

From Secret Clan to the Divine Dynasty

Chapter 561: 513 National Effort (4K)

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“Apocalypse, that was a colossal watershed; any legend who reached the Heavenly Enlightenment Level in the tales possessed enough power to single-handedly destroy a small country.”

“In fact, it was not just a legend but also the grim reality, an experience of despair many people had personally gone through.”

“They were called demi-gods by the common folk, capable of crumbling mountains, churning oceans, collapsing the ground, and controlling thunderstorms at will, and despite still bearing the appearance of mortals, they held power almost divine in the eyes of most.”

Darren paused at this point, then continued.

“Even though those at the Monarch Level were revered, compared to them, whether in terms of strength or knowledge, others were but ignorant children. In fact, the ones who truly left their names in history were those of the Heavenly Enlightenment.”

“At this very moment, nine of the Heavenly Enlightenment have entered our nation, heading straight for the Seven Suns Empire’s Imperial City.”

“Hehehe... Perhaps we will all end up joining the Seven Suns Empire people in death,” he said, revealing a somewhat manic and excited smile.

“Or perhaps it’s those legendary fellows who will end up dying here.”

Inside the palace, Darren narrowed his eyes, silently discussing the current situation with the Fischer family. Before long, they would face the unprecedented war of the Apocalypse.

This war would prematurely decide the entire world’s future course.

Once the Military God of the Seven Suns Empire successfully broke through to the unprecedented Apocalypse Upper Rank, it was feared that even if the nine legendary ones of the Heavenly Enlightenment joined forces, they might not be able to suppress him.

Those of the Heavenly Enlightenment greatly feared his existence; hence, they chose this moment, attacking the Seven Suns Empire's capital while the Military God was unable to fight, wishing to eliminate him earlier.

Theoretically speaking, now was indeed the best time!

Many people in the Imperial City had been evacuated in advance, and even all those Extraordinary Exponents below the Monarch Level had been reassigned to other tasks and were not considered combat forces.

Even though the official number of Monarch powerful experts in the Seven Suns Empire was significantly lower than that in Lorne, nearly a hundred of these experts were still ready in the Imperial City at this moment.

But how could they withstand the nine Heavenly Enlightenment?

Hecate from the Fischer family pondered in silence.

Nearly a hundred Monarch powerful experts, without the aid of powerful Forbidden rare artifacts, could be annihilated by even one of the Heavenly Enlightenment, though the process would be somewhat strenuous.

And even if they had a multitude of strange and numerous Forbidden rare artifacts at their disposal, they were still at a definitive disadvantage...

In fact, there were only two among the Heavenly Enlightenment eligible to fight in the Imperial City.

One was Chris Fischer and the other "person" was a mile-high Deep Green Tree Man.

It was a Tree Man as tall as a mile, its essence as profound as the Spirit of an ancient forest, silently guarding its homeland in another world for thousands of years with its incomparable stature.

The Tree Man's body was interwoven from millennium-old trees, each inch of its "skin" seemed to contain the mysteries and power of nature; its trunk was thick, its foliage lush, forming a curtain of green that cast a cool, mysterious shadow over the square before the palace.

Its eyes were two clear pools, shimmering with wisdom and serenity, the only among all Extraordinary Exponents possessing a harmony and tranquility that transcended nature.

Its bark was engraved with the scars of time; each crack was a record of past storms and the passage of eras; its limbs were as robust as towering ancient trees, its roots penetrating deeply into the Earth's crust, not only solidifying its form but also

establishing an indivisible connection with this land, allowing it to sense movements in the distance beyond the Imperial City and preempt any potential threats.

During the day, sunlight filtered through its dense canopy, and the dappled light added solemnity to the palace; by night, the Tree Man's body would emit a soft luminescence, like an eternal lighthouse, bringing profound comfort to everyone's heart.

The mid-level Tree Man of the Heavenly Enlightenment did not belong to this world but was a supreme Guardian of another realm.

It was once not only a Guardian but also considered the God of Nature by many in that land, a figure equatable to Claud World's "false god" Sea God.

The giant Tree Man was seen as the embodiment of nature, revered and also cherished by the people.

During festivals, the people from that world would lay flowers and prayers at the foot of the Tree Man, thankful for its protection over the years, and it would respond to this reverence and gratitude by gently swaying its branches, purifying illnesses and soothing pains.

A century ago, it fought side by side with the Military God of the Seven Suns Empire, cleansing its world from pollution and widespread Curse, thus becoming close friends.

It came to Claud World as a token of gratitude, repaying the Military God of the Seven Suns Empire's kindness.

At this moment, this mile-high, Deep Green Tree Man, with its immortal life force and endless wisdom, has become the most solid barrier before the palace, safeguarding the peace of this land.

At this moment, the people from the Fischer family listened to Felix's analysis; he raised his hand and pointed to the sky, saying,

"Not even the most supreme barrier can weaken the power of the Apocalypse that much, so the approach was reversed. The Imperial Barrier of the Seven Suns Empire could greatly amplify the strength of their own and their allies."

As an Extraordinary Exponent on the Path of Forging, Felix had the highest understanding of barriers within the family.

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“However, this also comes with a price.”

Felix sighed, a sadness evident on his face, as he said, “The people of this country will expend their life force to maintain the barrier’s maximum operation, so a lot of people will definitely die in this war.”

At the same time, Moter, the reincarnation of Lucius, sat quietly by the window in his study, his fingers unconsciously caressing a map on the table. It depicted the land soon to become a battlefield. His gaze occasionally fell on familiar place names, a complex emotion indescribable in words—apprehension and unease about an unknown fate—surged in his heart.

In the room, the lamplight flickered, casting a warm golden hue on everything around, but it failed to dispel the chill in his heart.

He tried flipping through a few ancient tomes, hoping to find a hint of tranquility, but the pages seemed to dance with brutal descriptions of past wars, burdening his mood even further.

Moter put down the book, clasped his head in his hands, and closed his eyes.

“I really am different from Lucius. If it were him, he would never resent the arrival of war.”

His thoughts ran wild like an untamed steed, unceasing in their fervor. He thought of his family, worried about whether his performance would bring shame to the Fischer family, fearing deep down that war might bring not only the glory of victory but also endless sorrow and separation.

“How could I be so weak...”

Moter’s heart was filled with unwillingness to leave his loved ones, especially his gentle wife. They were supposed to share life together, yet now they faced separation, riddled with uncertainty about the future.

In fact, since getting married, he realized that he had become increasingly weak...

Perhaps it was Elena who had changed him...

Moter startled slightly, suddenly realizing what he shared in common with Lucius, for the Lucius of the past had also been changed by his loved ones...

He stood and paced back and forth in the room, each step echoing his inner struggle and contradiction.

Finally, he halted, his gaze resolutely fixed on the darkness outside the window.

He knew that no matter the turmoil and tension, he would have to stand up and face the coming war, for the sake of his Fischer family, to meet everything that lay ahead.

The barrier activated.

It was a massive crimson barrier that in an instant enveloped the entire Seven Luminaries Mainland on the Ouden Continent.

Within this realm shrouded by the crimson barrier, the prayers of the people were incessant, resembling a grand and moving symphony, with each note bearing the weight of hopes for the future.

Somewhere in a city near the Imperial City, an elderly priest stood at the forefront of a crowd. He held an ancient magic wand, his eyes closed tightly, his lips moving silently, leading the people in a solemn prayer ceremony.

His voice was calm and forceful, as if it could pierce the clouds and reach the sky:

“O great Gods, please hear our humble request, beneath this crimson canopy, we seek your protection, let your radiance illuminate our path, guide us toward victory and prosperity!”

In the crowd, a young mother clutched her child tightly, tears shimmering in her eyes, as she whispered softly, “May my child grow up healthy, far from illness and disaster, may his future be filled with light and hope.”

Not far away, an old man, with the support of the youth, knelt on the ground, trembling. His voice was weak but heartfelt:

“O God, I have lived through countless trials, witnessed the rise and fall of the Seven Suns, now in this critical moment, I pray for you to bestow on us wisdom and courage, let us protect this land that we deeply love!”

And in the fields of the countryside, farmers put down their tools and formed a circle, together they prayed:

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“May this land forever remain unspoiled; our enemies unable to take our soil. Let our crops grow strong and our harvests be bounteous, may we no longer suffer the pain of hunger and poverty!”

In the streets and alleys of the city, craftsmen, merchants, scholars, and people of all professions stopped their work. They gathered together to express a shared longing:

“May our nation always be strong, as impregnable as this crimson barrier!”

These prayers fused into a powerful force, traveling through the crimson barrier and reaching towards the distant sky, as if bearing witness to the resilience of the people of the Seven Suns Empire.

An indescribable power quietly coalesced in the air!

This was not a tangible material force, but a mental power that originated from the depths of the soul. It transcended the boundaries of age, gender, occupation, and status, intimately connecting the hearts of every supplicant.

Beneath the reflection of the crimson barrier, people seemed to feel each other's fear, worry, hope, and expectation. Ultimately, this force came together in a powerful surge of spiritual power that broke the chains of the physical world, becoming an inexhaustible force sustaining the Imperial Barrier!

At this moment, in the Capital of the Seven Suns Empire, numerous powerful beings from all directions had gathered. They were strong warriors filled with strength, spellcasters adept in magic, all of them looking up to witness something astounding!

“Look at the barrier; it's undergoing some kind of change!”

“It is said to be a fearsome barrier laid down many years ago by an ancient Quasi-god, only to be modified by generation after generation of Heavenly Enlightenment for what it is now!”

An unprecedented change was quietly taking place on this ancient and mystical land—the Crimson Barrier bloomed in the sky like a resplendent flower, enveloping the entire city, while the diligent prayers of the people, like trickling streams converging into a sea, formed an immeasurable spiritual force!

Under the influence of this power, the strong ones within the Imperial City seemed to be infused with new life.

Their breathing became more steady, their power of bloodline quietly climbing without notice, their life force becoming more robust and resilient under the nourishment of

prayer, and each swing of their swords seemed to be able to sever the constraints of space; spellcasters felt the spiritual power within them boiling, as if with a light flick of their fingers, they could release a spell light far more brilliant than ever before!

The immense power provided by the Crimson Barrier not only strengthened their power of bloodline but also ignited the belief deep in their hearts. At this moment, there was no more fear in people.

Even faced with the legendary Heavenly Enlightenments, they remained filled with the conviction to fight to the death!

Under the backdrop of the Crimson Barrier, the night sky of the Capital of the Seven Suns Empire appeared exceptionally dazzling.

And beneath this starry sky, the numerous Monarchs of the Seven Luminaries Mainland exchanged glances, their eyes flashing with the same light—the longing for victory, the unwavering belief to defend this land!

Members of the Fischer family also felt their strengths rapidly increasing.

Felix was astonished, staring at the barrier, and muttered to himself:

“The original creator of this barrier must have been an unimaginably fearsome being, perhaps only a Quasi-god of that level could endow the barrier with such effects. With the recent enhancement, even an Extraordinary Exponent of low-level Monarch rank could stand a chance against a mid-level Monarch.”

He paused, a trace of shock in his tone:

“No wonder, no wonder the powerful Lorne Empire has never dared to attack the Seven Luminaries Mainland, because I can’t even imagine to what extent that God of War would be strengthened under a barrier of this rank?”

Darren also keenly felt the massive enhancement of strength. Although his spirituality power had not increased, the enhancement of mental power and life force was evident.

He couldn’t help but laugh out loud, looking toward his son Felix, and said, “If that God of War Emperor really succeeded, the power he would possess under this barrier’s enhancement would truly be ‘invincible’... Of course, that’s not taking into account those false gods and the real Gods.”

“All in all, the situation is quite clear, what we need to do now is to buy time! No matter what, we must give our current allies enough time to break through successfully!”

“And when that time comes, victory will be ours!”

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Chapter 563: 514 Battle of the Heavenly Enlightenment (6K)

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Karl silently watched the battle above in the sky, his heart stirring with waves of emotion.

He gazed at everything.

The war had begun.

Nine beings of the Apocalypse, whose terrifying powers made all creatures tremble, seven of whom had now rushed to the Imperial City of the Seven Suns Empire.

It was a grand battle that hadn't occurred in the Claud World for a millennium, born out of a massive threat that all the prophecies feared, solidifying the formation of the Anti-Seven Luminaries Alliance. The irreconcilable differences between the people of Seven Suns and the Cyart people had finally erupted at this moment!

Below the boundless crimson sky, the silhouette of the Imperial City appeared especially solemn and fragile under the afterglow of the sunset, where an unprecedented showdown was unfolding.

Under the crimson barrier, nearly a hundred Monarch powerful experts flew into the sky, each aware that the outcome of this battle would affect the ultimate future of the entire Empire, and thus brought out Forbidden rare artifacts.

The voice of the leader of the Imperial Guard resounded throughout the vicinity, and everyone heard it.

"The future of the people of Seven Suns rests on this war. If we fail here, the future of Seven Suns will also vanish. We must win at all costs!"

"If we don't use Forbidden rare artifacts, we absolutely won't stand a chance against them, because they are the Apocalypse, mythical beings... So, warriors of Seven Suns! Sacrifice your flesh and souls! Destroy our enemies!"

Many Monarch powerful experts felt a heat they hadn't felt in years!

Each of them had gone through much, emerging as powerful experts from countless battles, but it was the first time they participated in a battle of such scale as today.

Even with the great enhancement of the crimson barrier, the side of Seven Suns, having only two beings of the Apocalypse, was still in an absolute disadvantage—every person from the Seven Suns Empire present knew this!

Yet, they also knew that they couldn't retreat at this moment!

They absolutely could not let the enemies touch the God of the people of Seven Suns!

“Don't joke around, deluded people of Seven Suns.”

“What good is it to use Forbidden rare artifacts? A group of children, none taller than the blade of a sword, even if they hold a few knives, can they really defeat a squad of well-trained warriors?”

“In fact, you and I both know the gap between us is like a chasm!”

Iron Blood Marshal Horatio of the Lorne Empire, clad in raging flames, stood in the clouds as though a war god who had emerged from the fires of Hell.

His body was tightly wrapped in blazing red flames, each breath seeming to ignite the air around him, his eyes flashing with indomitable and frenzied light, like two burning stars, illuminating the entire sky.

“The Seven Suns must perish here!”

Iron Blood Marshal bellowed deeply, his voice containing a power that could shock heaven and earth, then he raised his arms high as if to tear the limits of space.

As the power of Bloodline converged, a giant sword made purely of flames slowly took shape in the air, its blade radiating intense heat, waves of heat rolling about, distorting and warping the surrounding air.

This strike was his challenge to fate, a display of his ultimate power, intending to split the entire Imperial City in two with this giant sword of flames, showing supreme might!

“...”

However, just as this destructive strike was about to fall, the guardian of nature—the kilometer-tall Deep Green Tree Man—rose from the ground at an incredible speed, reaching into the clouds.

Its body, woven from countless thick branches as strong and vibrant as ancient trees, dense with green leaves emitting a faint luminescence, seemed like the pure embodiment of nature's power.

Confronting the giant sword of flames that could destroy everything, the Deep Green Tree Man showed no fear, its numerous flexible branches stretching out like a massive green net, wrapping around the giant sword of flames with astonishing speed and precision.

The cool air emanating from the branches formed a stark contrast with the flames, intertwining in fierce collision and combat, igniting the sky with splendid light and shadow!

Ultimately, through the combined efforts of countless branches, the fiery giant sword, capable of splitting heaven and earth, was slowly subdued until it extinguished, dissipating into wisps of blue smoke in the sky.

The gigantic Deep Green Tree Man still maintained a gentle and steadfast aura, protecting the land and life beneath it, its natural power not to be underestimated even in the face of the wildest force.

Horatio's expression changed. The Iron Blood Marshal could clearly feel that the kilometer-tall Deep Green Tree Man possessed a power even more striking than its formidable stature.

With the significant Strengthening of the barrier, the opposing force could be said to be far stronger than his own!

The rest of the powerful experts of the Apocalypse, witnessing this scene, felt quite shocked.

"Where did it come from?"

"Apocalypse Middle Rank power... Could it not be from this world?"

The millennium-tall Tree Man in the Capital of the Seven Suns Empire was exceptionally conspicuous, its huge body constantly emitting a natural power aura, deemed by many to be a more troublesome existence than Fischer's "Death God!"

And at this moment, Chris had already disappeared without a trace, with no one knowing his whereabouts.

"It doesn't matter. We have nine against two... even seven against two still grants us a considerable advantage."

The speaker was the Sun Pope, wearing a golden robe, which gently swayed in the breeze, as if each thread contained endless solar power.

The old man's face was stern and deep, his eyes emitting a brilliant solar radiance.

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Chapter 564: 514 Battle of the Heavenly Enlightenment (6K)_2

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Suddenly, the Sun Pope slowly raised his hands, palms facing upward, gazing at the Blazing Sun in the sky as if communicating with the ancient and powerful sun between heaven and earth.

As he silently chanted an ancient incantation, the sunlight in the sky seemed to be drawn by an invisible force, converging into countless dazzling Sunlight Blades!

These blades, like razor-sharp swords, carried an intense heat and unstoppable power, cutting through the air and heading straight for an ancient and giant Deep Green Tree Man kilometers away!

The Deep Green Tree Man's branches and leaves blotted out the sky, and faced with this sudden attack, its massive body became the most conspicuous target. The Sunlight Blades fell like a meteor shower, each one piercing through the Tree Man's body with precision, leaving behind glowing trails, and the air was filled with the scent of burning wood.

When all returned to calm, the Sun Pope slowly lowered his hands, his golden robe gently fluttering in the breeze, his figure looking exceptionally sacred and majestic in the afterglow of the setting sun.

He was very aware that such an attack was only meant to deplete the enemy.

"Your Excellency, don't use up your life force to recover... Let the people of the Seven Suns Empire pave the way for you... Your power is very important!"

The leader of the Imperial Guards opened his eyes, a determined glint flashing within them.

He cried out lightly, and immediately the entire sky seemed to be torn apart by an invisible force, as the power of a vast Crimson Barrier descended from the sky, enveloping the entire giant Tree Man within it.

The Crimson Barrier emanated a soft yet intense red energy, like the source of life, rapidly seeping into every inch of soil, every leaf, and into the wounded Tree Man.

Under the nourishment of the Crimson Barrier, the wounds inflicted by the Sunlight Blades on the Tree Man began to heal at a visible rate, broken branches regrew, charred leaves regained their vitality, and the Tree Man seemed to be granted a new lease on life, even emanating a more vigorous life force.

Meanwhile, a portion of the countless praying Seven Suns Empire People collapsed, their life force completely drained.

Iron Blood Marshal Horatio sneered and deliberately said, "Sacrificing your own people's lives to save an outlandish foreigner, you Seven Suns Empire People are indeed contemptible!"

Under the expanse of the crimson-colored barrier, an unprecedented fierce battle was unfolding.

The five legendary Heavenly Enlightenment, each possessing power and skills beyond the comprehension of ordinary people, shone like constellations, standing above the clouds, facing the Monarch powerful experts surging towards them like a tide below.

Nearly a hundred Monarch powerful experts, each one a standout in their own domain, controlled the power of the Elements, and were versed in the mysteries of space and time, but before these five Heavenly Enlightenment, they seemed merely like droplets in the ocean, numerous yet unable to shake them in the slightest.

Among the five Heavenly Enlightenment, one was surrounded by everlasting raging flames, with each movement of his arms, fierce fires swept out like tornadoes, turning approaching enemies into ash.

One Heavenly Enlightenment known for his speed moved like a specter, appearing and disappearing on the battlefield, leaving a trail of silver afterimages, making it difficult for the people of the Seven Suns Empire to capture.

There was also Prime Minister William, a powerful reformed being full of variable spells and wisdom, and the emerald elf who, like the Tree Man, was filled with natural power.

And without a doubt, the strongest among the five Heavenly Enlightenment was Emperor Lorne, who controlled gravity; just by impassively casting his gaze around, he could alter the battlefield's gravitational field, causing enemies to lose their balance and fall into an endless Abyss.

Emperor Lorne muttered to himself, “Horatio, you need to hasten your steps!”

Despite the numerous Extraordinary Exponents and their fierce offenses, the five supreme beings soared like eagles in the storm, effortlessly dominating, their every attack precise and lethal, repelling the enemies one by one.

These Monarch powerful experts should have been slain by half in an instant, but the Crimson Barrier and the continued sacrifices of the Seven Suns Empire People allowed the Seven Luminaries Monarchs to recover instantly, as long as they were not killed on the spot, so they were not overwhelmed in a short time.

It could even be said that if there was only a single Heavenly Enlightenment, there would be a great possibility of being worn down by this group of Monarch powerful experts with the Forbidden rare artifact.

Yet even so, the advantage of the five Heavenly Enlightenment working together was still enormous!

There was almost no chance of defeat!

However, in this seemingly one-sided battle situation, the five Heavenly Enlightenment all maintained a high degree of vigilance, their eyes revealing an indescribable solemnity, as if under this crimson-colored barrier lurked an even more terrifying threat.

The threat was the being known as the “Death” assassin.

He moved like a Specter around the fringes of the battlefield, and the five super-strong beings knew that if they let their guard down for even a moment, the Siya Death God assassin, Chris Fischer, would come like a blade in the night, silently claiming their lives.

Therefore, in the midst of intense combat, the five Heavenly Enlightenment not only had to maintain their advantage over the surrounded Extraordinary Exponents but also had to be constantly vigilant of the moves of “Death” Chris Fischer, to avoid any mishaps.

Just as the sky-bound siege was in full swing and the battle between the five Heavenly Enlightenment and the numerous Monarch powerful experts was heating up, a subtle change occurred.

Underneath the crimson-colored barrier, the previously hidden Death God assassin suddenly appeared in the center of the battlefield, like a shadowy figure emerging from the night. Chris’s presence seemed to bring an invisible Burier Breath, causing the temperature of the entire battlefield to plummet.

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The air itself seemed to freeze.

Chris’s target was locked onto one of those at the Heavenly Enlightenment Level. His figure flashed, instantly crossing hundreds of meters, and appeared behind the female emerald elf like a specter.

With a gentle wave of his hands, the intensely cold breath of the Burier acted like invisible chains, instantly wrapping around her, causing the strength of this manipulator of natural powers to dim suddenly as if suppressed by this breath of death, making even her breathing difficult.

“It’s you!”

The gaze of the primordial emerald elf narrowed, still expressionless.

Immediately after, the “Death God” launched a furious attack!

His figure flitted unpredictably to the left and right, every move precise and lethal, aiming straight for the emerald elf’s vital points.

Although she struggled to resist, under the suppression of the Burier Breath, her strength and speed were severely reduced, quickly putting her in a very passive situation.

The emerald elf’s heart had never welled up with fear or despair, only an unprecedented sense of urgency, so she attempted, expressionless, to mobilize all of her body’s natural powers to break free from the strong grip of the Burier Breath, but every effort seemed as futile and weak as punches thrown into the void.

Her movements began to slow and her strength significantly weakened. The once vibrant natural power now seemed extinguished by death, barely maintaining a weak glow.

Chris remained expressionless, immediately waving his hands again, and an even more intense wave of the Burier Breath came crashing down on her, completely enveloping her.

Under this oppressive breath of death, the emerald elf found it difficult even to breathe. Her body uncontrollably trembled as if she would disappear in this torrent of power at any moment.

This moment, she felt the threat of death, realizing that if things continued this way, she would surely die, desperately trying to find a sliver of life in this ocean of death.

However, just at this critical juncture, the remaining four Heavenly Enlightenment beings immediately grasped the severity of the situation.

“That man is Chris Fischer of the Fischer family!” the Emperor of Lorne said gravely.

He then acted first, mere momentary gaze, mighty gravitational distortion instantly burst a vast hole on Chris’s body, and it was as if the entire space itself had collapsed!

Chris remained expressionless. Far away, within the palace, Archer gazed intently at the battle, quickly activating his powers to heal his wounds.

The Emperor of Lorne turned his gaze rapidly, immediately noticing the young man who had yet to rush in.

“Fischer... Your powers could make the situation very bad.”

He instantly sought to kill Archer!

Yet, some space power suddenly whisked Archer away, and the one who saved him was one of the many Seven Luminaries Forbidden Guard.

It was a mid-level Monarch, a towering beastman with fox ears, who once had a great reputation and was ranked among the top ten of the Seven Luminaries Forbidden Guard.

He had just rescued Archer when suddenly he howled in agony, the entire person locked onto by the Emperor of Lorne and in an instant, was pulverized by the terrifying gravitational distortion.

“Humph!”

The Emperor of Lorne was still looking for Archer Fischer’s figure, sensing that dreadful recovery power would be troublesome and that it was imperative to eliminate that Fischer quickly!

Following this, the other three Heavenly Enlightenment beings joined in the attack!

Their target was all Chris!

Many legendary beings of the Heavenly Enlightenment Level joined forces to save, acting like four solid lines of defense, dissolving Chris's offensive manoeuvres one by one.

Under the concerted efforts of numerous supreme powerhouses, the assassin-like Death God had to momentarily retreat, his figure once again blending into nothingness, but those cold, merciless eyes still flickered with a chilling light.

And just at that moment, the thousand-meter-tall Deep Green Tree Man, the Guardian God of the forest, suddenly seemed to awaken by some power, issuing a deafening roar.

"Ao!"

Some forbidden rare artifact temporarily boosted its strength!

Immediately after, the Tree Man's massive body began to shudder violently, and countless sturdy branches, like huge serpents, extended out from the crown, with a roaring wind, pounced towards the location of the five supreme powerhouses.

These branches were not only as hard as iron but also astonishingly fast, each capable of leveling a small mountain.

Faced with this sudden attack, the five Heavenly Enlightenment beings had to temporarily give up their vigilance against Chris and fully confront the Tree Man's threat.

However, just at this critical moment, an unexpected figure suddenly appeared on the battlefield.

Among the nine Heavenly Enlightenment beings who initially came to surround and kill, two had not joined the battlefield immediately, and one of them was the "Crown" of the "Primordial Tree."

He was a holy man with wings, dressed in a spotless white robe, with a pair of colossal golden wings unfolded behind him, dazzling especially against the backdrop of the red barrier.

He seemed like a savior descended from Heaven.

With just a gentle wave of the scepter in his hand, countless angels, shimmering with holy light, emerged in the sky.

These angels, clad in white, wielding long swords, like wings of holy radiance, swiftly dispersed in all directions, beginning a fierce clash with the Tree Man's branches.

Each sword strike of the angels was accompanied by dazzling light and the crisp sound of metal, slicing through the ferocious branches one by one.

Those branches, which seemed unstoppable, broke under the angels' swords, turning into flying wood chips scattered across the sky.

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The thousand-meter-tall Tree Man also seemed to feel the oppression of this power, its roaring gradually weakened, and its massive body stopped trembling.

The “Crown” and the giant Tree Man were both Apocalypse Middle Rank powerhouses, and even with the Strengthening of the Crimson Barrier, the “Crown” could temporarily resist the other's attacks.

The situation on the battlefield became delicate once again.

After the fierce clashes between the many Heavenly Enlightenment, the aftermath on the battlefield was like a wild storm, sweeping over every inch of land.

The Seven Luminaries Monarchs, who had originally been bravely fighting on the battlefield, appeared tiny and fragile amidst this torrent of force; they were impacted by the rampaging energy and engulfed by the uncontrollable forces of the Elements, falling one by one like withered leaves.

Their bodies traced tragically beautiful arcs through the air before falling powerlessly to the ground, consumed by raging Flames or torn to shreds by gravity.

Each of these Monarch powerful experts had once been outstanding figures in their respective Domains, but now were falling in quick succession.

At the same time, the Imperial City of the Seven Suns Empire, once a bustling and splendid metropolis, was undergoing destructive assaults by various terrifying powers.

The originally majestic and imposing structures became disjointed and broken under the impact of energy, walls collapsing, roofs flying off, tiles and stones scattering everywhere.

Flames burned fiercely in some corners of the city, reducing everything to ashes, while frost spread elsewhere, freezing everything into cold statues, the anomalies of gravity causing some buildings to suddenly collapse, and the thunder of lightning periodically tearing the sky, rending the earth with terrifying cracks.

In the vortex of war, smoke and fire intertwined; the forces of both sides reached their limits, the offense and defense balancing delicately like the two ends of a scale, neither giving way.

“Even if it’s the last drop of our blood, do not retreat until His Majesty awakens!”

“The people of the Seven Suns will never back down!”

“Slay all those Lockean bastards!”

The eyes of the Seven Luminaries Monarchs held both resolution and fatigue; every inch of the battlefield was soaked with blood and sweat, the air filled with a suffocating tension and despair.

Just at the heated deadlock, it seemed as if the sound of a distant and profound bell echoed between heaven and earth, piercing through the clamor of war to strike at the very depths of people’s hearts.

Everyone’s actions, whether they were charging or defending, involuntarily slowed down, even coming to a complete stop, as if the entire universe held its breath for a moment.

In that frozen instant, an old man appeared out of nowhere above the battlefield.

He was clad in a simple, yet radiant robe, his white hair shimmering like silver, his face benevolent and dignified, attracting everyone’s gaze instantly with an indescribable majesty and sanctity.

Both sides of the battle looked up, hearts surging with unprecedented awe.

“It’s actually him!”

“Damn it, why? Someone from the Salvation Church is here too!”

“Are we finished...”

The hearts of the Seven Suns Empire People sank.

The True Gods Church did not stand with the people of Seven Suns, and even the Reforging Church, which had originally supported them, now refused to provide reinforcements.

And now, they had to confront the most powerful clergy in the world.

The thousand-year-old Pope of the Salvation Church!

An indescribable force surrounded the old man, a light of redemption that transcended war and hatred, touching the tenderest part of the heart.

“People of the Seven Sunds, surrender.”

The force was gentle yet firm, silently speaking of peace, forgiveness, and hope, warming the hate-filled and despairing hearts on the battlefield with long-absent comfort and tranquility.

Time truly seemed to freeze at that moment, the storm of war easing before the old man, leaving only peace and tranquility.

Suddenly, many Seven Luminaries Monarchs’ expressions became increasingly vacant, and quite implausibly, they began to realize that true victory was not in slaughter, but in reconciling hearts.

Karl noticed this scene too.

That thousand-year-old Pope of the Salvation Church, the man who had issued a warrant for him and the Fischer family a hundred years ago... he finally laid eyes upon him.

And his power was indeed very strange.

“A type of charm aura... It seems to have no effect on those at the level of Heavenly Enlightenment, but for those who have not reached that state, it’s simply the most useful group battle ability.”

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

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Chapter 567: 515 Redemption Divine Power

Chapter 567: Chapter 515 Redemption Divine Power

A most bizarre event unfolded as the invisible light of redemption from the Pope of Redemption enveloped the battlefield, turning the atmosphere on its head.

Driven by hatred, anger, and despair, the Seven Luminaries Monarchs felt as if a warm and powerful force was gently touching the depths of their souls, creating ripples in their minds. Long-suppressed emotions burst forth like a breached dam, pouring out in an instant.

“I feel like I want to cry...”

“It hurts so much, it’s unbearable, I don’t want to fight anymore.”

“What’s happening, I seem to have lost control of myself!” exclaimed the leader of the Imperial Guard in alarm, barely managing to resist this force by activating a Forbidden rare artifact that protected his mind.

However, aside from him, the majority of the Seven Luminaries Monarchs were affected, and ordinary mental protection Mysterious rare artifacts were simply no match for this extraordinary ability.

The members of the Fischer family also immediately sensed that something was amiss, tears sliding silently down their cheeks. Some recalled past pain and loss, others felt a long-lost warmth, and others found an outlet for their internal struggle.

Only Hecate and Chris seemed somewhat different.

Chris watched this scene with cold eyes.

Nearly all those below the rank of Heavenly Enlightenment had laid down their weapons at this moment, allowing tears to dampen their clothes, their eyes no longer filled with just the intent to kill or hostility.

It was truly too strange.

With eyes closed, Hecate remained calm and spoke, “That must be the powerful ability possessed by the Saint of the Lord of Salvation, indeed impressive... The Pope of Redemption, this ‘Thousand-year-old Pope’ is also a Redemption Saint—one of the few Saints in this world who have been granted Divine Power and have reached the realm of Heavenly Enlightenment.

“However, I heard his Divine Power was used up many years ago.”

“Even so, the power these Saints possess is still stronger than that of others at the same level.”

“So, what shall we do?”

Her tone carried no urgency, despite her words.

The Fischer family and the Dawn Church, with all their members of the 5th Rank and above, were present here. If they were to be completely annihilated, it would be the end of everything.

Yet, Hecate showed not a trace of nervousness, instead wearing a serene smile as if even her own life or death did not matter to her.

[Awaken.]

Just then, the voice of the Lord of the Lost resounded like a silent thunderclap deep within the hearts of the Fischer family!

He expended his Spiritual Power and used his own “Miracle” power.

“Ah!”

Suddenly, all members of the Fischer family snapped back to their senses.

“What just happened?” Archibald shouted.

They were astonished and infinitely grateful to the great Lord of the Lost.

If not for that voice just now, all of them, except for Chris and Hecate, would have been trapped in that redemptive light, unable to extricate themselves.

With a face full of hatred and a body shaking, Darren laughed maniacally, “Hahaha, I am more afraid of that feeling just now than death itself. So disgusting, to become a puppet without self-awareness and yet entirely unaware.”

He saw the old man floating midair, his gaze warm and profound. The old man slowly extended his hand, palm up, as if inviting everyone into this spiritual Awakening journey.

As he moved, an even purer light of redemption emanated from him, like a warm spring breeze sweeping across each person’s soul, taking away more and more of the darkness and resentment in their hearts.

“Terrible, those people have lost their will to fight,” Karno said with a grave expression.

However, that light of redemption also had a positive side. Chris and the others who retained their self-awareness, while still possessing their self-awareness, seemed to subconsciously choose to “recover” and “observe.”

If those five Heavenly Enlightenments and the “Crown” took advantage of the situation and attacked with their full might, in an instant, all the Seven Luminaries Monarchs who had given up fighting would be completely wiped out!

So that was it. The light of redemption was not useless against Heavenly Enlightenments, its effect was just not that strong. Chris quickly understood.

Under the calling of this power, many of the Seven Luminaries Monarchs walked towards each other, some embracing and crying, while others just stood quietly.

“Battle.”

“Slaughter.”

“Conquest.”

The Pope of Redemption, towering in the high skies, spoke softly. His voice boomed in everyone’s soul, filled with a bewitching quality.

“Blood flows in the world; shameful desires are revealed in the mirror; the baseness of humanity is ever-present...”

“The great Lord of Salvation will forgive your actions.”

“All you need to show is absolute devotion.”

The smoke of war on the battlefield gradually dissipated, replaced by a sense of peace and tranquillity.

The land ravaged by the fires of war was also feeling the nourishment of this power and began to slowly recover its vitality, leaves beneath the feet of the Thousand-year-old Tree Man swaying gently in the breeze.

Everyone seemed to be immersed in the light of peace and hope, leaving the Fischer family to find the whole scene increasingly bizarre.

The leader of the Imperial Guard watched this with gritted teeth, powerless to resolve the current situation, only hoping to look toward their two Heavenly Enlightenments for guidance.

However, both the Thousand-year-old Tree Man and Chris made no move; the former was suppressed by that light of redemption, while the latter knew that any attack on the

Pope of Redemption would inevitably lead to interception by those five Heavenly Enlightenments and the “Crown,” likely resulting in death.

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

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- Chapter 568: 515 Redemption Divine Power_2

Chapter 568: 515 Redemption Divine Power_2

Chapter 568: Chapter 515 Redemption Divine Power_2

At that moment, Chris noticed someone acting strangely.

It was Aldrich Romann.

The main forces from Cyart that came to partake in the battle were of the Fischer family, but aside from them, there were also several Monarch powerful experts from the major Cyart families, among whom Aldrich of the Romann family took the lead.

“AAAAAAAH!”

Dressed in black, Aldrich clutched his head as if in great pain.

Something seemed to be seriously wrong with him.

As if he was enduring some kind of massive... transmutation?

“Your Excellency! To reveal yourself here?”

Suddenly, a dazzling golden liquid surged out from inside Aldrich’s body, like a living thing, swelling and transforming rapidly with an indescribable majesty and power, and eventually formed into an immensely imposing Golden Giant.

The Golden Giant stood several dozen feet tall, its entire body shimmered with scintillating gold light, like a war god stepping right out of ancient myths, exuding an awe-inspiring aura.

Its movements were as fast as lightning, and almost at the instant everyone realized what was happening, it lunged at the old man radiating the light of salvation with the swiftness of a bolt from the blue.

The Giant's massive body collapsed like a mountain, enveloping the old man in an instant with an irresistible oppressiveness, as golden light and the light of salvation intersected at that moment, emitting a blinding brilliance as if they were tearing the sky apart.

Almost everyone on the battlefield was astonished beyond words, having never witnessed such a heart-shaking scene. Several Seven Luminaries Monarchs, influenced by the light of salvation, quickly tried to intervene and stop this sudden turn of events, but they found themselves unable to approach due to the powerful aura emanating from the Golden Giant, and could only watch this scene unfold helplessly.

The old man wrapped inside the Golden Giant remained calm, his eyes seemingly penetrating the golden veil and silently communicating with every person outside.

Though he was in danger, there was not the slightest hint of panic or fear on his person; rather, there was a detachment and composure as if he had foreseen all this.

The atmosphere on the battlefield became extremely tense, as all eyes were focused on the old man enveloped by the Golden Giant, uncertain of what was to come next.

The moment the Golden Giant violently encompassed the old man, those who were originally basking in an atmosphere of peace and hope were abruptly awakened by an invisible force.

Their eyes flashed with shock, hindsight fear, and dread, as they finally saw the situation clearly and realized they had been bewitched by some mysterious power, falling into an illusory peace and reconciliation.

"Wait a minute, what's going on?"

"We seemed to have been beguiled just now."

"I almost wanted to... give up the battle, give up the Seven Stars, and completely surrender to the eerie Pope of the Salvation Church's salvation... that power was terrifying."

Their hearts raced, and cold sweat poured down as they recalled the incomprehensible warmth and tranquility, a chilling sensation rising within them.

The Thousand-year-old Pope had just used his unfathomable power to skillfully manipulate the minds of almost everyone of the Seven Stars, making them temporarily forget the horrors of war and deep-seated hatred.

The Seven Luminaries Monarchs looked at each other and read the same fear and confusion in each other's eyes.

They were all powerful, but faced with that intangible force, they felt as powerless as children, unable to do anything but watch their minds being toyed with.

This sense of powerlessness and defeat caused the Monarchs of the Seven Stars to feel unprecedented dismay and anger.

Meanwhile, the massive body of the Golden Giant still tightly enveloped the old man, its golden radiance brightly contrasting with the dim surroundings.

At this moment, five Heavenly Enlightenments and “Crown” joined forces, attempting to rescue the Pope of the Salvation Church, but were intercepted by Tree Man and Chris, working together.

Numerous support buffs from the Dawn Church were added to the two of them, instantly doubling the strength of Tree Man and Chris!

Christine, sitting in her wheelchair, looked at the scene and calmly analyzed, “The Monarch powerful experts of the Lorne Empire didn’t come because they would be greatly suppressed by the Crimson Barrier, rendering them almost useless. So, our opponents are just these Heavenly Enlightenments.”

Darren burst into laughter and said, “What do you mean ‘just’? That’s bold to say.”

He then furrowed his brows looking at Aldrich, who was drenched in sweat and kneeling on the ground, muttering, “What exactly is inside Aldrich?”

“Anyway, it’s now three against eight, plus the barrier and us ‘cannon fodder’ and ‘big cannon fodder’ factors, our disadvantage has been significantly reduced!”

“So it was you.”

The Pope of Redemption murmured to himself, having realized who had trapped him. It was the second most powerful, and one of only two to have reached Heavenly Enlightenment from the “Crimson Gemstone Library” among the Six Ancient Libraries.

This fellow had killed a Cardinal a hundred years ago, then was beaten by the Pope to within an inch of his life and fled, with his strength also falling to the Monarch Level, hidden away in the East.

And now, the librarian had regained all his strength.

The other party did not respond, only knew that he could not match the old man’s physical strength and was desperately trying to devour him during the surprise attack.

“Futile effort. That you could follow destiny here to meet your demise, must also be part of the grand scheme of the Lord of Salvation.”

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

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Chapter 569: 515 Redemption Divine Power_3

Chapter 569: Chapter 515 Redemption Divine Power_3

In the nick of time, the Pope of Redemption slowly raised the crook in his hand, with eyes tightly closed, silently murmuring ancient and mysterious spells.

A warm and divine presence began to permeate the air, the scent of redemption and hope.

As the spellcasting quickened, a dazzling golden Divine Power exploded from around the old man, a force pure and flawless, warm yet powerful.

“What?” the golden giant finally spoke, filled with astonishment and fear.

“Your Divine Power is not yet exhausted? How is it possible that you, you have been granted more than one strand of Redemption Divine Power?”

The golden radiance immediately converged into a beam of light, plummeting from the skies, clashing with the light emitted by the golden giant, and causing a deafening roar.

Under the assault of this sacred force, the body of the golden giant began to tremble, then gradually became blurry and eventually dissipated into specks of golden light, vanishing between heaven and earth.

The golden Divine Power didn’t fade but spread out like a tide, gently covering the entire town.

The frightened people as well as the cracks in the corners of the streets were brushed by this power, bringing an indescribable sense of tranquility and harmony. The fear on peoples’ faces was quickly replaced by surprise, and they looked up at the sky, their eyes filled with awe and astonishment.

Just as the Saint of Sun could activate “Divine Power Mode,” so could the Pope of Redemption, a fellow Saint.

Bathed in the Redemption Divine Power, the old man seemed enshrouded in a divine glow, his figure appearing grand and solemn in the eyes of the onlookers, like a deity descended from the heavens, towering above all Extraordinary Exponents.

His eyes twinkled with wisdom and compassion, as if they could see through all the suffering and confusion of the world, offering the most sincere guidance and redemption.

At this moment, the golden giant that had been dispersed seemed to be drawn by a mysterious force, and once again, it slowly condensed out of the void, its form more solid than before, its golden light brilliant, as if composed of pure energy, emanating a heart-palpating majesty.

However, unlike its previous frenzy, the golden giant now seemed bound by an invisible force, its movements becoming slow and heavy, as if it were enduring an indescribable agony.

“Hmm, a dual-digit count of resurrection type Forbidden rare artifact? Then I shall simply slay you once more.”

The old man slightly lifted his head, his gaze piercing, staring straight at the once again condensing golden giant. A faint smile graced his lips, a testament to absolute confidence in his power.

He gently lifted the scepter in his hand, which traced a beautiful arc in the air, then abruptly halted, as an even more powerful Redemption Divine Power burst forth from within him, unstoppable like a breached dam.

This power was purer and stronger than before, carrying the force to cleanse all evil and soothe all wounds, instantly enveloping the golden giant within it.

“Ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah!”

Under the onslaught of this power, the golden giant began to tremble once again, its golden body seemingly scorched by Blazing Fire, gradually becoming translucent, and finally dissipating into countless golden specks, vanishing between heaven and earth without leaving a trace.

At this moment, nearly all the Extraordinary Exponents present were stunned. They had never seen such a heart-stirring scene, nor had they ever felt such pure and powerful Redemption Power.

They looked at the old man with eyes full of veneration and worship, their self-awareness once more usurped, as if at that moment, the old man had become a Divine being in their hearts, a beacon leading them toward light and hope.

“Then, all you lost children, offer up your absolute devotion to the great Lord of Salvation.”

The old man slowly withdrew his Divine Power, not wishing to exhaust it completely, his figure once again becoming ordinary and humble, but that inner sanctity he exuded made him appear transcendent and saintly.

After the Pope of Redemption exhibited that awe-inspiring Redemption Divine Power, the atmosphere within the Fischer family and the members of the Dawn Church turned solemn and oppressive.

At this moment, as if bound by invisible shackles, they were immobile, their gazes filled with reverence for the Redemption Divine Power, a quiver from the depths of their souls, a deep fear of the unknown power.

“How can it be so powerful...”

Even the head of the Imperial Guard, who had not been seduced, began to tremble, all his pride and confidence crumbling in that instant, realizing the vast gulf between him and the Pope of Redemption wasn't just in power.

Some wary Seven Luminaries Monarchs began to flee in all directions, attempting to escape the land cloaked in Redemption Divine Power, but no matter where they went, that sacred force followed them like a shadow, seemingly determined to cleanse their sins and fear thoroughly.

At this moment, a kilometer-high Deep Green Tree Man exuded an unsettling aura, starkly different from the natural disposition it usually held, a deep hostility.

“Oooh...”

Its eyes, dark as the Abyss, locked tightly onto the old man standing in the center of the battlefield in the sky.

Nature, too, would rage!

The Deep Green Tree Man moved quickly and forcefully, its stout branches like the arms of a giant, sweeping at the old man with a power capable of shaking mountains.

Yet facing this destructive assault, the Pope of Redemption remained exceptionally composed.

He closed his eyes gently, his hands lightly lifted, as an even more resplendent Redemption Divine Power surged from within him, enveloping the old man in an instant like a brilliant galaxy.

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

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Chapter 570: 515 Redemption Divine Power_4

Chapter 570: Chapter 515 Redemption Divine Power_4

This Redemption Divine Power was even purer and more powerful than before, carrying a force that seemed to purify all evil and soothe all pain, clashing with the Deep Green Tree Man's attack.

At that moment, a dazzling golden light erupted in the air, as if countless angels were chanting, while numerous demons were wailing in agony.

But, to everyone's surprise, that seemingly unstoppable force of nature melted away rapidly upon contact with the Redemption Divine Power, like snow meeting the blazing sun, ultimately vanishing into nothing.

"Roar!"

The Deep Green Tree Man seemed to experience an unprecedented shock and fear under this strike.

Another Divine Power?

Its body trembled violently, yet the hostility in its eyes didn't dissipate. Instead, it chose to continue its assault!

As a long-time friend of the God of War Emperor and, to repay the favor his own world had once received, this Tree Man from another world, regarded as a "Guardian God," had decided to fight with all its might!

"You won't give up, then? Very well."

The Pope of Redemption narrowed his eyes slightly, and slowly raised his hands with palms facing upward, as if summoning the purest force between heaven and earth.

With his gesture, an unprecedented surge of Redemption Divine Power burst forth from within him, flooding toward the kilometer-tall Deep Green Tree Man like a torrent.

Chris's expression became solemn. The amount of Redemption Divine Power owned by the Pope of Redemption was astonishingly vast, inconceivably so.

How much Divine Power had he been granted?

This wave of Redemption Divine Power was even more magnificent and fiercer than before, carrying a sacred mission to purify all things in the world, colliding violently with the body of the Deep Green Tree Man.

The Tree Man's once resilient limbs began to crack under the force of this power, as if burned by invisible flames, gradually losing their vitality and strength.

The Pope of Redemption did not halt his movements. Instead, he focused even more intently, channeling the Redemption Divine Power like a sharp blade, slowly carving through the Tree Man's body.

The Deep Green Tree Man let out a deafening howl under this strike, its eyes filled with pain and despair.

As the Redemption Divine Power continued to work, the kilometer-tall body of the Tree Man began to crumble and disintegrate, massive branches snapped off, and leaves fell like raindrops.

Yet, in this disintegration, there was a breath of new life, as if nature, after undergoing a cleansing, was about to welcome an even more prosperous growth.

Finally, the Deep Green Tree Man's body entirely turned to dust, merging into the land and becoming nourishment for all things.

The witnesses on the battlefield were filled with awe and reverence at this sight.

The Pope of Redemption stood quietly in the sky, like a benevolent elder, looking towards the recently slain top-tier powerhouse of the Apocalypse Middle Rank.

"So it seems you've preserved a chance for 'resurrection' for yourself? You mythical beings, one after another, always have means to save your own life and resurrect, all terribly afraid of death."

"But it doesn't matter. I will soon purify you completely, and then... it will be the turn of the one protected by the people of the Seven Suns Empire."

The next moment, his gaze suddenly fixed on Chris Fischer, who had narrowly escaped death by Instant Teleportation under the relentless attack of the Heavenly Enlightenment forces and could no longer hold on.

"I must carry out the last Divine Oracle of the Lord of Salvation; no one related to the Fischer family can be spared, they must be completely cleansed from this world."

"Fischer, serving the End, that is the unforgivable sin you have committed!"

“Not even a ten million God of War Emperors, with all their sins, could compare to yours!”

“There’s absolutely no need for persuasion! No need for even a shred of mercy!”

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

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Chapter 571: 516: Apocalypse Upper Rank!

Chapter 571: Chapter 516: Apocalypse Upper Rank!

“Shall I make my move?”

The Thousand-year-old Pope of the Salvation Church possessed a power unmatched by anyone in the Fischer family, and it seemed it was time for him to intervene...

Wait a moment.

Just then, Karl heard the voice again.

The voice inside that silver orb was incredibly clear, filled with resolve.

“Destiny...”

“I have long known.”

“That my future, destined not to become a god, will end in a mortal’s demise. Yet, if I do not challenge destiny, why was I born into this world?”

Suddenly, as if activated by some invisible force, the inside of the silver orb erupted, sending out a blindingly intense light that was almost impossible to look at.

The intense silver light was not only visually stunning but also carried an indescribable energy fluctuation, as if it could penetrate the bodies of the Extraordinary Exponents and strike directly into the depths of their souls.

The light contained endless power and majesty, as if the most primitive laws of the universe were awakened at this moment, displaying their supreme authority!

“What is that?”

The Sun Pope, Prime Minister William, Marshal Horatio, the Emperor of Lorne, and even the Salvation Church's Thousand-year-old Pope, all had their expressions undergo dramatic changes.

They had realized that the most terrible thing had already happened!

The Emperor of Lorne took a deep breath, his pupils reflecting many strange shadows, as if numerous souls were shifting.

"Heh, the worst outcome has finally occurred, it seems we are still a step too late."

The Thousand-year-old Pope gazed at the silver orb, not speaking for a long time.

Finally, he slowly began to speak,

"God of Salvation, please bless us."

As the silver light burst forth, everyone involuntarily stopped their actions, even their breathing becoming heavy and slow.

Their eyes were filled with awe and wonder, as they witnessed the greatest display of power between heaven and earth.

The source of this power was none other than the high and mighty Seven Stars Emperor, whose omnipotence, like the light itself, was both warm and awe-inspiring!

"Hahahaha, excellent, excellent! The nick of time, finally, we've delayed them! You all do not have much time left!"

Darren could not help but burst into laughter, the changing circumstances of both sides extremely amusing, his eyes filled with joy.

The might of the Seven Stars Emperor, in a visceral and shocking manner, was deeply imprinted in everyone's hearts.

Beneath a sky woven of ancient prophecies and magnificent history, the Emperor's power surged uncontainably, like a torrent awakened by ancient deities, rising to unprecedented heights.

This immense force seemed to transcend mortal boundaries, its surge carrying the vastness and depth of the universe's dawn, causing everyone present to feel an unparalleled shock and reverence.

It was as if the entire world was trembling for the awakening of this Monarch!

The silver orb that previously surrounded the Emperor, like the dewdrops in Dawn, suddenly shattered, transforming into specks of light, and dissipated into nothingness.

With the dispersal of the orb, a figure entirely composed of pure silver radiance slowly emerged.

The form of the Seven Stars Emperor was beyond human depiction; he stood there, like a divine being of silvery white from another dimension, his eyes as deep and chilly as cold gorges, surrounded by blinding light, each step echoing a rhythm transcending the mortal realm.

The space around him also hushed, and even the self-important Apostles felt an unprecedented pressure involuntarily.

Marshal Horatio spoke solemnly, "With the Crimson Barrier's blessing, his power will be stronger than a normal Apocalypse Upper Rank. Everyone, be careful!"

At this moment, it seemed as if the wheels of history were driven by an invisible force, signaling the dawn of a new era that would soon illuminate the earth, and the silvery white deity-like Seven Stars Emperor would become the absolute sovereign leading this era into the unknown.

And just then, Karl saw invisible lines...

"Is that... Destiny's Trajectory?"

He observed the Seven Stars Emperor's Destiny's Trajectory, clearly visible and yet very brief, as if there were no paths ahead.

What's going on?

Karl felt deeply shocked; as his power grew stronger, so did his ability to perceive destiny, but such clarity was a first.

And yet, just after successfully advancing to Apocalypse Upper Rank, dramatically increasing his strength manifold with the barrier's blessing, and becoming invincible among mortals,

he had already reached the end of his destiny, what was happening?

As the silvery white figure of the Emperor fully emerged, the air became suffused with an almost suffocating oppressive force. The Emperor's gaze suddenly sharpened like a knife, seemingly piercing through the limits of time and space, locked onto a mighty figure in the sky.

"Horatio, long time no see!"

“Among all of you, it was you who killed the most people of the Seven Suns Empire; today, I will take your life to commemorate the warriors of the Seven Suns.”

“Die here, for I, representing the people of the Seven Suns, hereby pass down... Judgment!”

Horatio Wesley’s voice was ice-cold yet carried the pride of a powerful being:

“Even if you become stronger, you are not a god! You are still only a mortal!”

“And I, raised under the glory and honor of Lorne, a so-called Seven Stars Emperor, have no right to judge me!”

He too was the undefeated legend in countless battles, Marshal Horatio Wesley’s renown widespread, and even the strongest warriors could not help but feel the deepest reverence when hearing Horatio’s name!

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

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Chapter 572: 516: Apocalypse Upper Rank! _2

Chapter 572: Chapter 516: Apocalypse Upper Rank! _2

However, at that very moment, Horatio realized he was unable to move, as if bound by some invisible chains, and he could only watch helplessly as the silvery white Emperor approached him slowly.

What was happening?

The movements of the Seven Stars Emperor were not fast, but they carried an irresistible majesty and power, his eyes filled with indifference.

“I...

“sentenced you to death.”

With a light flick of his finger, it seemed as if some ancient and mysterious law had been activated, a silver light instantly piercing the long sky, striking Horatio Wesley’s chest with precision.

What was that power?

Horatio had already realized something was amiss.

But it was already too late.

All he could do was stare into the eyes of the man who was taking everything from him, this greatest nemesis of hundreds of years...

Could it be that this most powerful man in the world had truly transcended the boundaries of mortals and gods?

That was impossible...

In that moment, everyone saw the shock and unwillingness in the Iron Blood Marshal's eyes, but before they could react, everything was over. Horatio's body and soul, as if torn apart by invisible forces, turned into a sky of blood mist and specks of light, completely dissipating in the air without leaving a trace of struggle.

"How is that possible?"

"Horatio, he's dead?"

"Even his soul... there's nothing left, just a single strike, with no chance to retaliate or fight back!"

This scene left everyone present profoundly shocked. They had never seen such terrifying power, nor did they imagine the Emperor's move would be so clean and decisive, leaving no room for anything else.

A being from the Lower Level of Apocalypse was killed instantly?

The Emperor of Lorne and others began to realize the gap between the Emperor and them was not just a simple comparison of strength, but a chasm that spanned an entire dimension!

The Sun Pope let out a bitter smile and said helplessly, "That is no longer a monster that can be contended with by 'desperately' using Divine Power or Forbidden rare artifact."

Suddenly, the Emperor of Lorne disappeared on the spot, leaving only numerous bubbles.

The Seven Stars Emperor said indifferently, "I will find you, Emperor of Lorne, rest assured, you won't be the first, but definitely one I will not spare."

“I will certainly grant you death.”

Unease spread rapidly like a plague, and aside from the motionless Pope of Redemption standing in the sky and the Primordial Tree “Crown” departing calmly, the many other Apocalypses began to ignore their honor and dignity, only wanting to escape quickly from this dangerous place. They started using their secret techniques and skills, attempting to find a sliver of life in the face of this irresistible force.

Under the endless oppressive might emanating from that silvery-white figure, the legends of the gods resembled frightened wild beasts, scattering in every direction, attempting to escape the imminent disaster.

However, their struggles and efforts seemed so futile and vain in front of the Seven Stars Emperor.

His figure moved freely through space, each movement seemingly abiding by some ancient and mysterious law, rendering it impossible to trace his whereabouts.

The Seven Stars Emperor had locked his next target, the “Diamond Man” Prime Minister William of Lorne.

With an almost mocking demeanor, he walked slowly towards that half-transformed being, his steps light and elegant as if each step landed on a node in time, causing everyone and everything around him to pause.

Under this invisible pressure, the half-mechanized body and mind of the targeted Prime Minister William felt unprecedented fear and despair, his body even beginning to tremble, his eyes filled with struggle.

“No!”

“We can reconcile, on how to use those ‘Elements of Destruction’ to become a god, I have much, I also have research on the Philosopher’s Stone... if you want to become a Divine being, you must cooperate with me! I can offer you more possibilities in the future, giving you a greater chance to become a Divine being!”

When the Seven Stars Emperor was close enough, he suddenly accelerated, appearing like a silver lightning in front of him instantly.

“No need!”

“I will reach even greater heights on my own!”

With a flick of his finger, a silver light burst forth from the tip, effortlessly penetrating Prime Minister William’s defenses and striking at his vital points.

“Ah!”

In that moment, Prime Minister William’s body seemed to be torn apart by some invisible force, his eyes filled with shock and reluctance, but before any sound could escape him, it was all over.

Under the illumination of the silver light, the “Diamond Man’s” body and soul turned into a mist of blood that dissipated into the air, leaving not even a trace of struggle behind.

The process by which the Seven Stars Emperor consecutively slaughtered two Apocalypse ranks was like a meticulously orchestrated drama; their fates, utterly under the control of the Emperor, were so easily shattered.

The people of the Fischer family witnessed these astonishing scenes, their faces marked with disbelief and shock.

Even the members of the Dawn Church, although seasoned and well-versed in power politics, had never seen such a powerful and ruthless force.

They simply stood by, their eyes following every movement of the Emperor’s silver-white figure, filled with endless shock and reverence towards this Monarch.

The Fischer family and the members of the Dawn Church became mere spectators, watching helplessly as the Emperor, single-handedly, hunted those who had once been considered equally powerful titans in their eyes.

Karl saw more in this hunt.

In the depths of the Emperor’s eyes, he saw not just power, but absolute control over the land, understanding that this man’s power was quickly transcending mortal boundaries to become an existence close to that of the Divine.

However...

His trajectory of destiny no longer held a future.

Meanwhile, the Emperor’s Imperial Guards reacted differently from the people of the Fischer family, watching the Emperor with adoration and admiration; each of the Emperor’s killings in the Lorne Apocalypse reinforced their faith even more.

“Your Majesty! Long live! My Emperor! You are our God!”

“Hahaha! Long live the Seven Stars!”

“Gods, no, please bless us, your Majesty!”

In the eyes of the Imperial Guards, the Seven Stars Emperor was not just their Monarch but their faith and soul.

They were willing to sacrifice everything for the Emperor, including their lives, believing that under the leadership of the supreme Emperor, the people of the Seven Suns Empire would become the most powerful force on this land, unshakeable in their status!

While the Fischer family, the Dawn Church's members, and the Emperor's Imperial Guards had radically different reactions, they all came to a deeper understanding of the strength and majesty of the Seven Stars Emperor, who had reached the upper rank of Apocalypse.

In the world now illuminated like daylight by the silver light, the greatly empowered Seven Stars Emperor slowly raised his head, his gaze piercing through the thick clouds, as if engaging in an ancient and mysterious conversation with the invisible Divine.

The Emperor's voice was deep and godlike, echoing throughout the world, even the wind ceasing in its presence, as if the entire world was listening to his words.

"Even with such formidable power, it does not mean I can completely control my own destiny. Fate, like an invisible net, binds me tightly, but I, as the most powerful Emperor of this land, will not submit to the whims of fate."

"I will use this power to challenge those seemingly insurmountable barriers, to fight against those who try to bind my destiny. I aim to break the shackles of fate and pursue the path to becoming a god."

Suddenly, a golden glint flashed in the Emperor's eyes, symbolizing the power within him, as if at that moment he reached an understanding with the invisible Divine. His figure, under the shine of the silver light, became even more dazzling, turning into the focal point of this world.

He then looked toward the only Pope of Redemption who had not fled but remained here, and said calmly, "I will not fall here; I will use my power and wisdom to fight against fate, to create a glorious era for the people of the Seven Suns."

His words, like thunder, shook the heart, and his indomitable will and firm belief shone in the hearts of all the people of the Seven Suns like brilliant constellations!

The Pope of Redemption remained silent for a long while before shaking his head and saying, "No, you are wrong."

"Great Gods, those majestic beings observing all from a higher dimension, have already set in place all destiny; we are utterly powerless to resist it."

"Submit to fate, oh mightiest of mortals."

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

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Chapter 573: 517: Mechanical God Descends!

Chapter 573: Chapter 517: Mechanical God Descends!

The Lorne Empire had a city built in the last dozen years.

Reforging City!

This city was unlike any other.

It was a city entirely given over to the Reforging Church by the Emperor of Lorne and the Council, symbolizing the Lorne citizens' goodwill towards the Reforging Church, which henceforth became more and more undecided in its allegiances, vacillating between Lorne and the Seven Stars.

Today, they would finally make their ultimate allegiance.

In that purely mechanical steam punk city, every inch exuded industrial romance with sky-high iron towers, complex gear structures, meandering steam pipes, with every corner of the city permeated with a faint scent of machine oil and the mist of steam, as if time had been frozen by precise machinery.

The people of this city were completely ruled by the Reforging Church, their lives in strict compliance with a highly organized, mechanized routine.

The heart of Reforging City was a huge central clock tower, a symbol of time and the heart of the city's operations, where intricate mechanical devices inside precisely controlled the city's rhythm, functioning from sunrise to sunset, each detail meticulously arranged.

The residents' homes were all small, exquisite mechanical houses equipped with various automated devices, which, activated by the melodious bell sounds from the clock tower each morning, gradually awakened the sleeping inhabitants with soft steam mist and warm light.

Steam-powered public transport shuttled between the streets, with steam buses following preset tracks and routes, delivering passengers punctually.

The people were dressed in elegant garments, donning top hats, and carrying exquisite yellow pocket watches to their respective workplaces.

From precise clockmakers to complex mechanical engineers, everyone contributed their strength to the city's operation in their respective positions.

In huge factory workshops, various steam-driven machines roared as workers coordinated with mechanical arms, producing exquisite mechanical artifacts.

In the evening, when the clock tower chimed melodiously again signaling the end of the workday, the people returned home.

At night, the lights of Reforging City gradually lit up, the lamps powered by steam emitting a soft glow, draping this city of machinery in a mysterious and romantic veil.

This steam city was a utopia of harmonious coexistence between humans and machines, where everyone found their place in this highly mechanized societal system, abiding by rules while enjoying the conveniences and pleasures brought by technology.

And all that technology originated from the "God of Reforging" Divine Oracle.

Naturally, only the followers of the Reforging Church had the privilege to reside in this sacred city of the Church; without exception, even children were modified—no, they did not call it modification, but "reforging"!

In the center of Reforging City stood a magnificent Mechanical Temple, an awe-inducing iron forest formed by intertwining huge gears, precise levers, and meandering steam pipes.

At the temple's center was an altar made of countless precision machines, inset with various transparent crystals that flickered with strange lights, as if containing endless power.

A group of Reforging Church Priests clad in white robes, holding metal and crystal-encrusted Magic Wands, surrounded the altar, their eyes filled with devotion and awe.

Amid the priests, the Chief Priest of the Reforging Church, dressed in a lavish robe and wearing a high hat inlaid with dazzling transparent crystals, slowly stepped into the center of the temple.

The Reforging Church had no Pope, only a Chief.

His eyes flashed with wisdom and a cold brilliance, his hand gripping a scepter forged from unknown metal, the tip set with a gem emitting a soft blue light, which served as a medium for communicating with the Mechanical Reforging God.

“O God of Reforging, who brings renewal to all things!”

“The world awaits Your full descent, only You can reforge everything, nothing is perfect, they all need Your reforging to be reborn!”

“Now in the Seven Stars, self-proclaimed formidable mortals foolishly attempt to reach the unreachable ladder of the divine!”

“Please perform a true miracle, cast Your shadow to mete out punishment!”

As the Chief chanted, the priests also began to chant ancient Mechanical Spells softly, their voices blending with the mechanical humming in the temple, creating an indescribable harmony.

The gemstones on the altar began to emit an increasingly intense light, as if they would illuminate the entire temple.

“God of Reforging!”

“I will sacrifice to You the faith of those who wield Your power, Your miracles have spread across the continent, Your power naturally can also manifest in the gradually reformed world!”

Suddenly, the Chief raised the scepter high, calling out the revered name of the Mechanical Reforging God, and a powerful energy burst from the gem in the scepter, shooting into the heavens.

Meanwhile, the priests pointed their Magic Wands toward the altar, and then the entire city seemed like an immense mechanical altar beginning to glow!

Yes.

The entire Reforging City was an altar.

Streams of mechanical power converged, forming a powerful energy flow shooting towards the sky!

At that moment, the skies of the entire world seemed to rip apart as massive gears slowly emerged from the void, slowly rotating in the air, emitting deafening roars as if to engulf the entire world.

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

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Chapter 574: 517: Mechanical Descent of God! _2

Chapter 574: Chapter 517: Mechanical Descent of God! _2

These gears meshed together, forming a vast mechanical network that first enveloped the entire steam punk city and then gradually shrouded the entire world.

The air was thick with an indescribable atmosphere. People everywhere stopped in their tracks and looked up in awe at the magnificent sight.

Countless gears spread across the sky, as if reconstructing the world into a colossal mechanical device, and all of it was the masterpiece of the powerful projection of the Mechanical Reforging God.

At this moment, a mysterious connection was established between the Reforging City and the Mechanical Reforging God, imbuing every corner of the city with newfound life and strength.

All the believers living in the city believed that this was the blessing and protection of the Mechanical Reforging God over their city and a reciprocation of their devout faith.

“The Mechanical Reforging God has shown a miracle!”

“Oh God! We worship your technology!”

“Please reforge this imperfect world!”

Worldwide, countless followers of Reforging fell to their knees in prayer!

And all the machinery developed because of the Mechanical Reforging God's technology resonated at this moment too!

Workers cried out in astonishment!

“The steam engines, the steam engines are trembling!”

In the vast crimson-hued lands of the Seven Stars Empire, a silver-white Emperor stood proudly mid-air.

Clad in armor radiant with the glow of constellations and wielding a long sword, he resembled an immortal war god, overlooking the ancient and miraculous land beneath his feet.

It was his city, the Imperial City of the Seven Stars, the most important art capital, a near-perfect pearl.

However, even after surviving the aftermath of numerous battles of Apocalypse, this splendid city remained in ruins.

A defiant light flickered in the eyes of the Seven Stars Emperor, a yearning to challenge fate.

Suddenly, he heard a voice.

That voice...

Who could it be?

Was it End, the one he had always longed to converse with?

He didn't know.

He just knew End was sealed in this world, not even sure if that great existence had any self-awareness; he had always tried communicating unilaterally.

Perhaps, if he became strong enough, he would be able to communicate with that great existence at the level he aspired to, "unrivaled in all aspects"...

So until he truly reached the Apocalypse Upper Rank, he had always hoped for a response from "End."

Now, the Seven Stars Emperor truly heard an inexplicable voice, but he could not discern where it was coming from.

He did not know the origin of the voice but simply knew that it had no malice, only full of regret.

[The saddest thing in the world is often the brightest individuals are the ones who fall like meteors, consuming everything they have.]

Fall like a meteor?

He remained silent.

At this moment, the sky seemed to tear apart, as a force from the distant void converged, marking the arrival of the projection of the Mechanical Reforging God, bearing endless majesty and judgment.

The sky was filled with endless brass gears!

Karl silently watched it all.

Now, the Seven Stars Emperor had reached the Apocalypse Upper Rank, possessing unprecedented power, plus the boost from the Crimson Barrier... Even if all the Extraordinary Exponents of the Ouden Continent joined forces, they would not be his match.

Yet, he could feel the power of that entity in the sky.

That thing...

Truly a power originating from the Divine.

To compare, if a drop of Divine Power were used by a Saint, the thing in the sky... was like an entire ocean!

The outcome was determined.

The Seven Stars Emperor raised his head, his eyes meeting the projection of the God of Reforging slowly emerging in the sky. Instantly, he felt an unprecedented pressure, as if the whole world had paused at this moment.

At last it had come.

The prophecy of destiny indeed referred to Him!

"In this world, only He can act."

A century ago, the Seven Luminaries Nobles had angered the Reforging Church and consequently had been devastated by the destructive force of the God of Reforging. That history was branded deeply in the hearts of every individual from the Seven Suns Empire.

Yet the silver-white Seven Stars Emperor refused to repeat that tragic fate. He took a deep breath and his silver armor seemed to activate at the moment, radiating an even more dazzling light.

"I am the emperor of the Seven Stars Empire, and I will never yield to any fate!" His voice echoed through the air, filled with resolution and determination.

The Seven Stars Emperor held aloft the longsword filled with endless power.

With a roar, he swung the longsword, pointing straight at the divine projection in the sky.

Instantly, the blade burst forth with blinding light, akin to the first streak of dawn on the horizon or the most brilliant meteor in the night sky, slashing through the air directly at the endless brass gears high above in the heavens.

At that moment, the entire world seemed to pause.

At that moment, the whole crimson world trembled under that force. The ancient barriers echoed with deafening roars; it was the most powerful emperor among mortals striking a heaven-shocking blow at the shadow of a divinity!

It was a strike from the most noble and mighty emperor among mortals, not just a challenge to the divine but also a rebellion against fate. His figure was infinitely magnified at that moment, becoming the sole existence between heaven and earth.

At that moment, all of the Seven Stars boiled over, the world shook, and countless beings looked up at the crimson sky, their hearts surging with unprecedented excitement and awe.

In the eyes of mortals, the emperor of the Seven Stars Empire at that moment truly stood shoulder to shoulder with divinities!

Yet, that was merely a mortal's fantasy.

Even as his power surpassed the limits, it still could not shake the endless majesty of the God of Reforging.

Like a pebble thrown into the vast ocean.

Only causing a slight ripple.

His gaze was calm.

"I want to leave a spark for all those of the Seven Suns Empire."

The endless projection of the brass gears merely trembled slightly, then released an even more formidable energy, instantly turning the Seven Stars Emperor's attack into nothingness, and soon engulfing him whole.

The newly ascended emperor at the Apocalypse Upper Rank, having surpassed the power of all extraordinary exponents at that moment, vanished as if he had never existed.

That was the curtain falling.

The Pope of Redemption shook his head in calm resignation, sighing, "It's over then."

“No matter how one rebels, this is the destiny that was set from the beginning, irrevocably.”

He clenched his fist.

“But is the end of the world also determined by fate?”

Seeing this scene, the multitude from the Imperial City and its surroundings of the Seven Suns Empire People were so shocked they were speechless, as if the deepest parts of their souls were being torn, crumbling instantaneously.

“Impossible!”

The leader of the Imperial Guard, face streaked with tears, screamed in disbelief.

When the figure of the Seven Stars Emperor finally disappeared within the light of the God of Reforging, the entire Seven Stars Empire fell into dead silence. Although many had not witnessed it firsthand, a deep sadness surged within them, and cries echoed through the air.

The people of the Seven Stars knelt on the ground to mourn the departed emperor and worried for the future of the Seven Stars Empire, suffering, grief-stricken, and collapsing. No one could accept this truth.

They all knew better than anyone the importance of the emperor.

The future people of the Seven Stars would become slaves under the evil light of the Lorne Empire.

Everything in the future was clear...

Everyone knew this...

In the moment when the emperor vanished into the divine projection's light, the entire Seven Stars Empire seemed enveloped in dense gloom.

However, the multitudes of the Seven Suns Empire suddenly found something glowing within their bodies, no, deep within their souls. Under the influence of this power, all became even more resolute.

It was an unyielding will, quietly awakened under a torn sky by divine forces. It was the final legacy the Seven Stars Emperor left to this land—the spark of resistance and determination.

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

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Chapter 575: 518: Scapegoat, Darren Fischer!

Chapter 575: Chapter 518: Scapegoat, Darren Fischer!

When the terrifying projection of the Mechanical Reforging God finally began to slowly fade away in the sky, it left nothing but chaos in its wake.

In the Mechanical Holy City of the Lorne Empire, countless zealous followers of the Reforging Church lay collapsed on the ground as if they had all simultaneously lost power.

Devoid of all vitality.

They lay as if they had never lived, merely mechanical constructs of a species, completely losing function and falling to the ground.

Summoning the power of a god always came with a price.

And those devout followers had willingly stated more than once in their prayers that they would give everything for their god.

That too was a contract.

And a contract in itself possessed the greatest mystical quality.

The temporary ally of the Seven Stars Emperor—the Fischer family—keenly sensed the impending storm.

Darren's eyes flashed with unease, fully aware that the disappearance of the Seven Stars Emperor meant not only the loss of the Seven Stars Empire's most powerful Guardian but also that the once intimidated enemies would, like beasts breaking free of their restraints, stir restively, preparing to redive the bountiful lands.

He instinctively looked toward the Thousand-year-old Pope of the Salvation Church.

The figure stood tall in the sky, seemingly still savoring the recent events and not even casting a glance at the Fischers.

However, for some reason, Darren could feel a bone-chilling murderous intent, filling his heart with coldness.

Something was amiss.

That old man, whose entire being was uncomfortable to be around, as if constantly exuding an aura of decay, paid no attention to the Fischer family at this moment, but he was definitely keeping his attention on them.

Moreover, the Pope's murderous intent toward the Fischers was even more intense than toward the Seven Stars Emperor!

It could even be said that Darren felt a terrifying determination housed within the Pope of Redemption,

A determination to go all out, to sacrifice himself if necessary, to annihilate the Fischer family!

Darren had long ceased to fear death, even finding a sense of pleasure in the fraught excitement of danger.

But, even if he disregarded his personal circumstances, the survival of the entire Fischer family was still a matter of deep concern for him.

Darren's lips involuntarily twitched, his body shook with conflicting emotions—tension roiled within him, yet he was unconsciously thrilled.

"We must retreat immediately!"

Christine, another head of the Fischer family, commanded with a grave tone. Her voice echoed in everyone's heart, carrying an undeniable decisiveness.

Pity for the Seven Stars Emperor, who had fallen.

He had truly achieved the Apocalypse Upper Rank, obtaining the power to obliterate all mortal enemies, but somehow the Reforging Church had summoned part of the God of Reforging's power.

Although just a miniscule part of the Divine Punishment compared to the entirety of the divine essence, it was... sufficient.

Even the Seven Stars Emperor, having reached the incredible power of the Apocalypse Upper Rank, still paled in comparison to those false gods.

"The Seven Stars Empire's pillar has collapsed, and the entire empire will not be able to hold for long. It can even be said that the entire Ouden Continent, and even the broader Claud World, is about to undergo drastic changes!"

Christine knew that preserving their strength during the coming turmoil and ensuring the safety of the entire Fischer family was the wisest choice.

Just as the members of the Fischer family were filled with uncertainty and anxiety about the future, and had begun to leave the Seven Luminaries Imperial City, an expected figure suddenly appeared before them—the Thousand-year-old Pope of the Salvation Church.

The elderly man, clad in white with a seemingly kind face but deep-set eyes, appeared as if stepping out from the void, his whole being exuding an indescribable mystical force that instantly enveloped all the Fischers in a commanding presence.

The appearance of the Pope of Redemption caught the Fischers off guard; Christine was shocked to find that they could not move at all, as if bound by invisible shackles.

The air was thick with a suffocating and tense atmosphere, and a deep sense of despair welled up in everyone's hearts.

The only one who could move was Chris.

But he maintained an extreme calm, eyeing the suddenly-appeared Pope of Redemption without any immediate action.

“Warriors of the Fischer family, there is no need to fear,”

The voice of the Pope of Redemption was gentle yet firm, as if piercing the fog in people's hearts, calmly saying, “I do not come to bring disaster, but to offer a path of redemption and hope.”

Everyone from the Fischer family and the Dawn Church struggled, many wanting to speak, but they found their voices suppressed by an invisible force, and could only widen their eyes, filled with confusion and wariness towards the Pope.

However, just as a glimmer of hope began to kindle in the hearts of the Fischers and the members of the Dawn Church, even as some truly believed the Pope of Redemption came to guide them to salvation, the Pope's expression abruptly turned stern and cold.

He began speaking slowly, his voice no longer carrying any of its prior gentleness or mercy, but rather revealing an undeniable decisiveness,

“However, to the Fischer family and the Dawn Church, I must tell you a harsh truth.”

The Pope of Redemption's gaze was piercing, as if penetrating the soul of each individual, and he continued,

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

Chapter 576: 518: Scapegoat, Darren Fischer!_2

Chapter 576: Chapter 518: Scapegoat, Darren Fischer!_2

“You are the enemies of the Lord of Salvation, and your existence is a blasphemy against the divine will, so I must fulfill my duty to completely eradicate you from this world, without leaving anyone behind.”

“All I have done is not for personal gain... It’s all...”

“For this world.”

These words, like a bolt from the blue, left the members of the Fischer family and the Dawn Church in shock, speechless. Archibald and several others stared wide-eyed at the Pope, unable to comprehend why this elderly man, who had just given them hope, had transformed into their executioner in the blink of an eye.

Darren sneered, knowing that for the other party, “granting salvation” and “annihilation” probably meant the same thing; for this guy, the greatest salvation for the entire Fischer family might well be... death!

A complex emotion flashed across the face of the Pope of Redemption, but it quickly returned to one of coldness and resolve.

“It is the will of God, I cannot explain it, nor do I need to.”

He slowly raised his right hand, palm upward, as if summoning some mysterious force, and continued, “Members of the Fischer family who serve the End, prepare to meet your fate.”

As the words of the Pope of Redemption fell, a powerful energy began to gather around him, filling the air with an oppressive and fearful atmosphere.

The members of the Fischer family and the Dawn Church felt an invisible force approaching; they tried to struggle, but found themselves completely powerless.

Father, what are you doing? Why don’t you take action?

Christine, unable to speak, could only look toward her father, Chris, her expression strained.

In an instant, everyone's faces filled with fear, and they began to pray to the great Lord of the Lost, but for some reason, there was no response whatsoever.

This had never happened before...

The great Lord of the Lost did not respond at the critical moment of life and death for his favored clan. How was this possible?

"No! We cannot just submit like this!"

Darren roared, struggling with all his might to break free, but to no avail, fully aware that at this moment, their fate was in the hands of the Pope of Redemption.

His thoughts churned like a turbulent ocean, recalling those stormy days—memories of brave friends and of relatives who had made their heroic sacrifices in defense of their faith. These memories, like sharp blades, were forever etched in his heart, tormenting Darren with sleepless nights and restless days.

Yet, it was these heavy memories that forged his resolve today!

To retreat would only bring catastrophic disaster; the survival of the Fischer family was hanging by a thread!

At this moment, Darren's heart surged with unprecedented determination, as if he could see the future of his family.

"Great Lord of the Lost, to protect my family, to defend our faith, I am willing to give up everything!"

In his heart, he silently made a vow—not just in words, but a cry from deep within his soul, a fearless challenge to fate.

Reaching the 5th Rank of Consecution Extraordinary Exponents who had the ability to "burn their soul to gain greater strength," not many had really done so.

Because while one could lose life, the soul could still follow the great God; but if the soul itself was completely gone...

Darren closed his eyes, feeling the ancient power surging within him, that mysterious energy stemming from the depths of his soul, the power contained within the God Pantheon stairway!

Though the time would be very short, he temporarily reached a strength level equivalent to the Eighth Tier!

This was undoubtedly a transmutation!

When he opened his eyes again, Darren's eyes were ablaze, as if flames were leaping within them.

He decided to burn his own soul, with this final, purest sacrifice, forming an unstoppable torrent!

"Let the flames become the light that illuminates the darkness!"

Darren whispered, his voice soft.

Then, he reached out his hand.

Instantly, it caught the attention of Chris and the Pope of Redemption!

He was the only one remaining "at the Monarch Level" who could still act under the influence of the Pope of Redemption.

Then, Darren used the ability of the "Scapegoat" from the 1st Rank of the Path of Shadow.

Consecution power...

Scapegoat!

In that instant, he drew upon himself all the misfortunes of the entire Fischer family and the members of the Dawn Church.

Let me bear all the misfortunes!

Even the Pope of Redemption was momentarily confused, sensing something subtly strange.

"What's happening..."

For some reason, rather than wanting to destroy all followers of the End, he found himself wanting only to kill Darren Fischer—though it defied logic, deep within him, he harbored this bizarre thought.

"Is some mysterious power influencing me too? Despite such a huge gap in our strength levels, he can still achieve this? Very impressive, this is the mysterious nature of Consecution power."

An indescribable energy fluctuation surged around them; the air seemed to solidify, and the light twisted.

Darren's body began to transform; beneath his skin, faint dragon scales emerged, and his eyes flashed dark red, as a powerful, ancient aura burst forth from within him.

With deafening dragon roars, he completely transformed into a majestic demon dragon, its scales shimmering coldly, and with a gentle flap of its wings, it stirred up a violent wind.

Chris, who had been expressionless, suddenly curved his lips into a smile, as if feeling a certain satisfaction.

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

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His figure instantly transformed into a shadow, and in the blink of an eye, he appeared beside the Demon Dragon.

"It's time, the Fischer family must continue!"

The voice of the Demon Dragon thundered in Chris's ears, filled with an unmistakable determination, and the image of his father Byrne appeared in his eyes.

Both men's gazes simultaneously locked onto the Pope of Redemption in the distance, who was surrounded by a holy light, seeming omnipotent.

"Foolish Fischers, you have always been profaning the Gods, serving the most fearsome End, daring to challenge the authority of the Gods!"

"Unforgivable!"

The voice of the Pope of Redemption boomed like thunder, echoing between heaven and earth, and with a wave of his scepter, numerous lights and runes descended from the sky, attempting to trap both the Demon Dragon and Chris within.

Darren soared into the sky, effortlessly avoiding the lights and runes while simultaneously exhaling scorching Dragon Breath, pushing forcefully toward the Pope of Redemption.

Chris, utilizing his ability to Instant Teleport, rapidly maneuvered around the Pope of Redemption, seeking an opportunity for a fatal strike.

Each of his appearances was accompanied by a cold light, and the white bones flashed through the air like lightning, straight towards their target.

The Pope of Redemption suddenly displayed unprecedented Divine Power, a force beyond mortal comprehension, as if he himself were a part of the universe, able to freely manipulate the elements and rules of the cosmos.

The Pope raised his hands high, his eyes gleaming with a light not of this world, chanting ancient and mysterious spells.

As the spell resounded, the previously bright constellations in the sky suddenly dimmed, clouds thickened, and thunder roared as if the entire world trembled with his power.

Subsequently, an indescribable energy fluctuation burst forth from within the Pope, transforming into a dazzling golden beam of light, striking Darren and Chris who were attacking with full force.

This golden beam contained destructive power, instantly tearing apart even the sturdy dragon scales of the Demon Dragon to reveal a bloodied flesh beneath.

Chris was thrown back by this force, tumbling through the air several times before crashing heavily to the ground, spitting blood, evidently severely wounded.

“This is the consequence of challenging the Gods.”

The calm voice of the Pope of Redemption echoed through heaven and earth, filled with an authoritative and undeniable power.

Darren and Chris struggled to lift their heads, looking towards the approaching Pope with eyes devoid of resignation or despair, but still not giving up the fight.

Because of the “Scapegoat” effect, and as the Pope of Redemption had just exhausted his strength against Darren and Chris, the members of the Fischer family and the Dawn Church suddenly became able to move, no longer restrained by his power.

Even in dire straits, they did not abandon hope, all rallying to augment the powers of Chris and Darren, and Archer restored their condition completely.

The wounds of Chris and Darren visibly healed at a visible rate, their exhausted bodies revitalized.

The Pope of Redemption simply watched this scene calmly.

“Will you continue to resist?”

The Demon Dragon let out a low growl with difficulty, and Chris gripped the dagger in his hands tightly, his gaze still determined, as if ready for one last struggle.

At this critical juncture, a previously unseen phenomenon suddenly surged through heaven and earth.

Black mist gathered from all directions, swiftly enveloping the entire battlefield like the coming of night, completely swallowing the holy light of the Pope of Redemption.

The thick, black mist, filled with ancient and mysterious power, aroused reverence and an indescribable fear in all beings, who sensed this extraordinary phenomenon.

“Has the End... revived?”

A hint of disbelief and horror seeped through the voice of the Pope of Redemption.

“This is... the power of the Lord of the Lost!”

Darren’s voice was filled with awe, sensing some connection between himself and this power, as if he were the incarnation of this force, a messenger of the God of Demise on earth.

Chris too felt the baptism of this power, his gaze sharpening, and the white bones in his hand seemingly endowed with life, gleaming coldly.

He knew that at this moment, they were no longer fighting alone, but had the powerful backing of the Lord of the Lost.

The Pope of Redemption, under the impact of this force, trembled violently, his face turning instantly pale as paper.

“Another seal has been broken!”

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

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Chapter 578: 519: The 8th Seal!

Chapter 578: Chapter 519: The 8th Seal!

“End... resurrected?”

The Pope of Redemption's voice revealed a hint of disbelief and terror.

He knew well that the End was the source of the Fischer family's faith, its power so immense that even the Gods could not dismiss it lightly, and it could even be said... that it was the reason for the Gods' departure.

They chose to forsake all beings.

To succumb to fate.

The Pope of Redemption slowly closed his eyes, then reopened them, his hands trembling slightly.

Is destruction the inevitable destiny of every being?

As a being of the Heavenly Enlightenment Level, he had the ability to leave Claud World, but he never did, instead, he made every effort to find the Fischer family who served the End, to annihilate them and prevent the true resurrection of the End.

“Lord of Salvation, why have you forsaken us?”

“Exalted Gods! If you abandon us, then let me be the one to save this world!”

Darren and Chris, under the envelopment of this thick black mist, felt an unprecedented power pouring into their bodies, all their being restored at a visible speed.

Even Darren's soul, previously exhausted and on the verge of shattering, was rejuvenated, this mighty power healing their bodies and souls, cementing the convictions of the Fischer family members.

“This is... the power of the great Lord of the Lost!”

Darren's voice was filled with shock and awe, able to fully feel some connection to this power, as if he himself was an incarnation of this force, a messenger of the God of Demise in the mortal realm.

Chris also felt the baptism of this power, his gaze sharpening, the dagger in his hand as if imbued with life, flashing a cold light.

The members of the Fischer family knew that they were no longer fighting alone; as long as the great Lord of the Lost appeared, all adversities would be overturned.

For a hundred years, no matter what, it had always been so!

As the extremely dense black mist continued to converge, a black cross of light from the End gradually appeared on the battlefield, all things turning into only black and white.

In this instant, it seemed as though the entire world trembled, the heavens and earth pervaded with an unprecedented pitch-black despair.

With Karl's awakening, the sky was no longer the tranquil azure of bygone days, replaced by a profound, chaotic hue, clouds dense, lightning flashing and thunder rolling, as if the heavens were mourning, heralding the coming of the apocalypse.

Deep beneath the Earth's crust, rumbling noises emerged, earthquakes followed one after another, each tremor like the heartbeat of a behemoth, causing mountains and rivers to shatter.

The seas, too, had become tumultuous and surging, waves crashing into the skies as if the entire ocean roared to devour everything, tsunamis raging along the coastline.

And those distant polar glaciers were now collapsing under the influence of this tremendous force.

Huge blocks of ice broke off, plunging into the sea, setting off avalanches, the meltwaters from the glaciers forming rivers that slammed against the coasts, beneath which a body so massive it was astonishing gradually revealed itself.

It seemed to be a giant beyond the imagination of mankind.

Even a single finger could be deemed a mountain range, an eye like a great mountain, and its scattered body buried beneath the glaciers of the world!

If it were to truly awake, it would likely be a behemoth too daunting to behold!

All beings, in this apocalyptic scene, bowed their heads in fear, even those who had once looked down upon the world in strength now displaying looks of horror.

They realized how minuscule they were in the face of this terrifying power, like ants before a deluge, helplessly awaiting the judgment of fate.

"Is it too late..."

The Pope of Redemption, under the impact of this force, shook violently, his eyes instinctively filled with fear and despair.

He knew he could not withstand the power of the God of Demise, only to watch helplessly as his fate marched towards its end, yet in the final moments still pondering how to prevent its resurrection.

His own death mattered not!

He must not allow it to truly wake, or the whole world would dissolve into nothingness!

“Fischer! For everyone’s sake! I must eradicate you!”

The Pope of Redemption erupted with all his Divine Power, completely disregarding his own safety, madly trying to put an end to the members of the Fischer family!

Even Darren and the others could feel the opponent’s will was extremely determined!

“I swear by my name...”

“I must stop your actions that would revive the End!”

The Pope of Redemption seemed to stand atop a wasteland, eyes sparkling with complex light, reflecting memories of the past as well as resoluteness for the future.

The wind blew through his white hair, his thoughts returning to the distant past when people still lived under the governance of the Gods.

The Pope of Redemption, originally named Ad, was born in a tumultuous time.

From a young age, Ad had shown a talent and wisdom beyond others, able to sense the subtle fluctuations of power between heaven and earth, and to perceive the fears and desires deep within people’s hearts.

Though he came from an ordinary family, he possessed a weak Extraordinary bloodline and also bore the top-tier Destiny’s Trajectory known as the “Savior.”

At that time, all the forces were still states of slavery dominated completely by Extraordinary Exponents, with commoners reduced to mere fodder. The young Ad witnessed his home destroyed by war, his commoner relatives perishing in despair, experiences that were etched deeply into his heart like a brand.

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

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Chapter 579: 519: The 8th Seal!_2

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“The life of an ordinary person has warmth, and a soul has dignity... all of this must change!”

Ad was convinced that no matter how powerful the dark world was, as long as someone was willing to stand up, light could always be found, and he must change the entire world.

Many Extraordinary Exponents were astonished to hear of his ideals, and even ordinary people said that the Extraordinary Exponents had always been high above, accustomed to such a station.

“Just because things have always been that way doesn’t mean they are right.”

Thus, Ad set out on the journey to find the path of Salvation, traveling all around, learning various kinds of knowledge and magic, communicating with all manner of powerful creatures, and enduring countless trials and challenges. His belief never wavered, convinced that he was the chosen one of destiny, the last hope for this world.

What he didn’t know was that the effect of the “Savior’s” Destiny’s Trajectory was “as long as one firmly wishes to save the world and never wavers, one can maintain the luck and talent of being at the pinnacle of humanity.”

As time passed, Ad gradually grew into a learned, powerful Spellcaster of Monarch Level, and even though he was only of Lower Monarch Level, he could still battle with high-level Monarchs, astonishing countless people as a supreme genius.

Because he felt that the Gods had not helped humanity and various other intelligent races towards peace, he established his peaceful sect, gathering a group of like-minded believers to work together to save the world.

Ad taught them knowledge, instilled in them the importance of steadfast belief and selfless love, and the peaceful sect grew stronger, its light beginning to illuminate every corner of the world.

They rescued disaster victims and quelled wars, making Ad a hero and a beacon of hope in the hearts of countless people.

Until one day...

He heard the Divine Oracle.

The voice was filled with authority, power, and warmth.

[The world is in darkness, I seek a messenger to quell the chaos, to judge the disputes.]

[And you are the perfect embodiment of the way of Salvation.]

[Receive the Divine Power.]

[Become my chosen one.]

At that moment, Ad was utterly astonished, unable to believe it, and deep in his heart, he responded to the voice:

“This must be a mistake, are you truly the Lord of Salvation?”

“But how can this be? Respected Lord of Salvation, I have never prayed to any Divine being for decades, nor have I ever stepped foot in a Church of the Salvation Church. Why would you choose me?”

[Because the path of Salvation lies at your feet.]

Thus, the initially hesitant Ad made his choice... he dissolved his original sect and became the new Pope of the Salvation Church, directly becoming the most powerful person on Earth and ultimately succeeding in completely dismantling the slavery system that many nations once had.

“The path of Salvation lies at my feet.”

He looked up at the dark clouds in the sky and murmured to himself.

The power of the End was too great, even he could not seal it, let alone compare to it. The Pope of Redemption knew this better than anyone.

At this moment, the Pope of Redemption took a deep breath, his gaze becoming resolute and decisive, well aware that in the face of the power of the End, any individual effort seemed trivial, but he could not simply give up.

Because he was the Pope of the Salvation Church! The light of hope in the hearts of countless people, even if the Divine beings abandoned humanity, he could not abandon all sentient beings!

He closed his eyes and began to mobilize all the Divine Power within his body.

Over the millennia, there had been more than one Saint chosen by Redemption Divine Power!

But no one had been like him, able to bear so much Divine Power, and he received a great amount of Redemption Divine Power!

With his will, this powerful energy began to stir within his soul, as intense and burning as a volcano, and the Pope of Redemption felt his soul on fire, the close connection with this world tearing apart.

When the Pope of Redemption opened his eyes again, they had become as brilliant as the constellations, he raised his hands high and issued a deafening roar to the sky.

“End, this is the power of humanity!”

With that roar, all the Divine Power within his body surged out like the tide, transforming into a dazzling beam of light, shooting directly toward the direction of the Fischer family members!

Christine and the others wore extremely solemn expressions, for that power was simply too strong; just a touch would erase them completely in an instant.

However, the power of that dense black fog was too overpowering, such that even the Pope of Redemption, with all his Divine Power, could not break through that dense black fog.

The beam of light was devoured as soon as it touched the black fog, disappearing without a trace in an instant.

The Pope of Redemption’s body swayed, on the verge of collapsing due to the excessive consumption of power, his face pallid as paper, his eyes flashing with unwillingness and despair.

He collapsed to the ground, hands clenched into fists, nails digging deeply into his palms, understanding that he had failed and could not save the Claud World from dire straits.

“Even if I fall, there must be others who will continue to move forward, who will continue to strive for the future of this world... Fischer, you won’t awaken the end without difficulty.”

Finally, the dense black fog surged up.

The Pope of Redemption had no thought of escape, merely watching calmly as everything he had was devoured.

With the ancient shackles of the Seal relentlessly torn apart, a surge of black fog, unprecedented and like the breath of the Abyss, silently yet irresistibly swept across the entire Seven Luminaries Kingdom.

The dense black fog was not merely a physical existence; it was more like the embodiment of despair and fear, oppressively weighing down on every inch of land, on every heart.

The sky lost its colors of days past, replaced by a deep, opaque curtain of black, as if the sun, moon, and stars were all devoured by the power, casting the Seven Stars into a suffocating monotony of black and white.

Amidst the boundless darkness, no matter where one was, they felt as though pulled by an invisible force, forced to face an unavoidable truth—the true end had come.

Visions began to appear before people's eyes, fragments of the future, unfolding like scenes from an apocalyptic scroll.

They saw cities collapsing in flames, once-bustling streets turned to rubble; they saw family and friends struggling in despair, unable to alter fate; they saw the collapse of natural laws, the sky tearing apart, the sea rushing backward, life laid to waste.

At this moment, whether noble or commoner, Extraordinary Exponent or ordinary person, all felt an unprecedented sense of insignificance and helplessness.

It seemed as if the apocalypse had been destined by fate.

No one could escape!

At this moment, Karl was mired in an unprecedented confusion and conflict.

"My awakening is destined to destroy the world."

"I am the end."

His voice could make countless creatures' hearts tremble, yet now it carried a hint of subtle bewilderment.

After the Eighth Seal was unlocked, he still knew all the steps of the God Pantheon stairway, and his power was even stronger than before; the dense black fog could even actively devour what was needed, could freeze time on a large scale, create illusions, and all it took was to extract the life of some Devout Believers afterward, no longer needing the prayers and sacrifices of mortals.

Karl seemed to stand at the intersection of time and space, overlooking the world shrouded in his black fog, yet his heart surged with complex emotions.

Every time a Seal was undone, it brought turmoil to the world, as if his very existence was a harbinger of the apocalypse.

Yet he did not crave Destruction, nor did he wish to truly witness a scene where life was extinguished and all things withered.

"Why does my existence seem doomed to consort with Destruction?"

Karl's inner contemplation flickered like a candle in a stormy wind, unsteady yet stubbornly burning.

He was gradually becoming clear that when the tenth Seal was unlocked, the Claud World would inevitably be destroyed in an instant, as was only natural.

Just as a balloon cannot contain a giant dragon.

Faced with this question once more, Karl had an answer deep within him that had to be acknowledged, no matter what.

"Even if I could let the Claud World be destroyed... I do not wish the Fischer family to turn into nothingness..."

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

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Chapter 580: 520: Spirit Realm City

Chapter 580: Chapter 520: Spirit Realm City

"I've decided."

"After the ninth Seal is lifted, I will be able to gain more memories and then make a decision."

As Karl's determination within his heart became clear, he slowly began to act, preparing to retract the pitch-black dense fog that shrouded the entire Seven Luminaries Country.

Before releasing Spiritual Power, the dark fog was not lethal, it only allowed people to immerse themselves in the fantasy of fear and despair.

The Spiritual Power needed to annihilate all the mortals of the entire nation would be astronomical, and Karl, although he could truly afford it now, would afterward exhaust all of his power.

The black cross radiance gradually appeared in the void, surrounded by a faint pitch-black aura, forming a halo with the surrounding dark fog. This abyss of black light was unfathomably cold, also containing endless fear and despair.

As an indescribable power surged from within Karl, this force was not purely of destruction but something deeper and more complex.

It was like an invisible bond, connecting Karl with the black fog, guiding them towards a common goal.

The originally rampant dark fog began to flow slowly; it was as if they had been given life, following some mysterious law, gradually converging into black “rivers” rushing towards the location of the black cross radiance.

These pitch-black “rivers” interwove in the air, circling, forming a magnificent and strange picture.

As the fog gathered, the black radiance around Karl became even more dazzling; he was like a massive source of light, swallowing the surrounding darkness one by one.

The dark fog, upon touching the pitch-black light, began to dissipate gradually, turning into specks of Black Starlight, ultimately integrating into Karl’s body.

The entire process lasted a long time, until the last wisp of dark fog was completely retracted, and the whole Seven Stars Empire was once again bathed in warm sunlight.

The sky became unusually clear, the clouds soft as cotton candy, sunlight filtering through them and spilling onto the earth, bringing the long-missed warmth and light.

At this moment, the people of the entire Seven Stars Empire seemed to have experienced a long and profound dream, finally awakening from the chaos and oppression.

On the streets of various cities, people poured out of their homes, with expressions of surprise, astonishment, and fear. They looked up at the once again bright sky, talked animatedly, and recounted everything they had experienced during the period when the fog had enveloped them.

“Just now, we saw the apocalypse!”

“Yes, it was indeed the apocalypse... everything was destroyed, truly, all things were utterly extinguished!”

“We all saw it...”

Scenes from the dream seemed like terrifying events stepping out of ancient myths, leaving a profound impression of the End on people, too terrifying for words.

That world was collapsing and disintegrating, eventually turning into absolute nothingness, chilling everyone to the bone.

The people had known that the Dawn Church was an evil cult worshiping the Evil God, but most had no concrete concept of it in their minds until today’s drastic change...

The people of the Seven Suns Empire realized that if the “End” worshiped by the Dawn Church truly fully revived, what the future world would become...

It would be a future where everything collapsed into nothingness, a future filled with extreme terror!

Thus, as time passed, the matter of the End gradually spread to every corner of the Ouden Continent, and the spread was incredibly fast...

Beyond that, the people today were shocked to discover two earth-shattering events: the most powerful two mortals of the Claud World had passed away!

They were the Seven Stars Empire’s God of War Emperor and the Thousand-year-old Pope of the Salvation Church!

They both died by... the power of God.

They left behind the most recent True God, the God of Reforging and... the End, capable of destroying the world!

At the same time, Karl stepped onto the road to the distant and unfathomable Spirit Realm, traversing the crevices of time and space, moving towards that unknown and mysterious Domain.

Scenes of the Spirit Realm gradually revealed themselves before his eyes. The sky here was no longer a single shade of blue but woven from countless colorful halos. They slowly rotated in the air, like the gates of dreams from ancient myths gently opening, leading him into a new, unimaginable world.

In the depths of this Spirit Realm, the towering Soul Tree had lush branches and leaves, each leaf flickering with a soft glow, capable of supporting countless souls.

The souls of the members of the Fischer family who had not yet reincarnated were all upon it; furthermore, the majority of the souls of the devout members of the Dawn Church were also within the tree. The remaining few would choose to reincarnate, continuing their journey in the mundane world, once again drawn by Karl and fatefully rejoining the Dawn Church.

Although it was a second chance at life, these reincarnates, compared to their previous lives, would possess stronger talents, and the vast majority of them could go further on the path of the God Pantheon stairway.

Karl looked towards the robust and ancient tree, covered with marks of souls. It was not only a haven for souls but also a bridge connecting various worlds.

Staring at this giant tree, a wave of inexplicable emotion surged within him.

“Whether it’s the souls of the Fischer family or those of the Dawn Church... I cannot let them turn into nothingness.”

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

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