trembling uncontrollably with anger nearly beyond control, one of his arms contaminated by the black Cloud of Death, his life force being rapidly devoured, so he quickly amputated the arm.

He had also realized something terrifying, gradually becoming desperate in his heart.

Darren Fischer seemed like a demon that could not be killed no matter how; even though he had just been torn apart by himself, he seemed not to be truly dead.

How was such an enemy to be defeated?

Indeed, just as the King of Vallere thought, unable to wound the soul, they couldn't truly kill Darren.

He was like a demon from Hell, crawling back no matter how many times he was "killed"!

Sure enough, among the surrounding pool of flesh and blood, a new Darren was slowly being reborn; he extended a hand out of the blood and flesh, staring at the King of Vallere with a sinister smile.

"I feel it, she's dead, isn't she?"

"King of the Vallere citizen, she died because of you, how do you feel now?"

Darren mocked his enemy like a rampaging demon.

The King of Vallere remained silent.

He stared at Agata's corpse, contemplating in his mind how to defeat Darren Fischer.

The initial despair and fear gradually faded away, replaced by a rising anger inside the King of Vallere's heart, igniting a strong fighting spirit simultaneously.

He had never felt such elevated fighting spirit before!

Once, the Vallere surname shone like a constellation, illuminating every corner of the Valer Kingdom, but it seemed that fate always loved to play jokes on people.

In that sudden calamity, the Valer Family faced an unprecedented disaster—foreign invasion and internal strife led the once-glorious family to collapse instantly, its former splendor and glory vanishing overnight.

In this disaster, the King of Vallere lost his beloved relatives, loyal subordinates, and the trust and admiration of countless citizens.

When he stood upon returning to Vallere, looking out over a kingdom dominated by Lorne Factory, his heart was filled with endless grief and despair.

At that moment, the King of Vallere seemed to have fallen into an endless abyss of darkness, all light having departed from him; even the aura of a once sovereign seemed to dissipate with the wind.

Now, he had plunged into the most terrifying depths.

Yet, even such an absolutely disadvantageous situation had ignited the most intense fighting spirit and indomitable will deep within the heart of the King of Vallere.

He began searching for a glimmer of hope in the ruins, even the faintest spark was enough to ignite the raging fire in his heart.

Battle Skill: Two.

"Ruined Blood!"

The King of Vallere set down Agata's corpse, slowly stood up, his skin instantly turning crimson as the blood in his veins blazed.

He used battle skill to continuously burn his own blood, releasing a powerful life force that significantly increased his bodily strength and speed more than twofold!

He had decided to fight to the death, to engage Darren Fischer in close combat!

In the next instant, the King of Vallere dashed forward without hesitation, completely armoring himself with the power of the earth, transforming his arms into blades as he furiously attacked Darren Fischer.

The speed was incredibly fast, so astonishingly and outrageously quick!

Darren hardly had time to react before he was swiftly sliced by the blades, one arm severed.

"You actually want to compete with me in burning life?"

No sooner had he spoken than he was struck again by the King of Vallere, a relentless barrage of hits, shattering Darren's body almost instantly.

An indescribable aura of cold ferocity surrounded the King of Vallere, his eyes sparkled with resolute light, the blades fused with the earth radiated an edge not to be underestimated.

With a low shout, his figure suddenly burst forward, as swift and fierce as a cheetah hunting prey.

Blade light flashed, slicing through the air, emitting a piercing shriek; it was a perfect fusion of speed and power, each strike incredibly precise, aiming directly at Darren's vulnerable spots, giving him no chance to catch his breath.

His attacks were like a torrential downpour, impregnable, enveloping Darren under a barrage of slashes, leaving no room to escape.

Under the relentless oppression, Darren seemed to have been dragged into an inescapable nightmare; he appeared so powerless that each resistance was like a mantis trying to stop a chariot, instantly shattered by the impact.

The battle had abruptly turned into a one-sided slaughter.

In the heart of the King of Vallere, there was not the slightest pity or hesitation; he knew that on this cruel battlefield, only the strongest stance could protect everything he cherished behind him.

Darren was utterly powerless to retaliate; shocked, he also knew that the "Soul Box" was the foundation supporting him, so no matter what, he would not be completely killed.

The opponent was merely engaging in futile efforts; as long as he held on until the King of Vallere exhausted his life force, that would be enough!

Finally, the blue space shattered.

The King of Vallere was about to behead Darren Fischer for the seventh time.

However, he stopped.

Because the King of Vallere suddenly witnessed a scene that completely collapsed his inner world.

"So that's it..."

At this moment, the entire Vallere camp had been completely destroyed; there were no longer any Extraordinary Exponents he knew alive around him; instead, the Cyart people surrounded him entirely, each looking at the area with hostility and wariness.

"Aaaaaaah!" Seeing this, he suddenly roared to the sky, then gradually stood still in his place.

"Are you alright?" Theo immediately came over, concern furrowing his brow.

As Darren regained consciousness, extremely weak and almost unable to stand, he was supported by Yeager and Theo, silently looking towards the position of the King of Vallere.

"This guy is already dead; we've won."

"It's a pity; if Chris had the chance to kill them, the ceremony could have been completed much faster... Both of them were truly worthy opponents to kill."

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

Chapter 479 The Invincible "Destroyer"

The Valer Camp was ablaze, the Monarch powerful experts of the Dawn Church had already slaughtered all the Extraordinary Exponents of Vallere. The power they exerted together was unmatched by the numerical advantage of Vallere's Monarch powerful experts.

Among the many enemies, only the "Steam man" of the Reforging Church saw the bad situation and escaped.

"Father!"

Felix quickly came over with slight excitement. He approached his extremely weak father Darren, his expression still very grave.

"The battle with Uncle Chris hasn't been decided yet..."

"His opponent is strong. The Destroyer, one of the two Cardinals of the Reforging Church, might be slightly less powerful than the other, but as a top-level Monarch, he is undoubtedly difficult to deal with!"

He paused for a moment and immediately said, "Father, let's quickly go and assist Granduncle Chris!"

Darren was still suffering from the relentless invasion of a potent poison, knowing it might require the rune power of the 'Origin Spirit sea' to heal himself.

He nodded reluctantly, just as he was about to speak, he suddenly noticed a thick black mist forming on his body.

"The time has come..."

Darren immediately realized that the great Lord of the Lost had made a decision. They were all going back, and it was inevitable.

"Choose to trust Chris," Darren immediately said.

"Trust the great Lord of the Lost; he will naturally determine the course of fate!"

Felix was stunned for a moment, but couldn't do anything to stop the black mist, only watching as the members of the Dawn Church were gradually engulfed and taken away by the thick black mist.

In the end, he saw the thick blackness gradually dispersing, and all the members of the Fischer family had vanished into thin air.

He knew all his family members had been transported back by the great Lord of the Lost, but he was unclear about Granduncle Chris's situation and whether he had also returned.

"If the 'Destroyer' comes back and sees all this, how will he treat me?"

Just about fifteen minutes earlier.

A few kilometers away from the Valer Camp, Chris was already engaging in a duel with the "Destroyer," a Cardinal of the Reforging Church.

In the battle, he felt not even a trace of fear, but rather coldly dealt with the mission at hand, viewing the top-level Monarch as just one among the many enemies.

Though Chris had once been defeated by the "Weird Light" technique of the Salvation Church, he was aware that not all high-level Monarch Extraordinary Exponents possessed such powerful force.

At this moment, he had already witnessed the power that the "Destroyer" possessed.

It was a magical force; he could fuse various alchemical tools and ordinary items, consuming spiritual power to amplify their intrinsic effects.

An ordinary alchemical explosive, once swallowed by the "Destroyer" and spit out again, could transform into a powerful explosive capable of destroying an entire mountaintop!

The "Destroyer" had a wide range of abilities, not limited to alchemical explosives. For instance, an ordinary gun could also be fused into his body, and then his arm could transform into a "gun" unleashing powerful attacks, turning bullets directly into cannonballs and significantly increasing the rate of fire.

Thus, he could adapt to various battlefield situations almost endlessly.

Except for the Forbidden rare artifacts, which even the "Destroyer" couldn't assimilate and fuse. Continue reading at [My Virtual Library Empire](#)

At this very moment, the "Destroyer" had already swallowed a large number of weapons and alchemical tools.

The night sky suddenly tore open, countless gunfire and alchemical explosives like the furious hammers of the Thunder God, brought with them deafening roars and destructive light, bombarding from all around.

The flames reflected on the stern face of "Death God" Chris, but they did not shake his inner calm at all.

His eyes were like deep, rippleless cold pools, containing no turbulence, only pinpoint accurate calculations of the impending crisis.

Amid this overwhelming death torrent, the form of the "Death God" seemed to blend into the air. Each instantaneous movement and agile maneuver of "Night Shift" perfectly avoided the fatal attacks.

Chris's movements were fluid and precise, like a dancer performing on the edge of a blade, each dodge exhibiting his supreme control over the limits of his body.

The numerous cannon blasts exploded around him, the shockwaves lifting almost everything, yet Chris, like a leaf lightly swaying on the water, remained untouched, never caught in the whirlpool of destruction.

He even used the air currents and debris from each explosion as cover and assistance, crafting his own path of survival in a web of death with an otherworldly demeanor.

All the attacks seemed so powerless, while the figure of the "Death God" became clearer and more powerful, filled with strength and beauty.

Even the "Destroyer" in the sky couldn't help but express its feelings.

"Worthy of being Chris Fischer, Cyart's 'Death God'... I really want to study the people of the Fischer family, what exactly are you made of?"

The tone of the "Destroyer" was full of curiosity and undisguised madness!

In the next moment, Chris had already used the Power of Consecution's ability "Night Shift" to suddenly appear in front of the "Destroyer" in the sky.

He decided to initiate the "Rift Moment", but immediately realized something was terribly wrong.

Yes, something was very wrong, the "soul aura" of that person was off, or rather, the soul content within this body was far too little.

Chris instantly judged that the other party was not the real body, but an alchemical puppet injected with a bit of soul?

Although the wildly bombing "Destroyer" possessed great strength, the battle-hardened Chris quickly realized the special situation, something similar had occurred with certain enemies before.

That "Silver Poet" was also such an adversary...

If he surrendered the "Rift Moment" and "Illusion" here, his Spiritual Power would be nearly exhausted...

In fact, if he hadn't been able to perceive souls, he would have been nearly deceived by the other party. After realizing this, Chris once again increased the distance and did not continue to attack.

He had encountered an extremely tricky enemy.

The real body of the opponent was unknown, merely using an alchemical puppet to bombard him, and his two rune powers were significantly drained and could not be used lightly.

So, what should he do?

Ultimately, Chris concluded that there was... no way out.

Every Extraordinary Exponent has enemies they can't defeat, although Chris faced many high-offense, low-defense humanoid enemies and had a set of combo moves that could kill, but there was also this sense of helplessness against "mechanical monsters".

However, Chris did not despair but silently dodged the attacks, calmly waiting for an opportunity.

Meanwhile, at the same time, in the Valer Camp.

Felix suddenly heard a divine oracle!

He felt an unprecedented subtle expectation, as if the air around him had completely solidified, and time had slowed down and become solemn.

The sound that suddenly arose couldn't be understood but could be directly comprehended.

The content of the divine oracle was not a pile of words, but it directly touched the depths of Felix's soul.

Shock was his initial reaction.

His heart rate increased, his breathing quickened, as if the whole world had stopped for him at that moment, but then, an indescribable joy surged in his heart.

The great Lord of the Lost was directly "speaking" to him, he had received His divine oracle, what a glory!

That location...

Felix quickly looked to the north.

Why did the great Lord of the Lost want him to go in that direction, to that location?

He didn't understand, but he went ahead without looking back.

Karl, who had been silently observing everything, saw Felix leave, knowing that Chris was going to be rescued, relying solely on Chris's power was indeed difficult to defeat the "Destroyer".

He clearly sensed the north...

There lay the real body of the "Destroyer"!

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

Chapter 480 Creator Daniele

In the deep, ink-like darkness of the night, a dense and deep jungle quietly spread out, where Felix went as if it were the oldest, most secret garden of nature.

The moonlight was sparse, and the stars were but a few scattered points, yet within this world nearly swallowed by the night, a cave radiated a mysterious blue glow.

"Here?"

Felix was very surprised that such a special place existed a few kilometers away from the Valer Camp, and it seemed to be shielded by some kind of barrier that eluded his senses.

Very strange.

"If it weren't for the great Lord of the Lost guiding me, I'd never have discovered it."

The cave was like the eye of the earth, quietly set in the heart of the jungle, its entrance half-hidden by lush vines and strange plants, as if nature had intentionally erected a barrier, but Felix knew it was absolutely man-made.

The night wind brushed lightly, rustling the surrounding branches and leaves, making the light inside the cave even more noticeable. It wasn't glaring, but a cool and gentle brilliance.

Felix took a shallow breath and stepped into the cave, where the sight before him was breathtaking.

The mysterious glow originated from a natural spring deep within the cave, its waters flowing sluggishly, seemingly harboring some luminescent substance that cast a gentle and enchanting blue-green light over the entire area, like a dreamlike undersea world.

He plunged into the spring waters, suddenly arriving at a vast space.

The cave ceiling was adorned with crystal-clear stalactites, which shimmered with an odd light under the illumination, like stars falling to earth.

As Felix delved deeper, he notice a faint smell of sulphur and the fragrance of unknown plants in the air, mixing into an odd scent.

The surrounding stone walls bore various patterns, undoubtedly all sorts of alchemical runes.

"What are you doing here, Felix?"

The sudden familiar voice shocked Felix; it was the voice of "The Destroyer."

He's here?

Then, who was the person fighting Uncle Chris outside?

Felix was full of astonishment, unable to understand.

He walked further down and suddenly discovered a terrifying thing in the peculiar cave!

At the deepest part of the cave stood a massive container, akin to a sacred object left behind by an ancient civilization; its material was indescribable, neither like metal nor stone, but rather seemed to be some special substance created through alchemy, its surface engraved with complex and mysterious totems, each line seemingly imbued with ancient power and wisdom.

And inside the container was a pale blue glowing liquid, within which stood a nearly perfect male figure.

His gold hair was as splendid as sunlight, gathering all the brilliance of the world, his deep blue eyes profound like the ocean, twinkling with the light of wisdom.

The man's posture was tall and elegant, every inch of his skin like the most meticulously sculpted piece of art, showcasing the ultimate beauty of the human body, exuding an extraordinary aura that was out of this world.

Felix was stunned.

"Are you, 'The Destroyer'?"

The male inside the container seemed to be a godlike being from ancient legends, just standing there quietly, his presence made the surrounding air exceptionally peaceful and solemn, as if even the gentle breeze in the cave halted lest it disturb this perfection.

"What's going on? Lord Daniele!"

Felix finally couldn't help but call out the name of "The Destroyer," but "The Destroyer" Daniele inside the container just stared at him for a long time.

"Crack!"

The container completely shattered, and "The Destroyer" Daniele stepped out slowly, gazing at Felix as a god might.

His gold hair gently swayed under the faint blue light, and the occasional flash in his deep blue eyes, like the brightest stars in the night sky, led to infinite reverie.

"Though many call me The Destroyer, I still feel that creation is my dream."

"And I, myself, am my own greatest creation!"

Daniele's expression was serene and peaceful, as he shook his head slowly, seemingly transcending the turmoil of the mortal world and reaching some sublime level of supremacy.

"This entirely new and different body will become the path I tread toward Heavenly Enlightenment!"

So that was it, Felix frowned.

Although he wasn't entirely sure how Daniele had achieved it, Felix was very clear about one thing: aside from the "Philosopher's Stone," the ultimate dream of alchemy also involved the creation of "Artificial People."

In the world, throughout history, there had not been a great number of Extraordinary Exponents who had attained the high-level Monarch status. Each one was a top-tier Exponent, but their number was still far more than those at the Heavenly Enlightenment Level.

No matter how powerful a high-level Monarch stood, there was inevitably a difference from those at the Heavenly Enlightenment Level.

It was an immense chasm, one that seemed insurmountable!

Without a doubt, each one of them was a so-called genius, but perhaps due to a lack of opportunity, or because they were not the most exceptional among the geniuses, or maybe because they perished early in accidents, they ultimately were not qualified to touch the level of Heavenly Enlightenment.

The Destroyer was one such individual. Although he was told he was a genius in his youth, after reaching the Monarch Level and encountering those true bearers of Heavenly Enlightenment, he realized he was not the most elite of geniuses.

Only by "reforging" his own body could he hope to climb to the apex!

Therefore, he wished to create a perfect body, Strengthen his power of Bloodline, break free from his innate limitations, and obtain a new chance to reach Heavenly Enlightenment!

"It seems you still haven't completely betrayed the Fischer family, but if that's the case, shouldn't you have been killed by the power of the oath?"

Daniele gazed at him and said, "Why aren't you dead?"

"Could it be that your Fischer family really has a way to dodge Divine Power?" His face showed a peculiar look as he continued, "This entity that you secretly worship, what exactly is it?"

Felix looked at him calmly, no longer pretending, filled with solemnity and hostility.

"I won't tell you."

"It doesn't matter anymore."

"No matter how powerful the mysterious entity your family worships might be, it can't save you, Felix. The thing I released inside you has taken effect," Daniele said, shaking his head slightly.

Although the chosen of the God of Reforging were extremely precious, heretics and traitors could not be forgiven under any circumstances. The only answer was to "disable" such a person.

The next moment, before Felix could speak, he suddenly felt his blood beginning to congeal and could not help but kneel on one knee.

What's happening to me?

He suddenly remembered, Daniele had once released a silver liquid inside him...

Yes, that silver liquid seemed to have taken effect, solidifying the blood inside his body. Soon, Felix was going to die for good! Stay updated via My Virtual Library Empire

"Ugh."

Daniele watched the scene unfold with a calm demeanor, waiting for the inevitable end.

"Soon, Chris will die just like you," he said.

Felix, trembling all over, tried to struggle, but he was utterly unable to resist the internal assault, and finally, he placed his hand on his chest.

Decompose!

The next instant, to Daniele's astonishment, Felix directly Decomposed his own body, then expelled the silver liquid from his flesh, and proceeded to... reconstruct!

Finally, Felix stood unharmed at his original position, gazing intently at Daniele, while the deadly silver liquid now lay not far from him.

Daniele, akin to a deity, hovered in mid-air with his naked yet nearly perfect body gradually floating up.

He silently stared at Felix, his eyes filled with divine indifference, his every movement suggesting the imminent descent of a terrifyingly immense judgment.

"But what does that matter, Felix... You are merely a low-level Monarch Exponent."

"Even if you can cling on for a moment longer, you're still going to die by my hand!"

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