

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

## **Chapter 481 Counterattack Barrier!**

Felix suddenly felt the greatest pressure of his life, as if a heavy mountain was pressing upon him, daring not to move even a finger lightly.

Yes, Daniele was absolutely right.

He had already reached the peak of high-level Monarchs, mastering strength far beyond his own in every aspect.

It was nearly impossible for him to defeat this man!

Felix's expression was exceptionally serious, the pressure immense from that perfect body. How on earth could he win?

No matter what, the great Lord of the Lost would protect him.

He firmly believed this in his heart.

"The Destroyer," no, "the perfect Creator" Daniele suddenly raised his hand and instantly absorbed a portion of the ground into his body!

After Daniele's fusion and transformation, that portion of the earth immediately acquired mystical properties, then morphed into beams of specialized spikes that instantaneously pierced toward Felix's body.

"Hah!"

Felix's hands rose, and through the "Barehand Blade," he directly shattered those stone spikes.

The next moment, he had already taken out the Magic Food he had previously refined... various special Magic Candies put into his mouth that temporarily increased his speed, enhanced his recovery power, and his spiritual power and mental power.

At this moment, Felix appeared much stronger in the eyes of Daniele, but that was merely a dying struggle!

"Both my mind and body are gradually transcending humanity, and eventually, my soul will also become extraordinary, outstanding!"

From the sky, Daniele stretched out a finger and lightly touched it, astonishingly fusing the surrounding air into his body, instantly creating a terrifying hypoxic environment within the cave.

A terrifying man! Could his power of Bloodline even be used like this?

Felix suddenly became unable to breathe, painfully kneeling down on the ground, his whole body trembling incessantly.

Daniele in mid-air stared at Felix, who was far too weak. Merely by merging the surrounding air, he had immobilized him, steadily moving towards death.

Undoubtedly, this was the weakness of ordinary human bodies, even those so-called powerful Extraordinary Exponents were ultimately mere mortals.

However, what Daniele saw next astonished him.

Felix actually stretched his hand through his own feet, he began to "Decompose" parts of his own body, then proceeded to "Reconstruct".

He quickly transformed his body!

After the reconstruction, Felix's feet became filled with strength. Then squatting down, he used all his force to rush upwards!

The moment he hit the ceiling of the cave, he stretched his hand to "Decompose" it into ash, then like this, he burst out of the cave that had lost its air, returning to the ground.

"Felix, the power you possess is very interesting, or rather some aspects of it make me envious, the power to spontaneously alter things..."

Seeing this scene, Daniele couldn't help his eyes lighting up, confirming that it was indeed the magical power he had always dreamt of.

"Felix, I've decided not to kill you. I want to study you alive! Yes, many of my experiments and ideas need you to truly realize them!"

"Become my tool, no, become my treasure, Felix Fischer!"

He excitedly released a large amount of air just fused into his body, instantly completely destroying the entire cave, then the whole person burst out.

Felix, having barely returned to the surface, suddenly raised his head, startled to see Daniele jumping out from the underground, that perfect body already filled with divinity and contempt.

Under the vast and boundless night sky, the extraordinary Daniele with constellations as his crown and moonlight as his garment, stood in the vacuum, his existence seemed like the oldest and deepest secret of the universe, with every breath containing enough force to shake the common world. Your next journey awaits at My Virtual Library Empire

His gaze pierced through the clouds, cold and profound, as if an ancient deity was overlooking all things earthly, a detachment elevated above worldly emotions.

"Do you know, Felix?"

"In fact, I have always valued you highly, even contemplating having you walk the same path as me. Sadly, you failed to appreciate this, opting instead to betray the God of Reforging."

Daniele's demeanor exhibited an inexplicable divine disdain, not derived from arrogance or rudeness, but from a transcendence that came with a deep understanding of the essence of life.

He saw through birth, aging, sickness, and death, and though he could perceive the joys and sorrows of mortals, he was no longer easily moved by them.

"Surrender, Felix."

At that moment, Daniele slowly raised his hand, his fingertips trembling lightly as if resonating with the rhythm of nature.

With the subtle movements of his fingers, the air around him started to fluctuate, streams of invisible force flowing from his fingertips, extending gently yet resolutely like fine threads.

These forces penetrated the cloudy night sky, reached into the dense forest below, intertwining with the vitality deep within the earth, the greenery of the forest, and the moisture between the clouds.

"Merge!"

The trees in the forest sensed this force's summons. They swayed gently, releasing faint green hues and life force, which Daniele's fingers gently drew together, converging into streams of emerald light flowing along a predetermined path toward the palm of his hand.

Meanwhile, the moisture in the clouds was also stirred by this force, turning into fine droplets that sparkled brilliantly, also being guided into the spaces between his fingers.

His palm gradually became radiantly luminous, with greenery and moisture mingling and colliding in the center, forming a power that was unprecedentedly strong.

This power, containing the vitality of the forest, the grandeur of the clouds, and Daniele's own will and strength, condensed into a dazzling orb of light that hovered above the palm, emitting a terrifying pressure.

Eventually, he flicked his hand gently, and the orb, charged with immense power, streaked across the sky like a meteor, roaring as it raced toward the distant Felix!

Felix's expression remained unchanged; he activated his rune power without hesitation.

Counterattack Barrier!

Just as the orb, charged with the vitality of the forest and the mighty power of the clouds, was about to reach him, strange ripples suddenly appeared in the air. Then, an invisible yet indestructible barrier spontaneously formed.

The invisible barrier, smooth as a mirror yet imbued with an ancient and mysterious law, silently met the unstoppable attack.

At the moment of contact, instead of the expected roar and explosion, a bizarre phenomenon occurred—the originally formidable orb was completely absorbed by this invisible barrier, and almost immediately, was rebounded back with the same intensity and in the same direction!

"Hmm?"

Daniele's face slightly changed, clearly surprised by this unexpected turn of events.

He quickly adjusted his stance, waving his hands gently in an attempt to guide the rebounded force. However, this force seemed to have been endowed with a particular property, stubbornly following its initial trajectory, unaffected by will.

The surrounding air vibrated intensely under the impact of this force, creating visible whirls.

Standing at the center of the whirls, Daniele's gaze became more resolute as he silently contended with this unknown force.

Finally, after skillfully directing and dissolving it, the rebounded force was cleverly dispersed and weakened, eventually dissipating into nothingness.

"Felix, that was the power of a Forbidden rare artifact, wasn't it?"

After neutralizing the attack originating from himself, Daniele spoke in a very calm tone:

"Felix, oh Felix, you really have powers I didn't know about, and so many of them, making me very envious and amazed. Truly, you are a formidable opponent, excellent!"

"Well done, you could withstand one of my attacks, but I can strike at you countless times more. How will you fight me next?"

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

## **Chapter 482 Forbidden Rare Artifact 61 and the Black Spear**

Daniele stood proudly amidst the skies, as if he were the embodiment of a perfect fusion between nature and human will.

His figure appeared extraordinarily sacred and inviolable. Furious winds ravaged around him, roaring like thousands of troops sweeping across the land. Trees quickly bent in submission, and even the clouds of the night were torn apart, displaying an apocalyptic scene of grandeur.

"Felix! I'm coming again!"

His eyes sparkled with the light of wisdom and power. He took a deep breath, seemingly drawing in the natural forces of the world around him into his chest. With the surge of his will, the dark clouds around him roiled fiercely, and the sound of thunder followed intermittently.

Felix was incredibly shocked. Although there was no thunderstorm, there seemed to be vague thunderclouds forming above, perfectly consumed and absorbed by Daniele!

"Let me show you the power of a perfect body!"

In the palm of Daniele's hand, thunder slowly condensed, initially just a faint flicker of electricity, but in the blink of an eye, it gathered into a thick serpent of lightning, twisting and leaping, then releasing an energy capable of obliterating heaven and earth.

That thunder, after undergoing absorption, fusion, and transformation, was no longer just the wrath of nature, but an externalization of his inner strength, symbolizing the "Perfect Creator's" control over all things in the world.

With a thunderous roar that shook the heavens, Daniele furrowed his brow, abruptly waving his arm. He merged the thunder in his palm with the surrounding wild winds to form an indescribable terrifying force. It transformed into a dazzling pillar of light, charging crazily towards Felix with a destructive momentum.

Everywhere the pillar of light traveled, it seemed to tear the space apart, leaving behind black fissures.

All objects in its path, even solid rocks, were instantly devoured by this force, turning into nothingness.

However, just as the destructive strike of thunder and wind was about to reach Felix, a bizarre scene occurred again. What seemed to be an indestructible attack, upon touching an invisible barrier, rebounded like it had struck an impregnable wall of bronze and iron.

The expression in Felix's eyes was filled with resolve.

The invisible "Counterattack Barrier" quietly hovered in the air, silently withstanding all external forces.

The combined force of thunder and wind seemed so insignificant at that moment, mercilessly rebounded and turning into a more chaotic storm of energy in the air, unable to advance further.

The power was rebounded again!

Daniele struggled to dissipate his own power, a look of disbelief on his face. He had encountered such bizarre and powerful defenses before, but such impregnable defenses appeared either in double-digit Forbidden rare artifacts or in the hands of those from the Legend of the Apocalypse.

Yet, Felix Fischer was merely a low-level Monarch amongst Extraordinary Exponents!

If he had just used a double-digit Forbidden rare artifact, why was he able to use it twice in succession, seemingly without much trouble?

Or perhaps, was the power Felix used his own?

Daniele simply could not understand.

The situation with the Fischer family, from top to bottom, was shrouded in mystery!

"What exactly is going on with your Fischer family? Let me continue to see then, what other powers do you have?"

Daniele was not discouraged, aware that the real challenge had just begun. He adjusted his breathing and mindset, knowing that only by continuously breaking through his limits could he reach an apocalypse that was not unreachable.

He was about to completely dissipate the power that had rebounded back to him.

At this critical moment of tense confrontation and collision of powers, a thick black mist suddenly appeared behind Daniele!

Helen's figure quietly emerged!

Her form was graceful, as if stepping out from the void, enveloped in a mysterious and ancient aura.

In front of Helen, a delicate golden Holy Grail slowly appeared, its body engraved with complex runes, emitting a soft yet dazzling light.

"Spirits of the Four Elements, my friends, help me repel the enemy!"

With her chant, the Holy Grail seemed to awaken slumbering powers. Four distinctly different Elemental Spirits — representing the steadiness of earth, the agility of wind, the gentleness of water, and the fieriness of fire — leaped out one by one, circling around her.

These Elemental Spirits took on corporeal forms, some clad in rock armor, others draped in lightweight veils, transforming into liquid spirits, and burning with blazing flames.

"Go!"

Helen's eyes were resolute as she gently waved her hands, directing the Elemental Spirits' movements.

Instantly, the earth trembled, sending a thick and solid force towards Daniele.

He watched the scene expressionlessly.

Then came a sudden harsh wind, tearing through the space; water streams converged into rivers, forming sharp ice blades and surging waves; the fire blazed like the breath of an angry dragon, spewing intense heat and destructive light.

Facing this sudden elemental attack, Daniele's pupils shrank slightly, but he did not show even a hint of panic.

He was well aware the power of the Elemental Spirits was strong, but he was equally confident in his own abilities.

Daniele took a deep breath as the Forbidden rare artifact within him started to surge rapidly, unleashing a tremendously powerful force.

Forbidden rare artifact, number sixty-one.

"Three Times Ashes."

It was a Forbidden rare artifact shaped like a handful of ashes; whoever consumed it would gain the power to turn to ashes and then resurrect three times.

The cost, however, was that after three deaths, his soul would turn into new ashes upon the ground, never to reincarnate again.

Daniele had already used up one opportunity many years ago, and now he had two more remaining.

Under the fierce assault of the earth, wind, water, and fire, Daniele's perfect body also turned to ashes, but as they returned to the Holy Grail, he was reborn from the ashes once again.

"Forbidden rare artifact?" Helen and Felix Fischer exclaimed simultaneously, their faces turning pale.

"You can't kill me!"

Daniele hovered midair, gazing at the two continuously struggling individuals. Although their powers were far inferior to his own, the magical power they possessed was exceptionally formidable.

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He looked at Helen and calmly said, "The power of the Four Elements you just used, is it the Forbidden rare artifact of Cyart's Adley Royal Family? Right?"

Karl, who had been watching all along, finally decided to make a move.

Enough is enough.

It was apparent that if he didn't intervene now, Darren and Felix Fischer might both die here, facing an overwhelmingly powerful enemy!

He issued a Divine Oracle.

Afterwards, he drew the life span of all devout people for two years.

Then he brought down Divine Punishment!

Just as the fierce clash of elemental powers reached its peak, a sudden attack shocked everyone.

A pitch-black spear, as if from beyond the heavens, carrying endless majesty and destructive power, instantly penetrated Daniele's impregnable defense, directly piercing his body.

Daniele's face showed shock!

He instantly lost all ability to resist in the face of this force, his eyes filled with disbelief and despair, his body fading and becoming dim as if drained of all life force.

"What is this?"

The speed and power of this pitch-black spear were beyond imagination.

It was not just a physical attack; it seemed to contain some mysterious and ancient power that directly acted on Daniele's soul and essence.

Daniele turned pale, his body trembling uncontrollably, feeling an involuntary chill from deep within his soul.

In his heart, he felt awe and fear, not just because he was about to perish, but also because he realized his own insignificance and powerlessness in this vast world.

He reflected on whether he had been too arrogant, whether he had overlooked those hidden forces far beyond his imagination...

"This is the power you've been hiding... the real Evil God is behind your Fischer family..."

"I never imagined... that you... intend to destroy the entire world!"

As the pitch-black spear completely passed through, Daniele's body violently trembled and then turned into specks of ashes, his soul dissipating into the air, as if he had never existed.

"Great Lord of the Lost!"

This scene left both Daniele and Helen unprecedentedly shocked!

Both knelt down.

They could not fathom the terrifying power that the great Lord of the Lost could possess!

In that moment, the entire heaven and earth seemed to fall into a dead silence, only the pitch-black spear still quietly hovering in midair, exuding a heart-palpitating aura.

It was declaring some irresistible laws and order, causing all beings to tremble and revere.

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

## Chapter 483 Tallying the Battlefield

Under the cover of night, the land was scarred and barren. Chris, who had been lingering around to stall for time, suddenly furrowed his brow when he noticed the relentless bombardment had abruptly stopped.

Why had it ended?

He soon witnessed a shocking scene.

The "Destroyer," who had been boastful in the sky, now fell headlong, without the support of his own spirit, he soon died thoroughly, devoid of any power whatsoever.

"..."

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Chris silently stepped forward to examine the body, which indeed was just a high-level alchemical puppet.

He had no idea what had happened.

The famed "Destroyer," the innovator of many new-age technologies and one of the two Cardinals of the Reforging Church—a person of great importance—had died so suddenly before him.

Yet, his Spiritual Power was slightly boiling. There was no doubt that he was considered to have killed him, although he definitely was not the one who dealt the fatal blow. However, participating in this matter was enough to make the promotion ceremony effective.

That was enough.

As the sharpest dagger of the Dawn Church, he didn't want to delve into other matters.

The Seventh Tier of the Path of Tranquility was drawing ever closer to Chris.

At this moment, the Valer Army was finally declared completely defeated. Not only was the King of Vallere, who had just recaptured his throne, killed, but one of the high-ranking Cardinals of the Reforging Church and the "Destroyer" Daniele also died in this battle.

All members of the Fischer family finally breathed a sigh of relief. Relatively speaking, the battle had been quite easy; not a single family member had fallen, and the greatest cost was merely two years of life taken from all their devout followers, nothing more.

In fact, in this world of Extraordinary Exponents, due to the presence of Forbidden rare artifacts, everyone was psychologically prepared for the loss of lifespan.

They didn't find this unacceptable at all.

Karl did not redeploy Irene in the form of a Divine Envoy to the battlefield, because he needed her for a more critical role later on.

If he used her now, she would not be available later.

Meanwhile, as they crushed the Valer Army, the Kania Army's fleet was still sailing, soon to reach Emerald Lake Province in Southern Cyart.

As for the Rhea People's army, they began a fierce battle with the "Furious Angel" Jones family in Ahornblatt Province and quickly achieved victory.

Fortunately, the "Furious Angel" Jones family, having been forewarned, was prepared, and the main family members had all retreated early.

Thus, Ahornblatt Province in Cyart quickly fell into the hands of the Rhea People. However, all of this had been anticipated by Darren who knew this involved trading space for time. If Ahornblatt Province couldn't be held due to insufficient manpower, then it was only temporary to relinquish control to the Rhea People.

Saving people over territory, strategically, was the right thing to do.

The main force of the Cyart people remained unscathed, and one of the main forces of the Three Kingdoms Alliance was completely annihilated. Even though it appeared as a slight failure for Cyart on the front lines, it was actually a strategic success for the Fischer family!

A few days later, a new family meeting was taking place in the underground hall of Fischer Manor.

"Oh great Lord of the Lost, once again we have secured victory under your protection!"

Archer, filled with excitement, knelt on the ground, looking up at the many Forbidden rare artifacts placed on the altar.

"Oh great Lord of the Lost, we dedicate everything we have obtained from the enemy to You, hoping that you will continue to protect the Fischer family, the Dawn Church, and those devout believers who have always believed in You and relied on You with your Divine Power!"

Members of the Dawn Church all knelt on the ground.

Karl silently watched the scene from mid-air.

Very good.

The Fischer family had once again lived up to his expectations, beautifully resolving their opponent in this battle.

After tallying the battlefield, the Dawn Church had obtained several more Forbidden rare artifacts.

In this clash, aside from the "Steam man" who luckily escaped, all other opposing Monarch powerful experts were annihilated by the Dawn Church, ultimately leaving behind eleven powerful Forbidden rare artifacts.

Among those Karl found impressive were the forbidden rare artifacts with triple-digit and double-digit identification numbers, totaling five.

Forbidden Rare Artifact-Sixty-one

"Three Times Ashes"—a highly useful forbidden rare artifact capable of providing three opportunities for rebirth.

Its mechanism differs from that of the "Death Retrospection" artifact, which, although reusable, can only be effective once in a short period.

Although the former can only be effective three times in total, it can be effective three times consecutively in a single battle.

Moreover, the costs required by the two are drastically different.

Forbidden Rare Artifact-Sixty-seven

The "Huilo Crystal" can trap all enemies bathed in its light into a deep slumber, from which they cannot awaken unless a special method is employed.

At that time, Darren was instantly controlled by the light of the "Huilo Crystal". If not for his exceptionally unique "Black Tide" power capable of negating some of the sleep effects, even someone as powerful as the current Darren would have slept forever.

It is undoubtedly a very powerful controlling force, especially useful in battles at the Monarch Level, surpassing most Mental Magic.

Not every Monarch powerful expert possesses an all-encompassing defense without blind spots, and some Monarch powerful experts cannot withstand such tactics.

Apart from these, there are three more triple-digit forbidden rare artifacts, which are the main attractions.

The first is identified as one hundred seventy-seven, named "Poison Green". The virulence contained within it is extremely powerful and terrifying, so much so that even a being with a robust life force like Darren couldn't heal on his own.

He constantly depended on his immortal flesh, and it was only upon returning to Archer that he was cured of the toxin by the "Origin Spirit Sea"; otherwise, he might have had to use his life force to neutralize the toxin, enduring months of agony.

The only drawback is that "Poison Green" needs to make contact to be effective.

The fourth forbidden rare artifact, identified as five hundred seventy-two, is named "Echo".

It appears as an unremarkable black ring, but it holds a very special power. Any extraordinary power that can be projected, once passing through the black ring, can create a special "echo" that continues to be effective.

Those extraordinary powers that were originally "instantly effective" become "long-term effective" after passing through "Echo". Although "Echo" is an auxiliary forbidden rare artifact, it can play a core role for some Extraordinary Exponents!

However, using it comes at a significant cost, randomly losing a part of one's memories, varying from a few days to several years' worth of memories.

The fifth forbidden rare artifact, identified as eight hundred eighty-six.

The name is "Book of Restoration".

It appears as an ordinary-looking old book, aged yellow and tattered, yet the function of the "Book of Restoration" is significant.

Any information written in the book can restore a part of the true situation; writing down the cause can reveal some of the effects, and writing down the effect can deduce some of the causes.

For example, if one were to write a known fact directly in the book: "Someone ate an egg at eight this morning."

Soon, the "Book of Restoration" would supplement the information: "Because the egg was spoiled, he had diarrhea at noon, and as a result, he met another person, who is..."

Of course, it isn't fully effective; in fact, King of Vallere used it once before a battle to uncover the significant secret hidden by the Fischer family. However, since the detection target was Karl, the "Book of Restoration" failed to reveal any useful information.

But the unfortunate King of Vallere still paid the price.

Every time the "Book of Restoration" is used, it causes a part of the knowledge in the user's mind to completely vanish randomly.

After borrowing and using it, King of Vallere lost the knowledge of how to drink water and had to relearn the ability to drink water over some time.

The terrify aspect about it is that the cost required is completely random, and theoretically, it might make the person forget something essential like "breathing".

Therefore, for those in possession of the "Book of Restoration," renting it to others is arguably the best cost-effective use of it.

Nowadays, all these forbidden rare artifacts have fallen into the hands of the Fischer family.

They could hardly wait to sacrifice all of them to the great Lord of the Lost!

The power of the forbidden rare artifacts, once transformed into rune power, also completely eliminates the required costs, which is undoubtedly a great advantage possessed by the Fischer family!

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

## **Chapter 484 Karl's Divine Punishment**

In the Grand Hall of the Fischer family manor, Darren slowly collapsed to the ground, as devout as ever, and said,

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

"The Fischer family will surely fulfill your wishes, establish your earthly God's Kingdom, punish all heretics, and bring the ignorant back into your embrace."

"The last faith left in the world will belong only to you."

His words were serious.

For Darren, the Fischer family and the Dawn Church were to conquer, even if the enemy did not attack them, they needed to strike first.

Originally, Darren's rune power, "Emerald Ring," was replaced by Karl with "Huilo Crystal."

Its rune shape, a very unique polygonal crystal, always shone brilliantly within Karl's soul, dazzling to behold.

After Darren received the "Huilo Crystal," he lost the "Emerald Ring," but Karl had seriously considered before swapping out the "Emerald Ring."

Because he really lacked the control type of extraordinary power, and with a control type rune power, Darren could more easily win the game part of the "Soul Command."

First, make the enemy fall asleep, then designate a game of hide and seek or racing... It sounds cheeky, but he was playing with this combination of techniques.

"If he had had the power of the 'Huilo Crystal' during the battle, it would have been easier for him to win that fight."

The spiritual power consumed by the Huilo Crystal was also immense, and if Darren continuously executed this combination of techniques, his spiritual power would basically be depleted.

But the First Kill capability of this combination of techniques was incredibly powerful.

No matter whether it was Darren or Chris, they actually possessed the power to rival high-level Monarchs, top-level combatants, provided they did not encounter any type of enemy that had a restraint against them.

Chris was already capable of killing some high-level Monarch type Extraordinary Exponents, with his Power of Consecution and rune power, capable of appearing and

disappearing without trace and bursting with massive damage instantly to eliminate an opponent.

However, facing puppeteers like "The Destroyer" from a distance or dealing with enemies that have both strong life force and defensive power, being an assassin, he would become helpless.

Darren was almost undying and possessed two potent rune powers, his upfront power being stronger than that of Chris, but he also had enemies that he was not good at dealing with.

Certain highly agile enemies or powerful Spellcasters might just run circles around Darren, leaving him completely at a loss.

Although their powers were formidable, they were not invincible within the Monarch category.

Indeed, within the same higher level, the restraint relationship between types of extraordinary power was quite crucial.

But Karl knew that soon, as long as Chris completed the promotion ceremony and reached the Seventh Tier "Reaper's Blade," he would have practically no rivals at the Monarch level.

Apart from Darren obtaining new rune power, Helen, Felix, and Archer also received new rune powers.

Helen received the rune power "Three Times Ashes," her already possessed Holy Grail Power being powerful enough to kill even an unprepared high-level Monarch.

Thus, Karl strengthened Helen's defensive side.

Lest she be killed instantly before she could activate the "Holy Grail," which would be very troublesome if it ever happened.

The image of the rune power of "Three Times Ashes" wasn't black ashes but a tiny grey silhouette, which had a kind of special eeriness.

Upon receiving her new rune power, Helen was also full of gratitude and reverence, her face covered with smiles, and she could not help but talk a lot more. Continue your journey with My Virtual Library Empire

Because of that disease, she is currently in an active state and feels like chatting a while even when she sees a dog by the road.

Although Felix could unleash the ability "Decompose" at close range and "Reconstruction" provided flexibility in capabilities, he indeed lacked long-range offensive means.

Eventually, he received the rune power "Poison Green."

With "Poison Green," Felix could create crossbow mechanisms or longbows through "Decompose" and "Reconstruction" and shoot them as arrows at his enemies.

Once it hits, it could almost certainly deliver a deadly poison to the enemy!

Every use of the rune power "Poison Green" consumes a certain amount of physical strength, but the greatest advantage of rune power over Forbidden rare artifacts is that they do not require paying those very high costs.

It's just the consumption of physical strength, Felix didn't see any problem with that.

"Great Lord of the Lost, praise You, thank you for your gift!"

The people of the Fischer family were filled with gratitude and reverence, while those members of the Dawn Church who were not of the Fischer family were filled with envy deep in their hearts.

They had been envious for decades, and although at first some were jealous, now most had accepted this fact.

There were indeed some, like Yeager... he hoped his children could become part of the Fischer family.

Later, the children of Yeager's children would become true descendants of the Fischer bloodline!

That was his plan, and he had spoken privately with Darren about it, but Darren neither refused nor agreed, merely saying he would consider it in the future.

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

## **Chapter 485 Karl's Divine Punishment\_2**

Yeager was very clear about the meaning, Darren's idea was to see his own performance.

After Karl dealt with the situation regarding the Fischer family's grace, he projected his consciousness to the sea.

There lay the most foolish route chosen by the King of Carnia and his army.

"This is the difference in information. They believe that the Fischer family is unbeatable at sea because the Cyart have no formidable opponents... In reality, the power I possess at sea is something they cannot overcome."

Having obtained the power of the Sea God, Karl possessed extremely powerful forces in the White Sea Region, truly a Heavenly Enlightenment, and he would soon be able to completely destroy them himself!

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White Sea.

The vast, glittering sea, covered with sunlight, provided guidance and warmth to the voyagers. Read exclusive content at [My Virtual Library Empire](#)

The well-equipped, imposing Carnia armored warship fleet was solemnly and strictly sailing slowly, the sunlight casting a golden glow on the glittering water, interweaving with the cold lines of the steel giants into a magnificent tableau.

Each warship looked so majestic, the towering bridges serving as watchtowers for the Carnia Extraordinary nobility.

Dressed in crisp military uniforms and holding telescopes, their eyes keen, they closely monitored the surrounding sea and sky, ensuring the fleet's safety and the accuracy of their course.

A female Middle Rank Extraordinary noble from the Lower Monarch Level set down her telescope, her short light blue hair flowing as she left this place to enter the most luxurious room on the ship.

She knelt on one knee, and spoke with full respect, "Your Majesty, King of Carnia, I will report the latest situation to you."

"So far, no traces of the Cyart people have been discovered..."

In the room, the King of Carnia, hearing the noble's report, nodded slightly and replied, "It seems that they have not intercepted our intelligence and do not know that we are advancing towards and attacking Southern Siyate, very good news."

"Continue forward, by this time tomorrow, we will be landing in Emerald Lake Province of Southern Siyate."

"Then, we must destroy the railroads along the way in Emerald Lake Province immediately, seize the granaries and various strongholds, and besiege the city where the Romann family resides."

On the deck, the Carnian sailors, dressed in uniform blue attire, stood in neat rows, some performing routine maintenance and care, while others stood ready, always prepared to execute commands.

Their actions were skilled and forceful, each detail revealing high professional expertise and strict discipline.

Without a doubt, the training level of the Carnian soldiers was the highest among the Eastern Four Kingdoms.

In fact, not only this, but all aspects of Carnia's power were at the top tier in the Eastern Four Kingdoms, whether it be ordinary soldiers or Extraordinary Exponents.

And in this expeditionary force against Cyart, there were fully half of the Monarch powerful experts from Carnia, plus two strong aides from the Salvation Church, totaling twelve Monarch Level Extraordinary powerful experts.

Including the King of Carnia, there were four mid-level Monarch Extraordinary Exponents altogether.

However, Carnia's First Monarch, the "Divine Might Titan," did not accompany the expeditionary force, and the lack of a high-level Monarch top expert was the only flaw in this fleet.

As the sea breeze gently brushed by, the fleet's flag fluttered in the wind, its embroidered emblems glittering in the sunlight, heralding the glory of the Carnia Fleet.

The ships maintained close contact through complex semaphore, conveying the commander's intents and orders, ensuring the entire fleet moved in unison.

Seagulls soared over the sea, occasionally swooping past the ship's side, with the distant horizon merging with the sea line, creating a scene that was both tranquil and majestic.

Suddenly, the King of Carnia looked up.

He sensed a strong ominous presence.

The ominous presence was too intense, and within moments, it made the King of Carnia feel suffocated, he suddenly stood up.

"Not good!"

The King of Carnia, sweating profusely, realized something extremely terrifying, it was as if it came from Heavenly Enlightenment—or perhaps from even a more powerful existence!

The whole sky quickly darkened, as if night had fallen prematurely, yet it was more sinister and frightening than the night.

It was as though it was covered by an invisible hand.

The clouds gathered at an unnaturally fast pace, thick and dense, as if absorbing all the light, shrouding the whole world in a suffocating gloom.

The air was filled with electricity, each gust of wind carrying the energy of an impending burst.

Even a king such as the King of Carnia could not help but feel an unprecedented nervousness and awe.

An unprecedentedly terrifying momentum quietly spread, as if even the clouds in the sky were intimidated by this force, becoming heavy and dark. This momentum originated from below the sea surface yet seemed to transcend spatial boundaries, directly invading the depths of everyone's minds.

Suddenly, a blindingly brilliant flash of lightning tore through the sky like a silver dragon, its light brief yet intense, tearing a crack through the surrounding darkness.

"Boom!"

The thunder was deafening, as if the gods were roaring, proclaiming the arrival of the Lord of the Lost's divine punishment.

It not only echoed through the heavens but also shook the hearts of every person in the Carnia Fleet, causing an involuntary shudder.

The sailors of the fleet stopped their work and looked at each other, their eyes filled with terror and unease.

Their bodies trembled involuntarily, as if bound by an invisible force, making even the most basic movements extremely difficult.

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

## Chapter 486 Karl's Divine Punishment\_3

"What is that?"

Someone asked in a low voice, full of fear and confusion.

But no one could answer.

The atmosphere seemed to be mixed with an indescribable malice and threat, like an invisible blade hanging over everyone's head, ready to fall at any moment and shatter their lives.

The sailors of Kania could only tightly grasp everything around them that could be relied on, using all their strength to resist the terror and despair coming from deep within.

The storm followed, ravaging the sea with a force that could not be resisted, turning the waves into fierce beasts. They leaped high, forming walls of water, then smashed down on the sea surface, emitting deafening roars.

The waves became wild and unrestrained, the towering waves reaching dozens of meters high, intending to devour everything that blocked their path.

"Aaaaah!" People were screaming continuously.

The fleet seemed so small in this raging storm, with ships being tossed high and then slamming down hard. The sailors on deck clung desperately to any object they could hold onto, their faces filled with panic and despair.

Sails were torn, masts were broken, and the hull was shaky under the impact of the giant waves, as if it would be swallowed into the endless abyss.

The sounds of thunder, wind, and the roaring of the waves interwove together, forming a symphony of doomsday.

In the chaos and fear, people called out to each other but could only hear each other's terrified voices dissipating in the storm.

The fleet was extremely fragile in the raging storm, the ships were tossed up and down by the giant waves, toyed with like playthings in the palm of the hand, and seawater pouring into the cabins added an icy touch to the desperation.

Karl silently watched it all.

He knew that the fleet and the soldiers were not his main targets this time, even if it meant he had to use a lot of Spiritual Power, he needed to eliminate as many Monarch powerful experts as possible.

Eventually, part of the Kania Monarch powerful experts flew out.

They wore different clothes, each holding a Forbidden rare artifact, shining different lights, like constellations dotting the darkened sky.

They were once heroes who guarded the Kania Kingdom, but now, they had become the prey of endless thunder.

The first thunderbolt, like a giant dragon, tore through the sky, striking one of the Monarch powerful experts precisely.

The armor on his body instantly shattered, and the Forbidden rare artifact he held was blown away by the powerful force of the lightning, and he himself was blasted into smithereens with a scream, turning into specks of light that dissipated in the air.

This scene, like opening Pandora's box, was followed by even more ferocious thunder strikes, without any pause.

"Those thunderbolts are definitely not normal lightning; they contain some kind of mysterious power!"

Seeing this, the other Kania Extraordinary Exponents were utterly horrified, and each unleashed their own Extraordinary Power, trying to resist the endless fury of the thunderbolts.

However, these thunderbolts possessed some unimaginably powerful force, not only fast but also strong enough to penetrate any defense.

One after another, Extraordinary Exponents fell, their figures appearing small and helpless under the brightness of the thunderbolts.

The air was filled with a thick scent of charred flesh and the smell of death, the sky turned into a massive execution ground, witnessing the tragic end of these former Monarch powerful experts.

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"How could this be? Why? This is impossible! Why would there be Heavenly Enlightenment Level power here?"

Besides fear and despair, the eyes of the people, including the King of Kania, shone with reluctance and rage. He knew that this battle was no longer simply about victory or defeat, but about the future fate of the entire Kania.

Suddenly, a massive thunderbolt struck toward the King of Kania!

He widened his eyes but could not react in time!

"No!"

As time passed, the storm gradually weakened, leaving behind a scene of devastation.

The broken ships floated on the sea surface, like abandoned tombstones, recording the severity of the disaster.

The very few survivors, dragging their exhausted bodies, searched for hope of life among the ruins on the sea, their eyes filled with fear, helplessness, and confusion.

The High Priest of the Sea God Cult, Ian, in the water, silently recorded everything that had happened, his heart filled with shock and awe.

"The great fury of the Lord of the Lost turned into endless thunderbolts and storms, not only directly destroying the Kania Fleet, but also destroying their hope and courage!"

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

## **Chapter 487 458**

Above the White Sea, the once most powerful Carnia Fleet of the Eastern Four Kingdoms was thoroughly reduced to a maritime ruin, soon to vanish without a trace.

The lucky survivors among the Carnians wailed loudly over the sea, filled with despair, as all the Monarch powerful experts had fallen. Apart from the occasional Extraordinary Exponent, no one else was likely to survive.

It was over.

The greatest force of Carnia had been easily annihilated!

All of this was entirely the handiwork of Karl, a "sub-human." The Fischer family needn't have even come here; this battle... no, this natural disaster had utterly demolished the feeble and arrogant Carnians at sea.

Although it had consumed a great deal of Spiritual Power, the reserves of spirituality accumulated over many years were wholly sufficient. Moreover, the Forbidden rare artifacts from the sunken relics had been collected by the fish under Karl's command, so the expended Spiritual Power could be essentially replenished.

One thing was certain, the number of Forbidden rare artifacts that fell from the entire Kania Fleet would not be less than those of the Vallere citizen's army.

"It is truly too powerful. What sort of level could that power be? It feels familiar..."

At that moment, two individuals were hiding deep beneath the White Sea. They were there to ambush the Carnians, two Cardinals from the Tempest Church, "Crazy Thunder" and "Lord of Tsunamis."

They had originally planned to destroy part of the Carnia Fleet and then quickly withdraw using their advantage in the water. However, it never came to them having to lift a finger.

"Crazy Thunder" and "Lord of Tsunamis" were completely overtaken by shock, their faces revealing an indescribable mix of emotions, as if frozen by the revelations, every nuance betraying the turmoil within.

"Lord of Tsunamis" had eyes that were wide, pupils involuntarily dilating, swallowing saliva.

"Even for the two of us, we could have barely withstood that fearsome power for a short time. Whether we could have escaped or not was uncertain..."

"Crazy Thunder" nodded, his tone serious and earnest, "Although I am not entirely sure, it may be the power of the Heavenly Enlightenment Level, and perhaps even beyond the Lower Level of Apocalypse..."

"Lord of Tsunamis" furrowed his brow deeply, his face expressing disbelief.

"Beyond the Lower Level of Apocalypse..."

"But that's simply impossible, unless... within the domain of the Eastern Four Kingdoms and the White Sea, only one primordial mysterious existence possesses the power of the Heavenly Enlightenment Level: the Sea God."

"Crazy Thunder" nodded vigorously, his voice resonating with seriousness.

"No other Heavenly Enlightenment can enter the Eastern Four Kingdoms. That means there are only two possibilities: the Heavenly Enlightenment entity that acted here is either the Sea God, who awoke decades ago only to vanish without a trace, or..."

"Or what?" the other person turned his head.

He continued, "Haven't you considered that possibility? The existence of a lost Evil God lurking in the Eastern Four Kingdoms. If the Fischer family achieved their current successes by colluding with cults that worship the Evil God, doesn't that sound more plausible?"

"No! That's impossible!"

"Lord of Tsunamis" changed color dramatically, struggling to accept such a conclusion, then he continued,

"There's nothing impossible about it, although it's a less likely probability... In fact, I've given it a lot of thought and feel that the most probable scenario is that they're collaborating with the Sea God Cult."

"Crazy Thunder" closed his eyes, and calmly stated:

"That power we just witnessed is definitely within the 'Sea God's' authority. You and I both have fought against the Sea God Cult for centuries; we should be well aware of this."

"Yes, it is far too familiar. The one who acted just now is either the false god 'Sea God' or the vast Tempest Overlord."

"Hmm, so we can already draw a conclusion. The Fischer family flirts with that false god... the 'Sea God' behind our backs."

The two fell into deep silence in an instant.

"Lord of Tsunamis," the Cardinal, narrowed his eyes and said, "What should we do now? Should we try to deal with the Fischer family?"

However, "Crazy Thunder" scoffed.

"What are you talking about?"

"Our relationship with the Fischer family is one of shared glory and shared risk. The True Gods Church is now killing each other. If the Fischer family and we are to fight in-house, the final state of the Tempest Church will certainly not be optimistic... The worst-case scenario is our complete destruction," he said.

"Lord of Tsunamis" was silent for a long while but eventually said,

"But, how can we just sit back and ignore the existence of that false god!"

Her emotions were intense because one thing was certain: the so-called "Sea God," the vast Overlord, and the Tempest Church had always been sworn enemies for a thousand years.

The Fischer family secretly joining forces with "Sea God" was something they could not tolerate!

"..."

He continued, "The vast Tempest Overlord once said in the scriptures, all Storm Warriors should press forward without hesitation, never tolerating traitors or heretics."

"But He also said this, as hunters of the sea, we must always be vigilant and also learn to be patient."

"Now we must be patient, relying on the strength of the Fischer family, to defeat the Salvation Church and the Reforging Church alongside the Sun Church, which is the main goal for now."

"And when the time is ripe, we can then figure out a way to destroy the Fischer family."

"Lord of Tsunamis" nodded, sighed, and understood that under the current circumstances, this was all they could do. The Fischer family was originally just a powerful pawn, but with a chess player like the false god "Sea God" behind them, even the Tempest Church would have to take them very seriously.

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

## **Chapter 488 Fateful Grudges\_2**

She struggled to speak calmly, "If only the 'Pitch Black Tidal Surge' were still around. If he were here, we would not be so passive, just the two of us indeed need leverage."

He coldly said, "Even his presence wouldn't change anything... In today's era, the Tempest Church is doomed to be inferior without a member at the Heavenly Enlightenment Level..."

The 'Lord of Tsunamis' closed his eyes, forced to admit this as a fact, then opened them again and stared at 'Crazy Thunder' as he spoke:

"Among the three of us, only you have the chance to advance further. But once you achieve Heavenly Enlightenment, you can only leave the East of the continent. Then, we could find an opportunity to lure the members of the Fischer family out of the East, and you could then eliminate them all!"

---

Cyart, Ahornblatt Province.

The Rhea army swept through several towns in Ahornblatt Province like autumn wind sweeping leaves, killing many resistors, destroying most of the transportation hubs, and then occupying the most important city in Ahornblatt Province, quickly repairing the barrier.

Today's 'Blood Flames King' Flamme Meyer was here.

He stood on the city walls, overlooking the desolate landscape of Cyart's Ahornblatt Province.

The 'Blood Flames King' Flamme had an imposing stature, seemingly born with the aura of a high-level monarch.

The fiery red hair was elegantly tied up, with a few strands gently falling in front of his forehead. His facial features were distinct, and his eyes deep and sharp.

His skin, seasoned by the battles, showed more resilience, each scar a testament to his bravery.

The 'Blood Flames King' Flamme wore a regal yet solemn royal robe, its golden embroidery glimmering in the sunlight, like the flames burning within his heart. A gemstone-studded long sword hung at his waist, the blade emitting a cold gleam.

"Finally, I've arrived in Cyart... Over the years, I've been contemplating whether this moment would come... It really has."

Flamme Meyer was well aware that Ahornblatt Province was the most barren land in Cyart and had comparatively little value.

There were more fertile lands in Cyart, a larger population, more industrial resources, and more extraordinary materials.

"If I could obtain these things, Rhea would become unprecedentedly powerful."

His eyebrows raised, he couldn't help but calculate internally.

"After the division of Cyart among three countries, Rhea is closest to Cyart and thus has more options to choose from, while the other two countries get only enclaves. They would need to go through the White Sea or Rhea to transport various things, and from taxation alone, we could make a fortune."

"..."

Flamme Meyer closed his eyes, slowly recalling the members of the Meyer family who died at the hands of the Fischers, clenching his fists.

His chest filled with seething hatred!

Indeed, how could he forget his hatred? But he did not want to delay the survival of Rhea for personal vendettas!

"Everything is for the future of Rhea..."

He opened his eyes once more.

"Even personal enmity must be put aside for now, but the Fischer family holds components of single-digit Forbidden rare artifacts, I must obtain them... The Meyer family will ultimately achieve its revenge!"

Flamme closed his eyes, muttering to himself, and finally took a deep breath, forcing himself to stay calm.

"Don't rush, wait for them to fall into the trap... If the Fischer family attacks here, it will definitely be walking into a net."

"In fact, the strongest forces are waiting for them here!"

"However, the Fischer family is closest to the weakest Vallere citizens, they might attack the Vallere first."

Thinking this, he smiled.

"If the Fischer family wins, that would also be good, it could greatly weaken Vallere."

In fact, when the plan to split into three fronts was initially formed, Flamme had harbored a thought.

That was to use the Cyart people to weaken the force of the other two nations. After capturing the weakest Ahornblatt Province in Cyart, they could conserve their strength, hold their position, and end up as the ultimate victors.

Whether the Cyart people could consecutively defeat the Vallere citizens and Carnia citizens?

That was essentially impossible.

Flamme muttered to himself, "Even if that unlikely scenario actually happened, the Cyart people would essentially be almost wiped out, and we could easily defeat them afterward."

However, just then, a red hawk with flames fluttering around its body flew across the sky.

It was extremely fast, with a sharp gaze, a magic beast kept by the Meyer family for generations, and it quickly flew into Flamme's hands, making a cooing sound from its throat.

Flamme's expression soon changed completely.

"How is that possible?"

His voice trembled slightly.

"The Vallere citizens and the Carnians really suffered consecutive defeats, with heavy losses, and their kings just vanished into thin air, disappeared without a trace?"

At this moment, Flamme was as if placed within a fog, his eyes flashing with complex and contradictory light.

His eyebrows furrowed deeply, forming a profound gulf, revealing the unease and doubts within his heart; his lips quivered slightly, seemingly wanting to say something but stammering due to his chaotic thoughts.

Although he had still been contemplating the plans for after the Cyart people's consecutive victories over Vallere and Carnia, once it actually happened, Flamme's inner self was filled with unease and uncertainty.

Because he could not understand.

How did the Cyart people manage to do that?

Their strength was at most comparable to the Vallere citizens, and even the Vallere army had the high-level Monarch "The Destroyer" at its helm...

"Should we, Rhea, continue to stay here...?"

What to do next?

Flamme sank into deep thought, knowing without a doubt that the Cyart people's next target would be them.

His hands unconsciously clenched into fists and then relaxed again, repeatedly revealing his internal struggle and uncertainty.

Flamme's steps on the city wall became chaotic, occasionally stopping and then continuing to move forward, as if every step he took was on the verge of the unknown.

"Maybe we should ask for the Salvation Church's opinion..."

---

Nasir City.

In the solemn and spacious Grand Hall of the family, the light was soft yet dignified, each one silently witnessing a historic moment.

Christine's wheelchair was at one end of the long table, her expression solemn and resolute, her eyes sweeping over each member of the Fischer family present like torches.

"Members of the Fischer family, children protected by the Great Lord of the Lost."

Her voice was full of power, echoing through every corner of the hall.

"Just as many books have written, we now stand at a turning point in history, a decisive battle concerning our family's honor and the future of the Cyart people, is about to unfold."

The atmosphere in the entire hall instantly became serious, family members who had been whispering softly to each other fell silent, all eyes focused on Christine, waiting for her next words.

"I am well aware that the path ahead is littered with thorns, challenges, and hardships, but it is precisely these that forge the resilience and indomitability of the Fischer family; every member of the Fischer family is connected by blood, comrades in both advance and retreat."

"For the Great Lord of the Lost, for the honor of the Fischer family, for the future of the Cyart people, we must fearlessly continue to march forward!"

Her words were passionate and stirring, each word striking like a heavy hammer on everyone's hearts.

Christine's voice was full of power and determination, like an invisible flame that instantly ignited the fighting spirit and passion in everyone's hearts.

The members of the Fischer family looked at each other, their eyes flashing with an unprecedented determination.

"Eliminate our archenemy! Rhea!"

She continued, "For the Great Lord of the Lost!"

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

## Chapter 489 Cyart Rally

The vast land was shrouded in a heavy layer of clouds, as if even the sky could sense the storm that was about to arrive. The waning sunlight weakly scattered across the desolate land of the Ahornblatt Province, its glow no longer a warm comfort but carrying a hint of desolation, coating every inch of the land in a faint golden-red hue.

Surrounding were broken walls and scorched earth, the once prosperous village now just a pile of ruins. The wind whistled through the broken eaves with a sobbing sound, as if the souls of countless Cyart people were whispering, telling tales of sorrow.

"Let's go back, there isn't much left to take from here."

The Rhea People leaving the slaughtered village occasionally saw a few startled birds hastily taking flight, cutting across the grey and dim sky, their figures quickly disappearing into the distance, as though eager to flee this land overshadowed by the specter of death.

In the desolate and oppressive Ahornblatt Province, whether it was the short-lived conquerors, the Rhea People, or the conquered Cyart people, everyone's heart was filled with complex emotions.

Fear, anger, determination, reluctance... but more than anything, a sense of heroic sadness at facing an unknown fate.

"So, exactly how were they defeated?"

In the cities occupied by the Rhea People, within the manor that originally belonged to the "Wrathful Angel" of the Jones family, in Black Gold City — the wealthiest city of the Ahornblatt Province — many Rhea elites and members of the Salvation Church were exchanging words, and even arguing.

They had all heard an extremely important piece of news: the Vallere citizens and the Carnians had been annihilated to the last man!

When the news came like a bolt from the blue, everyone was instantly enveloped in deathly silence. Then, an indescribable sense of shock and panic swept over them like a tide, drowning the Extraordinary nobility of Rhea.

"No... that's impossible!"

"How could this happen?"

"Such a thing is unthinkable!"

Some screamed in disbelief, their voices filled with incredulity. After repeatedly confirming the situation, their eyes became empty and confused, as if all their supporting strength had been lost, and their hands trembled, unable to accept this cruel reality.

"The Carnians are stronger than us... I mean, they weren't weaker than us, so why did their entire army suddenly get wiped out?"

"Where is that Cardinal of the Reforging Church? Where is he?"

"How exactly did the Cyart people pull it off?"

However, after the brief shock came endless confusion.

The Rhea People argued passionately, their faces filled with puzzlement and a vague sense of fear.

"Shouldn't we consider retreating?" Someone suddenly spoke up.

Immediately, the crowd was silent for a moment, and then some fell silent—the agreement quickly found among several heads nodding.

"Yes, perhaps we should retreat. The situation this time is highly unusual; the strength of the Cyart people is beyond our expectations..."

"How did they manage it? Could it be that a large number of Lorne Monarch powerful experts personally took to the field? If that's the case, aren't they afraid to start a second great war with the Seven Stars Empire directly?"

Someone shook their head and said, "It's not likely to be the Lorne citizens. The last great war dealt both empires a massive blow, with nearly a hundred Monarchs perishing... Lorne and the Seven Stars Empire both don't want to take direct action again so soon."

The same person who suggested retreating spoke again, "Let's pull back to Rhea! Otherwise, we too might face... a loss."

"How can we give up so easily? What did they die for?" someone roared in anger, their voice tinged with grief and unwillingness.

"Yes, we must seek vengeance! We cannot let the blood of so many Rhea People have been spilled in vain! Who among us here does not have a blood feud with the Cyart people?"

More people responded, their eyes alight with resolve, as if to transform all their anger and sorrow into strength, swearing to obtain justice for generations of Rhea People.

Yet amidst this chaotic argument, there were also voices of reason trying to quell the strife. "Now is not the time to argue. We need to calm down and consider our next move."

An older, middle-rank Monarch commander stepped forward, his voice steady and strong, trying to lead everyone out of the whirl of emotions.

He was second only to the "Blood Flames King," Flamme, in Rhea, known as "Thunder of Chaos," Quayle.

But the emotions of anger and panic had spread like wildfire, irrepressible.

The people continued to argue, their voices louder, their emotions more intense, turning the entire camp into a boiling sea filled with despair, anger, and chaos.

Just then, their eyes suddenly riveted on one person, they started to speak but then halted, respectfully making way for him.

"Blood Flames King," Flamme Meyer, passed calmly through the chaotic crowd and slowly entered a room, where another waited for him.

That was the Cardinal of the Salvation Church, "White Flower," Lian — the only elf among the Cardinals of the Salvation Church.

"Is 'The Destroyer' really dead?" she asked.

"The situation given by the Fischer family is that he went missing during the battle, 'The Destroyer's' exact status, whether alive or dead, will have to be verified by further investigation, but it's very likely that he was killed."

"..."

Lian didn't know what to say, even feeling as if her mind were about to break, this scenario was just too insane.

How many years had it been?

No one knew how many years, but at least within the span of thousands of years, although there were isolated cases of Cardinals being killed by heretical cults, there had never been an incident where a figure of the Cardinal's standing had been killed by Extraordinary nobility in war.

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

## **Chapter 490 Cyart Gathering\_2**

For regardless, it was often only the Gods or the Popes acting as the spokespersons of God who were qualified to deal with beings at the level of a Cardinal.

However, now everything had changed.

Order had shattered.

Unable to lower her head calmly, with a voice filled with ethereal quality, she murmured, "The world has gone completely mad; the first-ever murdered Cardinal has appeared. Even the Reforging Church only imprisoned 'Pitch Black Tidal Surge' and didn't kill him."

"The Cyart people are truly too audacious!"

"Once, the True Gods Church was a sacred and inviolable entity, but now, this facade is about to be torn down by the Fischer family, which hasn't even been around for a hundred years."

"Blood Flames King" Flamme remained silent, saying nothing.

Lian was silent for a long time before sighing and saying, "Ah, no matter how I think about it, it is simply unbelievable."

Flamme shook his head and staring at Cardinal Lian, said, "There's nothing unbelievable about it. It happened just like this. In fact, for the Cyart's Fischer family, the Eastern Four Kingdoms not entering Heavenly Enlightenment is a natural refuge."

"Even if they killed some Cardinals of the Church, the True Gods Church's Heavenly Enlightened ones couldn't directly come in and wipe out all enemies, so the Cyart people are not afraid, and the Fischer family isn't fearful either."

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He did not mention the most crucial reason, which was that the Gods had left the Claud World!

Because that was actually a huge taboo for the Church, all True Gods Church denied this fact, they claimed that the Gods definitely still existed in the Claud World, just silent.

But regardless, that was the most important reason!

If the Gods were truly still present!

Who would dare to openly murder the core high-ranks of the Church?

Lian nodded and said, "Indeed it is so, but even the Reforging Church with its shallow heritage has dozens of people at the Monarch Level among its Extraordinary Exponents. If they truly pressed forward with all their might, they might be able to eradicate the whole of Cyart without needing any Heavenly Enlightenment, only I don't know what the 'Chief' has in mind."

Flamme calmly analyzed, "But the Fischer family is also backed by both the Sun Church and the Tempest Church, so destroying them won't be such an easy task... Nowadays, Cyart and even the entire Eastern Four Kingdoms is just one big chessboard, and we are all mere pieces on it."

"Who is the person behind this chess game?" asked Lian.

"Undoubtedly, it is those of Heavenly Enlightenment..."

Flamme's voice was very grave.

Heavenly Enlightenment.

They possessed an almost immortal physique, capable of resisting the ravages of time for thousands or even tens of thousands of years, and they held ancient wisdom, continuously influencing everything throughout the long river of history, becoming the leaders of the ages.

Lian again sighed and said, "Yes, in front of them, what difference is there really between an upper-level and a low-level Extraordinary Monarch Exponent?"

"To say about our difference in their eyes from ordinary Extraordinary Exponents, it's just that we live a bit longer and have the qualifications to interact with them."

"And for those Enlightened, they never consider having too much interaction with ordinary Extraordinary Exponents, because the Enlightened all know that the lifespan of those ordinary Exponents is as fleeting as sand blown away by the wind."

She fell into deep thought, her beautiful elf attire in blue danced without wind, seemingly changing with her emotions.

Finally, Lian made up her mind, clenched her hands, and said with difficulty, "I must write a letter to the Pope. Everything happening here must be given more attention by the Salvation Church!"

"The dignity of the Salvation Church, no... the dignity of God, must never be broken by the secular world!"

---

Nasir City.

The Fischer family had made all the preparations for war.

They set off not just by themselves. Extraordinary nobles from all over Cyart had also received instructions to convene in Ahornblatt Province, about to engage in a massive battle!

Darren hovered in the sky with a stern expression.

At last, the day had arrived!

A torrent of unprecedented emotions surged within him, a complex mix of intense desire and firm belief for avenging his relatives and himself.

Darren's eyes flickered with an unusual light, not merely of pure hatred but a mix of painful memories, deep love, and unshakable resolve.

"Exactly how many people, how many of those I know, have died at the hands of the Rhea People?"

"Not just relatives of the Fischer family but also those I met in Rhea... She couldn't even escape from there... hmm..."

His every heartbeat resonated with the upcoming action, his inner joy not derived from a frenzy of delight but from a sense of relief at about to reclaim everything for the people he valued!

Excitement blazed like wildfire, utterly uncontrollable!

Darren knew this path would not be smooth, but he had prepared for everything; neither physical nor mental trials could sway him even a step.

"Rhea People, the Meyer family... I am coming for you! Next, I need you to fear me!"

In his world, revenge was not just a full stop to all past grievances but also a promise to the future!

"We have arrived."

Aldrich Romann of the Romann family and "Stars Mortal" Ariel had finally arrived here from Emerald Lake Province.

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

## **Chapter 491 Cyart Rally\_3**

They, too, flew into the sky and greeted Darren.

"How confident are you of winning this war?" Aldrich inquired.

"A hundred percent."

Darren answered calmly and firmly.

As long as the great Lord of the Lost was sheltering the Fischer family, the Cyart people were certain to achieve ultimate victory!

Ariel was momentarily stunned, while Aldrich nodded in agreement and said, "Be careful, the enemy may also be hiding unknown powers."

Darren nodded as well, though he did not respond explicitly.

At this moment, the ranks of Cyart's Extraordinary nobility had nearly assembled: more than a dozen Monarch powerful experts, hundreds at the Transmutation Level, and even more at the Beginning Level, as well as the ordinary human army.

Darren felt it was time to move out. What lay ahead was the march to Ahornblatt Province for a grand-scale battle.

Using the Extraordinary of the Dawn Church, he issued commands to everyone.

Then, everyone heard Darren's voice.

"Cyart army, advance!"

----

At this moment, Karl silently observed everything in the sky above.

Decades had passed, and the Fischer family had developed from just Irene and Chris, who even struggled to afford meals, to their current unimaginable and grandiose state.

Recently, Karl had absorbed some Forbidden rare artifacts, among which were a single-digit number of one piece, and two three-digit numbers of Forbidden rare artifacts, all originating from Carnian people.

Forbidden rare artifact number eight hundred fifty: Book of Impressions

It appeared to be a black notebook. As long as one knew someone's appearance and wrote their name on it, the surrounding environment of the person's current location would be revealed on the notebook.

The cost of using the "Book of Impressions" was becoming blind for a few days after each use, although compared to other Forbidden rare artifacts, this level of cost was not considered very great.

Forbidden rare artifact number one hundred ninety-nine: Night Cloak

It appeared to be a pitch-black cloak. This cloak could change into any shape, even imitating the appearance of its owner or enemy.

If it took on the enemy's form, the enemy would also suffer a portion of the same attack the cloak received.

If it transformed into the owner's image, it could take on some of the attacks for the owner.

However, each usage of it required the owner to permanently lose a small portion of their spiritual power, making the cost significant in a sense.

Forbidden rare artifact number seventy-nine: Dragon Head Wood Carving

This was an artifact that, upon release and contact with water, could turn into a dragon-headed vessel capable of high-speed Flight in the sky, and it could even be immune to all attacks beneath the level of Heavenly Enlightenment. Furthermore, the Extraordinary on board would continuously gain spiritual power.

Every use of it claimed fifty years of lifespan, and even for those at the Monarch Level, using such a high-level Forbidden rare artifact required careful consideration.

However, something unexpected happened for Karl. Even though he had acquired many new Forbidden rare artifacts, the eighth Seal remained incredibly sturdy, with no visible signs of loosening.

He felt that the "weight" of the eighth, ninth, and tenth Seals were simply not on the same scale as the previous seven!

"It seems that breaking the eighth Seal is indeed a difficult task, but ultimately, we are getting closer," he mused.

"More and more Seals are being lifted..."

"One day, all the Seals will be undone."

Karl fell into deep contemplation.

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"But what ultimately will happen?"

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

## **Chapter 492 The Battle for Ahornblatt Province**

Under the boundless azure sky, the enormous three-headed dragon was draped in resplendent, dazzling scales, each seemingly imbued with the luminescence of constellations, shining brightly in the sunlight, shimmering with a mysterious sheen.

Its body coiled and twisted for hundreds of meters, resembling a moving mountain range, yet more animated and majestic than any natural wonder.

Three dragon heads held high, each with its own distinct charm.

The central head was dignified and solemn, golden eyes revealing a glow of ancient wisdom, as if it could perceive all things in the world; one head was sly and sharp, emerald eyes flickering with cunning and curiosity, constantly looking around for potential prey; while the third head seemed gentle and compassionate, blue eyes filled with reluctance.

"This is the place, we must hold it! Prevent the enemy's reinforcements from coming! All for Rhea!" declared the head with golden eyes.

"Hold this place! Soon, we will have victory! Hehe!" the head with green eyes shouted.

"Hmm... is it almost over, ah," the head with blue eyes said calmly, ending with a sigh.

With its vast wings flapping slowly, the air seemed to boom with a thunderous roar, each flap stirring up waves of air, forming spectacular rings of clouds that painted the surrounding clouds in splashes of color.

The wind turned wild and free with its flight, and all things seemed to sway gently beneath this power, as if paying homage to the sovereign of the sky.

The fierce great battle was ignited all over Ahornblatt Province; this time, the combat was not siege or defense but field battles throughout various regions.

The Rhea People did not wait for the Cyart people to completely surround Black Gold City, as they knew that the battle with many Monarch powerful experts would not take long to demolish the entire city.

Thus, as the Cyart army entered Ahornblatt Province one after the other, they quickly encountered fierce interception by the Rhea People, and the entire battle situation became more widespread and dispersed, turning Ahornblatt Province into a chaotic mess.

This place was near a town in the southwest of Ahornblatt Province, where a troop of Rhea People was steadfastly holding their ground, while a faction of the Cyart people had also come to fight.

The leader of the Cyart people was none other than Felix Fischer of the Fischer family.

The others had already learned of his defection from the Reforging Church, and everyone was puzzled as to why "The Oath" established by Felix had not taken effect.

He had betrayed his loyalty to the Gods!

And yet the power of the Gods had not completely disappeared from this world!

Why wouldn't the power of the Gods punish him?

Moreover, Felix clearly had the mark of the God of Reforging on him, chosen by the God of Reforging, so why would he betray the God of Reforging?

The myriad of mysteries surrounding this man was a puzzle that the members of the Reforging Church could not fathom, yet the bishop "Steam man" of the Reforging Church still led the others to Ahornblatt Province to support the Rhea People.

At the same time, Ian also led the Sea God Cult, fully under his control, to intercept the new reinforcements of the Carnian people at sea, while the Lorne citizens within the Vallere Kingdom took advantage of the situation to secretly act, supporting a new puppet ruler and purging disobedient Vallere citizens.

The Sun Church and the Tempest Church were also working in secret.

The entire Eastern Four Kingdoms was a huge chessboard.

And undoubtedly, the focal point where the gazes of the grand chess players converged was still Ahornblatt Province.

"Snap."

At this moment, in the Seven Suns Empire Palace, the "Military God" Emperor slowly raised his hand and placed another white piece on the board, his gaze calmly fixed on the spot surrounded by numerous black and white pieces.

"The final outcome here will affect the future direction of the entire Eastern Four Kingdoms."

"Fischer family, the power you possess is indeed beyond imagination."

"Regardless of the final outcome, I acknowledge your strength, your power, and the name Fischer."

He looked up, gazing toward the end of the sky.

There seemed to be something tremendously terrifying at the edge of the sky, something even the Military God would worry about.

Emerging powers like the Fischer family had appeared more than once in history; their rise, although swift, was only mildly surprising.

But compared to the newly rising Fischer family in the South, the Military God had much more substantial real goals and challenges in his heart.

Long ago, he knew this world was on the brink of utter destruction, because... he was one of the six elements that would end the world!

"As long as I can reach the next level, come to the Apocalypse Upper Rank, then be on par with those entities in the mythological stories of history, there is still hope for everything in this world."

The Military God slowly clenched his hand, his gaze calm.

"Soon, just one more step."

----

In the devastating battlefield where smoke clouded the air and war drums thundered, the sounds of gunfire and cannon fire between the opposing armies were incessant, blood and fire intertwining into a tragic tapestry.

The sky suddenly cracked open, casting a strange rift that beamed light in all directions, causing all warriors and leaders to look up, their eyes filled with disbelief and horror.

"Awoooo!"

As the light gradually converged, an enormous being descended upon the world—legendary three-headed dragon, its scales shimmering with the luster of constellations. Each head radiated majesty, its eyes ablaze with flames of different colors, symbolizing wisdom, strength, and destruction.

The three-headed dragon circled the battlefield, casting a shadow so immense it seemed to suffocate all beneath it.

"Foolish mortals, become ash, for I shall fulfill the pact with the Rhea People... and you shall be the tragic sacrifice of this covenant! That is your fortune!"

Every breath it took thundered like a storm, spewing out flames and frost that intertwined into a storm of destruction, instantly engulfing swathes of the battlefield; neither sturdy defenses nor heroic Extraordinary Exponents stood a chance against such power.

"Gods! It's just too powerful!"

"What are we going to do?"

The Cyart people on the battlefield were utterly dismayed, some even knelt on the ground to beg for divine mercy.

A deep fear and awe filled the eyes of many soldiers, realizing the war had far surpassed human control. Faced with such an entity, all tactics and strategies seemed pale and powerless.

Yet in this moment of despair, someone stepped forward—the Felix Fischer!

"Everyone, do not panic!"

He shouted loudly, boosting morale and rallying forces!

Felix Fischer gazed at the giant dragon in the sky, knowing it wasn't one of the Rhea People but a living, breathing dragon that had existed near Rhea territory for a thousand years, even appearing in some fairy tale books. It was said the most terrifying head, despite its benign appearance, had once destroyed an entire city in a rage.

Its strength at the mid-level Monarch.

"Perhaps it has formed some kind of oath with the Rhea People, so it comes here to fight... What a pity, such a poor decision. To confront the great Lord of the Lost, it will surely die!"

Felix quickly realized something aside from itself, two low-level Monarch Extraordinary Exponents were lurking around, only they hadn't shown themselves yet due to not knowing about the "Perception Ability" of sequence powerhouses.

"Three Monarchs, especially that dragon's power is too strong..."

The next moment, Felix extended his hand toward the ground, decomposing a large amount of alchemy materials and props. Combining with the soil, he exercised the ability to "Path of Forging," such as Decomposed and Reconstruction, and drew a battle puppet tens of meters tall.

"Hmm, let's try this..."

He channeled his rune power "Counterattack Barrier" into it.

A war puppet constructed of earth and ancient runes slowly rose from the horizon, its presence like a child of the earth, unspeakably majestic and powerful.

The massive puppet, tens of meters tall and stout, was carefully sculpted from dark brown mud. Its surface was covered with complex totems and runes that flashed an eerie green in the lightning, containing ancient and powerful Magical Power.

Its eyes were two blazing fires, and its limbs were strong and sturdy, wielding a colossal hammer carved from boulders, bearing a shield that could reflect magical attacks, fearlessly standing tall at the center of the battlefield.

The three-headed dragon roared, soaring down in a dive attack!

"Die, Cyart people! I shall fulfill my promise to the Rhea People!"

The fight erupted instantly, with the battle puppet taking the lead. It took heavy steps that shook the ground, swinging its immense hammer with destructive force towards the three-headed dragon.

The three-headed dragon dodged nimbly, with all three heads spewing out flames, frost, and poison mist, attempting to overwhelm the battle puppet with the power of the elements.

However, the battle puppet's shield, formed from the power of "Counterattack Barrier," easily neutralized and even reflected these attacks, forcing the dragon to momentarily back off.

"Awooo!"

As the battle raged on, the atmosphere on the battlefield grew even more tense and fierce.

The war puppet, relying on its sturdiness and strength, kept launching ferocious attacks against the three-headed dragon. At the same time, the dragon, with its agile moves and a variety of magical abilities, continued to look for opportunities to counterattack.

Each clash between them erupted with earth-shattering noise. Explore more adventures at My Virtual Library Empire

Eventually, the battered three-headed dragon retreated back into the rift in the sky, and the war puppet also slowly fell, turning into a pile of ordinary mud.

"Such a powerful force, and it consumed a lot too..."

And at that moment, Felix Fischer, whose Spirituality Power was greatly drained, exhaled a breath, feeling a hint of excitement inside. His rune power mixed with the Power of Consecution was a fantastic combination!

The next second, he acutely sensed that the other two hidden Monarch Transcendents simultaneously attacked from both sides!

His heart instantly sounded the alarm!

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

## Chapter 493 461 Chapter Father and Son

Felix gasped continuously, feeling a sense of exhaustion and powerlessness as if rivers had dried up in his mind, due to the enormous consumption of Spiritual Power, and with two low-level Monarch Extraordinary Exponents attacking from both sides simultaneously, he had no way to defend both sides for the moment.

"Swoosh!"

A Forbidden rare artifact's power suddenly activated, rendering Felix completely immobilized on the spot. Although the inability to move was brief, it still had a significant impact.

What's happening?

He wanted to use the rune power "Counterattack Barrier" in the opportunity, but to his shock, the recent Fusion Ability had indeed exhausted his rune power's activations.

This is bad!

Felix's eyes widened in an instant as he, on instinct, used the last of his Spiritual Power to conjure a green Poison Arrow, taking the form of the rune power "Poison Green."

His shot might not be guaranteed to hit, but if it did, it could poison and kill a Monarch powerful expert!

However, he could only target one of the two Monarch powerful experts, while the other would undoubtedly destroy his body completely without hesitation!

The two Monarch powerful experts, one was manipulating the winds around, body ethereal, and the other controlled raging flames, like a demon; they were brothers from a Rhea family, the Vender family.

Since childhood, the Vender brothers had been in perfect sync, their combined attacks always threatening, seldom missing.

The elder Vender rushed forward, and in an instant, the flames appeared to receive a Summoning, leaping up from the horizon, transforming into a red giant dragon weaving through the clouds, its path igniting the air and bursting into blinding light.

This flame giant dragon, bearing the power of Destruction and rebirth, dove straight at the immobilized Felix, unstoppable in its momentum.

"Wind, rend him asunder!" chanted the younger Vender brother.

The once gentle breeze turned violent suddenly, gathering into a force not to be underestimated—carrying endless power and speed, it shot up to the skies then plummeted down, about to collide head-on with the fiery giant dragon.

Caught in the middle of the two forces was no one else but Felix, staring wide-eyed, tangibly feeling despair.

At that moment, a thick black mist surged from Felix's body!

The next instant, he disappeared without a trace!

The collision of wind and fire erupted into an unspeakably magnificent spectacle!

The flames, fanned by the ferocious wind, spread more wildly, forming splendid spirals of fire, twisting and interweaving, unleashing energy capable of annihilating heaven and earth!

The wind, bolstered by the power of the flame, grew even more ferocious. It was like an invisible blade, slicing through the air, pushing the power of the flames to the extreme!  
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But no matter how powerful an attack, it's meaningless if it doesn't hit its target.

"That Fischer has disappeared!"

The hot-tempered elder Vender brother bellowed, while the other brother of the Vender family remained silent, sensing the sudden disappearance of their foe even sooner.

The black mist reappeared not far away, and Felix just emotionlessly shot the Poison Arrow from his hand.

"Whoosh!"

On the Poison Arrow, drops of liquid glistening like solidified emeralds oozed slowly, a perfect blend of Poison Green and Natural Essence, each drop containing a terrifying power capable of instantly downing a fierce beast.

The poison-laden green arrow tore through the air, whistling sharply as it shot towards the elder Vender!

Due to Felix's sudden disappearance and reappearance without any signal or Energy Fluctuation, the elder Vender, who controlled the flames, was struck directly by the Poison Arrow.

"Ahhhhhhhhhh!"

He screamed in agony immediately, struggling to resist the spread of the toxin, expertly using the high temperature of the flames to neutralize the poison, yet he lost his combat strength instantly.

"Die!"

The younger Vender, controlling the gusting winds, bellowed in rage, activating the Forbidden rare artifact on his body, the "Reckless" black belt, No. 3233, at the cost of ten years of his lifespan to boost his power to mid-level Monarch for a brief time!

His eyes wide with fury, no longer silent, he shouted with strength and resolve:

"Spawn of the Fischer family monster! Child of the Cyart demon! Felix, you church traitor, heretic—dying here is the only fate you deserve!"

Felix watched this scene very cautiously, kneeling on one knee, head splitting with pain.

Spiritual Power... is exhausted...

The air was torn by an unseen force, thousands of sharp Wind Blades sprang from nothing, like blades summoned by the god of rage, slicing through the sky, converging into an unstoppable storm.

The storm was no longer just a violent wind, but a dance of destruction woven from Wind Blades, each blade possessing the strength to move mountains and cleave rocks. They interwove in the air, collided, and roared deafeningly, as if playing the most intense symphony between heaven and earth, yet filled with the scent of death!

As the storm approached, the ground shook, trees were snapped in half, rocks crumbled, and dust billowed.

"You may kill me, but the Fischer family will never fail; this name will never fall."

Felix's expression was serious, his will always strong; but he had exhausted his Spiritual Power, no longer able to launch a counterattack, incapable of defense.

Just then, an unusual shadow appeared in the sky, instantly drawing everyone's gaze!

"Aoo!"

With a deafening dragon roar, the giant Demon Dragon burst through the clouds like a sovereign breaking free from the Abyss, its massive body casting a shadow over the sun as its scales shimmered with a metallic, cold brilliance.

Arrogantly unfurling its wings, each scale gigantic as a sail, the body maintained its posture steadily within the storm without the slightest tremble.

Its eyes blazed with raging flames, and a powerful gust surged forth from its mouth, fiercely colliding with the rampaging storm!

The storm itself seemed to hesitate in front of the Demon Dragon, its razor-edged winds losing their sharpness against the Dragon's hard scales and deflecting away.

"Father!"

A surge of ecstasy welled up inside Felix, and even with a splitting headache, he couldn't help but smile at the sight of his father in the sky.

"Darren Fischer!"

The brother from the Vender family widened his eyes, a uncontrollable fear flashing through them as his body shuddered subconsciously.

"Hmph!"

With a cold laugh, Darren circled in the sky, each swipe of his massive claws accompanied by a deafening whooshing sound, as if the entire heavens were his stage, and he the sole protagonist of this performance.

The next moment, a tide of Black Tide surged forth!

That storm finally dissipated into nothing!

"Damn Siya demon! Fischer's executioner! Don't be so smug!"

The Vender brother still wanted to resist, but suddenly, he noticed an ominous shadow creeping up silently, obscuring the sunlight and causing everyone to look up in alarm!

"How is this possible?"

"God!"

A colossal creature—the remnants of the Three-Headed Dragon, torn asunder by an invisible force and plummeting from the depths of the clouds with a howling wind and earth-shaking momentum.

Even in its broken state, its vast body commanded reverence.

Each of the three dragon heads was ferocious and terrifying, and although devoid of life, they still exuded the imperious demeanor they possessed before death. The mottled scales covering the wreckage were scorched and shattered, silently proclaiming the horror of its final battle.

"Boom!"

The remnants of the Three-Headed Dragon crashed heavily onto the battlefield, the ground trembling, dust and debris flying, as if even the air froze in that moment.

A tremendous impact created a massive crater, destroying everything nearby and leaving the scene unrecognizable.

"Impossible! You, you actually killed it in such a short time! And we didn't even notice! How could this be?"

The face of the Vender brother was filled with disbelief, never expecting that Duke Darren Fischer could silently achieve such a feat!

All the Cyart people burst into jubilation, while the soldiers of the Rhea Alliance were stunned, incredulously witnessing the scene before them. Many soldiers' legs grew weak, almost collapsing to the ground.

Darren suddenly surged forward, his enormous size belied by incredible speed, and in the next instant, he had already moved to another part of the battlefield.

"No!"

The brother from the Vender family was crushed under the massive claw in despair, instantly reduced to an unrecognizable mass of flesh and blood, dead beyond death, while his brother, upon seeing this scene, also finally gave up resistance and let the toxin take his life in resignation.

Everyone stood agape.

"Aoo!"

An unprecedented roar tore through the air, the Darren from the Abyss venting his madness and fury.

His roar was deep and sonorous, carrying endless authority and the power of destruction, making every soul on the battlefield tremble.

As the roar continued, an invisible pressure enveloped the entire battlefield, eerily morphing into a laugh, one that mixed the triumph of a victor, the disdain for the weak, and the excitement of an impending slaughter.

Darren's laughter was like a demonic echo, causing the morale of the Rhea people to collapse instantly as fear spread among them like a plague.

Amidst that overwhelming laughter, countless Rhea people began to falter, their eyes losing the resoluteness and ferocity of days past, replaced instead by deep fear and despair.

They knew that against such a powerful being, any resistance was futile.

Thus, one by one, the Rhea people laid down their weapons, knelt down with hands raised over their heads, signaling their surrender.

"We surrender! Duke Fischer! We've lost!"

"Spare us! We concede!"

"Cyart people, spare us!"

At that moment, the entire battlefield seemed to hit the pause button, with only Darren's insane laughter still echoing through the air. No other sounds were heard, as even the Cyart people found themselves speechless.

And the surrendering enemies, thick as tide waters, gradually covered the entire battlefield.

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

## **Chapter 494 Ambushing Darren Fischer**

In the midst of ruins, the remains of walls swayed in the breeze, occasionally accompanied by the distant cries of birds, and wildflowers bloomed stubbornly among the rubble, while green leaves poked through the cracks of shattered walls.

The air was filled with a faint smell of gunpowder and the fragrance of soil, intertwined together, forming a complex and unique post-war aroma.

Seated atop the broken walls was a handsome king.

Blood-red flames swirled ceaselessly in Flamme's hands.

The blossoming blood-red hue contained the power of the "Fire Demon God Adranus" bloodline that had been passed down through generations, which the Meyer family had relied on to live and fight in this world.

Flamme thanked the flames, he revered them.

He was born amongst the blood-red flames, and ultimately, he would also die in them.

Many had died or been injured on this battlefield, yet he sat unscathed in white armor on a rock, quietly waiting for his subordinates to report on the battle situation in Ahornblatt Province.

Soon, Flamme saw worry, unease, and even panic on the faces of his subordinates.

"My king," although it's not yet completely certain," but the information we have gathered from all sides mostly shows that we are losing more on all battlefields!"

"What should we do? Are the Rhea People really going to lose? Will the Church, the Gods, still protect us?"

"Oh king, the Rhea People have reached a critical point of life and death; what should we do?"

The subordinates discussed among themselves; at this point, everyone was filled with fear.

At the beginning of the campaign, the atmosphere that they could easily destroy Cyart and everyone would make a name for themselves had completely disappeared.

Now, everyone was very clear...

The Cyart people were not to be trifounded with!

They were practically demons!

Flamme Meyer's expression was initially very solemn, but gradually, his sharp eyes became even calmer.

"No matter."

"The Rhea People are only at a disadvantage; we are far from a desperate situation, and the Gods will protect us towards victory."

The full counterattack of the Cyart people was indeed powerful, and the combined forces of the Rhea People and the Salvation Church had also fallen into a disadvantage, not to mention the fierce intervention by the Sun Church and the Tempest Church. If not for their presence, the Salvation Church would not have been held up directly.

Flamme closed his eyes, silently pondering.

Are the Rhea People really inferior to the Cyart people?

Although nearly two hundred years ago, they were people living in the center of the Ouden Continent, driven out by the Lorne citizen, but today they had clearly differed in superiority.

Flamme believed that the Rhea People were definitely nobler than the Cyart people!

However, the situation was not developing as expected, and the Rhea People were gradually moving toward a desperate situation.

He knew clearly how to solve this predicament. Flamme, a veteran of many battles who had faced this kind of situation more than once, often saved his campaigns through one method.

That was the decapitation tactic, directly killing the enemy's commander!

In the Extraordinary Society, the "decapitation tactic" was undoubtedly the most commonly used and very effective method.

At this point, Flamme knew the most important thing was to kill Darren Fischer of the Fischer family; as long as his death was announced, the morale of the Fischer family and all the Cyart people would collapse!

Flamme closed his eyes and nodded slightly.

"Go gather intelligence and find Darren Fischer's location for me; I want to personally lead a team to kill him."

----

The powerful Darren had already been clearing one battlefield after another, increasingly aware that the Cyart people still held the upper hand.

This war would change the landscape of the Eastern Four Kingdoms and be a significant battle that profoundly affected the history of the Ouden Continent!

"Very well, it won't be long before the Rhea People come to kill me," he said.

He looked towards Aldrich Romann beside him and with a mischievous smile said,

"After all, I've been so high-profile, and my identity is so important. They are very aware that the most effective way to break through is to kill me."

Aldrich nodded slowly and said, "Although I don't agree with the notion of 'the most effective solution,' it indeed has a higher chance of success. So, shall we just wait for them to take the bait?"

Darren also nodded and continued with a smile:

"Yes, if they choose another method, it would only mean I've made the wrong bet, or perhaps there's some information we're unaware of. At that time, we'll have to play it by ear."

He suddenly narrowed his eyes and said, "But according to the intelligence held by 'Black Tide,' Flamme's favorite tactic is the decapitation strategy, so he will definitely come."

"So that's how it is."

Aldrich had an epiphany and finally understood why Duke Darren was so confident. It was apparent that the "Black Tide" had thoroughly researched the Meyer family.

He gradually realized that Darren's wisdom was no less than Byrne's from the past.

Moreover, Aldrich couldn't help but consider that this man before him was even more ruthless and crazed, posing a far greater danger than his father, Byrne.

He knew very well not to offend such a person.

Fortunately, our Romann family and the Fischer family are allies, not enemies.

"Ah, time..."

Aldrich couldn't help but feel deeply moved; just a few decades ago, the Fischer family was nothing special, yet in just a few decades, the positions of the two families had almost completely reversed.

Now, the Fischer family, without a doubt, was about to become the backbone of the Romann family!

"Time is indeed filled with wonders. Its passing can change everything."

Darren did not notice Aldrich's thoughts but was absorbed in contemplation concerning Flamme Meyer.

This man could be said to be the Fischer family's unseen mortal enemy!

For decades, starting with his grandfather Lucius, many members of the Fischer family and the Dawn Church had died because of the Meyer family, and now the chance for revenge was in his own hands!

He let out a chuckle, his eyes unabashedly filled with madness and anticipation.

----

Above the vast land, the twilight after a battle was like a silent painter using the sky as a canvas and light and shadows as brushes, slowly sketching out a painting that was both magnificent and poignant.

The setting sun, like a weary traveler, slowly sank into the horizon, the afterglow no longer dazzling but casting a pale golden-red hue over the land that had been baptized by war.

At this moment, Flamme Meyer along with many members of the Meyer family, and numerous Rhea nobles had already left the vicinity of Black Gold City.

The Monarch powerful experts left first, their formidable flying abilities making their mobility unmatched by other Extraordinary Exponents.

Based on intelligence, they successfully ambushed Darren, who was moving in his dragon form, thirty-five kilometers south of Black Gold City.

Seeing himself suddenly surrounded by four people from two directions, Darren, flying all by himself, couldn't help but burst into laughter.

"Hahahahahaha, Rhea People! I haven't even come looking for you yet! But here you are, coming to me on your own!"

Darren wore a black robe that clung tightly to his body; the robe did not flutter with the wind, as if even the air respected this quietness. He was surrounded by an indescribable aura of solitude and decisiveness.

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His figure intermittently visible through the thin clouds, resembled a crazy and proud lone wolf, and even in adversity, his eyes still sparkled with a light that seemed to devour anyone it fixed upon.

The three Monarch powerful experts behind Flamme felt inevitably nervous at that gaze.

Only the "Blood Flames King" was fearless and expressionless.

"Darren Fischer, we finally meet... Patriarch of the Fischer family, the Cyart demon, the mortal enemy of all Rhea people," Flamme said.

Flamme's face was stern and resolute, his sharply defined features showing no expression, except in his eyes, deep as a cold pool, assessing the situation calmly.

"I'm glad to meet you here and resolve our fateful dispute."

He bowed slowly, as if paying homage like a king of knights.

"Being able to reach this point under the gaze of fate, Darren Fischer, you and your family deserve my respect... worthy adversaries of the Meyer family all this time."

Upon hearing this, Darren couldn't help but burst into wild laughter, his tone devoid of any respect or honor, filled instead with the most naked of murderous intents and frenzy!

"Hahahahahaha! I'm also delighted to see you here, Flamme Meyer! I have been eagerly awaiting this day! Because now, I can tear your head off and feed your insides to your kinsmen!"

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

## **Chapter 495 Black Clouds and Blood Flames**

Above the sky, Darren gazed at Rhea People's "Blood Flames King," Flamme Meyer.

His eyes held a sharpness, ferocity, and madness that were most unsettling, almost inhuman.

Duke Darren Fischer was undoubtedly a terrifying entity in the eyes of the world.

The demon of Cyart!

Not only were his enemies afraid of him, but the Cyart people were too!

But Darren did not find this disturbing at all, not only because sufficient negative emotion could propel him higher up the God Pantheon stairway but also because he naturally relished being perceived in such a manner by everyone.

Yes.

Darren Fischer was born a selfish, insanely ferocious demon!

Very well.

"I've finally reached this point."

"I will soon be able to avenge my grandfather and fulfill my father's last wish."

He murmured to himself.

Over the decades, driven by intense hatred, the Fischer family had thoroughly gathered most of the intelligence on the "Blood Flames King."

First was the power known as "Blood Flames," an ominously potent force passed down from the "Fire Demon God Anzemos," which possessed rather troublesome effects.

That being, anyone wounded by the "Blood Flames" would lose their ability to heal naturally, and their soul would continuously suffer damage as long as the wielder of the "Blood Flames" remained conscious.

The power of the soul flowed and churned within the blood, so the blood-red flames indeed could scorch deep into the soul!

Though Life Box could function, Darren could indeed be burned until only a small part of his soul remained, leaving him far from a complete human.

In fact, within the ranks of Monarchs, not many Bloodline powers could truly damage the soul, but the Meyer family's Bloodline possessed that capability.

Darren knew one thing, that the "Blood of Salvation" obtained by the Fischer family could also accomplish this, although it had to be developed to the level of Heavenly Enlightenment to reveal the true power of this Bloodline.

Undoubtedly, the direct damage to the soul by the "Blood Flames" constrained Darren's physical immortality, but he did not feel that meant he was bound to lose.

After all, his immortality was just one among many of his traits, a crucial component of his combat strength, important but only to an extent.

Besides "Blood Flames," there was another point of concern... according to Darren's knowledge, the Rhea People had always possessed two double-digit Forbidden rare artifacts, and one of them was likely in Flamme's possession.

Number sixty-nine, the Forbidden rare artifact "Demon Bamboo."

The so-called "Demon Bamboo" was a type of purple-blue bamboo, each section of which had eyes constantly seeping blood, undoubtedly possessing peculiarly dark powers.

It required the permanent sacrifice of an important bodily organ to activate, but once used, it would render one almost invincible for a short period, immune to most damage and external interference.

As for how long that "short period" was?

Neither Black Tide nor Darren knew, as Flamme himself had never used the artifact, and the last person to use it was his father, the man who led the Meyer family to the East.

Then there was another concern, the people from the True Gods Church.

He narrowed his eyes.

According to Black Tide's investigations, Darren learned that the Cardinal of the Salvation Church was also among the Rhea military, that woman known as the "White Flower."

"White Flower" was a very aged elf, at least five hundred years old, appearing very young but possibly the oldest Cardinal in the Salvation Church.

The Bloodline power she possessed, derived from Angels and called "Flower Dawn," was not only bizarre but peculiar, endowed with many mysterious characteristics.

Although "White Flower" was not currently on the battlefield, Darren always felt that it was very likely she would suddenly appear here!

"It's good that we also made our preparations in advance... we'll see whose preparation is more sufficient."

His belief that "White Flower" would definitely arrive was because Karno had prophesized in advance that today's fateful battle would not be easy but full of ups and downs and replete with danger!

As Darren pondered silently, four others were sizing him up.

Before the "Blood Flames King," Flamme Meyer, had a chance to speak, an elderly nobleman in a black tuxedo, with a profound gaze, spoke up.

"Let's all go together! Surround him!"

The next moment, Flamme silently stared at Darren without moving, while the other three people around him took positions in three different places, ultimately encircling Darren.

"Very well, all of you attack together."

In that tense standoff, Darren stood amid them all, his expression calm and composed, as if the tense atmosphere around him had nothing to do with him.

His eyes betrayed a superhuman calmness, the aggressive movements of the four around him were merely like ripples in a storm.

"What will you do, Darren Fischer! Cyart's demon!"

The elderly man in the black tuxedo challenged him; though he did not possess middle rank Monarch power, his strength was close to that, making him a very powerful elements spellcaster.

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Like a mountain that could not be shaken, Darren remained unflustered even as he was surrounded.

He slowly adjusted his breathing, not rushing to make a move, his gaze sweeping over the four men, exhibiting a powerful presence that commanded respect.

"Begin!"

The next instant, at that very moment, Darren's aura transformed abruptly, as if an ancient and powerful force within him had awakened.

His form began to distort, bones and muscles uttered low rumbles in the darkness, and with a deafening roar, Darren once again transformed into a giant demon dragon, its scales as black as night, shimmering with a cold light, each seeming to contain the power of death.

The eyes of the demon dragon were like the abyss, burning with fierce flames, trembling the souls of those who dared look directly.

"Death Black Cloud!"

The air around seemed to tear apart, the dense Death Black Cloud exploded instantly, darkening the skies and devouring all light.

The Black Clouds not only obscured the vision of the Rhea People but also carried endless despair that sapped the life force, making even breathing difficult for them.

Aside from Flamme, the other three instinctively retreated, even the elderly nobleman in black found himself forced to step back!

"Roar!"

Darren propelled himself into flight on massive wings, tearing through the sky, stirring up a fierce wind that whipped the surrounding Death Black Cloud into even greater turbulence.

With each breath he took, thunderous sounds followed, the flames he exhaled like the fires of Hell!

Just as the Death Black Cloud ravaged everything in desperation and fear, the sky suddenly cracked open with a dazzling rift, from which surged not deeper darkness, but blazing blood-red flames!

The flames, as if endowed with life, carried an unyielding ancient power, instantly piercing through the thick Black Clouds, illuminating all of heaven and earth.

The former moniker of "Blood Flames King" Flamme was...

Skyfire!

The blood-red flames clashed fiercely with the Death Black Cloud, interweaving and colliding in the sky, erupting into deafening booms. Within the flames seemed to dwell an ancient will. They did not fear the forces of death but grew ever more fervent, devouring piece by piece of the Black Cloud, burning it until it was reduced to nothingness.

"Have you nearly reached the high-level Monarch already?"

Even as a demon dragon, Darren could not hide his astonishment in the face of the sudden blood-red flames; the flames' temperature was so high that even his dragon scales crackled under their heat, emitting wisps of smoke.

The edges of the scales touched by the flames turned black, and increasingly more cracks appeared, revealing the bright red flesh beneath.

However, it was the soul that felt even more pain than the flesh; he could sense a lethal threat!

Yet, Darren did not retreat but rather ignited the madness within the depths of his soul.

"Roar!"

He howled towards the sky and then flapped his wings to fly even more fiercely into the flames!

Flamme's eyes widened in disbelief as Darren charged headlong into the flames, as if he intended to test the limits of the blood-red flames with his body, proving that not even death and destruction could halt his progress!

"The Fischer family patriarch indeed! You indeed have courage, no, you are insane!"

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

## Chapter 496 Betting on Fate!

Darren could feel as if he were undergoing an unprecedented trial, his soul mercilessly scorched by a blood-colored flame born from the abyss.

The "Fire Demon God" was a terrifying existence of the Apocalypse Upper Rank in the ancient times, its blood-colored raging flames unlike any fire of the mortal realm, born of the interweaving of an ancient curse and the power of the abyss, each wisp containing agony enough to shatter a soul.

Several Rhea People gazed at the blood-red flames that entwined around the giant dragon's massive body, seeing Darren's evil and frenzied eyes now as if stained by the blood color, revealing a both painful and resolute light.

"Good, just like that, burn him to death in one go!"

"Ao!"

The Demon Dragon's roar shook heaven and earth, each roar as if defying fate itself, declaring war on the blood-colored flames inflicted upon it.

Although the pain deep within the soul surged like a tide, almost overwhelming Darren's will, his eyes flashed with an even more resolute light.

Its scales trembled continuously under the searing of the fire, he clenched his teeth, allowing the blood-colored flames to continue their rampage deep in his soul, while silently absorbing the negative emotions that came with the pain.

Just then, the space around suddenly twisted.

The "Dragon Taming Lord" Aldrich Romann and "Stars Mortal" Ariel Romann, the two of them suddenly appeared simultaneously.

Following the counter-strategy long discussed, with the assistance of the Forbidden rare artifact controlled by the Cyart people, came the help from the Romann family! The situation on the battlefield changed in an instant!

"Watch out! It's that Aldrich Romann! He never fights a battle unprepared!"

The aged noble in black cried out as everyone couldn't help but divert part of their attention to that famous Cyart. Continue your saga on My Virtual Library Empire

Aldrich himself was already a mid-level Monarch powerful expert, his strength not the strongest among many, yet he was always able to make targeted preparations.

He slowly raised his hands, activating the Forbidden rare artifact shaped like rings, and two giant dragons also surged out from the clouds beside him.

Flamme, upon seeing this scene, nodded and said, "I see, it seems you had already known we would intercept you, but this is not beyond my expectations."

The next moment, Darren, without saying much, had already unleashed his powerful rune power.

"Soul Command!"

Darren glared viciously at Flamme Meyer, then activated the rune power Soul Command, choosing the game that was about to commence.

He revealed a maniacal smile, directly choosing the most insane and unpredictable of the six games.

"Luck Gambling!"

A transparent dice phantom appeared in mid-air, then began to spin rapidly!

The rules were simple!

If the dice roll was an odd number, then Darren would lose in the game, and if the dice roll was an even number, then Flamme Meyer would be declared the loser.

"Luck Gambling" was just that brutally simple of a game, relying entirely on luck... yet, Darren didn't feel he would lose at all! Or rather, he was not afraid of losing!

"Hahahahahaha!"

"Come on!"

Darren tilted his haughty head upwards, enduring the greatest agony of his life, his emotions becoming even more excited and uplifting!

"Knight King of the Meyer family, Blood Flames King of the Rhea! Let us now gamble on our fates and see who the lucky one is, and who the loser is!"

"The world is so mad and cruel, the victor may not have it all, but the loser will die with no grave to his name!"

He laughed wildly, his eyes full of reckless madness, and truly without fear of entrusting his life and win or lose to luck.

Flamme, involuntarily, looked towards the continuously spinning dice in mid-air.

The dice phantom kept spinning, as if it represented the fates of the two men furiously changing together, with no way seemingly able to stop the outcome.

Darren stretched out a gigantic claw towards the dice phantom.

"Reveal!"

The next moment, the number on the dice emerged!

Four!

"Hahahahahahaha!"

"I win!"

Darren, covered in blood-red raging flames, laughed uproariously toward the sky, then fiercely gazed at Flamme, whose expression was grave, intending to use the power of "Soul Command" to petrify him!

However, petrification did not take effect.

On Flamme's body, there was no sign that the power of "Soul Command" had interfered.

"What?"

Darren's laughter came to an abrupt halt. This was a rare instance where the power of "Soul Command" had failed after so many years. Soon, he knew clearly in the depths of his heart what had happened.

"So that's it."

The "Blood Flames King," Flamme Meyer, must have activated the two-digit Forbidden rare artifact, "Demon Bamboo"!

Indeed, surrounded by purple streams of air, Flamme showed no sign of petrification; instead, he gazed at Darren with an invincible stance.

But one of his right eyes had lost its light completely, a price paid for using "Demon Bamboo." Among the two-digit forbidden rare artifacts, such a price was not considered expensive.

"Darren Fischer, let's end our fate here!"

Enveloped by the blood-red flames and the mysterious purple streams, it was as if he fused the most ardent with the deepest power of heaven and earth.

The blood-red flames did not come from ordinary fire but from the indomitable fighting spirit deep within the knight's heart. They danced around him, tracing scorching paths wherever they went, causing the darkness to tremble and shrink away.

And those purple streams contained an evil and mysterious power from the forbidden rare artifact. They weaved through the flames like specters, forming shields to guard the knight from all harm.

The "Blood Flames King" Flamme extended his hand and drew a longsword forged from an unknown metal out of the flames; the blade also shone with blood-red and purple light!

With a slash of his sword, accompanied by deafening roars and dazzling light, the sky seemed to ignite. Innumerable flame slashes, like a meteor shower, poured down, containing enough power to destroy towns!

"Aah!"

Darren roared in madness, spreading his gigantic wings in an attempt to block this destructive assault, but the flame slashes tore through the air like lightning piercing the night, mercilessly ripping and heavily bombarding his body.

"Boom! Boom! Boom!"

With each deafening roar, ghastly wounds began to appear on his skin. Those once indestructible scales finally began to lose their lustre under the scorching flames, turning charred and shattered, even being vaporized, exposing the blurry flesh beneath.

Blood spurted profusely from the wounds, staining the surrounding air red.

"Aah..."

Every struggle and counterattack by Darren seemed futile. His roars were still earth-shattering, but they were laden with undeniable pain. His massive body gradually fractured under the baptism of the blood-red flames, covered with widespread wounds, appearing as though it would collapse at any moment.

Yet even at this juncture between life and death, he never ceased to resist, his angry eyes fixed on his assailant.

Aldrich and another fought the three Rhea mid-level Monarchs, quickly gaining the upper hand. This time, Aldrich brought a different forbidden rare artifact, perfectly countering his enemies.

The "Blood Flames King" Flamme was entirely focused on combating the frenzied Demon Dragon, his eyes void of fear, only filled with unwavering conviction of victory.

Amidst the chaotic dance of life and death and the tumultuous flames, a hidden and deadly threat was creeping up on him.

The invincible time granted by the "Demon Bamboo" had finally passed.

A cold-hearted assassin, almost blended with the air, silently appeared next to him, like a specter, Noiseless.

Chris's speed was astonishing, revealing only a pair of ruthless eyes and launching a sudden attack!

"Swoosh!"

The white bone sword in his hand cut through the air with lightning speed, aiming straight for the waist of the Blood Flame Knight King. The strike was not only swift but also precise, clearly the result of meticulous planning.

"Chris! Fischer!"

The "Blood Flames King" Flamme instantly sensed everything!

With an instinctive use of his superior reflexes and combat experience, he narrowly sidestepped to avoid the lethal blow.

However, Chris's weapon, as if possessed by Spirituality, relentlessly pursued, ultimately leaving a shocking wound on the knight's waist.

"Puff!"

Blood immediately soaked the "Blood Flames King's" white Armor, but he made no cry, his gaze only firmer, fixing those fiery eyes on the ruthless assassin.

And Chris also silently stared at the man before him.

Without saying a word, his mere presence seemed like a Proclamation of the arrival of the "Death God."

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

## Chapter 497 White Flower

"Siya Death God"

For decades, Chris had become a very terrifying synonym; almost every Cyart person was well aware of his name, as well as those bizarre and astonishingly terrifying deeds, one after another.

"Do you know about the Siya Death God?"

"Of course, that's the nightmare of countless people!"

In fact, many unsolved murder cases were attributed by those discussing him in taverns, restaurants, and streets to Chris Fischer.

For a time, any extremely bizarre murder case would be said to be lives taken by that Cyart "Death God," because that meant the case could no longer be pursued.

So, a lot of strange legends came into being like that.

The reputation of Chris also grew bigger and bigger.

Even many professional assassins from the Cyart, Carnian, and Vallere citizens took the "Siya Death God" as their idol.

Even the Rhea People knew all about his various stories and legends!

The Bone Blade of Chris fiercely stabbed into Flamme's waist.

Blood crazily gushed out, yet the expression of "Blood Flames King" Flamme showed no change.

"Chris... Death God... You can't take me away!"

He initially tried to heal himself by transforming life force through Monarch Level spiritual power, but it didn't work, so he attempted to cauterize the wound with flames only to shockingly find that he couldn't stop the bleeding.

Is this the power of the "Death God"?

Flamme couldn't help but ponder and speculate deep inside, why was the power of Bloodline possessed by the Fischer family so complex and varied?

There had to be a reason for this. Read exclusive content at [My Virtual Library Empire](#)

Suddenly, Darren, Chris, and Flamme all looked up together!

A tiny crack opened in the sky, not accompanied by thunder and lightning, nor by stormy weather, but by countless pristine white petals falling lightly and densely onto the world like early winter snow.

"It's bad, huh, heh." As Darren saw this scene, while claiming it to be bad, he actually squinted without feeling it was unexpected.

That's right.

It absolutely had to be her.

Each of those white petals contained incredible Magic Power, more and more of them slowly twirling in the air, eventually gently covering the entire battlefield.

The sky, previously filled with gunpowder smoke, was at this moment covered by purity of white, with the faint scent of flowers in the air creating a stark contrast against the surrounding atmosphere of slaughter.

Flamme's nearly fatal wound, under the gentle touch of the white petals, began to heal at a speed visible to the naked eye, as if time was reversing, erasing any sign of injury and pain.

His strength and will surged like never before, as if the God of Salvation itself was granting "Blood Flames King" the power to continue the fight.

Chris frowned upon witnessing this scene.

His power to prevent healing had been broken...

And it was not just that... the falling of those white petals disrupted his perception and judgement, his body and soul seemingly bound by an invisible force, unable to move through the battlefield as effortlessly as before.

"Elf Lian from the Salvation Church, come out now!" Darren roared.

Soon, an ethereal elf walked slowly into view, as if she were the brightest constellation in the sky, descending into this filthy world.

Her long hair poured down like the Milky Way, a flowing gleam of silver, each strand infused with the soft light of moonbeams, gently swaying with her steps, emitting a faint glow.

The eyes of the elf were especially rare treasures of the world, like two deep golden lakes, flickering with the light of wisdom and mystery.

Most striking was the skirt hem surrounded by a circle of continuously burning silver flame, a flame unlike ordinary, devoid of blistering heat but full of gentle, pure light, guarding the elf's soul.

She gazed at Darren Fischer and Chris Fischer, while Flamme also nodded respectfully toward the elf.

Aldrich, Ariel, and others could not help but look at that elf, knowing that she was a top-tier powerful expert of the Salvation Church, definitely possessing the formidable power capable of altering the course of battle.

A cool voice carried forth.

"Cyart people... your lack of reverence for the Divine makes you enemies of salvation, the gravest of sins in this world."

"Under the watch of the God of Salvation, I shall grant you annihilation."

"Hahaha!"

Upon hearing this, Darren could not help but burst into laughter, as if he had heard the funniest remark in the world, then he coldly said,

"Your Excellency Lian, that supposedly great God of Salvation has been quiet for decades! Yet you still speak in His name and only act on his behalf—how utterly hypocritical of you!"

His voice echoed between heaven and earth; every Monarch powerful expert present heard it loud and clear, with not the slightest respect.

"You want to expand, to invade, to seize, to vie for every interest in the world—just say it outright! Your current guise is utterly hypocritical!"

The elf stood upon a white flower, her expressionless face locked onto Darren Fischer as she shook her head slightly and spoke slowly.

"You have already defied the will of God, and it is fated that you will die here. The judgment I bring upon you holds no personal vendetta... it is merely the execution of the will of the great Lord of Salvation!"

"White Flower."

That was people's impression of Lian, the Elf Cardinal of the Salvation Church.

In fact, "White Flower" Lian's power of Bloodline was a peculiar plant, and the flowers she bore were not limited to one color of white. However, whenever she made an appearance, the first color of blossoms she released were always white, which also happened to be the most common color seen on and around her.

Thus, people called her the "White Flower."

As an elf, she was also perceived by many followers of the Salvation Church as the pure white flower, possessing unequaled sanctity.

Lian was born in the Silver Moon City of the western Ouden Continent, but instead of worshipping the Silver Moon Lady, she became a devout person of the God of Salvation after various experiences.

In fact, the story of Lian becoming a believer of redemption is recorded as an important legend in the Salvation Church: it narrates a wager between the Silver Moon Lady and the Lord of Salvation, with both Divine beings feeling confident that the elf would become their devotee.

The Silver Moon Lady bestowed upon Lian many blessings, guiding her to save the good, assist others, always leading her to help the weak, especially women and children.

The Lord of Salvation designed many hardships and dilemmas for Lian, making her overcome obstacles one after another, always managing to save many and receiving universal glory and praise.

In the end, Lian chose to become a devout believer of the Lord of Salvation, leaping to the position of Cardinal within the Salvation Church, and even received a Divine Power belonging to the Lord of Salvation, becoming a "Saint" of the Salvation Church.

The Lord of Salvation's victory was naturally recorded in the annals of the Salvation Church, teaching the clergy the importance of withstanding tribulations and that glory and praise were their deserved rewards!

Besides the Old Pope of the Salvation Church who has lived for a thousand years, the contemporary Redemption Saint was only her, and even if she was not the strongest Cardinal, her strength somewhat inferior to the "Weird Light," "White Flower" Lian unquestionably held the highest standing.

However, there's one thing not chronicled in the Scriptures of the Salvation Church, but rather recorded in the Scriptures of the Silver Moon Church.

That is, upon learning of "White Flower" Lian's choice, the Silver Moon Lady expressed calmly that it was actually a good thing.

"What I need is not victory or defeat but truly devout, loyal followers."

According to the interpretation in the Silver Moon Church's Scriptures, "White Flower" failed to withstand the goddess's test and revealed her true nature, hence she had no more value in the eyes of the Silver Moon Lady.

If that's the case, why bother with someone completely unnecessary, even if they are handed over to the Lord of Salvation?

It wasn't that the Silver Moon Lady couldn't win her over, but that she had filtered her out.

Followers of both the Silver Moon Church and the Salvation Church have argued many times over who the true "winner" of this incident was, each proclaiming their deity to be the superior one.

Lian has served as a Cardinal for hundreds of years by now.

This time, as a representative of the Salvation Church aiding the Rhea People, her ultimate goal was undoubtedly the destruction of Cyart.

So, for the Fischer family, even if she was some kind of Redemption Saint, she remained their enemy... or rather, faithful followers of other false gods were already enemies of the Dawn Church!

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

## Chapter 498 Weird Light

The "White Flower" Lian's power of Bloodline was a peculiar plant that had always been associated with elf gathering places, usually appearing white but showing its true appearance only under the moonlight.

Its original appearance was a transparent flower that continuously emitted five different colors, only under the moonlight would it look unimaginably dreamy and beautiful, a rare sight for most to see.

Thus, people called it the "Dream Flower."

In the lands where elves dwelled, about once every thousand years, there would be an elf born with the bloodline power of the "Dream Flower."

And Lian was that elf who had first been chosen by the elusive fate and then by two divinities. In a sense, she could almost be considered a uniquely fortunate individual!

A sea of white flowers swept across the entire battlefield, continually providing healing effects to the Rhea people, while at the same time restricting the perception ability of the Cyart people.

Darren pondered to himself, so the "Dream Flower" is a support type bloodline power? No, of course not, according to the information gathered, that was just one of her many powers!

Lian's bloodline power was indeed complex and tricky, capable of rivaling a demi-god level.

Sure enough, the color of the flowers soon changed.

The myriad of white flowers in the sky, under the astonished gazes of the crowd, instantly transformed into a deep and mysterious blue, as if the entire world was gently covered by a veil of dark blue.

The whole battlefield was instantly enveloped by azure, deep enough to instill fear into one's heart.

It covered everything around and seemed to penetrate into everyone's very soul, causing the Cyart people to involuntarily feel a suffocating sensation like being embraced by the ocean, yet drowning.

"This power..."

At this moment, Darren felt an unprecedented heaviness, his breathing began to quicken, as though he was actually in the deep sea, each breath a struggle against the water.

"Even if I were really drowning, it wouldn't affect me, but this suffocating feeling is so real, brought about by those blue flowers..."

"Such an extremely bizarre bloodline power!"

Chris quietly felt his consciousness beginning to blur, as if being slowly devoured by the sea water, unable to maintain his usual absolute clarity and calm.

His movements became sluggish and clumsy, no longer able to move through the battlefield with the agility he once had.

Aldrich and Ariel were also affected one after another, while Flamme, a Rhea person known as the "Blood Flames King," and others showed no issues at all.

All Cyart people seemed to be dragged into a dream made of blue petals, struggling within this azure world, yet unable to find a way out.

Nevertheless, Darren and Chris relentlessly continued their assault on Flamme.

Each of them possessed great power, certainly not inferior to the "Blood Flames King" Flamme, even while being affected by Lian's flowers, they still held the upper hand.

As the fight reached a deadlock, Flamme began to fall into an even worse position, the consumption of his spiritual power wearing him down.

Suddenly, the sky underwent another astonishing change!

The previously dominating blue flowers seemed to have been soaked in fresh blood, turning each bloom into a blood-red color, eerie and magnificent, coloring the entire sky as if heralding the apocalypse!

They contained strong Magic Power, gently rotating in the air, exuding a warm and powerful life force, which seemed conscious as it congregated towards Flamme, the "Blood Flames King."

Feeling the influx of this power, his exhausted body was instantly filled with strength, his eyes flashing a brighter light, and his Flame Sword growing even hotter and more powerful.

Under the blessing of this mysterious power, Flamme seemed rejuvenated.

He took a deep breath, erupted with an unprecedented fighting spirit, and with a sudden leap, his Flame Sword cut through the air and pierced directly into Darren's chest.

"Argh!"

Darren let out a painful yet crazily pleasurable roar, his huge body beginning to tremble violently, blood spewing from the wound, matching the red flowers in the sky.

Yet unexpectedly, this blood did not disperse into the air but was absorbed into Flamme's body in some way.

Lian slowly said, "My flowers can extract their life force and spiritual power and transfer it to you, keep going, Flamme, don't be afraid, the Lord of Salvation protects you."

Chris gazed up at Lian high in the sky, wanting to assassinate her, but subconsciously sensed danger.

If he approached her, it would definitely be perilous.

And extremely perilous at that!

"Good!"

In that moment, Flamme's eyes became deeper, sensing a strange connection between himself, Darren, and Chris.

He was drawing life force and spiritual power from the Fischer family members, and as this drawing deepened, Flamme's strength climbed continuously, and the power of his Flame Sword reached unprecedented heights.

"Hahaha, indeed, it's irritating how effective your abilities are!" Darren roared, glaring coldly at Lian up above.

Suddenly, he launched a stealth attack, emitting a pitch-black ray.

Huge Collapse!

However, the invisible barrier unexpectedly caused the Qhei ray to miss its mark and refract away, leaving Lian standing there expressionless and unharmed.

"So it really doesn't work..." Darren chuckled, not at all feeling annoyed or embarrassed.

Suddenly, he felt an unprecedented, intense crisis filled with heat and power!

"Darren Fischer! Look at me!"

Flamme stood roaring loudly atop the battlefield, holding the Flame Sword and entirely bathed in a blood-red glow, resembling a war god returned from Hell, powerful and majestic.

"This is bad... this guy's strength has risen to a high-level Monarch..." Darren's expression grew more serious, and he also felt his own strength significantly weakening.

Just as the battle reached its climax, an unexpected turn of events disrupted the balance.

The sky suddenly warped as if space itself was collapsing, and a formless force burst out of the void like a sharp blade, instantly slicing through Darren's massive body!

"Argh!"

Darren first roared and then suddenly fell silent, replaced by a series of harrowing screams, as his body gradually disintegrated under the tear of the invisible force!

The sudden turn of events shocked everyone present, even the "Blood Flames King" Flamme, who momentarily halted his actions, staring in astonishment at the scene!

However, the incident was not over yet.

A figure traversed the cracks in space and slowly stepped onto the battlefield.

He wore a black robe, his face stern, and his eyes revealing coldness and majesty that made the entire space tremble—an indescribable sense of oppression enveloped the battlefield.

Cardinal Albert, the "Weird Light"!

Just one step away from achieving Heavenly Enlightenment, the most powerful high-level Monarch Extraordinary Exponent! A top-tier powerhouse who could manipulate space at will!

"It seems I've arrived just in time."

He didn't say much, simply raising his hand gently, and an even stronger spatial force started to condense at his fingertips.

The "Weird Light" Cardinal Albert casually waved his hand, and that force instantly imprisoned Chris—who had no time to react—like a cage.

Chris struggled, but his strength seemed so insignificant against this spatial force that he couldn't escape.

"It's actually him who has come; this might be the toughest battle yet."

Aldrich furrowed his brow tightly, warily watching this sudden powerhouse, his voice filled with caution and tension.

A look of despair appeared on Ariel's face; she clearly understood how powerful the opponent was.

"The Weird Light, whose strength is close to Heavenly Enlightenment, we're finished..."

Even if two high-level Monarch Extraordinary Exponents teamed up, they likely wouldn't stand a chance against "Weird Light," who also held a high-level Monarch status and possessed tremendously powerful spatial abilities.

Aldrich looked solemn, yet his eyes did not reveal despair.

"Don't panic, the Fischer family still has a trump card... and so do I."

The "Weird Light" Cardinal Albert simply looked at everyone coldly, his eyes hinting at some deeper meaning.

Then he spoke lightly: "I am the Guardian of the Ouden Continent, the Enforcer of the Salvation Church, and the spokesperson for the great Lord of Salvation. I am here to maintain the balance and order of the Ouden Continent. The existence of the Cyart people has threatened the peace of the Ouden Continent, so I must annihilate them!"

"In the name of God!"

The entire battlefield seemed to hit the pause button, and all sounds and movements froze at that moment, Darren Fischer's sudden collapse, and Chris Fischer being instantly imprisoned, struck like two heavy bombs in everyone's hearts.

Shock was the common emotion of everyone at that moment!

They widened their eyes, unable to believe the scene unfolding before them.

The "Blood Flames King" Flamme's hand clutching the Flame Sword trembled slightly; he had never seen such powerful force that could so easily alter the course of battle.

Fortunately, the "Weird Light" was on their side.

The entire battlefield fell into eerie silence, only the cold and authoritative voice of the "Weird Light" echoing: "Remember, any existence that threatens the peace of this Ouden Continent will receive their deserved punishment."

These words pierced through everyone's hearts like a cold current, except for Lian, making them feel an unprecedented chill and despair. Enjoy new adventures from My Virtual Library Empire

However, the "Weird Light" did not lower his guard.

He still remembered the last time he visited the Eastern Four Kingdoms, the terrifying aura he encountered...

The backbone of the Fischer family...

So, what exactly was that entity, some mysterious existence, or another Extraordinary Exponent, and would he make a move next?

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

## Chapter 499 Lost Divine Power!

As the "Weird Light" descended, the entire battlefield seemed enveloped by an invisible, crushing force, making the air feel heavy and thin, difficult to breathe.

The people of Cyart felt as though they had fallen into a desperate abyss, Ariel even felt her courage shatter in that moment.

The "Blood Flames King," Flamme Meyer, held the Flame Sword and fell silent.

The space power possessed by the Salvation Church's "Weird Light" was indeed formidable. If it had been he himself, he would likely have been defeated in an instant, unable to resist on a physical level.

The eyes of the other high-level Monarch experts from Rhea no longer held their previous resolute light.

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Gazing at the cold Cardinal, a sense of unprecedented helplessness surged in their hearts, recognizing the chasm-like gap between them and this true powerful being, one they feared they could never bridge in their lifetimes.

"Weird Light... Your Excellency Albert, thank you for your timely support," Lian spoke.

"The Salvation Church must reset the arrangement of the Eastern Four Kingdoms. From now on, everything in the east of the Ouden Continent will become a blessed land bestowed by the Lord of Salvation."

The elderly man in black from Rhea paused, then frowned and said, "Your Eminences, the Cardinals, it seems that wasn't entirely the agreement beforehand. We still need to explain to His Majesty of the Seven Stars and the Reforging Church."

"Hmph."

"Weird Light" Albert looked at him coldly, his face expressionless as he said, "You have no right to speak here."

"You!"

The elderly man in black looked upset; he had been respected for most of his life, undoubtedly a significant figure in the eyes of Rhea People. Even those of a Cardinal's status wouldn't have truly disregarded his dignity in the past.

He had never expected that Albert, the "Weird Light" of the Salvation Church, the strongest high-level Monarch Extraordinary Exponent, would indeed dismiss him thoroughly.

"What did you say? Continue," Albert said slowly.

The elderly man's face changed multiple times. He took a deep breath, and finally shook his head saying:

"It's nothing..."

He sensed an indistinct murderous intent, not intensely directed at him but still subconsciously instilling great fear.

The entire battlefield fell into dead silence, with only the heavy breathing and heartbeat sounds echoing. Both the Cyart people and Rhea People were at a loss, unsure how to face this cold powerful being or what their futures might hold.

However, Cardinal Albert "Weird Light" remained on high alert.

"Hmm, where is the source of that aura..." he mused.

He was profoundly impressed by the past occurrence.

Last time, "Weird Light" Albert tried to take the "Sword of Salvation" from Cyart, but Chris killed him in a frenzy.

He had planned to execute Chris Fischer on the spot, but he felt a terrifying invisible aura and fled the eastern region without hesitation.

"That sense of fear is indeed unforgettable..."

The owner of that aura was at least a legendary figure at the Heavenly Enlightenment Level...

Although theoretically, there's no such thing as Heavenly Enlightenment within the Eastern Four Kingdoms, he understood there might be unexpected entities like the "Sea God."

Some mysterious beings have always existed within the Eastern Four Kingdoms, so they don't originate from outside, and since they are not Extraordinary Exponents, they thus aren't limited by the divine laws.

Deep within his heart, Albert was very aware that behind the Fischer family, there likely existed such a mysterious being!

He knew his own strength was formidable, even feeling that if all of Cyart's Extraordinary Exponents attacked him together, he could still easily come and go even if undefeated.

Such is the advantage of spatial-type power.

However, facing a real Heavenly Enlightenment, even the weakest legend of Heavenly Enlightenment... was still an extremely dangerous and hopeless ordeal.

He had seen the Pope of the Salvation Church countless times, fully aware of how terrifying the Heavenly Enlightenments were.

Just then, the previously disintegrated Darren slowly began to mend, but his body was immediately confined by the spatial force.

"Cyart's demon, Darren Fischer, receive the judgment and sanction bestowed by the Lord of Salvation," Cardinal Albert said coldly.

"Hahahahahaha!"

Suddenly, Darren burst into wild laughter, which, in the silent and oppressive atmosphere, sounded particularly harsh, like raging flames in a cold winter night, instantly igniting the frozen chill in the air around him.

This laughter was filled with triumph and pride, as though he was the true victor of this game.

"You are not qualified!"

He was imprisoned in the air, staring coldly at that almost invincible strong man, his eyes flashing with a cold light, revealing a chill beyond that of ordinary people.

Darren's smile gradually solidified into a twisted arc, like a true demon. Each of his movements and every glance seemed to silently proclaim, "You came here only to die; all this is just a trap meticulously set by me."

The air around seemed to become heavier with his words, each word from Darren striking like a hammer on the heart of "Weird Light" Albert, and deep in the souls of every onlooker.

Confronted with such provocation and proclamation, a flicker of shock passed over his face, barely noticeable but swiftly replaced by resolve.

"That's just big talk. I'd like to see the power behind you. If he could truly move at any time, would you need to keep fighting to the death?"

"I can guess...he or it, definitely can't easily release its power, right?"

Darren's demonic smile grew even more complacent as he seemingly foresaw the fruit of victory, a satisfaction almost cruel.

Under the protection of the great Lord of the Lost's will, the Fischer family possessed the power to rewrite destiny, pushing enemies step by step toward the abyss they meticulously designed.

And all of this, for the Fischer family, was but a ceremony to prove faith and manifest divine acts, the highest honor of their believer identity.

"..."

Karl looked down on everything.

The biggest fish had finally taken the bait.

From the beginning, he knew, theoretically, "Weird Light" could come here at any time, a possibility discussed by the Fischer family at family meetings.

Now, it was his turn to make a move.

In that boundless vault of the sky, the consciousness of the high and mighty Karl silently stood, seemingly transcending the limitations of time and space. Although invisible and formless, his authority and power pressed down tangibly, causing the entire universe to

tremble. All life seemed to lose its color and vitality under his gaze, dulling in submission.

"Damn it!"

Albert was suddenly astonished and filled with tension, as if facing a formidable enemy!

The being had truly arrived!

The aura emitted by the opponent was as cold as the ancient ice yet as hot as endless raging flames, the two intertwining to form an indescribable terrifying pressure.

This aura was not just a physical oppression, but also a mental shock, piercing all barriers of matter and soul, striking directly at the greatest fears and helplessness within one's heart!

"Hmph, let's go, Lian!"

The next moment, Albert tried to use spatial power to take himself and Lian away.

He had successfully escaped last time.

That was also the reason "Weird Light" Albert dared to come to the Eastern Four Kingdoms again.

However, this time "Weird Light" Albert miscalculated.

In the sky, he and Lian suddenly found themselves unable to move; they were both imprisoned by an invisible force, the same thing that had just happened to Chris and Darren, but now it was happening to two cardinals!

"How is this possible?" Lian, full of shock, found it completely unbelievable.

"Blood Flames King" Flamme and "Dragon Taming Lord" Aldrich were also astounded!

"Why?"

"Why did my spatial power fail, this is impossible, absolutely impossible, even most of the power of Heavenly Enlightenment can't stop me from escaping!"

"You, what is the will behind you?"

In this world enveloped by divine will, even the formerly invincible "Weird Light" Albert now felt an unprecedented despair.

The once-blazing flame of defiance in his eyes was now being slowly consumed by an invisible force, replaced by deep powerlessness and panic.

The air around seemed to solidify, each breath became extraordinarily difficult, as if even life itself was deprived of its freedom at this moment, only able to struggle in this boundless despair.

Flamme raised his head, murmuring to himself.

"So that's it, this is the secret behind the rise of the Fischer family?"

The minds of the Rhea People became extremely fragile under this pressure, as if they might crumble at the slightest touch.

They looked up at that ethereal place, their hearts filled with awe for the unknown force. In the face of such a great existence, individual power seemed so trivial; all struggle and resistance appeared so pale and weak.

At that moment, the entire world seemed to stand still, only the high and invisible divine entity, with its supreme dignity, silently watched over everything.

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

## **Chapter 500 Divine Envoy Byrne**

"I no longer wish to gain new 'possibilities'."

"Let me become your angel envoy and watch over the Fischer family as they continue on."

Karl built a miraculous Soul Tree using the golden, brilliant Civilization Fragments. Through its power, the souls of the Fischer family were free to choose... to become Divine Envoys or to reincarnate in a more perfect form.

The souls, never confused and still determined, made their choices.

As everyone confronted each other, an illusion emerged above in the sky.

"Weird Light" Cardinal Albert couldn't help but look up.

Has it come?

Is that the Heavenly Enlightenment behind the Fischer family?

Suddenly, the air froze, time stopped flowing at that moment, and a soft, mysterious light burst from the void, slowly coalescing into a figure not very tall but radiating endless wisdom.

He was clad in a robe overflowing with radiant light, his eyes deep as the constellations in the universe, seemingly able to discern the essence of everything in the world.

Darren suddenly stared dumbfounded, his body uncontrollably trembling not out of fear but filled with excitement and joy.

"Father!"

"It is you, you've come back! Hahahaha!"

Chris couldn't help but be immensely excited, his eyes flashing with devotion and awe as he muttered prayers, knowing he had once again witnessed the descent of a miracle.

Their hearts found unprecedented comfort at that moment.

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"What is that?" Ariel couldn't help but exclaim.

Aldrich's expression was grave as he incredibly said, "How is that possible? It seems to be... Byrne? Byrne Fischer?"

"No, that's not right. He is clearly dead, this just can't be!"

For the Rhea People, the sudden appearance of the Divine Envoy's illusion was like a harbinger of the Last Judgment, leaving them utterly terrified.

In their eyes was a fear of the unknown power and a despair of losing everything. Under this indescribable pressure, they simply couldn't maintain their composure.

Byrne's Illusion calmly looked over everything.

He was silent, not uttering a single word.

As emotions were mixed among the crowd, the Divine Envoy's illusion gently raised his hand, without relying on any physical medium, and invisible chains woven from pure energy appeared out of nowhere, moving like Spirit Snakes, binding all enemies tightly and accurately.

These chains shimmered with a strange brilliance, each containing a force powerful enough to suppress the will of all things, rendering the bound unable to move, their inner power beginning to stir uncontrollably, losing its original restraint.

Following that, Byrne's Illusion slowly raised one hand, palm facing upward, as if summoning some supernatural power.

As he moved, a strange fluctuation began to permeate the air, quickly spreading from Byrne as its center, enveloping all the powerful ones within it.

"Damn it! How can we stop him?"

"Help! Come up with something quick!"

"Cardinal Albert, aren't you the strongest Monarch powerful expert? Do something, quick!"

The Rhea People all realized the gravity of the situation!

Just then, an invisible force quietly descended upon each Monarch powerful expert's heart, as if an invisible hand gently touched the deepest source of their power within them.

This force was neither suppressive nor depriving, but guided the power within them in a more cunning way, following Byrne's will to flow and change.

The Monarch powerful experts were surprised to find that their power, once under their control and moving as they wished, had now become exceedingly difficult to wield.

Their power, as if endowed with new life and will, began to surge within their bodies in a way they had never experienced before—sometimes violent like a storm, sometimes gentle like a stream, completely beyond their control.

"This is truly power of the Heavenly Enlightenment Level..." Albert's voice trembled slightly.

His face had already lost all color.

Bain's Illusion's eyes shone like two brilliant constellations, flashing with an insightful light.

With an irresistible gaze, he scanned the powerful ones present one by one. Under this gaze, even "Weird Light" Albert, "White Flower" Lian, and "Blood Flames King" Flamme felt an unprecedented shock and unease, as if their souls had been completely penetrated, revealing all secrets and weaknesses.

Then, Bain's Illusion murmured ancient and mysterious spells, line by line; though his voice was soft, it thundered in everyone's heart like thunder.

As the echoes of the spells lingered, the chained Rhea People and the two Cardinals suddenly found their powers spiraling out of control—

Some saw flames raging within them but couldn't channel them; others felt their power surge but could only strike wildly; still others suffered from power backlash, enduring unbearable pain!

Under the deep and majestic gaze of Bain's Illusion, "Weird Light" Albert felt an unprecedented pressure and constraint, well aware that facing such a formidable being, traditional combat methods were pointless.

Thus, he decided to make a desperate move, using his profound understanding and control over space, attempting to tear apart the space to escape this dangerous and oppressive battlefield!

"Weird Light" Albert took a deep breath, his eyes tightly shut, his body emanating a faint light symbolizing spatial power.

Soon, the air around him began to distort, as if space was gently torn apart by an invisible hand, a slight crack quietly appeared.

However, just as the crack was about to widen, a much stronger force surged from Divine Envoy's Illusion, engulfing the crack like a torrent and not only preventing the crack from expanding but also starting to squeeze in the opposite direction to close the already-open crack.

"Weird Light" Albert felt an unprecedented resistance, gritting his teeth and increasing the output of his spatial powers, trying to contend with this mysterious force.

But no matter how hard he tried, the crack remained unable to widen any further, instead, it began to close slowly under his efforts, with an irresistible force preventing his escape!

"How is this possible?"

Seeing this, other Rhea People also joined this silent contest.

They each demonstrated their power of Bloodline, trying to find an opportunity to escape under the suppression of Bain's Illusion, but no matter how hard they tried or how cleverly they used their power, they could never break through the invisible prison meticulously set up for them.

In the end, when all efforts turned into naught, the Monarch powerful experts had to face reality, realizing that no matter how powerful they were, they seemed so small and helpless in front of that terrifying Illusion.

Bain's Illusion quietly watched all this, those once proud Monarch powerful experts finally experienced true powerlessness and despair.

Their inner defenses collapsed one by one in front of the power of the Lord of the Lost Divine Envoy, like castles swept by strong winds, eventually reduced to ruins.

The stern old man in black first knelt down, the sharpness and confidence in his eyes replaced by deep reverence and fear.

He trembled in his voice, murmuring quietly, "I... I cannot resist... I am willing to surrender, spare me!"

Flamme frowned heavily, saying, "I refuse to give up... Rhea People will not surrender... Stand up!"

"We are the proud Rhea People, even if we face mountains of blades, seas of fire, all the world's difficulties and torments, we must never lose our backbone and pride!"

Meanwhile, Darren and Chris were filled with excitement and gratitude.

They witnessed how Bain's Illusion, with an irresistible force, displayed the majesty of the great Lord of the Lost and saw those once formidable enemies crumble and disintegrate before God!

This scene deepened their reverence and adoration for the great Lord of the Lost, and strengthened their belief that no matter what challenges and difficulties the Fischer family faced, as long as their faith was firm, the Great Lord of the Lost would bless them with strength and guidance.

"No!"

"Weird Light" Cardinal Albert felt the threat of death, and finally abandoning his former dignity, screamed desperately, hysterically.

Just then, a strong golden light burst forth from "White Flower" Lian.

That power made everyone tremble; even the powerful force of Bain's Illusion was instantly nullified. It was a power far beyond the Heavenly Enlightenment Level, almost not in the same dimension.

Karl, observing everything silently, couldn't help but be surprised for a moment.

"So that's it, is this the final trump card of the Salvation Church 'Saint'?"

That, was a Divine Power left by the Lord of Salvation.

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