

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

## **Chapter 501 Fate's Revenge!**

The sudden apparition shocked everyone present!

A brilliant fissure suddenly tore open the sky.

From this crack burst a dazzling golden ray of Divine Power, different from any flame or magic on the battlefield, but a warm and solemn force, full of redemption and hope.

Like the dawn's first light piercing through the war's gloom, the ray instantly illuminated the entire battlefield, bringing all killing and strife to a halt at that moment.

"It's Divine Power!"

"The Lord of Salvation's Divine Power, no less!"

Several Monarch powerful experts among the Rhea People were so astonished they were at a loss for words; subsequently, they cried out loudly for help, hoping the Lord of Salvation's power could directly destroy their enemies.

"Oh great Lord of Salvation, save us!"

"Please vanquish our enemies!"

Karl instantly realized what it was.

"The power of the Lord of Salvation?"

Discover exclusive content at [My Virtual Library Empire](#)

The golden light quickly coalesced, forming a flowing shield of light that gently enfolded both the "White Flower" Lian and "Weird Light" Albert.

This shield of light effortlessly warded off lethal attacks from all directions and seemed to possess a healing power, as the wounds on the Salvation Church's two individuals visibly closed, with their fatigue and pain vanishing in an instant.

Before the stunned eyes of the onlookers, the golden shield slowly rose, lifting the Salvation Church's "White Flower" and "Weird Light" gradually into the air, as if a divine hand was gently raising them, away from this land of strife.

"Those two were saved by the Lord of Salvation's power. The strength we just saw is powerful... but not as powerful as we imagined."

Karl fell into deep thought; if he could have been sacrificed just then, drawing enough life force, even the Lord of Salvation's power would have been intercepted and destroyed by him.

He could keenly feel the power of the Lord of Salvation, so mighty it was incomparable to anything he had ever encountered before, yet that pure strength still didn't bear any weight of oppression.

Very strong, but also... that's all?

Far weaker than expected...

Even though he couldn't quite articulate why, Karl somehow had this thought, lamenting that his own power wasn't able to destroy it in time.

Moreover, with just the godly envoy that is Byrne... his power, equivalent to the Heavenly Enlightenment Level, was still not enough to contend with a true God.

The gap between them was still clearly evident.

The "Blood Flames King" of the Rhea People, Flamme Meyer, looked up at the departing golden glow, with not a hint of despair or wavering in his heart.

"It seems the Meyer family's end might be approaching..."

Although he had not died, and even if he did die, many members of the Meyer family would still remain, Flamme Meyer astutely realized what the future held.

The power possessed by the Fischer family was too inconceivable.

If he could survive and return, there might still be a chance to fight back, but once he died, the rest of the Meyer family would definitely be unable to obstruct the Fischers' relentless advance.

He never feared death.

In the vast tapestry of history, the Meyer family had always written their legend with steadfast courage and fearless spirit, never kindling a flicker of retreat in their hearts, even when faced with overwhelming enemies.

"The spirit of the Meyer family will live on forever..."

In his eyes, there was no shadow of death, just a firmness from the depths of his heart, an unyielding guardianship of his beliefs.

Even facing a battle with overwhelming odds, Flamme never doubted his mission, well-aware that true courage and glory lay not in the strength of power, but in the resolve to remain true to oneself in the face of adversity and to march onward.

Fearless, because he believed that courage was the armor of the soul, capable of warding off any fear.

"I will not concede defeat, I will fight to the very last moment!"

In Flamme's lexicon, the true knight's spirit meant standing tall against adversity, seeking hope in despair, and moving relentlessly forward even if the path ahead was strewn with thorns.

Byrne's spectral image slowly contemplated Flamme Meyer.

He knew who that was.

Even though he had never seen that man before, over decades, Byrne had come to know everything about Flamme Meyer through various means.

The man's appearance was so vivid that not even death could make him forget.

A gentle breeze passed, quietly lifting the veil on long-sealed memories.

In that moment, Byrne's heart was torn by an indescribable emotion—it was the once-glorious Meyer family that had ended his father's life with their own hands.

This realization felt like sudden frost in the midst of a cold wind, instantly solidifying his heart, but his rage was not a tempestuous outpouring, rather like a dark current beneath the deep sea, calm yet harboring the power of destruction.

Byrne's gaze held a determined readiness for the vengeance that was to come.

He had already used his own power to weave a complex web, step by step, herding those Rhea People together before completely detonating the uncontrollable forces, easily tearing apart several Monarch powerful experts, including the black-robed old man.

The Rhea People didn't even have time to cry out in shock; for Byrne, killing them was as easy as turning his hand over.

Aldrich and Ariel, two people from the Romann family, watched the scene with astonishment. Not only had Byrne returned from the dead, but he had also gained Heavenly Enlightenment Level power, which was simply inconceivable!

Aldrich fell into deep thought, even with that "trump card" inside him, he probably wouldn't be able to defeat Byrne... after all, why had he suddenly come back to life?

At that moment, a voice came from within Aldrich's body... It sounded like that of an old woman, definitely not Aldrich himself but someone else.

"No, that is not resurrection..."

"Your Excellency, what exactly is that?" Aldrich quietly inquired.

"I'm not sure either, but it seems like the work of some great existence. Remember, you must absolutely not provoke the Fischer family!"

The formidable power of the Fischer family was unfathomable!

Aldrich and Ariel exchanged looks, reaching the same inner consensus.

For the time being, the only enemy that was left was Flamme Meyer.

Byrne did not kill him with his own hands, but handed over the family's mission to... Darren.

"Extinguish the fate of the Meyer family!"

The next moment, Byrne's phantom gradually faded away.

Before he completely disappeared, he glanced at Aldrich, slightly frowning, realizing the thing hidden within his old friend, but it likely posed no threat to the Fischer family.

Then, Byrne looked towards Darren and Chris.

As if he was looking for a long time.

Darren and Chris watched with reluctance.

Karl was acutely aware that to complete the charging process would require another decade... He captured the souls of the few Rhea Monarchs, preparing to imprint those souls onto the black stele.

The Demon Dragon abruptly awoke, its eyes like two abyssal fires of the netherworld, flashing with cold cruelty and anger. As it unfurled its gigantic wings, each beat stirred up fierce winds, and the sky trembled under this force.

Suddenly, Darren erupted with astonishing power, an indescribable energy surged out from within him like a black tide, carrying the will to destroy everything, sweeping all around.

Within the black energy fluctuations, the roaring thunder echoed as if the rules of the entire world were overturned at that moment.

Flamme, donning dazzling Armor irradiating intense light, his sword in hand wreathed in raging flames, rushed fearlessly towards the Demon Dragon. His sword of flames collided violently with the black tide in the sky, emitting blinding light and deafening explosions.

Their battle was undoubtedly an epic duel!

Flames and darkness interwove!

However, battles between Extraordinary Exponents were never fair to begin with...

Chris's blade once again pierced Flamme. In a two against one situation, Flamme, who had no further enhancements, quickly fell into a desperate plight and was pushed into a corner.

"It's over."

Darren looked at his family's long-time adversary who had lost the ability to fight, and for some reason, complex emotions welled up within him—not pity, mercy, or sympathy, but something more complicated...

Was he facing an emptiness and boredom after the long-awaited task was about to be completed?

For the first time in his life, he hesitated for a moment in his killing.

"Do it!"

Flamme suddenly shouted loudly.

His voice was filled with strong determination; even in this dire situation, he showed no dissatisfaction or pleading.

"Kill me! Darren Fischer of the Fischer family! Chris Fischer! And Byrne Fischer! As strong members of the Fischer family, you have the right to kill me, to judge my soul, it is your right as the victors!

"I am a Rhea, I am the noble-born Flamme Meyer!"

"As a member of the Meyer family, I will never fall! Nor will I beg! Next, I will welcome an honorable death!"

"Flamme, this ends here!"

Very well!

Darren's gaze sharpened, and he concentrated all the deathly mist to cover Flamme!

With those inexplicable emotions, he finally completely destroyed his enemy's body, the malice and doubt in his eyes gradually replaced by a sense of release.

"Our family's vendetta has not completely ended... but, the future is now foreseeable..."

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

## **Chapter 502 The 7th Tier “Reaper's Blade”**

"Is it over?"

Chris suddenly spoke.

His voice was unusually hoarse, sounding heavier than in days past.

Darren then realized that even someone like Chris, who seemed to have no emotions, still carried some inner weight in his heart. Thankfully, some of that "weight" would now be leaving him.

It would also be leaving Darren.

Yes, that was the source of the "sense of relief."

But what about beyond that? His own life had already accumulated too many "weights," and he, bearing them, would never be able to attain release, just like his father and grandfather had been.

They died because of it.

But it was also because of that inescapable "weight" that they lived on forever.

Darren nodded his head.

"Yes, at least today's battle is over," he said.

"At least..."

"Our fate with the Meyer family is about to come to a definitive end."

Compared to the burdens brought by so many "weights," he was prouder of them, and felt that as a "ship," he might actually be more like an unpredictable, ever-changing specter ship, probably even scaring the crew more aggressively.

"We have no way back; once we set sail, we must go forward to the end."

---

The Cyart army, led by the Fischer family, had already crushed the main forces of the three nations' Cyart people.

Moreover, they themselves had suffered almost no damage.

In fact, this was to be expected, because Karl's extraordinary power was extraordinary in itself, and the strength and influence owned by the Fischer family had been growing like a snowball over the past few decades, so their true might was far beyond what it appeared on paper.

In the following weeks, the Cyart people began sweeping the battlefield, and since the main forces of the tri-alliance had already been destroyed, the remaining routed troops were nothing more than easy prey, left to be hunted down and scattered.

It was like crushing dry weeds and smashing rotten wood.

The Cyart people broke through the enemy's lines with the force of a thunderbolt; with huge advantages in intelligence and morale, they swiftly occupied key strategic points, cutting off the remaining troops' retreat and supply lines. They also used air support from their monarch-level experts to launch fierce attacks on the scattered troops, further weakening their combat capabilities.

Under the Cyart's furious assault, the tri-nation's defensive line soon collapsed, the soldiers fell into chaos and panic, and they began to throw away their weapons and fled or surrendered.

With their organization lost, the remaining troops were quickly annihilated by the Cyart people.

This defeat was catastrophic, leading to a significant loss of life and material, which caused the troops' morale to totally collapse, unable to regroup for an effective resistance.

As the remnants were defeated, the situation on the battlefield changed rapidly.

The Cyart people began to occupy more territory and resources, further consolidating their strategic position, while the remnants could only retreat, eventually being completely expelled from Cyart territory.

Finally, Chris Fischer ascended to the Seventh Tier.

Yes, he completed the ritual.

Participating in the killing of three enemies that he could acknowledge... one of which was the Reforging Church's cardinal "The Destroyer," and another was the "Blood Flame King" Flamme Meyer of the Meyer family.

There was no doubt that both "The Destroyer" and the "Blood Flame King" were worthy opponents.

Their strength lay not only in their might but also in their mindset, with a deep-rooted tenacity and fighting spirit in their hearts, and a belief they were willing to give their lives for.

Some qualities are rarer than strength, yet true power often encompasses these traits as well.

However, what astonished Darren and the others beyond belief was that Chris had completed the third goal at some unknown time... there was even a third enemy he acknowledged.

Actually, the final sacrifice for the ritual wasn't even a monarch-level expert.

Chris didn't explain much. After encountering a somewhat special Rhea person and casually killing him, he disguised himself as that person and mingled within the Rhea army for some time, gradually coming to understand the Rhea person's past from the conversations of those around him.

Thus, a person who was originally already dead became one of the three targets of the ritual.

From a young age, that Rhea person grew up listening to his grandfather's tales of heroes and planted the seed of protecting Rhea in his heart.



Every time the night was deep and quiet, he would stand alone on the mountaintop, looking up at the starry sky, and silently muse to himself, "Someday, I'm going to be the hero who protects this land."

Opportunities are always reserved for those who are prepared. He didn't hesitate to answer the call of the "Blood Flames King" and set off on his campaign.

However, that Rhea person was just the most ordinary Beginning Extraordinary Exponent, with poor potential and very common power of Bloodline, a lower-level officer in the Rhea army, never truly taken seriously, just high-level cannon fodder.

On the battlefield, he was always the bravest, charging to the front lines, using his flesh and blood body to build an indomitable defense.

In one decisive battle, his Rhea troop encountered an unprecedented crisis—a Transmutation Level Extraordinary Exponent-led army pursued them, causing heavy casualties in an instant.

Faced with the enemy's overwhelming offensive, he made an astonishing decision—to single-handedly challenge the enemy's Transmutation Level officer by himself, buying time for his troops to retreat.

In that battle, with the help of a Mysterious rare artifact, he displayed extraordinary courage and wisdom and ultimately led his troops to break out successfully, though he himself was severely injured.

After the battle, that Rhea person was hailed as the "Light of Rhea's Border," and his deeds spread throughout the nation, becoming a hero in the mouths of many Rhea People.

In the many subsequent battles, he performed exceptionally heroic feats, even collaborating with allies to kill Transmutation Level adversaries.

Chris had casually killed this man, who had reached the limits of his strength level. Although the levels of combat he faced were not high, Chris still subconsciously acknowledged him.

"Let's begin..."

Chris shook his head slightly, retaining that bit of memory deep in his heart, and continued to look ahead.

Several days later, in the Grand Hall of the Fischer family.

Accompanied by the Priest's various actions and words, everyone's hearts grew increasingly tense and expectant.

The new ritual was now complete.

Within the excited gaze of all members of the Fischer family, a massive gray pillar of light shot into the sky, completely different from before, even visible to people in half a province!

"Finally, we have taken a new step," Christine murmured to herself.

The Seventh Tier of Path of Tranquility, "Reaper's Blade."

Its image in the Spirit Realm is a man surrounded by black shadows, only revealing a blood-colored pupil, looking extraordinarily mysterious and eerie.

The Extraordinary materials used are "Nightmare Horn" and "Black Dragon Blood," which would have been difficult for the Fischer family to collect without the support of Lorne citizens.

As for the Extraordinary materials needed for the next Transmutation Level, even for the Lorne people, they are considered extremely rare treasures...

After ascending to a higher tier, Chris's Spiritual Power and physical fitness each received a substantial improvement. According to the previous statistical method, it was equivalent to a 2000 increase in Spiritual Power and a 7000 increase in physical fitness, undoubtedly an exaggerated rate of growth.

As "Reaper's Blade," Chris also acquired two new types of Extraordinary power, namely "Soul Harvest" and "Double Destruction," while "Night Concealment" and "Night Shift" also evolved into "Death God's Concealment" and "Shadow Movement" respectively.

"Soul Harvest," as the name suggests, is a trait that targets the soul directly. Chris's close-range attacks will be able to deal lethal strikes to the soul, having great restraining power against various kinds of specters.

Because Extraordinary Exponents below Heavenly Enlightenment nearly have no defenses against the soul, they would suffer severe damage if they encountered Chris's attack.

And the ability of "Double Destruction" is such that if Chris attacks the same location twice, he could cause multiple times the destructive effect!

Such an ability requires strict conditions to trigger, but it indeed restrains those with high defense but slow movement.

The abilities of "Death God's Concealment" and "Shadow Movement," which evolved from "Night Concealment" and "Night Shift," have now become even more versatile.

Chris no longer needs to be in the dark to become invisible and move instantly. As long as there are shadows within his sight, he can become invisible and move instantly without limit, and it hardly consumes any Spiritual Power.

Although becoming visible again after each attack, if he remains unattacking in the shadows for more than two seconds, he will become invisible once more.

After using "Shadow Movement" for instant movement, he only needs to wait half a second before it can be activated again.

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

## **Chapter 503 Karl's Sanctuary**

Chris slowly raised his hand, his eyes flashing with a strange, mystical light, and he felt an unprecedented power in both his body and mind.

Originally, Chris, who would have been swiftly defeated by "Weird Light," now even had the confidence to battle against it.

It should be known that "Weird Light" is almost one of the most powerful entities beneath Heavenly Enlightenment.

As of now, Chris had also become one of the most powerful individuals beneath Heavenly Enlightenment Level within the Extraordinary Exponent tier.

His strength had increased manifold once again, and just then, even Chris felt a certain sluggishness; the speed with which he mastered the steps of the God Pantheon stairway seemed to slow down...

So that's how it is, the step from the Seventh Tier to the Eighth Tier is a major watershed, after all, it amounts to the difference between a high-level Monarch and Heavenly Enlightenment.

Even "Weird Light," as powerful as it is with its command of spatial forces, would find it difficult to escape against true Heavenly Enlightenment powerful experts, and the likelihood of a Monarch powerful expert defeating Heavenly Enlightenment one-on-one is practically zero.

And it's a well-known fact that within the domain of the Eastern Four Kingdoms, there are no Heavenly Enlightenment Level powerhouses.

The "Sea God" who was once present has long since vanished...

Thus, Chris is now, without a doubt, the strongest in the East of Ouden Continent!

He took a shallow breath.

"..."

Chris furrowed his brow, not the slightest bit proud of his immense power; instead, he felt as if he had reached the midpoint of climbing a mountain, yet the path ahead had become exceedingly steep.

How far could he ultimately go?

---

In the wars of the Eastern Four Kingdoms, Karl had obtained many souls of Monarch Level mighty experts. Although their spiritual power was not any more abundant than that of ordinary people, the souls of the powerful inherently had their uniqueness.

He once used the soul of "Silver Poet" to inscribe Divine Text upon a black stele.

And the power of that Divine Text helped Karl's followers ascend the stairway of the God Pantheon more swiftly.

Therefore, now Karl used those enemies' souls to etch a new Divine Text onto the black stele.

The effect was—shielding all believers of the Dawn Church from a potentially fatal accident, just once.

"The believers are still unaware of what will happen, but gradually, they will realize that this is a unique protection granted solely by the Dawn Church..."

It was, without a doubt, a moment that would be remembered in the history of Cyart, above Nasir City, as if the heavens themselves were lightly unfurled by a mysterious and solemn force.

Countless followers of the Dawn Church, regardless of gender or age, gathered on this holy land chosen by the miracles.

All their gazes were focused intently on the massive black stele that suddenly appeared in the azure sky.

It stood like a silent Guardian, suspended quietly on the horizon, emitting an aura that was both heart-pounding and awe-inspiring.

"Great Lord of the Lost"

Archer led the way as he knelt down, all the believers were extremely excited.

The stele, as deep as the night sky and as smooth as a mirror, reflected the dim light around it. A sense of enigmatic profundity emanated from it as rows of ancient and complex Divine Text slowly emerged. A sudden cascade of colorful brilliance enveloped the entire land, as if it was a call from the ancient past, transcending the boundaries of time and space to speak directly to the heart of every believer!

The Divine Text bore wisdom and power far beyond what earthly script could compare, inspiring reverence and trembling in the soul!

Karl's influence now extended to all the followers of the Dawn Church!

Those faintly aware believers showed pious expressions, clasped their hands together, closed their eyes in concentration, and knelt to the ground, expressing their utmost veneration and pleas to the Lord of the Lost in the most humble manner.

"Great Lord of the Lost, protect us!"

"Please make this world a better place!"

"You have once again bestowed a miracle upon us!"

...

Their hearts were filled with excitement and joy, as if in this moment all suffering and doubts had found answers, all desires and dreams now had a place to belong.

The air was permeated with an indescribable solemnity and sanctity; the people of the Dawn Church needed no words to feel that common faith and power among them.

They believed this to be a miracle given by the deities, an acknowledgment and response to their steadfast faith.

As the sun slowly sank in the west, the sky was dyed with brilliant sunset hues, and the huge black stele with its Divine Text gradually vanished into the night, leaving only the undying light of faith in the followers' hearts.

—

In the remnants of the sunset's afterglow, Nasir's grand palace was decked out in glittering splendor, with colorful flags fluttering and flowers abounding, while the air was thick with the scent of victory celebration.

The Extraordinary nobility of Cyart, adorned in gorgeous battle robes and mounted on high steeds, displayed medals of honor on their chests and faces brimming with the joy of victory.

The crowds lined the streets to welcome them, applause thundered, children with bouquets of flowers threw their blessings towards the heroes.

"Long live Cyart! Long live Fischer!"

The banquet was held in the spacious hall of Nasir's new palace; a long banquet table was set in the center, covered with a pristine tablecloth and laid with exquisite cutlery and sparkling silverware, every dish meticulously prepared, wafting inviting aromas that tantalized the senses.

"The Gods... no, it was the Fischer family that led the Cyart people to defeat their opponents once again!"

"This time we won the greatest victory ever known in history!"

"From now on, the Cyart people will be the overlords of the East of Ouden Continent!"

Music began to play, melodious and cheerful; the musicians, dressed in lavish performance attire, played wholeheartedly.

As night fell, fireworks burst into the sky in a riot of color, illuminating the night and bringing the triumphal feast to its climax.

"Praise Fischer!"

In the brilliantly lit banquet, everything seemed to proceed according to a set pattern, until the arrival of a mysterious silver-haired girl.

She was dressed in a flowing, iridescent gown that swayed gently, reminiscent of the shimmering sea under moonlight, and her silver hair, like the purest frost of an early winter morning, twinkled with a faint silver light that drew the eye.

The "Demonic Woman" Hecate walked slowly towards the center of the feast, tightly holding a set of cards that exuded a remarkable aura.

Her eyes were clear and profound, as if she could see into the deepest secrets of the heart. The hustle and bustle of the banquet hall gradually quieted down, and almost

everyone's gaze involuntarily focused on the "Demonic Woman," with an inexplicable anticipation filling the air.

"Is that girl the Fischer family witch?"

"Shh, keep your voice down, don't let anyone hear your rudeness!"

Meanwhile, Charlotte of Rhea followed close by Hecate, but her eyes were now hazy, seemingly having lost herself.

"Today is the start of a new week, Charlotte, you must draw a card."

Hecate elegantly drew a card with a beautifully designed pattern, neither a common landscape or figure nor a simple symbol, but rather a set of ancient and mysterious gameplay rules.

She parted her lips gently, her voice both tender and powerful, and turned to Charlotte, who trembled and looked unwell, announcing the game task on the card.

Her voice seemed to carry magic power, compelling everyone who heard it to follow her commands.

"Honorable Miss Charlotte, please adhere to the instructions on this card to complete the seven sins game, and let wisdom and bravery shine on this night."

Charlotte took the card anxiously, then sighed in relief—it was the "Silver Greed," she only needed to commit the more advanced "Sin of Greed."

"It's just greed, that's all..."

Thus, she had to leave early, return incognito, and weave among the guests, relying on her agile skills to steal the money of those guests without being noticed as much as possible.

Meanwhile, Hecate with her gentle smile acknowledged her actions, her words filled with the strange power of Spiritual Power.

"Well done, Charlotte... hehe, you just need to complete the tasks on thirteen cards to make a wish come true, like gaining your freedom, or setting your teacher free, or something else..."

"Any wish you like, as long as I can make it happen."

...

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

