

From Secret Clan to the Divine Dynasty

Chapter 581: 520 Spirit Realm City_2

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Every soul within this tree trusted itself wholeheartedly.

Centuries flew by, and the present Karl had long become insensitive to the lives and deaths of ordinary mortals, utterly indifferent, yet he could never forsake them.

Then, a faint blue light suddenly filled the air, like the sea at the first light of dawn, gentle and full of hope.

The blue light slowly enveloped the gigantic trunk, branches, and every single leaf, beginning to transform under the light's illumination.

Under the blue light, the trunk bearing numerous souls gradually turned into a sturdy and exquisite building, and the branches into broad streets and well-placed gardens.

Each building emitted a faint blue light, mingling with the surrounding soul lights, forming a harmonious picture.

Along the streets, the lampposts formed from leaves emitted a soft glow, illuminating the path for the nocturnal souls.

In the gardens, elves formed from flowers danced gracefully, adding endless vitality to this city.

This was a newly born City of the Spirit Realm.

"If the Divine have their own God's Kingdom, then this City of the Spirit Realm can also be considered the embryo of my own God's Kingdom," Karl pondered silently.

From then on, every devout person and the deceased from the Fischer family, their souls would automatically come to this City of the Spirit Realm, and their consciousness would be active, not completely asleep like in the tree.

In theory, they could also communicate with people in reality through dreams...

"Now, Fischer's people will be able to dream of you."

Karl gazed at the Divine Envoys, now awakened with self-consciousness; they were Byrne and Irene's souls, both adapting to the new situation.

The activated souls freely wandered in the garden, enjoying a peace and harmony they had never felt before; they had successfully found their place here.

Karl looked over everything from high within the City of the Spirit Realm, watching this miracle he had created with his own hands, his heart filled with satisfaction.

He knew that the birth of this city provided a new home for souls, in the vast expanses of the Spirit Realm, the City of the Spirit Realm shone like a brilliant pearl, always illuminating the path for his followers, guiding every lost soul of the Dawn Church to find their own place.

In the vast lands shrouded in the thick black mist of the formidable Lord of the Lost, the mood among the members of the Fischer family starkly contrasted with the surrounding world's panic and unease.

Instead of fearing the sudden apocalyptic scene, they worshipped and more fervently believed in the formidable Lord of the Lost; the members of the Dawn Church further solidified their faith amid this chaos and turmoil.

In Cyart, within the estate of the Fischer family, the lights were bright.

Many members of the Fischer family gathered in the Grand Hall, each face brimming with joy and excitement, dressed in specially made black robes embroidered with the symbols of the Lord of the Lost, the same as the marks on the back of the Fischer family's hands, now glimmering in the dim light.

"Look, the formidable Lord of the Lost has finally descended!"

Archer from the Fischer family, who is now the High Priest of the Dawn Church, stood in the middle of the Grand Hall, raising his hands high, his voice filled with uncontrollable excitement.

"This is the moment we have long awaited, the recognition of our loyalty and faith by the formidable Lord of the Lost! He has saved us!"

"And that pitiable mortal standing opposite us, even as the Thousand-year-old Pope of the Salvation Church, possessing the power of the false god 'Lord of Salvation', still cannot escape the fate of being annihilated by the great Lord of the Lost!"

As he finished speaking, the Fischer family members around him echoed in agreement, and some followers of the Dawn Church flashed fervent glimmers in their eyes as if at that moment, all their waiting and sacrifices were rewarded!

Shouts like “Long live the great Lord of the Lost!” and “Thank you for your coming!” erupted, filling the entire Grand Hall.

To the Fischer family, the dark mist and apocalyptic scenes of the God of Demise were not disasters but manifestations of miracles, tests, and baptisms of their faith.

They believed that only after undergoing this trial could people grow closer to the great Lord of the Lost and gain deeper wisdom and strength.

“The Emperor of the Seven Stars has fallen, and the Pope of the Salvation Church has been judged by our Lord, no matter what, the world will experience unprecedented drastic changes next!”

“And in the coming era, we will dedicate everything to the great Lord of the Lost, including our lives and souls!”

A young member of the Dawn Church stepped forward, his eyes sparkling with determination, seemingly ready to sacrifice for his faith at any moment, and the old butler was slightly moved because that person was his great-grandson.

He was not always a devout person and even harbored many doubts about the Lord of the Lost in private, but after the recent drastic changes, he had completely transformed.

The old butler mused, it was only natural, after all, whoever witnessed such miracles would likely be deeply moved.

Archer smiled and then said to everyone, “Let us together welcome the arrival of the great Lord of the Lost and become his loyal servants!”

Under the leadership of the Fischer family, more and more believers began to gather in Nasir City, all dressed in black robes, carrying the emblem of the great Lord of the Lost, roaming through the streets and alleys of the city, spreading His teachings and faith.

The faces of the Dawn Church followers radiated joy, as if they had found their own mission and belonging.

After another sacrifice had ended, in a corner of the Grand Hall, Moter Fischer was discussing recent events with his elder brother, Austin Fischer.

“It’s a pity that when the Military God of the Seven Suns died, we all fled too hastily to gain any benefits... Several Heavenly Enlightenments also died on Lorne’s side, and

the Forbidden rare artifacts they dropped were definitely impressive, what a pity, it's truly too bad."

Austin solemnly shook his head, analyzing calmly, "Moter, you indeed are a person who takes great risks, the situation at that time was so that being one step late could have led to the annihilation of all Fischers, and the fact that we all managed to escape... was very fortunate, protected by the great Lord of the Lost, it was too dangerous."

Just then, Karno approached, looked at the two younger men, and smiled as he offered a different perspective.

"If the Fischer family has always been protected by the Lord of the Lost, then our continued survival is not luck but an inevitable destiny."

Moter nodded gently, then asked, "Hmm, but if that's the case, why did Byrne, Irene, and ... Lucius and other ancestors still pass away?"

The crown prince, Austin, shook his head and calmly replied, "Don't ask strange questions, you are a member of the Fischer family, let me answer you, it's because they were returning to God's side... that is a good ending, Moter."

Moter pondered for a while, then suddenly said, "What if a soul came to God's side and then returned to this world, is that possible?"

Austin paused, then asked in surprise, "What are you talking about? Isn't that common knowledge now? Nowadays, there are also many Reincarnators in the Dawn Church, right?"

Karno stared at Moter, as if suddenly thinking of something, then asked, "Moter, have you dreamt of anything over these years?"

"Are you talking about me?"

Suddenly, Moter's demeanor seemed more languid, and he smiled back at Karno, saying, "Haha, that's a secret!"

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

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Chapter 582: 521: Resurgence of the Destruction Element

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Following the fall of the Seven Stars Emperor and the disappearance of the Pope of Redemption, the entire Ouden Continent seemed to be shrouded in a heavy gloom, with many people's hearts welling up with an inextinguishable despair and immense panic.

The Seven Stars Emperor, once a legend who led the people of the Seven Stars Empire toward prosperity with wisdom and strength, his departure was like the collapse of a towering mountain, causing countless citizens of the Seven Stars Empire to lose their spiritual support.

And as the world's most powerful church, the Salvation Church's faith guardian and spiritual guide to the many Redemption believers, its sudden disappearance struck the believers' minds with an unprecedented impact.

The cornerstone of faith wavered overnight.

The black fog that emerged from the onset of the end was a strange force surging from an unknown abyss, silently eroding the hearts of people, instantly triggering their fears and confusion about the future.

Wherever this thick black fog traveled, the people it enveloped witnessed apocalyptic visions in their illusions. Those who awoke after the black fog dissipated still had vivid memories, their hearts filled with apprehension, replacing the tranquility of yore with endless worries and anxiety.

Residents of the Ouden Continent, except those in the eastern region, experienced an exponential growth in fear and loathing toward the end, the Dawn Church, and the Fischer family. Many even committed suicide out of overwhelming fear.

More and more ordinary people began to pray to the gods, seeking the Church, hoping they could save the world and overthrow the extremely evil Fischer family and the Dawn Church.

Many extraordinary nobility and secretive organizations quickly reacted, trying to find ways to combat the end and the Dawn Church.

However, many more were struggling in panic; they fled their homes seeking legendary havens, or stayed behind closed doors praying for the protection of the gods, just hoping that the disaster would not come.

Rumors and panic spread like wildfire, and endless prophecies about the end filled the air. People urgently needed a clear direction to stabilize their minds, but the harsh realities plunged them into deeper despair.

Deep inside the Great Ice Glacier, far away from the Ouden Continent, stood the remains of a giant, as massive as mountains, still inspiring awe with its grandeur despite being eroded by countless years of wind and snow.

The vastness of this skeleton was too great to be fully measured even against the scale of mountains.

Beneath the ice layer, the giant's remains emitted a faint blue glow. The parts that had been ice-sealed for a long time were gradually becoming visible, as if the chains of time were gently unlocked, and the ancient powers began to stir.

On the Great Ice Glacier lived glacier inhabitants with ice-blue eyes and Feather People with wings on their backs. For thousands of years, these two races have had their share of conflicts and cooperation.

Both races were numerous and possessed many members at the Monarch Level, although it seemed that neither had managed to produce a legend at the Heavenly Enlightenment Level... But those who have seen the "Crown" of the Primordial Tree would feel it odd; he indeed closely resembled the Feather People in appearance.

Above the giant's remains on the Great Ice Glacier, hovered a glacier inhabitant with ice-blue eyes in the sky, as if a pure masterpiece of nature.

His shape was tall and slender, like an ice column expertly carved through millions of years in the glacier, his skin a pale ivory shade with a layer of frost, emanating a cold and mysterious luster.

Faint blue veins were barely visible on his flawless skin, harmonizing with those icy blue eyes, so cold and clear.

King of Glacier People Perthus—the people from regions outside the Ouden Continent called this rising star who had recently achieved Heavenly Enlightenment, the first glacier inhabitant to do so in thousands of years. Even if his fame was not prominent in the Ouden Continent, it was unimaginably high in many regions outside the continent.

"The signs of resurgence are becoming more and more evident... The impact of the end is steering everything in the world towards destruction... The sun's light will melt the snow, and the awakening of the end will also revive all the elements of destruction..."

The Glacier King murmured coldly to himself.

His lips were thin and tightly closed, giving off a sense of inapproachability and pride. His robe, woven from Ice Crystal Fiber, naturally formed intricate and beautiful ice

flower patterns, occasionally flashing a faint blue light—a sign of resonating with the surrounding ice and Element.

The Glacier King dimly felt a weak pulse emanating from deep within the giant's remains, an ancient and profound rhythm of life, weak yet powerful enough to shock the perceptive Glacier King.

Cracks on the ice layer seemed to expand slowly with this rhythm, as if the giant was struggling to break free, ready to rise again.

“...,” The Glacier King subconsciously tensed up, eyes widening slightly.

The giant buried under the Great Ice Glacier could very well be the mythical “Source of Demon Beast”. If it, capable of Quasi-god power, truly awakened, the world might indeed face the possibility of destruction!

The surrounding environment also experienced strange phenomena due to this subtle change; the wind and snow grew more violent, the water under the glaciers began to flow faster, and distant mountains trembled gently as if showing reverence to this ancient giant.

However, all of this was merely the initial signs of resurgence; when exactly the ancient giant would completely break free from the icy confines to stand tall in the world again was still an unknown mystery.

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

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“Sigh... It’s not just one, definitely more than one Destruction Element is about to resurrect...” the Glacier King muttered to himself.

On the Ouden Continent, deep within an ancient and solemn Salvation Church, there lies a dimly lit underground prison surrounded by ancient stone walls.

This place is not an ordinary prison, but a special venue set up by the Church to “protect and guide” those souls who have lost their way in the exploration of the Spirit Realm.

Their minds are troubled by an invisible force, metaphorically depicted in their depths as “Andersen.”

The parasitic creature of the Spirit Realm, “Andersen,” is not a real material entity, but a symbolic conceptual force. They act like invisible chains tightly binding the lost souls, plunging them into endless pain and madness.

Each time night falls, a series of eerie screams echoes from the depths of the prison: “Andersen! Andersen!”

“...”

The Cardinal “Weird Light” of the Salvation Church frowned, standing inside the prison listening to the roars about “Andersen,” feeling very confused and incredulous to this day.

Himself, to actually become the new Pope?

“Weird Light” had thought he would not live past the Pope of Redemption.

Would that ancient man who lived for thousands of years truly die?

He possessed so much Divine Power yet would still die to the End... Just thinking about this, Weird Light felt a chill, and he could barely sleep normally.

“The True Gods have forsaken us, that’s the reality, why couldn’t I face this fact before...”

“Weird Light” took a deep breath, listening to the screams from the prison, his gaze growing colder and more ruthless.

“These souls infected by Andersen are beyond saving. It might as well be me who sends you on your way, to let your souls return to the otherworldly god.”

“The so-called True Gods are not worthy of my faith... I need a greater power, the power of the otherworldly god!”

Just then, an Assistant Priest walked in from outside, saying very respectfully, “Cardinal, the Saint of Sun from the South has sent an invitation, hoping that the upper echelons of various churches could gather in the Terrara Church State in the South, put aside prejudices, and join forces again to confront the Fischer family and the Dawn Church.”

Weird Light remained silent for a long time, muttering to himself: “Join forces against Fischer and the Dawn Church... haha.”

“Even if we want to destroy Fischer, as long as they stay in the East and do not come out, we still need to wait thirty years.”

“During these thirty years, I must become even stronger!”

Deep within an estate of the Fischer family, decorated with the family crest, Family Head Darren sat alone at a wooden table. Outside, the night was ink-dark, and the bright moonlight filtered through the thin clouds.

The leader, who had guided his family to glory with iron fist and madness, now appeared unusually aged and tired. Darren's face was gaunt, his eyes revealing an indescribable indifference.

In an elegant crystal wine glass on the table, dark red wine gently swayed.

Several months ago, to rescue him who had burned his own soul to obtain a powerful enough force to withstand the Pope of Redemption momentarily, despite the high cost, Darren had stepped onto this road of no return without hesitation.

The price was heavy; his soul's fire was greatly weakened, his power level rapidly deteriorated. The once spirited and energetic Darren now looked like an old man in his twilight years.

"Both the power of Bloodline and the strength from the God Pantheon stairway have retreated one level, my Spiritual Power and physical condition have permanently slid down, and although I am still an Exponent of the Seventh Tier, my strength is now no different from that of the 6th Rank... haha."

At this moment, he held the wine glass gently swaying it, his eyes showing not a hint of regret.

On the contrary, Darren's lips curved with a faint smile, fully aware that he had made the best choice for the future of his family, even though he was extremely weak now, his conviction was stronger than ever.

"Never thought someone like me could have a moment of 'self-sacrifice'..."

He whispered to himself.

As the night deepened, Darren slowly put down his wine glass and closed his eyes.

In the tranquil night, as he drifted off to sleep, he seemed to hear his father Byrne's voice, feeling the inheritance that spanned through time and space.

"Father... perhaps you can be proud of me too."

At this moment, the “Demonic Woman” Hecate was resting with her eyes shut in her own room, experiencing an unprecedented transformation within her deepest being.

Her eyes tightly closed, she grasped a mirror in her hand, looking thoughtful.

“I am just like Moter; we are both reincarnators... except my past life was much more troublesome...”

Recently, some latent power had been gradually awakening, pulling her into one dream vortex after another. These dreams were not mere illusions but true memories of her past life as the Witch of Demise, a past sealed and forgotten.

In these dreams, time seemed to lose its relevance, and she became once again the Witch of Demise who was feared by the world and an enemy to all beings in the Claud World.

Back then, she possessed enough power to overturn nearly the entire world but also bore endless loneliness and despair.

The sky was dyed red with the flames of war, the earth trembled with her anger, and all living things feared her power.

She was once the most dazzling existence between heaven and earth, but also the greatest threat in the eyes of the Gods.

The Gods, those beings high above, filled with disdain and fear, banded together in an attempt to suppress her.

Even the powerful Witch of Demise could not resist the combined force of the Gods and was ultimately imprisoned in an endless void, enduring humiliation and torment.

The only way to free herself from this imprisonment was through death, and her soul had to be shattered to possibly escape this predicament.

She was filled with anger towards all beings and gambled all methods of revenge on the future generation.

As her dreams deepened, she started recalling more clearly the details of ten thousand years ago; those memories unfolded before her eyes like an ancient scroll, each brushstroke laden with heavy emotions and unspeakable pain.

These memories, sharp as shards, inflicted new wounds on Hecate’s spirit with each dream’s revisitation, making her feel the pain of abandonment and the resilience of never giving up even in the face of the entire world’s betrayal.

“The other inheritors of the Witch of Demise’s soul shards seem to have all died by now; it’s only me left... The Witch of Demise can only resurrect through me.”

“However, if it really comes to that... perhaps I will no longer be the real me, and my situation might be even worse than other ‘reincarnators’.”

“There are too many negative emotions, I need to find a way to clear them; perhaps I can transfer them into someone else’s heart...”

The suppression by the Gods was not just a physical restraint for her but also a torment of the spirit.

She was not alone.

In the Dawn Church, there were many like her, burdened with heavy destinies and pasts, who had been lost and in pain but were all actively seeking their own paths.

“Destruction Element, perhaps it’s not just me who is reawakening, my Lord...”

Hecate suddenly looked up, as if she could see some great existence overhead.

“Your influence on this world is too great; each reawakening only intensifies the ‘destruction’ itself, not just the awakening of the Destruction Element but also the increasingly frequent natural disasters and calamities over the years might be influenced by you.”

“If you truly revive, by then the entire world might indeed be destroyed, perhaps even turned into nothingness.”

Her tone contained no hint of self-mockery, only a coldly rational analysis.

“At that time, the Fischer family will have fulfilled their duty as qualified sacrifices.”

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

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Chapter 584: 522: Reforging the City and Number One "Book

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On that night woven with constellations and fantastical illusions, a city within the Seven Stars Empire on the Ouden Continent quietly underwent an unprecedented transformation.

As night fell, the sky was no longer a tranquil canvas dotted with stars, but rather filled with countless intricate and massive brass gears that slowly rotated, flashing a harsh metallic luster as if they were part of a vast, beyond human understanding, mechanical device in the heavens.

These gears meshed with one another, emitting a deep and rhythmic roar, heralding the miracle that was about to occur.

The “Brass Gear”, a cardinal of the Reforging Church, stood beneath the eerie sky, gazing upwards.

“This city is good, although the faith of many people from the Seven Stars Empire has wavered due to the business with the Military God, some have chosen to convert because of the arrival of the God of Reforging... Out of fear of the power of the True God?”

“In any case, this is another city where half the population now believes in the reformed True God, very good, indeed.”

“The ritual has begun, let your desires be fulfilled!”

As the first rays of the morning light slowly broke the horizon, the city’s appearance gradually became clear in the dawn, yet it was no longer as it had been the day before.

In just one night, the city seemed to have been cast with an ancient, strange magic, reshaped with unparalleled craftsmanship into a steampunk wonderland completely composed of machinery.

Where stone buildings once stood along the streets, towering steel towers had taken their place, adorned with complex gears, pistons, and steam pipes that constantly moved, releasing gentle clouds of steam.

In the middle of the streets, where carriages and automobiles once traversed, all manner of steam-powered vehicles had taken their place, shuttling back and forth, leaving trails of steam, while the bridges had transformed into massive steam-driven drawbridges, and the parks boasted not only traditional fountains and sculptures but also self-playing music boxes and moving mechanical animals.

Pedestrians walked around in a daze, seemingly unaware of any particular change in their surroundings, as if they had lived in such a city since birth.

Their accessories and tools were filled with a sense of the future—pocket watches turned into precise timing instruments, gemstone-embedded glasses that could display various information, and even their leather shoes concealed mechanisms, fitted with springs and gears.

At the heart of the city stood a massive steam bell tower once more, as the heart of the city's energy.

Whenever the clock struck the hour, the complex mechanisms inside would immediately activate, accompanied by melodious bell tolls, countless gears and pistons working in unison, releasing dazzling light and strong steam waves, illuminating the entire city as if it were daylight, and also providing a continuous and powerful force to every corner of the city.

"Brass Gear" gazed at everything before him.

"The reforging is complete."

"This is the third city to undergo reforging... All it takes is for half the cities in the Claud World to be reforged, and then the whole of civilization will become a sacrificial offering to the rite of my lord's coming."

"Fischer family, your delays with the Dawn Church suit me just fine, as we of the Reforging Church also need more time to complete the transformation of this world."

His eyes blazed with fanaticism, and he muttered to himself,

"When the time comes, the whole world will be reforged, and everything will be made perfect!"

Sapphire Library.

On another continent in the Claud World, nestled within a deep, misty valley, stood a mysterious building unbeknownst to most—the Sapphire Library.

The library was not constructed of brick and stone but carved from a single massive block of sapphire, emitting a serene blue glimmer. Its facade changed hues with the rise and fall of the sun, from a light blue at dawn to a deep blue at dusk. The entrance was concealed by an archway inlaid with finely carved silver trim, engraved with ancient runes.

It was said only those with pure hearts and chosen could decipher the secrets and push open the door leading to a sea of knowledge.

In fact, this was not the case.

Without the permission of the Sapphire Curator, no one could enter this magnificent ancient library.

An elderly man in a blue robe stepped into the library, the space both mysterious and tranquil. Towering bookshelves, like giants guarding knowledge, stretched from the ground to the dome, each level densely packed with various books.

These books were not made of ordinary paper but of all sorts of strange materials: some glimmered like constellations, some exuded a warm wooden scent, and others seemed to pulse with life, their soft whispers heard when lightly flipped.

Every book here bore extraordinary legacies; some containing lost magic spells, some hiding crystallized wisdom of ancient civilizations, and others discussing notes on the secrets of the universe or the origins of life.

“The elements of destruction are reviving...”

“If utilized properly, achieving godhood is not impossible, it’s just that thing—that most terrifying otherworldly god is also counting down to revival.”

The Sapphire Curator pondered for a long time. Returning to the Claud World was not a safe option, for if the End were to revive, the entire world would be reduced to nothingness in an instant.

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His power was like that of a divine being to the common man, inscrutable and unattainable, yet when compared to an otherworldly god of that caliber, there was essentially no significant difference with ordinary people.

He was very self-aware.

“However, for countless years, as I traversed many worlds, any opportunity to ascend to godhood required snatching from the jaws of death... Relying solely on the Philosopher’s Stone to become a quasi-god might be a stable passage, but to become a true deity, even more power is needed.”

The old man calmly walked towards the deepest part of the Sapphire Library, where a unique treasure was hidden — an odd book imprisoned within a sparkling emerald-colored sphere.

The sphere appeared as something carved from the purest emerald found in nature, casting a gentle yet profound glow that made everything around it seem both mysterious and dreamlike.

If the Emerald Elf, March, were here, she would be astounded to discover that the emerald-colored sphere was the very Elf Holy Object she had been searching for nearly a century — the New Green Constellation!

In truth, over the past century, March had not been able to locate the New Green Constellation, and there was no other reason for this except that the one who had seized this elf holy object a hundred years ago was the Sapphire Curator.

He had kept this sacred object hidden within this ancient library, rendering all the elves' frantic searches futile.

"The elf clan's sacred object is not the focus, what those elves had been guarding for generations was mistaken... What's inside there is what's most important."

And the book hidden within the emerald sphere was not something that could be compared to ordinary items; it was the key to the mysteries of the universe.

Number "one" amongst the Forbidden rare artifacts!

Known simply as "the book," the most powerful Forbidden rare artifact's full name was — the Omiscience Book!

Its cover was engraved with countless unknown ancient runes, each stroke imbued with endless energy and stories, its pages woven from an unknown material, lightweight yet durable, and flipping through them one might hear the whispers of time, imagining that each page recorded the world's rare miracles, secrets of lost civilizations, and the intricacies of the constellations.

It was said that anyone who glimpsed this book could gain unparalleled power! Even the potential of attaining godhood!

However, this mystical book was not something that could be perused at will.

For a century, the Sapphire Curator had employed every conceivable method, yet was unable to access the books within.

"What a pity, a pity that though I have already obtained one of the six Elements of Destruction, I cannot wield its power."

The old man's eyes burned with unprecedented fervor, excitement, regret, and disappointment.

The book was tightly enveloped by the emerald sphere sacred object, which served not only as a protective barrier but also as a place of trials and tribulations. Anyone attempting to approach the book would have to face the illusions and trials released by the sphere.

Only those with pure hearts, resolute wills, and the potential to unlock the universe's secrets could pass the trials and touch the sealed miracle.

For a long time, tales of this strange book passed orally amongst a few wise individuals; despite it being trapped unknown inside an emerald sphere, it still fascinated those yearning for immense power.

The Sapphire Curator was certainly one of them.

"If I could unlock its secrets, there would be no need to return, but alas... I must steal at least one Element of Destruction before It fully awakens."

"For mortals, even with extensive knowledge, there are still limits... Regardless, I must become a god!"

Fischer family manor.

Karno arrived alone at the Grand Hall with tranquility, bowed before the sacred object in the transparent jar, and smiling, he said:

"I apologize, great Lord of the Lost."

"I am bound for the Terrara Church State in the south, to confront my true destiny... Even though you saved me, I must still return."

His gaze was resolute, showing no fear of death as he continued, "The soul of that Lost Soul, Bast Leone, is still trapped within the Saint of Sun's painting, and I cannot ignore this matter."

"I promised him that no matter what, I would never give up on him, I would certainly go back to find him!"

Karno calmly took a seat in a chair nearby, having already written to the Saint of Sun explaining his purpose, expressing his intention to take Bast's soul away.

Regardless of whether the Saint of Sun would attempt to kill him upon seeing him, Karno had made up his mind.

He pondered for a moment, then with a smile, he lifted his head to look at the sacred object worshiped by the Fischer family for a century, and declared with unwavering determination:

"Though he was an enemy to the Fischer family in life, in death, he has become my friend, and having made such a solemn vow, I will never betray it!"

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

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Chapter 585: 523: The Dagger

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Another four years had passed since the gods' power had completely vanished, leaving twenty-five years before the Ouden Continent's Eastern region would return to normal.

And, after those twenty-five years, the Fischer family, who had become the feared enemy of the world, would face a siege from across the globe.

With two of the six elements of Destruction under the control of the Fischer family, both those who feared them and those who coveted power would not let the Fischers and the Dawn Church off the hook.

For decades, the mercenary group known as Mo'er Security Company, a subordinate extraordinary organization under the Fischer family, had thoroughly risen to power.

Its predecessor was undoubtedly the Dagger Brotherhood under the Dawn Church, with its establishment tracing back to Byrne and Irene's reign. For the Ouden Continent's Eastern Four Kingdoms, a completely new era had dawned, and in this modern time, there was no longer a need for the existence of gangsters at the grassroots level.

Therefore, the Dagger Brotherhood began a large-scale transformation and reorganization from top to bottom, evolving into a mercenary company several decades ago.

Despite numerous resistances and difficulties during the change, Moore remained resolute, even going so far as to eliminate a part of the "old gang brothers" who would not comply, all in accordance with the rules.

At the beginning, the number of common folk under Moore's command drastically decreased, while the number of extraordinary exponents surged. Later, the count of logistics personnel comprising common folk continuously grew as well, and their business expanded, even impacting overseas territories on the Ouden Continent. Recently, even the three continents beyond the great glaciers have seen the Mo'er Security Company delve into various ventures.

Now, overtly, Mo'er Security Company boasts thousands of extraordinary exponents in the Claud World, with as many as five "Special Level Agents" who have even reached the Monarch Level or the 5th Rank.

Currently, the highest authority within Mo'er Security Company, the "Moore Management Committee," consists of thirteen members. Among them, five are powerful Special Level Agents, while the remaining eight are members of the Dawn Church appointed by Christine of the Fischer family, all of whom are essentially related to the Fischer family itself.

These thirteen committee members decide many matters, big and small, for Mo'er Security Company, and beneath them are nearly a hundred company enforcers, filling the middle-tier roles as external squad leaders or internal department managers within the company.

Further down are countless logistics personnel, ordinary auxiliary fighters, and thousands of true working extraordinary exponents.

In the modern era, with the advent of rifles and various new weapons, even well-trained low-level Extraordinary Exponents at the Beginning Level can exhibit combat effectiveness comparable to low-level Transmuted Extraordinary Exponents from a hundred years ago. To suppress those unarmed Beginning Level extraordinary exponents requires merely a few riflemen.

Over a hundred years ago, the bullets from flintlock guns could only cause grazes to lower-level Transmuted extraordinary exponents and could even be casually caught by high-level Transmuted extraordinary exponents... But with the introduction of semi-automatic rifles capable of continuous firing, the situation in battleship experienced a significant change.

After firing in bursts for a while, indeed, it could kill lower-level Transmuted extraordinary exponents, and extraordinary exponents below the Monarch Level could no longer catch bullets with their hands.

Then, various types of machine guns also became widely available on the battlefield, allowing ordinary people the opportunity to kill extraordinary exponents at the Transmutation Level.

Even upper-level Transmuted extraordinary exponents, if they were not skilled in defense, could likely be "scraped" to severe injury or death by intense, focused firepower.

As some of the old era's extraordinary exponents were brutally slaughtered by machine guns and semi-automatic rifles, the combat strategies of the current era's extraordinary exponents also began to shift, focusing more on guerrilla and special tactics rather than

charging headlong into bullets—that privilege was now reserved only for Monarch Level extraordinary exponents.

“Mo’er Security Company” places significant emphasis on the use of firearm firepower. In regions outside the Ouden Continent where technology is not as advanced, low-level extraordinary exponents still dominate many primitive tribes. A few well-trained teams of armed mercenaries from “Mo’er Security Company” can slaughter these unguarded low-level extraordinary exponents with ease.

In fact, behind the “Moore Security Company Management Committee” is a “Boss behind the scenes.”

Having retreated into the background for many years, the boss’s true existence is known only to the members of the management committee.

That man is Moore, over a hundred years old, the eldest son of Grandma Narda, the first Blood Receiver, founder of the Dagger Brotherhood, and one of the early followers of the Dawn Church under the Fischer family.

He has an average build, neither overly muscular nor lacking in masculine fortitude. Time has left faint traces on his face, which have only served to add a touch of calmness.

His eyes are Moore’s most striking feature, deep and night-sky-like, as if they could see into people’s hearts, sometimes sharp as an eagle’s and at other times soft and profound.

His nose is straight, his lips are tightly closed, exuding an aura of innate authority. A faint scar on his chin is a medal from countless life-and-death struggles of the past, a mark he chose to retain rather than heal after the battles.

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

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Chapter 586: 523: Dagger_2

Chapter 586: Chapter 523: Dagger_2

Despite the fact that Moore had been secluded behind the scenes for many years, he never neglected his attire, always favoring dark-colored clothing, such as a dark blue coat and a pair of clean, sharp black leather shoes.

At this moment, in the headquarters of Mo'er Security Company in the former Rhea Kingdom region, high-ranking committee members were sitting upright in a meeting room around a rectangular table, discussing an upcoming high-risk mission.

The room was lit with a soft light, each person's face etched with seriousness.

"The objective of this mission is to help a great overlord overseas defeat the local Feather People forces. The strongest of the Feather People forces is said to have died at the hands of the 'Glacier King,' and thus the long-subdued great overlord harbored thoughts of rebellion, merely hoping to garner enough strength to enhance his advantage, hence hoping for our intervention."

"Simply put, it involves contending for control of about fifty-three islands overseas."

"So, it's as I heard, not only will we be taking action, but the Tempest Church folks will be on the move too... it seems they intend to support the Feather People. We might clash with the Tempest Church."

Currently, the Tempest Church's situation is delicate, as half of their forces are in the Eastern ranges of the Ouden Continent, hence they really don't have the audacity to declare war against the Fischer family and the Dawn Church, like other churches, and have been playing dead all along.

But Darren and Christine are not easily deceived; in recent years, they have consistently forced the Tempest Church to take sides... demanding that they need not convert, only to acknowledge the Tempest Overlord as an inferior deity to the Lord of the Lost.

After all, the real Tempest Overlord was no longer around, and for the Church to add some amendments to their deity was not a big deal—though, of course, it was a huge issue since it naturally meant the complete surrender and betrayal of faith by the Tempest Church, so they were also very hesitant, perhaps finding this even more daunting than facing death.

In fact, had it not been for the Tempest Church's protection of the Fischer family for a century, they wouldn't have even had such an opportunity, and precisely because of a century's protection, as long as they did not truly stand in opposition or receive a Divine Oracle from the Lord of the Lost, the Fischer family would not choose to forcefully conquer the Tempest Church.

Suddenly, the conference room door was gently pushed open, and a figure Noiselessly stepped inside.

Everyone's gaze snapped to him, and their conversations ceased abruptly, the entire room seeming to be solidified by an invisible force.

The person who entered was the reclusive boss, Moore.

He was dressed in a sharply tailored dark coat, his stride steady, his face wearing a faint, profound smile, his eyes revealing an indescribable composure.

Moore stirred a sense of awe in everyone present; some had not seen his true face for many years, while others were witnessing the charisma of this legendary figure for the first time, but all were subdued by the calm emanating from within him.

“Ladies and gentlemen, I apologize for interrupting your discussion.”

Moore’s voice was deep and magnetic, continuing, “but the importance of this mission, I believe you have all realized. I am here to listen to your thoughts personally, and to discuss how we might achieve the greatest victory with the least cost.”

As Moore’s words concluded, the atmosphere in the meeting room gradually warmed, and the senior members began speaking again, sharing their views.

Moore then quietly sat at one end of the conference table, occasionally nodding in agreement, and at times, raising penetrating questions, steering the direction of the whole discussion.

“Our best approach would be to persuade the Tempest Church to collaborate with us, or else not to intervene, to avoid a large-scale dispute between both sides, especially under the current special tense situation.”

“I will personally approach Bishop Zane about this matter; he has always been an old friend of the Fischer’s, perhaps we can find a solution through him.”

Under his guidance, the meeting proceeded exceptionally smoothly, and what were originally challenging issues became easily resolvable.

When the discussion was nearing its close, Moore stood up again, his gaze sweeping over each person present, his eyes twinkling with gratitude.

“Thank you for your efforts and wisdom. I believe that with our joint efforts, Mo’er Security Company will surely complete this mission perfectly.”

Moore’s words were brief but powerful, like a shot of adrenaline, filling everyone’s hearts with confidence.

As he left, the conference room returned to calm, but the air was no longer filled with the previous tension.

Finally, after a busy day, Moore returned to his private estate in a secluded mountainous area.

The estate was dotted with stars, and a light breeze brought a touch of coolness and tranquility.

He slowly walked into his study, where shelves were filled with various books, from military strategies and classical literature to world history and philosophical musings.

The large desk in the center of the room quietly awaited its owner's return. Moore gently sat down, his gaze lingering on a faded photo on the desk, a group photo of him with comrades on an overseas battlefield, every face brimming with smiles.

Moore reminisced about those brothers who fought side by side with him, some had forever remained on those overseas battlefields, while others continued with their lives in different corners of the world.

"Sigh, over the years, I too have traveled across half the world... it all started with Nasir. If it hadn't been for the meeting between Madam Irene and my mother, my life wouldn't have changed."

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

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Chapter 587: 523: Dagger_3

Chapter 587: Chapter 523: Dagger_3

He closed his eyes, and his thoughts began to drift away, as if returning to those centuries ago, where his life was filled with challenges and choices, yet each step was taken firmly and without regret.

Unbeknownst to him, Moore gradually entered into slumber, and deep within the profound and misty dreamscape, a silver-haired witch tread upon invisible moonlight brocade, slowly stepping into a palace woven from Star Fragments.

The witch wore a long robe interwoven with moonlight and the colors of the night, her silver hair cascaded down like waterfalls beside her tranquil, closed eyes, as if time stood still upon her.

In the center of the palace, a long table made from Dream Silk stood silently, upon it rested a Spirit Lamp that never extinguished, its light soft yet profound. At the other end of the table, Moore's figure gradually appeared, enveloped in a layer of unpredictable light and shadow, his features blurred.

The witch slowly opened her eyes, which seemed capable of piercing the barrier between dreams and reality, sparkling with a fiery desire for the unknown.

She spoke softly, her voice like a night breeze brushing through an ancient forest, both gentle and unquestionably powerful, “Moore, I have traversed through the Fog of dreams seeking your aid, for I have longed sought a powerful Extraordinary Material hidden at the world’s edge, within the cracks of time. Only wisdom and strength can guide me to its location.”

“What do you need that Extraordinary Material for, Lady Hecate?”

“To ascend to the Eighth Tier, it’s the element I need to reach the Eighth Tier...”

Moore was taken aback, having not realized that Lady Hecate had already stepped onto the Seventh Tier and was even preparing the Extraordinary Material needed to ascend to the Eighth Tier!

Truly, among all Consecution Extraordinary Exponents, she was the most gifted, her advancement speed was unbelievably impressive!

“Alright, just tell me its name, and I will do everything in my power to have the security company seek it.”

The witch continued, “Stone Heart, it’s a very special Extraordinary Material.”

“I understand.”

Moore nodded lightly, keeping the name Stone Heart firmly in his mind.

“Thank you for your generosity. The great Lord of the Lost will know of the contributions you have always made, and I will definitely fulfill my true purpose.”

Her words carried a tone of resolute gratitude, and then with a flicker, accompanied by a burst of dazzling light, she disappeared into the depths of the dream.

The palace returned once more to Tranquility, leaving only the Spirit Lamp to continue shining silently. Sitting there, Moore felt as if everything before his eyes was continuously spinning.

The dream gradually dissolved.

“Did I just dream? No, that was Lady Hecate communicating with me... Stone Heart?”

“Where can one even begin to search for such an Extraordinary Material? We’ll just have to alert everyone in the company to keep an eye out. If Lady Hecate advances to the Eighth Tier, the power held by the Fischer family is unimaginable.”

Moore opened his eyes, his gaze once again fell upon the diary on his desk, which recorded snippets of life, keeping a journal had long since become a habit.

He gently opened the ancient diary, perusing each page earnestly, the words upon them like imprints of time, documenting Moore's growth from unripe to mature, and also witnessing his misunderstanding to deep comprehension of the world.

"Although my life has been full of storms, every step I've taken has been fully justified, and I have never once strayed from the rules and principles I set for myself."

Moore silently said to himself, a faint smile appearing on his face, well aware that life cannot be perfect, but as long as one holds faith, satisfaction unique to oneself can be found.

At last, he gently closed the diary, stood up, and walked towards the window to gaze at the tranquil night sky outside.

Moore felt at peace in his heart, knowing no matter how many challenges the future held, his life was already beyond regret.

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

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Chapter 588: 524 Consecution "Naturalist"

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Upon the boundless ocean, a vast azure extended to the horizon, the waves gently swayed as if nature's most distant lullaby.

In this vast expanse of water, a whirlpool spun abruptly on the calm sea surface, neither a product of a storm nor a masterpiece of the tide, but rather a phenomenon caused by mysterious forces beyond natural laws.

Directly above this whirlpool, a priest clad in a blue robe hovered.

His robe fluttered with the wind, resembling a deep blue patch in the profound ocean, blending with the surrounding milieu while seeming detached from all else.

The High Priest of the Sea God Cult, Ian's face was serene and solemn, his eyes tightly closed, immersed in a meditation transcending the mundane.

Around him circulated a mysterious force indescribable, neither visible light to the eye nor a sound to the ear, but rather a deep and subtle mystical stance.

To this day, Ian had ascended to the 6th Rank on the Path of Knowledge, with powers considered formidable even within the Dawn Church.

“Naturalist”

That was a path not even Byrne had trodden on before, in fact, had their circumstances been interchangeable, Byrne would have reached the 6th Rank and perhaps even further.

However, the end dedicated to the Divine is not a bad outcome either.

A “Naturalist’s” enhancement of Spiritual Power and physical abilities followed a ratio of eight to two, also gaining two rather interesting Extraordinary powers.

These were “Collecting Samples” and “Impression.”

In the Spirit Realm, his image was that of an old man with black and white beard.

The ritual required to become a Naturalist involved numerous contacts with various forms of life, witnessing many landscapes and minerals, among others... It was best to document them all.

In essence, it was about becoming extensively knowledgeable.

As a Naturalist Extraordinary Exponent, one could conduct a short ritual upon contact, thereafter documenting specific information about a life form.

He could then learn all the details about that life form’s species, such as what Extraordinary materials they could become, and their strengths and weaknesses.

As for the “Impression” ability, it involved “imagining” recorded life forms back into memory, then using a certain amount of Spiritual Power to summon a projection of that life form out of thin air.

The strength of a life form’s projection did not depend on the strength of the original but on the amount of Spiritual Power used; if a little Spiritual Power summoned a dragon projection, it still wasn’t a match for a rabbit projection summoned with a lot of Spiritual Power.

Although the strength varied with the amount of Spiritual Power used, summoned projections still retained the original species’ characteristics. Ian had tried using the same amount of Spiritual Power to summon a projection of a dragon and a rabbit, and eventually, the dragon’s projection won after a tough fight.

Because no matter what, dragons inherently held advantages over rabbits.

Simply put, it was a very versatile summoning ability.

“The most important point is that the Projection Summoning ability has no quantitative limit. As long as there is enough Spiritual Power, I can summon very many from any species to serve me,” Ian murmured to himself.

“It’s a pity that it is still limited by the upper limit of Spiritual Power... but I am already content.”

For instance, the current scenario where he had summoned some invisible Flying Feathered Demon Beasts beneath him, making it appear as if he were floating in the air to others.

With the vast number of animals and demons in the world, many possessing incredible racial characteristics, what Ian needed to do now was continuously accumulate and “Collect Samples.”

On the sea surface, fine ripples danced to a mysterious rhythm, the trajectory of constellations, the breath of the ocean, and even the changing winds at the far horizon, at this moment, resonated subtly with Ian’s mind.

Ian’s eyes remained closed, his eyelids seemingly containing endless tranquility.

As a black shadow gradually emerged on the distant horizon, a steam-powered ship slowly entered the area, its steam engine roaring, powering the massive vessel forward through the waves, with white steam tracing paths between the azure sky and the sea.

As the ship drew closer, the people on deck began to notice the priest in the blue robe hovering above the whirlpool.

They were first surprised, then reverent, and finally deeply worshipful.

“It’s Lord Ian! Look, everyone, that’s Lord Ian!”

“Respected Lord of the Sea! Your Excellency Ian!”

“We are truly lucky to be able to see him here!”

Crew and passengers alike halted their tasks, stood at the deck, knelt by the railing, hands clasped together, their gazes devoutly directed at the priest suspended above the sea surface.

Amidst the sea breeze, Ian’s figure framed by the ship appeared even more extraordinary and otherworldly.

His aura of mystery rippled across the sea like gentle waves, spreading out in concentric circles, leaving no trace behind.

He seemed like a sage who had stepped out from ancient legends, radiating an awe-inspiring yet desirable charisma.

For the White Sea people of today, his presence was like a lighthouse in the vast ocean, guiding the souls lost in the sea of life to find inner peace and direction.

Though he did not speak, everything around him—from the sighing of the waves to the whispering wind—spoke of his wisdom.

Everyone aboard the steamship bowed down in worship, their hearts filled with reverence and gratitude.

Then, the steamship continued on its journey, the hearts of those on board touched by the priest's mysterious power, knowing that the memory of this encounter would remain forever cherished in their lives as one of their most precious treasures.

"Hmm, I see, I understand now," Ian suddenly nodded gently.

"Madam Christine of the High Position Family has persuaded Bishop Zane—the Tempest Church will no longer assist the Winged Folk... We can fully support the Lord of the Lightless Sea in his resistance."

"Yes."

"Understood."

There were no people around him; at this moment, he was communicating remotely with the rest of the "Noble Blood" through his unique mysterious power.

Above the sea now dyed golden by the setting sun, Ian floated quietly, his eyes were closed, but his mind roiled like the undercurrents, churning with memories of the past years.

His thoughts returned to the distant past when Ian was a young and confused soul experiencing the uncivilized suffering and division of his own people, feeling helpless and pained.

In that chaotic era, the White Sea people were like wanderers in a forest shrouded in darkness, completely losing direction, filled with suspicion and hostility towards each other, living in poverty and fear, with no hope for the future or trust in one another.

A strong desire blazed within Ian, so intense it was, to change all this, to guide his people out of this dark forest and into the dawn's light.

It was this desire that led him to join the Dawn Church.

“Without a doubt, this was the right choice.”

Over the decades, Ian returned to his community, teaching as a High Priest of the Sea God Cult that people should understand and respect each other, cherish life, and pursue unity and enlightenment.

Under his guidance, the White Sea people began to relinquish their doubts and hostility, and gradually, they wholly embraced the various interactions with the mainland Cyart people.

With ships laden with exotic goods and unknown cultures slowly arriving at the many islands, an unprecedented wind of change began to whisper across the ancient ocean.

Initially, the White Sea natives were curious yet cautious about these foreigners; the metal-shining tools, the roaring machines, and the strange light sources that could illuminate whole villages at night were both mysterious and fearsome for them.

But as time passed, the representatives of the Dawn Church, with kindness and patience, began to reveal the mysteries of these “modern miracles”—the roaring of the steam engine was a source of power that could propel massive ships across the oceans; the flow of electricity was a harbinger of light and warmth, illuminating the darkness, and kindling hope in their hearts!

The younger generation among the White Sea natives, especially those filled with curiosity and a desire to explore, was quickly captivated by these new technologies.

They began to learn to read and to understand simple mathematics, to appreciate and operate these complex machines; steam pumps were used for irrigating fields, improving crop yields; electricity was brought into homes, lighting up lamps.

Moreover, as the Eastern Four Kingdoms were unified and compulsory education spread, the White Sea natives gradually became exposed to a broader world.

They realized that beyond their ocean-bound homes lay many different cultures, nations, and peoples... Decades ago, this knowledge was guarded by the priests of the Sea God Cult, but now it had become widely known among many White Sea people.

As time passed, life on the major islands underwent radical changes.

Traditional wooden houses were gradually replaced by more durable and comfortable brick houses; roads were widened, and carts and bicycles began to shuttle back and forth; communication methods evolved from primitive word-of-mouth to being able to contact the outside world through telegraphs or even telephones.

More importantly, the mindset of the White Sea people also gradually changed, beginning to understand the importance of international exchange and integration, and the faith in the Sea God Cult was also subtly evolving.

The longstanding animosity of the White Sea people toward the Cyart people became less significant over time.

Eventually, with the confession of faith in the Dawn Church, the Fischer family, and the Lord of the Lost coming to light, and after nurturing many Blood Receivers of the Dawn Church in secret, Ian, who had long since replaced the upper echelons of the Sea God Cult, embarked on a comprehensive top-down reform.

To this day, well over half of the White Sea natives had converted and become followers of the Lord of the Lost.

Now, as Ian reflected on his life here, his heart was filled with immense fulfillment.

He knew that the choice he made that day was correct; he had successfully led his people out of darkness and welcomed the light.

“Without a doubt, I indeed betrayed the Sea God, but I did not betray the White Sea people... For decades, all these sacrifices were completely worthwhile,” Ian whispered softly, with no trace of regret in his eyes.

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

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Chapter 589: 525 Consecution "Mother of the Jungle"

Chapter 589: Chapter 525 Consecution “Mother of the Jungle

Deep within the Aphotic Sea, there lay an island named Aistra, perpetually shrouded by fog.

The skies above were forever enveloped in pitch-black clouds, accompanied by deafening thunder, when a group of Winged Folk with feathered war armor descended from the sky.

They hailed from a distant Sky City, having plundered through the Nine Seas due to resource depletion; Aistra, rich in abundant and undeveloped extraordinary materials, had long been their target.

Decades ago, the great overlord who ruled Aistra had temporarily submitted to the Winged Folk, but their leader had recently died violently at the hands of the King of Glacier People, prompting him to seize the moment to rebel.

However, before officially plotting the “rebellion,” it was necessary to gather an overwhelming force. Thus, the great overlord sought help from the “Mo’er Security Company” under the Fischer family, the hegemon of the White Sea.

“Our reported intelligence about ‘a small-scale rebellion’ has gone through. It is the army of the Winged Folk! Both Monarchs from that Sky City have come; everyone, get ready to ambush!”

Faced with this sudden threat, Aistra’s great overlord and his subordinate Extraordinary Exponents quickly mobilized. They had numerous Extraordinary Exponents, but even with the added strength of barrier magic, they still couldn’t overwhelm the Winged Folk.

After all, the Winged Folk possessed a natural advantage.

All their soldiers could fly.

However, times had changed.

In ancient times, even the most ordinary Winged Folk troops could easily slaughter unarmed, bow-wielding human forces.

They were once regarded by the coastal natives of the ancient times as a favored clan of gods.

But it was different now. As the Winged Folk, the rulers of the Nine Seas, had always profoundly rejected the God of Reforging and thus avoided using firearms, they became increasingly disadvantaged.

Whereas the great overlords of the Aphotic Sea commanded many islands, and although technologically inferior to the nations of the Ouden Continent, they still acquired a number of obsolete firearms—and even a heavy machine gun for the use of a Transmutation Level Extraordinary Exponent!

On the eve of the counterattack, the native Extraordinary Exponents on the island cunningly exploited their deep understanding of the terrain to set up a series of ingenious traps.

Using the island’s unique plants, they created a smoke that could disrupt the Winged Folk’s magic communications and set up ambush points at various high locations.

The battle quietly commenced.

Realizing they had been ensnared, the Winged Folk's army, in furious outrage, launched their attack, swiftly escalating into full-scale warfare.

Meanwhile, a mercenary troop had already secretly landed on the island; they were Extraordinary Exponents belonging to "Mo'er Security Company," each armed with alchemical and thermal weapons, with rigorous training and excellent coordination.

"Time to get to work, brothers."

"Let's kill those bird-men!"

The lead Special Level Agent from Mo'er Security Company, a Monarch Level expert, took the initiative, unleashing a barrage of blazing flames that roared towards the Winged Folk's ranks.

Using a barrier called the "Power of Nature," the native Extraordinary Exponents of the Aphotic Sea summoned a tempest to reduce the Winged Folk's aerial advantage, while Mo'er Security Company's men relied on precise shooting and coordinated tactics using extraordinary powers to strike the Winged Folk both on the ground and in the air.

The battle was fiercely intense. Mo'er Security Company's mercenaries were relatively unscathed, but the native Extraordinary Exponents of the Aphotic Sea and the Winged Folk's army suffered heavy casualties.

As the morning light began to break at dawn, the Winged Folk's army regrouped to prepare for a final assault on Aistra.

However, the native Extraordinary Exponents of the Aphotic Sea released special smoke grenades, and in an instant, communication among the Winged Folk was cut off, throwing all their troops into chaos.

At the same time, Mo'er Security Company's mercenaries exploited this opportunity to launch a comprehensive attack.

They set up machine gun positions on the island's high ground, coordinating with the Extraordinary Exponents to viciously shoot at the low-flying Winged Folk.

For a moment, the silhouettes of Winged Folk fell from the sky.

Finally, she made her move.

At this moment, the numerous elite members of Mo'er Security Company also turned their heads, their attention entirely captivated by the powerful expert accompanying them.

That was a highly esteemed figure of the Dawn Church, one of the eight “Noble Blood,” the emerald elf Marzo, who had always been active on the frontier in recent years.

By then, Marzo had ascended to the 6th Rank of the Path of Nature, “Mother of the Jungle.”

In the Spirit Realm, her form was strikingly a patch of green emerald wood, and the enhancement ratio of her Spiritual Power to physical condition was six to four.

The ritual required to become the “Mother of the Jungle,” was to gain the approval of nature... which was a very difficult task for other races; however, for an emerald elf, it was a condition barely worth mentioning.

Marzo had also gained the potent Extraordinary trait “Mother Tree.” For her, manipulating a wide range and intricate variety of plants had become as easy and casual as breathing.

With her transcendent power, she had become key to the military and the natives defeating the Winged Folk. Not only did her skin transform into an emerald-like green in an instant, but she also possessed magic deeply connected with nature, almost as if she were an incarnation of Nature herself, then she proceeded to manipulate the growth of plants, communicating with every leaf and flower in the forest.

Marzo stood at the highest point of the island, waved her hands lightly, and all the plants on the entire island seemed to come to life, growing rapidly. Those seemingly fragile vines, under her command, became as hard as steel, tightly entangling the Winged Folk, rendering them immobile.

She stood in the depths of the forest, closed her eyes, and took a deep breath as if she were conversing with every life in the forest.

Beneath the power of the “Mother Tree,” those seemingly ordinary plants instantly became full of danger.

The vines on the island would suddenly stretch out, tightly entangling the Winged Folk in the sky; flowers would burst forth suddenly, releasing toxic pollen; even the little grass on the ground could suddenly become sharp blades, inflicting lethal injuries on the Winged Folk.

At the same time, Marzo used her Extraordinary power to successfully disrupt the nearly restored Magic Communication of the Winged Folk, causing their command system to fall into paralysis.

The army of the Winged Folk began to retreat step by step, and even two Monarch Level powerful experts died amidst Marzo’s plant army.

The mercenaries from Mo'er Security Company were utterly astonished, and couldn't help but talk among themselves on the spot.

"She's really too powerful! Worthy of being one of the eight of Noble Blood! It's said they all possess very strong Power of Consecution! And it indeed appears so!"

"Is this the power of true powerful beings? All the plants on the whole island are fighting under her command. It's truly terrifying! Even Monarch powerful experts skilled in wide-area Domains probably don't possess that level of power!"

Eventually, the army of the Winged Folk was thoroughly defeated, forced to give up their offensive against Aistra. Most died in battle, and a few chose to retreat back to their Sky City.

After the thrilling battle, the natives of the Aphotic Sea cheered, while some people from Mo'er Security Company secretly sneered; the oppression from the Aphotic Sea Overlords was no less than that from the Winged Folk, these natives were cheering too early.

After the battle, Marzo, having depleted her Spiritual Power, quietly stood on the highlands of the Aistra Island. She felt her Spiritual Power swiftly being replenished by those within the Dawn Church who could provide Spiritual Power from afar, her silhouette in the afterglow of the setting sun appearing exceptionally lonely.

Despite just having undergone a thrilling battle, her face remained expressionless, as if all emotions had been devoured by the smoke of war.

In the distance, mercenaries and Aphotic Sea natives watched her position, their looks filled with awe and gratitude. But Marzo's gaze penetrated through the crowd, as if she was looking towards a farther place.

"Byrne, I really didn't expect you to leave so early. A hundred years have passed; initially, I just wanted to use the Fischer family, but now I simply can't part with you all no matter what..."

At this moment, Marzo's heart was not immersed in the joy of victory; instead, it was enveloped by a faint sadness.

She closed her eyes, took a shallow breath, as if she was struggling to recall something.

As the gate of memories slowly opened, the image of a human man who she had once favored but had ultimately not fallen in love with, quietly surfaced in her mind.

He was an extraordinary human man, with a very warm smile.

Initially, Byrne was just an ordinary young man, but upon meeting him again later, she was gradually attracted by Byrne's wisdom and bravery, and even thought she had found a soul's refuge.

However, fate had not intended for the two of them to truly come together. Byrne Fischer, though full of respect for Marzo, had already had someone else in his heart.

“Ah.”

Thinking back to that time, Marzo couldn't help but gently sigh.

Nonetheless, although there was a faint sadness in her heart, Marzo also knew that everyone had their own fate and choices, and what she could do was to respect and accept all of it.

When Marzo opened her eyes again, her gaze became firmer and brighter. She took a deep look at the people around her, then nodded lightly indicating they could leave.

“Perhaps I may never find the sacred object of the Elf Clan in my lifetime, but I must continue the search, because this is my most important mission...”

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

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Chapter 590: 526 Consecution "Bidder

Chapter 590: Chapter 526 Consecution “Bidder

As the smoke from localized warfare over the Aphotoc Sea gradually dispersed, amidst the ruins, a new chapter was silently unfolding.

The “Cyart East Sea Trading Company” descended upon this war-torn land like a colossal beast.

Though ostensibly a company engaged in trade and reconstruction, it harbored ambitions and purposes unknown to others.

Representatives of the company, dressed in crisp clothes and shiny shoes, sat down alongside the Aphotoc Sea Overlord.

The meeting table was adorned with exquisite tea sets and a map of the Lightless Sea Islands, which the company's representatives seemed to view as a new world ripe for conquest.

"Hello, what we've come here to do is not to conduct business," they said, "but to help you rebuild, to bring the various convenient technologies of the continent to you."

"The conditions I'm about to discuss total over seventy in number, and the details are all laid out in these contracts. It should take around twenty hours for you to review them all; it's not very complicated."

Their fluent speech painted a grand blueprint for post-war reconstruction, promising advanced technology, capital, and employment opportunities, as if the "Cyart East Sea Trading Company" was the sole savior for the rebirth of this land.

However, behind these polished promises lurked a covetous greed for local resources.

For decades, the Cyart East Sea Trading Company had wantonly seized indigenous lands, mineral resources, forests, and even water sources across the Nine Seas. They acquired these at rock-bottom prices, or even without compensation, only to convert them into their own sources of wealth.

They built factories, mined minerals, and cut down forests, turning the local people into a labor force and consumers.

All decisions made by the company were secretly manipulated by a boss behind the scenes.

Like an invisible hand, this boss ensured that the company's interests were maximized at all times.

From a distant city on the Ouden Continent, he tightly controlled every detail of this offshore land via a complex chain of power, using political influence, economic means, and even threats of violence to ensure that the local indigenous people and lords could not effectively resist, forced to watch helplessly as their homeland was gradually eroded.

This man was one of the eight of noble blood within the Dawn Church, Colin.

Without the strong support of the Dawn Church, even a merchant as cunning as Colin would not have possessed the ability to grow the Cyart East Sea Trading Company to such an extent.

Today, the Cyart East Sea Trading Company shone brightly, its influence far-reaching. It was not merely a commercial enterprise but had become a colossal entity that spanned borders and dipped its toes in various industries. Its scale was staggering.

It could be said that the yearly main income of the Fischer family and the Dawn Church came from taxes of four countries, in addition to the Cyart East Sea Trading Company.

“Do I have the right to refuse?” the great overlord asked with a furrowed brow.

“If you do, you’ll be unable to repay the various expenses that have arisen after renting forces from our friendly business, the ‘Mo’er Security Company.” he said. “The debt has now been transferred, and this way of repayment is beneficial for both of us.”

The company representative leaned forward, whispering like a demon,

“Why not take a closer look at the contract? You will find that your core powers will not change. You are still the ‘king’ here, so why would you refuse?”

From bustling cities to remote rural areas, from the deep azure seas to the vast expanse of land, the reach of the Cyart East Sea Trading Company was everywhere.

With the help of the Dawn Church, its business empire spanned energy, manufacturing, finance, information technology, real estate, agriculture, mining, and services, covering nearly every corner and boldly becoming the world’s largest monopoly company. Undoubtedly, its real influence was much greater than that of Mo’er Security Company.

Moreover, should any foolish Extraordinary Exponent dare to raid the Cyart East Sea Trading Company, its affiliate, Mo’er Security Company, would intervene for free, according to the regulations, and crush the opposition completely.

Mo’er Security Company and Cyart East Sea Trading Company, both could be said to be extremely important organizations under the Dawn Church, and by now, they were indispensable to one another.

Of course, their greatest enemy overseas was none other than the Lorne citizens!

To date, eighty percent of the losses suffered by both companies were due to the Lorne Empire, because the Emperor of Lorne knew very well who their boss behind the scenes was.

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In a hidden corner of a small city in the Southern Cyart Emerald Lake Province, there lay an extravagant private club known as the “Shadow Abyss.”

This was a labyrinth where power and wealth intertwined, a sanctuary for the elite at the pinnacle seeking refuge and indulgence.

Deep within the club, a door carved out of ebony wood with golden bas-reliefs slowly opened, revealing a soft and mysterious light.

A middle-aged man with a stern face and profound gaze, dressed in a tailored coat, entered the hall. He was the elusive legend who controlled the offshores from afar, the boss behind the scenes of the Cyart East Sea Trading Company—Colin.

Colin walked leisurely toward the center of the club, towards a special bar made of pure silver, adorned with an assortment of rare drinks.

With a slight wave of his hand, a waiter in a tailcoat immediately approached and prepared him a tailor-made cocktail.

Colin took a sip, seemingly savoring the complexity of flavors in the drink while pondering profound issues.

Because the act of “doing business” itself accelerated the mastery of the Power of Consecution, he had now successfully ascended to the 6th Rank on the Path of Contract.

The Bidder.

In the Spirit Realm, it was depicted as a young man with his hand raised high, his face filled with excitement.

The enhancement of physical fitness and Spiritual Power was in a ratio of one to nine.

Colin thus acquired a bizarre extraordinary power called “Auction,” which allowed him to bid for something on himself or his enemy using lifespan or life force. It could be ordinary items or even forbidden rare artifacts and other extraordinary items. If the opponent wanted to keep that item, they too had to participate in the auction.

In the end, the one who paid more would gain the right to use the item, and deciding how much lifespan or life force to use in the auction, as well as when to give up on bidding, were matters that required quick thinking during the battle.

Colin truly felt that the “Path of Contract” required the most intellect among all the stages of the God Pantheon stairway, and it had the greatest potential for growth. To him, this was not bad at all.

At that moment, a subordinate clad in a black coat rushed in, his face unable to hide his excitement and awe. He approached Colin and whispered a few words into his ear.

Colin’s expression instantly froze, and a fleeting, enigmatic glint crossed his eyes.

“You mean to say, that top-tier extraordinary material ‘Stone Heart’ has finally been found?” Colin’s voice was deep and forceful, each word seeming to carry an immense weight.

The subordinate nodded and quickly handed over a sealed document, which detailed the discovery location, nature, and preliminary assessment report of the “Stone Heart.”

Colin took the document and read it carefully, his eyes growing brighter and brighter.

“This is really fantastic. Now we can report back on Miss Hecate’s task. Hehehe, compared to Moore and the others, I am the fastest.”

He was well aware that many others among the Blood Receivers of Noble Blood, like Moore, had been entrusted with finding the Stone Heart, yet only one person could truly be the first to find it.

No matter how big the surface businesses are, the power of the Heavenly Enlightenment or the legends of the Eighth Tier is what’s most important... and now that he had found the Stone Heart, as long as Miss Hecate successfully advanced to the Eighth Tier because of it, she would owe him a tremendous favor.

Very good, very nice indeed!

Colin gently closed the file, a subtle smile curling at the edge of his mouth.

The Stone Heart was a legendary piece of extraordinary material, its odd shape memorable at a glance.

It was not, in the conventional sense, a “stone,” but a blood-colored crystal radiating a soft glow, as if the brightest red sun of the night sky had been captured within.

The crystal’s surface was smooth as a mirror. Although not large, about the size of an adult’s fist, its weight was extraordinarily heavy, as if it contained the essence of mountains and earth.

A faint energy fluctuation surrounded the Stone Heart. This pure and powerful energy was unparalleled by most other extraordinary materials.

The extraordinary materials needed to ascend to the Eighth Tier were hard to come by. Now that the Seven Stars Empire and the Lorne citizens could no longer be relied upon, for the Fischer family to obtain the “Stone Heart” was like a divine blessing of ultimate fortune.

On the same night that Colin learned the Stone Heart had been found, the curtain of the dream realm quietly opened.

A woman in a black robe, her face obscured by the hood’s shadow and her eyes closed, descended silently. She was Hecate Fischer, the infamous “Demonic Woman” within the high-position Fischer family.

The her of now seemed like a being who traversed the edge of reality and dreams, wielding ancient magic and endless wisdom.

In the dream, Colin was holding a blood-red Crystal Stone when suddenly, he saw the witch step toward the Stone Heart, her eyes flashing with an unusual light in the dark.

She reached out with slender fingers, lightly touching the Stone Heart. As the witch's fingertips barely grazed it, the blood-red glow on the Stone Heart's surface began to flow slowly, eventually turning into a thin beam of light that entered directly into the witch's palm, as if merging with her.

Colin slowly knelt down, saying very loyally, "Respected Miss Hecate, I have lived up to expectations and found the Stone Heart to present to you and the Fischer family first."

Hecate smiled slightly, her tone indifferent, "That is truly wonderful, Colin. Neither the Fischer family nor the great Lord of the Lost will forget your contribution."

Suddenly, as if he had made up his mind, Colin spoke through gritted teeth, "Respected Miss Hecate, I hope you can help me fulfill a wish!"

"Oh? What is it, Colin? I owe you a favor, and as long as it's not too much, I can make it happen for you."

"That is..."

The deal was done.

The witch turned to leave, her figure gradually blurring in the dream's fog, leaving behind her words echoing in the air:

"Remember, Colin, every wish comes with a price."

At that moment, a familiar figure slowly stepped into this dream realm. It was Inna, the Blood Receiver who had been dead for many years. She was dressed in a white gown, her smile as warm and inviting as ever.

"Is it really you? Is this truly you?" Colin's voice trembled slightly, his eyes quickly reddening.

Inna smiled and nodded, her eyes twinkling with a gentle light that seemed to melt all the sorrow in the world.

"Yes, it's me. Thank you for always remembering me, even in the deepest nights."

They embraced tightly, and Colin's tears finally fell as he released his pent-up emotions.

In the dream, they revisited places filled with memories, shared unspoken thoughts, as if all regrets were being healed in that moment.

“Inna, Miss Hecate has helped me... Don’t worry, we’ll never be apart again... I will come to the dream realm to find you every night from now on,” Colin murmured to himself.

Inna’s smile turned slightly bitter, then tender again.

“That’s wonderful, Colin, I will always love you too.”

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

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Chapter 591: 527: The Black Fog Sweeping Across the Continent

Chapter 591: Chapter 527: The Black Fog Sweeping Across the Continent

Southern Ouden Continent.

Terrara Church State.

Beneath a massive pyramid, sunlight, like liquid gold, slowly poured over each giant stone, draping this sacred sun crystal in a divine glow.

Hidden in the deepest part of the pyramid was a secret chamber, known only to the ancient monarchs of Terell who used it for worshipping the Blazing Sun. Today, however, it became the holy ground where the Child of the Sun God summoned many powerful beings from across the continent to discuss important matters.

Besides those who once besieged the Child of the Sun God, other Heavenly Enlightenments and high-ranking individuals from the Claud World were all present.

The Child of the Sun God, clad in a golden robe, his eyes shimmering with the intense light of the sun, stood on a raised platform in the center of the chamber.

His presence was the embodiment of light and hope, and everyone in the room felt a strong power.

Around him were extraordinary exponents from various forces, nations, and faiths, including Lorne citizens and people from the Seven Suns Empire, the only absentees were from the Reforging Church.

Because, this meeting did not welcome the Reforging Church.

“Ladies and gentlemen, you must also have felt that recently the situation in the entire world has been getting worse, the revival of the Elements of Destruction is gradually approaching.”

The Child of the Sun God’s voice was sacred and deep, echoing in the room like ancient echos, and he continued,

“We have gathered here today to face several unprecedented crises, one of which is the End... Once the entity worshipped by the Fischer family is revived, the entire world will turn to nothing.”

“When the time comes for the gods’ powers to completely dissipate, we must immediately obliterate the Fischer family... If I am not mistaken, that will be our last chance.”

An emissary from the Imperial Lorne, standing in the middle of the crowd, got up, his eyes filled with confusion, like a puppet that had lost all sense of sanity, and spoke in the voice of the Emperor of Lorne,

“We would naturally do such a thing without you having to say it... When the time comes, everyone here will go to Cyart, destroy the Fischer family, and seize the End-of-the-World Relic that harbors the Element of Destruction.”

The Child of the Sun God fell silent for a moment, then said gravely, “Do not fantasize about using that object to become gods. Once the relic of the End is obtained, it must be immediately taken to another world and then abandoned.”

“Can’t it be destroyed?”

This question came from the newly appointed Pope of the Salvation Church, Weird Light, though his power was far inferior to that of the Thousand-year-old Pope, his position was still significant.

The Child of the Sun God shook his head gently and continued, “It cannot be destroyed, for it is an object of a rank that absolutely cannot be destroyed. I advise you also not to act rashly... Taking it to another world along with various seals is the best method.”

“Apart from the End, the most troublesome Element of Destruction is... the God of Reforging.”

The expressions of those present changed slightly.

The God of Reforging was the divine being who annihilated the Seven Stars Emperor, and the only True God in the world able to truly intervene. Now, the relationship between the Reforging Church and the Lorne Empire was extremely close, making it difficult to say which side the Emperor of Lorne was on.

Theoretically, provided the Reforging Church was willing to pay a significant price, the projection of the God of Reforging could eliminate all enemies in the world... however, people also secretly speculated that His power could not act against other True Gods who left restrictive laws in the East of the continent.

To this day, it remained a great mystery,

Why among the gods, the Lord of Salvation left a divine oracle to find and seal the End... and also restricted legendary fighters of the Heavenly Enlightenment Level from traveling to the Eastern Ouden Continent?

The Child of the Sun God continued to speak, his voice growing heavier,

“The God of Reforging, that supreme being that could grant our world another form and order, has now been corrupted by an otherworldly god.”

His words were like a massive stone thrown into a calm lake, stirring up waves in everyone’s heart.

Otherworldly gods, those distant and mysterious beings, their power and intentions had always been a source of fear and unknown to mortals.

Everyone’s expressions became subtly tensed, and the puppet controlled by the Emperor of Lorne remained silent throughout.

“The God of Reforging has been completely corrupted by an otherworldly god, his power will no longer be of creation but of destruction and chaos, and our world, our civilization, and all that we cherish will face unprecedented disaster because of His existence.”

The Child of the Sun God’s gaze swept across everyone, filled with resolve.

“Therefore, I propose we unite to confront this threat... Among the six Elements of Destruction, only the God of Reforging and the End require our utmost attention.”

“Hmm, well said, indeed that should be the case.”

The newly appointed Pope of Redemption, Weird Light, nodded lightly, but there was a barely perceptible mocking look in his eyes.

And after everyone left the chamber, the Child of the Sun God took out that scroll and reentered it.

There existed a man and a soul, Karno Fischer and Bast Leone.

Just as Karno had promised back then, he had returned here, although he had not figured out a way to save Bast, he did not abandon him here.

Bast's soul was extremely fearful upon seeing the Child of the Sun God, trembling and hiding like a mouse encountering a cat, daring not to speak rashly.

Karno bowed slightly, smiling, and said, "Respected Saint of Sun, Child of the Sun God, sir, why have you come again?"

"Is today the day of my execution?"

"Karno, you truly are a remarkable individual, actually coming back because of a promise, completely disregarding your own life."

The Child of the Sun God looked at him calmly and continued, "I will make you watch as the Fischer family faces destruction and your family's sacred object is exiled and sealed... If I can find a way not to kill you and still resolve the issue, then I will let you live. However, the mark on your hand makes me feel that perhaps eradicating all the Fischers is necessary to bring an end to everything."

Karno smiled faintly, shaking his head and said, "Unfortunately, you will not succeed."

"Success..."

The Child of the Sun God fell silent for a long while before saying meaningfully, "Some things, although very difficult and with a very slim chance of success... must not be abandoned."

"How would we know without trying?"

—

There were still ten years before the powers of the Gods completely dissipated.

On the northwestern border of the Cyart Kingdom, an invisible rift quietly opened, from which a thick, almost solid, black mist seeped.

The dense black mist, like the deepest nightmare at midnight, carried an indescribable aura and expanded slowly yet resolutely towards the borders of Vallere and the Lorne Empire.

Its color was so deep that it appeared to absorb all surrounding light; even the sunlight at high noon could not penetrate it, leaving only a suffocating and despairing darkness.

Occasionally, a faint blue gleam flickered in the mist, which was the last struggle of a mysterious rare artifact being devoured in despair.

Whatever the mysterious rare artifact, be it ordinary or forbidden, once it came into contact with this mist, it would quickly lose its original luster and power, turning into a wisp of smoke and merging into the endless darkness.

The crisis of the world had still begun.

This process was like a silent slaughter, with every magic artifact's disappearance accompanied by faint yet piercing cries, making the surrounding space even more oppressive.

As the mist continued to spread, the borderlines of the neighboring countries began to blur, and people, terrified, discovered the rich black mist and didn't want to know what would happen if they touched it.

Thus, an unprecedented migration began. People dragged their families and belongings along the winding mountains and twisting rivers, fleeing towards the relatively untouched lands to the west.

Everywhere along the route, refugees were seen, their eyes filled with uncertainty and fear about the future, children crying in their mothers' arms, the elderly struggling to move forward with the support of their walking sticks.

"They say that that is the end, Lorne is being devoured, who knows what the future holds..."

"Just touching it means doom... hurry to the west!"

In fact, the dense black mist spreading from Karl was not targeting any life but reacted only to various mystical rare artifacts... although, few dared to attempt touching it.

He was madly harvesting the spiritual power from various mysterious rare artifacts to fill his own needs.

Even so, the Ninth Seal remained solid as a rock, showing not even the slightest sign of loosening.

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Spirit Realm, surrounded by a light mist, like the first break of dawn.

Time in this part of the Spirit Realm seemed to lose all meaning, neither flowing nor stationary but gently swaying in an elusive rhythm, while space was like liquid mercury, both solid and flowing, changing infinitely with the fluctuations of consciousness.

Members of the Fischer family—Darren, Chris, Helen, Moter, along with Yeager from the Dawn Church and Old Dog—all stepped into this mysterious land, and the first thing that caught their eye was a brilliant sea of light.

This light did not come from any known source but arose from an intrinsic energy of the Spirit Realm itself, with occasional flashes of colorful illusions sweeping through the light sea, which were the whispers of past souls and omens of future visions.

Further inside, they discovered a forest composed purely of emotions.

The trees in this forest bore emotions as leaves and memories as roots, each leaf shimmering in different colors representing all human emotions like joy, anger, sorrow, love, hatred, and more.

Darren, Chris, and others walked through this forest, experiencing an unprecedented emotional resonance, feeling connected to the emotional veins of the entire universe.

“What an interesting place. According to the Wishing Divine Lamp’s information, just beyond a door from here should be the location of the Extraordinary materials required for Chris to advance to the Ninth Tier.”

Chris said nothing, while Yeager, the leader of the Dawnbringers, nodded slightly and said, “Yes, let us continue forward, it’s best to make it quick in case we encounter something unexpected.”

The group ventured deeper into the core of the Spirit Realm until they finally came upon a body of water named “Eternal Lake.”

“This is it! Fantastic! We’ve finally found it!” Helen suddenly exclaimed excitedly, clearly more agitated than Darren as she was in a “Manic Period.”

The lake, known as “Eternal Lake,” was crystal clear to the bottom, yet it reflected no physical images, instead mirroring the deepest desires and dreams of everyone present.

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

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Chapter 592: 528 Eternal Stone

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In the Spirit Realm, there was a hidden wondrous place called the Eternal Lake.

This lake was famed not only for its profound, boundless beauty and shimmering waters but also because it contained ancient and powerful forces known across many worlds.

According to some books on Mysticism, only those with pure hearts and unyielding wills, strong enough to endure, were deemed worthy of facing the trials of the Eternal Lake, in hopes of attaining supreme wisdom and power.

Darren gazed at the lake, murmuring with a smile, "I'm not sure if I qualify in terms of unyielding will, but a pure heart is definitely out of the question for me."

"But luckily, we're just here to retrieve something from the lake, anyone who passes the trial can do so."

Despite this, everyone involuntarily turned to look at Chris.

He was undoubtedly the most qualified and most likely to succeed in the entire trial at the Eternal Lake.

At that moment, Helen suddenly noticed something unusual; her best friend Little Black was agitated. She immediately tried to calm him.

"Little Black, Little Black, what's wrong? You've never acted like this!"

She was puzzled. Although Little Black did express his feelings, he had never been restless like this.

But now, the dark figure kept twisting beside Helen, seeming very uneasy and anxious, as if it was reluctant to face something.

After a long journey, Chris finally stood on the shore of the Eternal Lake.

The lake surface was calm as a mirror, as if it could reflect the deepest secrets and desires of one's heart.

Just then, a deep and distant voice sounded in his ear—it was the will of the Eternal Lake speaking to him, announcing that the trial was about to begin.

He would obtain the "Eternal Stone" upon passing all the trials.

And the “Eternal Stone” was precisely what Chris needed to advance to the Ninth Tier.

Currently, he was a peerless figure on the God Pantheon stairway, undertaking a God Pantheon consecution that many from the Dawn Church’s Blood Receivers couldn’t even fathom.

Indeed, many harbored a thought deep within.

“Perhaps...”

“He could really possibly complete the God Pantheon stairway and become... a God?”

According to teachings left by Irene, those who completed the God Pantheon stairway would become the formidable deities under the Lord of the Lost, playing a crucial role in his full resurgence.

The possibility of becoming a God—such a notion was thrilling and even worth striving for life for countless people.

Not to mention the situation of the “Reincarnator” becoming increasingly exposed, so the disciples of the Dawn Church grew increasingly devout and fearless of death.

Many among them felt dying was inconsequential; as devout believers, their faith destined them to reincarnate, return to the church, and continue their lifelong dedication to the great Lord of the Lost.

Chris silently observed the lake water.

The first part of the trial was the “Trial of the Heart.”

He needed to confront the fears, regrets, and desires deep within his heart. These emotions transformed into various illusory enemies, all attempting to drag him into the Abyss of despair.

Finally, manifold fantasies surged from the lake, accompanied by the voices of his sister Irene and Vanessa, echoing constantly around him.

Chris didn’t close his eyes; instead, he took a serene deep breath, using his firm will and belief to overcome those voices and fantasies, transforming all inner turmoil into motivation to move forward.

An important reason was his position as a devout follower of the Lord of the Lost; he knew something—that both Irene and Vanessa had found their place.

Though they had died in the physical world, their souls forever existed beside the Lord of the Lost, which was not something bad, but rather something worth celebrating.

His heart's deepest "regret" wasn't about the death of the two most important women in his life, but merely about not being able to see them for decades and not knowing how many more years to come.

In fact, Chris truly hoped to see Irene and Vanessa again.

If it weren't for the dual responsibilities of family and church, Chris would definitely have chosen suicide to release his spirit to the great Lord of the Lost, for only by doing so could he easily reunite with them.

The first part of the trial was passed.

Next came the second part of the trial—the "Trial of Time."

The Eternal Lake unleashed a mysterious and eerie power that allowed Chris's consciousness to instantly undergo a dream journey spanning a thousand years.

During these long years, he witnessed the rise and fall of civilizations, experienced the cycle of love and hate, and deeply understood the fragility of life and the increasingly lonely future he was to face.

And after those thousand years, Chris had to choose to "wake up" and return to the real world, abandoning the dream world he had come to know.

If he were an ordinary person, he might truly not have endured, opting to stay forever within the dream.

However, Chris awoke without hesitation.

He had always been wary of that world, never harboring expectations or attachments, spending the thousand years sharpening his control over his power.

"..."

Chris slowly looked around, at the Fischer family members who seemed both familiar and strange, slowly shaking his head.

He was back.

They didn't know how much time had passed, only he knew.

Then, it seemed he still had to undergo a third trial, yes, that was it.

Chris gathered his thoughts and looked once more towards the lake.

It was the "Trial of Power."

Suddenly, a massive water column surged up from the lake, transforming into a fierce Water Beast that launched an attack at Chris.

This was a battle without smoke, a contest of wisdom, endurance, and precise control of power... The requirement was that the person facing the trial could not use Extraordinary Power but only his physical strength.

Chris didn't use any Extraordinary Power or intend to move; he simply extended his hand and lightly pointed, completely shattering the Water Beast.

If he were still at the Seventh Tier, he might have battled for a long time. That fearsome Water Beast possessed the powerful strength of a mid-level Monarch, but for Chris at the Eighth Tier, his mere physical strength was enough to easily defeat the opponent.

As the last rays of sunlight fell upon the calm lake surface, Chris gazed at the Eternal Stone rising from the lake's depths.

The gemstones, slowly rising from the Eternal Lake, had an breathtaking form and texture.

It wasn't very large, about the size of a fist, yet it seemed to condense all the surrounding essence and energy, presenting a deep and transparent blue color, as if the purest water drop from the deep sea, exuding an indescribable tranquility.

Its surface was as smooth as a mirror, flawless and without any cracks, like the most perfect natural artwork.

Under the light, the inside of the gem displayed intricate, delicate patterns that seemed like flowing Cloud Mist or a disorderly constellation trajectory that changed unpredictably with the observer's angle and the light.

Moreover, the Eternal Stone also possessed a subtle yet strong energy field; when Extraordinary Exponents touched it, they could feel a warm and healing power flowing through their bodies, instantly curing all fatigue and pain.

Darren couldn't help but laugh out loud, nodding, "Finally got it, this level of Extraordinary Material is also one of the rare treasures on the Ouden Continent... really hard to obtain, mostly monopolized by the Lorne citizens and Seven Stars, but now the Seven Stars Empire has also become a thing in the Lorne citizens' pocket..."

"Little Black! Little Black, what's wrong with you, Little Black!"

Just then, Helen yelled out, instantly drawing everyone's attention.

She saw her friend of many decades, Little Black, who she had always carried along, suddenly become agitated, its body violently trembling, struggling, and even pushing Helen away by hundreds of meters.

Everyone's expressions changed instantly.

"What happened?"

Darren frowned deeply; Little Black had been capable of confronting the Sapphire Curator in the past, and although his true form was always unknown, there was no doubt it was something special.

He knew very well that Helen's Destiny's Trajectory was to attract those special beings... and Little Black was the friend from the Spirit Realm who had accompanied her the longest.

Darren asked, "Helen, are you okay?"

Helen shook her head, looking anxiously and fearfully at her most important friend who had once saved her, Little Black.

"You, what's wrong with you?"

However, a roar suddenly erupted from the usually silent Little Black!

"Ah! Run!"

Suddenly, Chris's face changed!

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

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Chapter 593: 529 The Arrival of the Quasi-god Andersen!

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"What on earth happened to him?"

In the eyes of Darren and others, the vague and humanoid outline of the black shadow gradually became clearer, but it only made everyone feel more uneasy.

Little Black initially seemed immersed in some profound emotion, but as time went by, it became increasingly violent.

Its body completely distorted and transformed as if torn by an invisible force, emitting a terrifying aura that made one's heart palpitate. Those invisible eyes seemed to penetrate the darkness, gazing directly at everyone from the Fischer family and the Dawn Church present, revealing endless anger.

"Andersen!"

The black shadow suddenly let out an ear-splitting wail, a sound laden with endless pain and despair, echoing throughout the entire realm of the Spirit Realm, instilling fear in everyone's hearts.

The name "Andersen" was both ancient and very familiar, causing a dramatic change in the expressions of the Fischer family members.

"Helen's Destiny's Trajectory is to attract mysterious beings and get to know them; most become friends, but a small part becomes unexpected trouble."

Darren chuckled with a bit of helplessness in his eyes, "I thought Little Black was Helen's most important friend, but it turns out to be the most deadly trouble!"

With the black shadow's wail, the surrounding air trembled, and the scenery of the Spirit Realm became even more distorted and unstable.

The members of the Fischer family could feel that behind this power lay huge emotional fluctuations.

"Bad news! Run! Quick!"

Moter yelled out; he knew that Andersen was a fearsome Quasi-god, the source of countless "Andersen's Disease" sufferers, and with people like Chris present, they were definitely no match.

Helen looked back at the increasingly collapsing Little Black with reluctance, but Chris still grabbed her arm and took her away directly.

Thankfully, "Little Black" didn't seem to have any intention of pursuing.

Only Helen faintly heard a whisper.

"Don't leave me behind..." "Please..."

The Fischer family and the Dawn Church members had already made a hasty retreat, looking to find the nearest doorway to leave this area.

Just as they passed through what seemed like an endless fog, a wave of unprecedented chill suddenly struck them, like the most piercing cold wind of winter slicing through their clothes and into their very marrow.

Then, in the darkness ahead, a vague shadow began to slowly take shape.

It was a figure like a humanoid black shadow, initially resembling an old doll abandoned in a corner, but as it manifested, an indescribable pressure enveloped the entire group.

The black shadow's body seemed to continuously twist and expand, as if countless invisible hands were pulling at it, making its form grow increasingly fierce.

Those invisible eyes in the darkness flickered with a gloomy blue light, like two points of death in the abyss, staring directly at every member of the Fischer family, revealing deep sorrow and anger.

"Andersen!"

The black shadow's wails echoed in the Spirit Realm like thunder, each syllable as if torn from the depths of the soul, filled with endless pain and despair.

The name was like a curse, leaving everyone present feeling an unparalleled shock!

Helen burst into tears.

Tears fell like rain.

She knew that Little Black might never come back.

With the black shadow's wail, the air around them began to violently fluctuate, as if even time and space were twisted by this force.

Chris stared at the other party intently, his gaze revealing a complex emotion. The white skeleton also vibrated slightly, as if silently contesting this power.

"Boom!"

The originally calm and gloomy environment was shattered by a sudden and intense energy fluctuation, as if the entire space was trembling in anticipation of an impending great change!

At that moment, a colossal entity emerged abruptly from the void, its arrival like a falling star causing the entire Spirit Realm to quake.

Its body was enormous, covered with layers of black carapace, like a moving fortress from the abyss, exuding an oppressive force that made one's heart palpitate.

Although “Andersen” is a conceptual existence and not a true life form, in the mysterious world of the Spirit Realm where various rules and fragments of consciousness mingle, it could undoubtedly manifest and take form.

Andersen’s body was covered in intricate patterns that seemed to be a collection of ancient runes, glittering with a ghostly blue light that merged with the atmosphere of the Spirit Realm, emitting an aura both mysterious and dangerous.

Its eyes, like two burning ghost fires, flashed with a blend of wisdom and madness.

With Andersen’s appearance, the surrounding air began to fluctuate violently, as powerful energy waves emanated from its body, sweeping the vicinity like a tempest.

Its tentacles danced in the air like Spirit Snakes, each one containing enough power to destroy everything in its path, and its massive maw resembled the gateway to the Abyss, seemingly ready to devour all life at any moment.

The members of the Fischer family felt an unprecedented crisis, having never seen such a powerful creature before, nor understanding why it had appeared here. Nevertheless, they knew they were standing on the brink of life and death.

“Can we really defeat it?”

Yeager couldn’t help but smile bitterly, for if their opponent was truly one of the Destruction Elements, the power of everyone except Chris was almost negligible in comparison.

Even Lord Chris would surely not win against a powerful Quasi-god!

The huge maw of the Spirit Realm Parasite wasn’t like that of a conventional creature—it was made up of multiple layers, each one like a carefully crafted work of art, full of power yet exuding a profound mystery.

The outermost ring consisted of sharp and sturdy blades that glittered coldly like precision cutting tools, capable of easily tearing through any obstruction. Following that, the middle layer of the maw was covered in complex, tooth-like structures that, while not as conspicuous as the outer blades, contained just as much power to chew and shred, seemingly crafted from some unknown alloy.

At the very heart of the maw was a deep, dark cavern that appeared to lead to another world.

Helen was in tears, knowing deep inside that it definitely wasn’t Little Black anymore, although unaware of what exactly had transpired, she felt that there was a profound connection between Little Black and Andersen.

And after Andersen's arrival, Little Black had vanished without a trace.

"You, run."

Lord Chris finally spoke.

His voice briefly calm, he uttered just a few words.

Then, he chose to stay behind alone, hoping to temporarily hold off Andersen.

Immediately, Darren said, "Uncle Chris, you must not die, the great Lord of the Lost will surely protect you!"

He also knew that the rest were only a burden, easily annihilated in the aftermath of a higher-level battle, so the best solution was for them to leave first.

The Fischer family prayed to the Lord of the Lost while they struggled onward, and eventually, amidst endless darkness and chaos, they found a swirling door emanating a faint light. Inside, it brimmed with countless flickering points of lights, as if connected to an infinite number of possible worlds.

They knew this was the pathway between the Spirit Realm and the real world they had been searching for.

In that moment, the members of the Fischer family didn't hesitate and rushed toward the swirling door.

When the light gradually faded, they discovered they had returned to Nasir City in the real world, to the Grand Hall of Fischer Manor.

They had awakened.

The situation in the familiar Grand Hall allowed their weary bodies to relax somewhat, but Darren and the others were still very concerned about Chris's condition.

"We'll make it in time!"

Darren glanced at the Eternal Stone in his hand and quickly located the body of Chris stored in the Grand Hall, reaching out with a grave expression.

"Awaken!"

—

Chris silently kept instant teleporting in the Spirit Realm, moving great distances in a short period.

Andersen was like a mobile source of disaster, relentlessly pursuing him; each of its breaths came with a trembling of space, each step causing the ground to shudder as if to swallow the entire Spirit Realm.

But he was certain of one thing.

Andersen did not possess the extraordinary power of a Quasi-god; in fact, it seemed more like a special puppet that had lost its extraordinary power, merely relying on instinct to give chase.

It could even be said that throughout the entire pursuit, it had not released any extraordinary power; it was simply utilizing its physical body.

Strange as it was, it gave Chris a chance to escape.

After a long struggle, he finally found another door within the Spirit Realm and slipped through it, arriving in a different area. Then, Chris suddenly heard Darren's voice.

Following that, everything before his eyes became familiar; he had awakened.

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

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Chapter 594: 530 "Echo

Chapter 594: Chapter 530 "Echo

"We no longer have a way to escape the influence of the Reforging Church,"

"Look at the social changes now, people are completely unable to live without the power of the God of Reforging, those convenient technologies have deeply penetrated their hearts, how can they be abandoned?"

"And why need they be abandoned?"

Thirty years passed quickly.

The entire world also altered dramatically, the God of Reforging had become the unquestioned highest divine force in people's hearts, and the ancient gods, who had vanished over a century ago, were increasingly weak, with the number of their followers evidently decreasing.

Except for a vast number of adherents to the Lord of the Lost in the east of the Ouden Continent, the population in other regions increasingly worshipped the God of Reforging, even to the point where this deity's followers were numerically preeminent.

They were grateful for the various excellent conveniences brought by the Divine Oracles, fervently worshipping the God of Reforging, with the emphasis on natural sciences growing more and more in the education of various nations.

Even Cyart was no exception.

When the first rays of dawn light filtered through the curtains into the room, Nasir's day quietly began. A worker serving under the Fischer family's factory rose from his bed, his wife preparing breakfast in the kitchen comprising fried eggs, slices of bacon, toast, and a cup of hot tea.

After breakfast, the worker organized his gear, left home, and boarded a tram to his workplace, where he might see street vendors selling newspapers with the latest international news headlines.

Upon arriving at the factory, he went straight to the production line, contributing his strength to the industrial development of Nasir.

For lunch, he would opt for a sandwich, a soup, a piece of fried fish, and grilled lamb chops. Nasir City, being near the sea, especially had made it increasingly easy to procure oil in recent years, so the habit of eating fried fish had gradually become commonplace.

"Thank the great Dawn, Lord of the Lost..."

People closed their eyes, praying fervently; everyone in Nasir was a follower of the Lord of the Lost, with newborns joining the Dawn Church immediately.

This was a noble privilege not enjoyed by people from other regions, as the saying went, "Every path leads to Dawn, the lords of Nasir are born into Dawn."

In the evening, after a day's work, the worker passed through the bustling commercial districts on his way home, places brilliant with lights and lined with shops. He picked out a souvenir because today was his son's birthday.

When he got home in the evening, the whole family turned on the radio, listening to the voice of Dawn, which played from morning till night.

"Praise Him...our great Dawn...our yet to awaken but certainly will awaken Lord, when He awakens everything will..."

—

Today, Mr. Theo's family had become extraordinary, even ranked among the leading families of the Eastern Continent.

As one of the Fischer family's earliest confidential subordinates, and older than Bikris and Darren, except for in March, he was the oldest person in the Dawn Church, his position even among the 'Noble Blood' clique was one of the foremost.

Over a century had passed, and his descendants now numbered in the dozens, among whom the most capable was a grandson who had pursued the Path of Knowledge.

Recently, he had collaborated with Mr. Felix from the Path of Reforging, and together, based on the Divine Oracles of the God of Reforging, they had created new technological products... Until now, Mr. Felix could still hear the Divine Oracles of the God of Reforging, he remained the chosen of the God of Reforging, still bearing multiple divine seals.

Karl also realized something.

That God of Reforging probably existed without self-awareness... merely functioning mechanically.

It was very possible that it was not a normal divine being, at least drastically different from those ancient gods.

When the black-and-white television set, produced in collaboration between the Theo family and Mr. Felix, first debuted in the market, all of Cyart was captivated by this unprecedented gadget.

In a spacious showroom, a brand-new black-and-white television was placed conspicuously, surrounded tightly by crowds.

The lights focused on this machine, its smooth casing shimmering under the light as if it were a mysterious envoy from the future.

"God, that machine looks so odd."

"I wonder what it's used for?"

"Regardless, it's Mr. Felix's invention, it's bound to sell extremely well!"

"Yes, since it's a product of the Fischer family, we must buy it, or we'll definitely be ridiculed as out of touch... for the honor of the family, the first batch! We need to get the first batch!"

Curiosity was thoroughly ignited among the people, they whispered among themselves, their faces filled with surprise and confusion.

As the person in charge of the display pressed the switch, the screen slowly lit up, streams of oscillating waves gradually stabilized, eventually forming into a series of clear images.

“This is television!”

At that moment, the entire showroom fell silent, everyone’s gaze deeply attracted by that small screen.

Displayed on the screen was a news broadcast under the Dawn Church, the people of Cyart widened their eyes in disbelief, witnessing a miracle firsthand.

At that moment, backstage, Mr. Theo was discussing with Mr. Felix.

“Thirty years are almost up, in a few months, the residual power of the false gods will completely dissipate, and by then all the external Heavenly Enlightenments can freely enter the Eastern Ouden Continent...”

Mr. Theo paused momentarily, then spoke, “However, the public is still oblivious to this, even within the Fischer family there isn’t the slightest hint of tension, Mr. Felix, give me some inside information.”

“What on earth is going on?”

Felix replied with a mysterious smile, squinting his eyes as he said,

“Don’t worry, Mr. Theo, we have received the Divine Oracle... there is no need to worry. On the contrary, the thirty years have arrived, and it indicates that the moment of our Lord’s true revival is drawing ever closer.”

“Drawing closer?”

Theo was slightly stunned and sighed deeply in his heart.

Ah.

So that’s why the members of the Fischer family have not felt any tension lately, but instead, have become more relaxed.

I’ve been anxious all these years, huh.

So that’s how it is.

Although he was also one of the elder statesmen in the Dawn Church and had been involved in countless events, always secretly contributing to the Dawn Church.

Yet, because he did not have the Fischer bloodline, he never had the chance to listen to the Divine Oracle, which deep down was rather distressing.

Theo couldn't help but think,

How wonderful it would be if one day I too could hear the Divine Oracle?

"What's wrong, Mr. Theo?" Felix noticed something was off with Theo but wasn't sure what it might be.

"Nothing, I'm fine, I'm very good. Since the great Lord of the Lost has issued the Divine Oracle, then everything must be alright... That's very good."

Theo shook his head and forced a smile, but his envy for the Fischer family was still very strong.

If I too could listen to the Divine Oracle...

From that day onwards, there was often a trace of inexplicable melancholy in his eyes, harboring a sense of regret.

Theo tended to sit in the rocking chair in front of the manor, staring at the increasingly blurry horizon, becoming less and less motivated, his progress on the God Pantheon stairway dramatically slowed.

In his heart of hearts, he knew all too well.

He had reached the "Viscount Echo" on the Path of Authority, possessing the ability "Echo" to replicate the last power he had used, perhaps even having a chance to reach the Seventh Tier one day, though the Eighth Tier was unthinkable.

But even if he progressed far on the stairway, his status and importance would never measure up to any member of the Fischer family.

Nowadays, all the members of the Fischer family were those Theo had watched grow up; he knew most Fischers were excellent. However, not all of them were worthy of the favored clan's name.

Yet, regardless, they were born to receive extraordinary divine favor and were protected by the glorious Divine, the luckiest people!

Ah.

Theo didn't feel envious, just somewhat desolate.

He no longer held much hope for the future, while many people live for the hopes deep in their hearts.

As dusk fell, the reluctant sunset painted the sky orange-red, and Theo remained immersed in his own world, a faint breeze wafting by as he slightly turned his head as though he heard a whisper from another world.

The voice was mysterious and profound, like ancient bells, not human speech yet understandable, suddenly echoing in his empty heart.

It was Karl's gentle words.

"Your soul is noble, your contributions immense, certainly no less than the Fischers, continue to march forward."

Divine Oracle!

That was an affirmation issued directly by God!

For so many years, even most members of the Fischer family hadn't received such treatment!

It was like a warm ray of sunlight piercing the years of gloom in Theo's heart!

"Lord!"

He suddenly looked up, gazing into the ethereal sky, his eyes shimmering with disbelief as tears unknowingly fell, his soul finding a deep release.

"Ah, ah, ah, ah! Hahaha!"

Theo trembled, covering his face with his hands, letting tears and laughter mingle, releasing emotions that had been suppressed for years.

At that moment, Theo felt reborn.

He was no longer just a vassal to the Fischer family; all his efforts would not be erased just because he was "not a Fischer," for his years of accomplishments were seen by the glorious God!

He knew that from now on, no matter the storms he faced, he would bravely move forward with the Divine Oracle from the Lord of the Lost, continuing to weave his own story.

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

Chapter 595: 531: The 9th Tier "Soul Master"

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Night had fallen, and Nasir City was delicately enveloped by a profound darkness, as if the whole world held its breath in anticipation of the sacred moment soon to unfold.

Every window along the streets glowed with a soft, warm light, each ray carrying the endless hopes and devout prayers of the citizens of Nasir.

Although television had been invented, only a select few in high society could afford it, and most families in Nasir City still relied on radios or newspapers for outside information.

At this moment, every single person was aware of one thing.

That was, the "pillar" of the Fischer family, the legend of the Cyart people, the strongest among the Dawn Church, the "Death God" feared by all enemies...

Mr. Chris Fischer was about to ascend to the Ninth Tier of the God Pantheon stairway!

In fact, because of the level of knowledge dissemination, all those who were not Blood Receivers had only a superficial understanding of the God Pantheon stairway, naturally, the core secrets could not be spread to the public.

Nevertheless, that did not hinder the prayers for Chris.

For the people of Nasir City, they had virtually grown up listening to various heroic tales of Chris Fischer, and maintaining and worshiping him, a "living saint," could even be said to have become a "political correctness"; anyone who dared to insult Chris would provoke public anger, and their entire family would risk death and injury.

Tonight, the hearts of everyone in Nasir were tightly linked by the ceremony soon to arrive.

They knew that on the edge of the city, the legendary Chris Fischer stood at the threshold of fate, prepared to face an unprecedented soul trial.

This was not only a test for him personally, but it was also the hope for Nasir City and the entirety of Cyart!

The air was infused with an ineffable solemnity and tension, as even the breeze seemed to become cautious, and the citizens closed their eyes and meditated at home, silently blessing the mighty one who was about to embark on his journey.

The bell of the Dawn Cathedral, built over the last thirty years, echoed in the night sky, melodious and deep, each strike as if recounting the legends of past heroes and appearing to commence the evening's ceremony.

On the dining tables in every household, although dinner was ready, most people had lost their appetite, their thoughts already drifting to Fischer.

The Ninth Step on the Path of Tranquility was named "Soul Master."

In the assortment of steps traditionally aligned with assassins in the Path of Tranquility, "Soul Master" was a special step designed for spellcasters.

And the ceremony to ascend as "Soul Master" was essentially a great test of the Extraordinary Exponent's soul and spiritual power.

The ceremony demanded that the Extraordinary Exponent delve deep into the mysteries of the soul, to grasp and harness the power of the soul, with the goal to achieve a deep understanding of, and... control over, the soul and consciousness.

At this very moment, the members of the Fischer family had already set up a soul trial ceremony site in the Dawn Cathedral of Nasir City, according to the contents described in the Divine Oracle.

Chris stood within it, and he was about to confront his own inner fears, desires, and obsessions.

Felix, Christine, and others watched him nearby, and then the ceremony finally began.

The trial took the form of dreams, illusions, and mental attacks, beginning to test Chris's willpower and his ability to control soul power.

A series of bizarre scenes flashed before his eyes: at times he was in the midst of a blazing battlefield, surrounded by the moans of comrades and the sneers of enemies; at other times, it transformed into a peaceful and serene countryside, family gathered around, but beneath that warmth lurked secrets and betrayals unknown.

Each dream was so vivid, most would struggle to tell if they were memories, fantasies, or present reality; the surges of emotion swelled in his heart, continuously testing Chris's will and faith.

As Chris struggled to free himself from these turbulent dreams, a web of illusions noiselessly enveloped him.

The surrounding darkness suddenly came to life, taking various shapes: huge monsters roared and lunged, their sharp claws and teeth flashing cold light; beautiful women tempted him, their words filled with sweet traps; and ancient sages scrutinized him with profound gazes, posing soul-piercing questions one after another.

As Chris struggled indistinguishably with the illusions, an invisible force suddenly struck like a sharp blade cutting through his consciousness, intending to shatter his thoughts into disarray.

Amidst the pain and chaos, Chris felt as if the whole world was against him, his own thoughts no longer under control.

However, at his darkest moment, a hidden flame in the depths of his cold heart was ignited.

That was Chris's long-standing love for his family, loyalty to his friends, steadfastness in his faith, and the yearning for self-transcendence.

He closed his eyes, took a deep breath, allowed his heart to return to Tranquility, and with a strong will built up a mental barrier.

Deep within, Chris heard his own voice:

"Persevere."

"Fischer... can only be borne by you..."

Eventually, the dream shattered, the illusion dissipated, and the mental attack receded like the tide.

When Chris opened his eyes again, he found himself standing in a brightness, surrounded by soft light.

"It's already morning, father."

Christine, seated in a wheelchair, breathed a sigh of relief and said, "It seems you have successfully passed the first trial of the ritual. Shall we immediately begin the second trial?"

Chris simply nodded calmly, without speaking.

After passing the recent spiritual trial, he took out the Eternal Stone and began to merge it with his own spiritual power, greatly enhancing the Extraordinary Exponent's mental strength.

Next, he closed his eyes and began to expand his consciousness to a broader dimension, the Spirit Realm, dreams, and even the depths of other people's hearts.

If one did not have a profound understanding of the concept of "soul," it would be absolutely impossible to conduct this ceremony. Only the truly strong could succeed.

Having met the above conditions, Chris began the final Soul Control Ceremony, silently merging his mental power with his Soul Power and using it as a medium to control and reign over the souls of others.

He started to guide the spiritual power within him, surging yet obedient under his will.

The soul, like a dazzling star, became brighter and more resilient under the nourishment of this power.

The ritual gradually reached its climax. Chris's eyes suddenly burst open, and brilliant light shot from them, piercing the sky to connect with the stars above.

The tearing sensation brought by the fusion of mind and soul felt as though it would tear him into countless pieces!

Finally, he took a deep breath, and his entire being became light and ethereal. The spiritual power and soul within intertwined in a marvelous way, unfolding like an exquisite scroll within consciousness.

In a deafening roar, Chris's spiritual power and soul fully merged, and a dazzling glow burst forth around him, illuminating the entire church as if it were broad daylight!

"The ceremony is complete!"

The members of the Fischer family were ecstatic. Chris had completed the ceremony, and with the offering of the Eternal Stone as a sacrifice, he could now step onto the Ninth Tier of the God Pantheon stairway!

As the first ray of Dawn pierced the night, Nasir City welcomed a new dawn.

Having undergone a lengthy and mysterious empowerment process, Chris's figure in the morning light appeared extraordinarily grand, as if merging with the whole world, radiating an indescribable mystical aura.

His gaze, like the profound sea, was calm yet full of strength. With each blink, stars seemed to twinkle within, revealing his deeper understanding of the world.

The image of the Ninth Tier "Soul Master" in the Spirit Realm is that of an old man surrounded by numerous souls.

His physical condition and Spiritual Power had tripled compared to the Eighth Tier. Yet beyond mere numerical values, more important was the complete integration of soul and mental power, evolving Chris's very soul.

His soul began to differentiate increasingly from that of ordinary humans.

Heavenly Enlightenment, also known as the demi-god level, was without doubt named for a reason; Chris's soul was now more indestructible than his body!

As the "Soul Master," he had also gained a very powerful Extraordinary trait, "Soul Master." So long as sufficient Spiritual Power was consumed, any soul or the deceased must obey the commands of the "Soul Master."

No matter how powerful those souls or the deceased had been in life, unless they were Divine, they could not escape the control of the "Soul Master."

The scourge of the dead had been over for decades. If the current Chris were to go back to that time, he could easily resolve the entire disaster with a mere glance, making all the undead bow in fealty.

The people of Nasir City came out of their homes one after another and were shocked and awed by the sight.

Chris, standing in the sky, had an aura that was beyond comparison to his past self; he was an existence that transcended the mundane and neared the divine!

"That is Lord Chris of the Fischer family!"

"Great Dawn, great Lord of the Lost! He looks so divine!"

Children widened their eyes with curiosity and awe as they looked at him, implanting seeds of dreams in their hearts, while the adults all bowed their heads in reverence, knowing this mighty figure was the guardian of not just Nasir City but the entire Eastern Continent.

Soon, every corner of the Eastern Continent, as well as the Cyart people, were discussing Chris's transformation.

Meanwhile, in Nasir, Chris gently closed his eyes, his innermost being clearly sensing one thing.

The remnants of the Gods' power had finally completely dissipated...

The Ouden Continent, no, the entire Claud World's legends of apocalypse began to stir... They knew that the Fischer family and the Dawn Church were rapidly becoming strong and that they must quickly eliminate this dreadful thorny existence!

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

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Chapter 596: 532 The Dissipation of the Divine Power of the Gods!

Chapter 596: Chapter 532 The Dissipation of the Divine Power of the Gods!

The powers of the Gods dissipated...

In circumstances completely unknown to many mortals, this event occurred silently.

The night grew darker, and the dim light of the street lamps swayed in the fog, casting a mysterious shroud over the bustling city of Nasir.

Suddenly, an unprecedented phenomenon appeared in the sky—a legendary figure of the Heavenly Enlightenment Level with a burly shape and an ominous aura slowly descended.

He was clad in a specially constructed metallic war armor, his eyes like burning flames, revealing a will to destroy everything.

“Nasir, Fischer... your doom has arrived!”

This man was a mighty governor of the Lorne Colony and had, with the help of the Reforging Church in recent years, newly ascended to the level of Heavenly Enlightenment as a Lorne citizen.

He was also the current commander of the Lorne Empire, known as the “Source of Destruction.”

He had reached the high-level Monarch more than a hundred years ago, one of the top powerhouses among the handful of high-level Monarchs of the Lorne people, but the high-level Monarch was still far from the true Heavenly Enlightenment.

It would have been very difficult for the “Source of Destruction” to ascend to Heavenly Enlightenment given his qualifications; it might have been impossible before the end of his life, but in recent years, the Reforging Church and the Lorne citizens had fully cooperated.

Thus, he received a blessing!

The “Source of Destruction” had been branded by the God of Reforging, becoming a chosen one of the God of Reforging and had received the Divine Power of the God of Reforging!

With the power of “Reforging,” he completely reconstructed his soul and body, successfully breaking through the once unreachable “barrier” and reaching the legendary level of Heavenly Enlightenment!

That uniquely constructed liquid metal war armor was actually a sacred object bestowed by the God of Reforging. Although it could also be considered an alchemy item, its strength was not on the same level as ordinary alchemy items and was entirely capable of resisting attacks from the Heavenly Enlightenment Level.

“Those bunch of cowards, are they making me go first? Heh, are they all so fearful of Chris? I will use the Fischer family as a sacrifice to the perfect God of Reforging!”

Of course, the “Source of Destruction” also fully understood the reason why those at the Heavenly Enlightenment Level were watching from the outskirts of Siyate and not immediately storming in—it was indeed dangerous here.

However, danger and profit are, of course, mutual.

The Destruction Element controlled by the Fischer family was nothing more than the “Witch of Demise” and the “End-of-the-World Relic”... not nearly enough for a few at the Heavenly Enlightenment Level to share.

It would be best not to share; he wanted to take them all for himself!

“If you don’t want to go first, then all the Destruction Elements here are mine!”

The “Source of Destruction” now possessed powerful enough forces to overturn a nation, planning to use the city before him as a sacrifice to showcase his power and proclaim his arrival with an unparalleled disaster.

Compared to other Heavenly Enlightenment, the “Source of Destruction’s” power was simple: absolute destructive force, unmatched explosive power among the Lower Levels of Apocalypse.

Suddenly, a simulacrum of a black hole appeared in mid-air.

It wasn’t an actual black hole, but an energetic imitation. However, in mysticism, the “symbolic” meaning is the most significant, so it also possessed the properties inherent to a “black hole.”

Once this “black hole” landed on the ground, it would keep pulling and swallowing everything around it, potentially turning the entire city into nothingness in an instant!

However, just as he was about to unleash that all-destroying force, an unprecedented sensation suddenly struck him, causing him to involuntarily stop his actions.

“What!”

It was a mixture of fear, awe, and unease, as if an invisible and powerful force was watching over him, a force that surpassed all of the “Source of Destruction’s” cognition and imagination!

“Is it... the End?”

He tried to calm himself as he looked up into the sky, and despite seeing only endless darkness and sparse constellations, he felt as if he was being observed by a presence from a higher dimension, a being beyond the understanding of mortals.

It was a true Divine being scrutinizing him!

“Not good!”

A chill, the likes of which he had never felt before, surged in the “Source of Destruction’s” heart, a fear that penetrated deep into his bones, making him feel insignificant and helpless as his will to destroy began to waver.

In the end, he slowly retracted the destructive power he was about to unleash and quickly disappeared into the night.

And so, the city of Nasir existed quietly as if nothing had happened, still basked in the reflection of the streetlights, but for those Extraordinary Exponents who were fortunate to witness this scene, they knew that a super-powerful being from another world had, under the watch of a deity, abandoned his plan for destruction.

The High Priest Archer of the Fischer family muttered to himself in the Grand Hall.

“My Lord, please partake in the sacrifice.”

After sensing the gaze akin to that of a Divine being, the heart of the “Source of Destruction” was filled with an unprecedented panic; he realized that his prideful power was nothing but a futile struggle in the face of this higher-dimensional force.

The “Source of Destruction” tried to flee, desperately activating the war armor, hoping to escape the land under scrutiny before divine judgment arrived.

“What’s going on, there’s still such a strong sense of unease and fear... still staring at me?”

His actions seemed so slow and powerless in the presence of the Divine, and all of a sudden, it felt as if an invisible force firmly locked the “Source of Destruction” in place, unable to budge at all no matter how much he struggled.

“The Source of Destruction” was filled with unwillingness and fear, but none of that could change the fate that was about to unfold.

At that moment, the sky suddenly lit up with a thick black fog, a direct manifestation of the will of the Lord of the Lost!

“The Source of Destruction,” engulfed by the thick black fog, felt an unprecedented pain and chill, his war armor began to collapse, and his body gradually disintegrated under this force!

“Ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah!”

He tried to let out a final roar and struggle, but his voice was swallowed by the thick black fog, leaving not even an echo behind, his consciousness began to blur, his body felt as if it was being sliced by thousands of blades, and finally, it turned into nothingness.

The entire process was completed in the blink of an eye.

When the thick black fog dissipated, the skies above Cyart were once again calm, as if nothing had ever happened.

And at this very moment, the followers of the Dawn Church, who had been concerned about these developments, couldn’t help but boil with excitement!

That was a legendary warrior of the Heavenly Enlightenment Level, undoubtedly a being with the potential to overthrow a nation, who in the end had been reduced to nothing by the retribution of the Lord of the Lost.

His story would become another warning in the scriptures, reminding everyone that no matter how powerful one is, one should not presume to challenge the great existence beyond mortal understanding!

Meanwhile, on the Snow Mountain outside Cyart.

Four legends of the Heavenly Enlightenment Level gathered together, they were the Emperor of Lorne, the Child of the Sun God from Terell, the emerald elf Ancestor, and the leader of the Last Blood, the “Phoenix.”

They each possessed unique powers and ideas, and at this moment, united for their common interests and goals, they decided to launch an unprecedented war against the Siyate Dynasty.

The Emperor of Lorne and others sought the Destruction Element, while the Saint of Sun wished to banish the Destruction Element to other worlds.

However, as they vigorously prepared for the war, a shocking piece of news came like a bolt from the blue—the Pioneer among them, who considered himself the most destructively powerful, had been punished by an unknown and formidable force and had instantly turned into nothingness.

The four of the Heavenly Enlightenment Level knew of the news at the same time, deep in their hearts; they each had their methods of gathering intelligence.

This news swept through the entire anti-Fischer alliance like a cold current in an instant.

“This is definitely true...”

The Emperor of Lorne muttered to himself, looking calmly at the Child of the Sun God.

The Child of the Sun God shook his head gently, remaining silent.

Over the years, he had managed to establish a temporary Heavenly Enlightenment alliance, hoping to destroy Fischer at the first opportunity after the powers of the Gods had dissipated...

However, things were looking grim.

For a time, their resolute will to war began to waver, and the end of the Pioneer could not be denied as a warning to them.

They realized that the war would not be as simple as they imagined, the obstacle in front of them was not only Chris Fischer, but behind the Dawn Church lurked the Divine Power of the End!

“Let’s disperse for now.”

The Emperor of Lorne spoke calmly, indifferently suggesting, “Even if we stay here, there’s nothing to be done, it’s a trap meant to lure us to our deaths.”

Just as they were about to abandon their plan and quietly withdraw from this controversial place, a dazzling crack suddenly split the sky, as if the horizon had been sliced in two by a blade!

What poured out of this crack was not light but an atmosphere deeper and more oppressive than the night.

An unprecedented oppressive force erupted like a flash flood, enveloping the entire space in an instant, causing the figures of the Heavenly Enlightenment to halt, their expressions changing dramatically.

Then, a figure slowly stepped out of the crack, each step seeming to cross the boundaries of time and space, bearing an indescribable intent of death.

This was an existence even more formidable than “The Source of Destruction”!

“Death God” Chris’s eyes were as deep as the abyss, surrounded by an intangible, extremely cold Burier Breath, commanding respect and too intense to look at directly.

“I have perceived your thoughts.”

Chris’s voice, deep and forceful, echoed in every corner, devoid of emotion, yet it instilled awe in people.

“To attempt to strike down Fischer is to make an enemy of me.”

The Child of the Sun God suddenly revealed a smile, gazing into Chris’s eyes with some incomprehension, “You are indeed invincible hiding in there, but have you chosen to take offensive action?”

“Why suddenly so irrational?”

The Emperor of Lorne also narrowed his eyes, “Even you cannot possibly take on four adversaries.”

Chris looked at them calmly, saying unusually many words, “Reaching the Ninth Tier and not being able to take initiative.”

“What would it mean to climb even higher?”

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

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Chapter 597: 533 Fischer vs Four Heavenly Enlightenment

Chapter 597: Chapter 533 Fischer vs Four Heavenly Enlightenment

In the stillness of all, the sky seemed to be gently covered by a layer of profound blue-black satin, the constellations hidden, the moonlight also choosing silence on this unusual night.

Chris, who is referred to as the “Death God” by the Cyart people and indeed by everyone in the Claud World, hovered silently in the void, like a lord descending from the world of the living dead.

He was cloaked in a shroud as pitch black as night, revealing only a pair of eyes flashing with a cold glimmer.

Surrounding the “Death God” were four legendary powerful experts, each possessing earth-shattering power and representing different forces and wills, yet at this moment, confronting the “Death God.”

The first, “Phoenix,” was the leader of the Last Blood and thus the disciple chief of the Witch of Demise, whose ultimate goal for coming here was to seize “Fischer’s Demonic Daughter” for use as a vessel for the witch’s resurrection.

He was surrounded by raging flames, like a Flame God who controlled the fire, his scorching breath twisting the air around him.

...

The “Phoenix’s” flames were terrifyingly powerful, capable of burning an entire city to ashes in a short amount of time, and besides its incredibly strong flame ability, its most formidable attribute was its nearly “infinite resurrection” immortality.

The second was the ancestor of the emerald elf, who spread her hands calmly, vines sprawling outward.

“We elves hold no grudges against you Cyart people and do not care about Fischer and the matters of demise, what matters to me is that the ‘Destruction Element’ ascends to higher levels.”

She paused then continued, “Humanity is on the rise, and as a minority, elves are oppressed and desperately need a God of their own.”

Though the hope of becoming a god was slim, for most seeking Heavenly Enlightenment, the slightest chance of godhood was not to be given up.

A “slim chance” was no reason for them to quit because these gifted individuals seeking Heavenly Enlightenment had “gambled countless times” to break through the barriers, stepping over innumerable talents to reach this level.

Extraordinary Exponents unwilling to take risks, unwilling to fight, or to seize the opportunity, could scarcely ever attain Heavenly Enlightenment.

The Child of the Sun God flew high into the sky, wielding a ray of sunlight, illuminating the surroundings.

He was far more powerful than the “Phoenix” and the “Emerald Elf Ancestor,” without a doubt a very important and feared enemy by Chris.

“I, actually, don’t dislike Fischer.”

“Someone from your family, as far as I am concerned, is quite agreeable... However, for everyone, for the world, I must stand against you.”

He fell silent for a while then said, “I do not want to call it fate.”

“It’s actually the ‘entwining of the resolve deep within people’s hearts,’ not the result of some insubstantial concept.”

More strange than the other three pursuers of Heavenly Enlightenment was the Emperor of the Lorne Empire.

He gazed at Chris, his eyes’ light constantly changing as if his soul was also undergoing a transformation.

Chris also focused most of his attention on the Emperor of Lorne and the Child of the Sun God.

As both sides’ auras climbed, the heavens and earth began to undergo drastic alterations, the previously calm night sky torn apart by tiny spatial cracks, flashing with ominous lights.

Dark clouds gathered rapidly, obscuring the already faint starlight; the rumble of thunder was faint as if even the surrounding space trembled in anticipation of the imminent confrontation.

The “Death God” Chris slowly raised a hand, lightly tapping his fingertip, an invisible Burier Breath coalescing around him, forming circles of black ripples that spread out, colliding with the forces of the four powerful experts, sparking off rings of dazzling yet dangerous light.

At this moment, time seemed to freeze, all things silent.

This was a contest beyond mortal imagination, the “Burier Breath” quickly overwhelmed by sunlight, thunder, the power of Nature, and flames.

Chris vaguely remembered that the power used by the Emperor of Lorne last time wasn't lightning, yet this time there had been a change, it seemed just as the Divine Oracle had said... Within the Emperor of Lorne's body resided multiple souls, he was the most special being of Heavenly Enlightenment, extremely dangerous!

He had already realized that a mere clash of pure energies wouldn't make him a match for any of the four Heavenly Enlightened beings when alone, but facing all four at once was an absolute impossibility!

However, battle was not such a simple affair.

Then, the "Death God" flickered, transforming into a shadow and pouncing toward the "Phoenix" among the four powerful experts at a speed far surpassing that of sound.

The "Phoenix" snorted coldly, wings unfolding, the flames around its body suddenly surged, turning into countless flaming phoenixes that met Chris head on.

When they collided, the flames interwove with the Burier Breath, erupting in brilliant light in the sky, where waves of heat clashed with icy air, creating a bizarre picture.

"Hmph! Fischer, I bestow upon you your punishment!"

The Emperor of Lorne circled in the sky, searching for the best moment to attack. The stormy power surrounding him grew even more fierce, with lightning flashing and thunder rumbling as if it was about to tear the sky apart.

Finally, he found his chance, transforming into a bolt of lightning and charging toward the battlefield of the "Death God" and "Phoenix," intending to disrupt their rhythm.

However, the "Death God" seemed to have eyes in the back of his head, effortlessly using Instant Teleportation to evade the Emperor of Lorne's attack, and simultaneously swinging his hand to unleash a strong gust of Burier Breath toward the Emperor of Lorne.

Although the Emperor of Lorne reacted swiftly, he was still slightly affected, his figure swaying a bit, but without sustaining serious damage.

The Child of the Sun God and the Emerald Elf Ancestor were not idle either. As they were about to launch their attack, they suddenly felt a threatening and tempestuous presence appear.

"Hm?"

The next moment, they all witnessed a shocking scene!

In an instant, the sky seemed to be torn apart, streams of dark light poured down from it, like a summoning from another world.

Following that, countless figures began to take shape from those beams of light, their bodies mutilated and faces twisted, beyond recognition from their appearance in life.

The Army of the Dead, clad in various war armors and holding rusted weapons, had indifferent flashes in their eyes. They swarmed out from the void like a released flood, overwhelming the surroundings.

The emergence of each undead seemed to drag this world one step closer to the Abyss.

The undead with the “Source of Destruction” stood at the forefront of the army, his figure exceptionally large at this moment, as if he were the origin of all this chaos and Destruction, as well as its end.

“To actually be able to control the souls of Heavenly Enlightenment!”

The “Phoenix” exclaimed in astonishment, as if witnessing the inconceivable, the other three Heavenly Enlightened beings too looked on in disbelief at this spectacle.

Chris was very calm, the souls of the dead that he had killed over the past hundred years, and the recently deceased soul of “Source of Destruction”, were now all under his control.

By the way, before he set out for battle, he had already killed all hundred Monarch powerful experts who had attacked the Cyart people, turning them into his undead army.

Those who harbored intentions of invasion should be prepared for death, Chris felt no remorse in executing them, and at this moment, bolstering his own combat strength was of paramount importance.

With the Army of the Dead numbering in the tens of thousands, comprising the souls of a hundred Monarch powerful experts and one Legend of the Apocalypse, under the command of the “Death God” Chris, they surged forward.

They could easily hold back the Child of the Sun God and the Emerald Elf Ancestor.

Thus, Chris began to first deal with the “Phoenix” and the Emperor of Lorne.

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

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Chapter 598: 534 The Power of Omnipotent Vision!

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For the majority of the Extraordinary Exponents, the Phoenix flames at the Heavenly Enlightenment Level were an absolute nightmare, even unimaginably powerful.

When he was merely at the Transmutation Level, the flames that burst forth from him could only incinerate tangible objects, but after reaching the Monarch Level, the flames could even consume many intangible things, many “invisible things” would also be completely burned by the terrifying flames.

And then, upon truly reaching “Heavenly Enlightenment,” the powerful leader of the Last Blood, the “Phoenix,” had flames that became even more fearsome, now able to incinerate various abstract concepts.

At this moment, he could even burn “connections” such as these into nothing.

Thus, the Phoenix’s flames burst forth in the sky, as if extending to many invisible threads around, those being the numerous connections between the undead and Chris.

He was attempting to burn these so-called “connections”; once completely severed, it was clear that the undead would naturally be liberated and pose no threat at all.

...

The “Phoenix” merely stared at the undead, naturally seeing many threads, among which the gray-white ones represented “their connections with Chris Fischer.”

The flames, like a ferocious torrent, swept past swiftly and mercilessly, unstoppable, seemingly determined to burn all earthly bonds, instantly devouring the subtle “bond” maintaining the connections between the undead, turning it into nothingness.

With the severing of the “connections,” a great number of undead seemed to be freed from heavy shackles, their souls attaining unprecedented freedom.

Even a number of Monarch Level undead were set free, then they no longer attacked but fell into confusion.

However, they were not the real targets of the “Phoenix.”

For him, what was most crucial was to sever the connection of the Source of Destruction’s undead and the Death God, once this Lower Level of Apocalypse enemy’s help was gone, a four-on-one situation would allow them to swiftly kill Chris.

But to his astonishment, that “connection” was exceptionally tenacious, he couldn’t burn through it in a short time!

Meanwhile, the Saint of Sun, Child of the Sun God’s radiance also blossomed in midair.

“Just buying time, you still can’t defeat us... Fischer, do you have any more cards to play?”

“Or perhaps, can your god exert power here at will?”

His most powerful card, “Sun God Power,” had already been exhausted years ago, yet even at this moment, he still possessed immensely powerful strength.

That fierce and peerless sunlight and heatwave, like the Skyfire awakening from ancient times, carried an irresistible authority and power, pouring down from beyond the heavens.

Wherever the light reached, everything trembled, space itself seemed distorted by this force!

In this destructively intense moment, thousands of undead, those souls that once left deep impressions in the world but could not find rest for various reasons, were instantaneously devoured by this supreme light.

They wailed and struggled, but ultimately couldn’t escape the chains of fate.

Several Monarch Level undeads at that moment also vanished into nothingness in this brilliant light and scorching flames, disappearing between heaven and earth as if they had never existed.

The emerald elf Ancestor, raising an eyebrow, spoke calmly yet with a hint of puzzlement, “Fischer, you think you can defeat four Legends of the Apocalypse alone? Ha, who do you think you are, think you’re the resurrected Military God of the Seven Suns Empire?”

“Since that is so, let us use all our strength to send you to your funeral.”

The next moment, the Power of Nature around her violently surged as she used a double-digit Forbidden Rare Artifact called the “Life Ring,” which appeared as a green bracelet; its effect was “activating the limits of life force.”

The Emerald Elf Ancestor’s Power of Bloodline manipulated nature’s flora and fauna, and with the powerful Forbidden Rare Artifact’s power of the “Life Ring,” she could promote even more ferocious natural forces.

They fiercely eradicated those undead.

The land within tens of thousands of meters seemed to be suddenly awakened by an ancient and mysterious force of nature, instantly enveloped by a thick aura of life, as old and profound as the call of an ancient forest, descending upon this land that had long been asleep.

Following that, a shocking scene unfolded before their eyes.

Giant trees hundreds of meters tall, like guardians of the land, burst forth from the depths of the earth. Their trunks were stout and strong, their leaves lush and dripping with vitality, as if each leaf was imbued with endless life force.

These towering trees continued to climb upwards, as if trying to touch the sky, conversing with the sun, the moon, and the stars.

At the same time, numerous wild animals and plants wreaked havoc in this newly born forest. They roared, shrieked, soared into the sky, and ran as fast as lightning, seemingly driven by an invisible force, madly annihilating the ghosts lurking around.

It was as if nature was celebrating its own resurgence and mourning the departed lives simultaneously. The air was filled with the fresh scent of earth and vegetation and a faint smell of blood—a timeless hymn woven from life and death.

“Hehehe... Finally, it’s my turn; you never wanted to let me out.”

The Emperor of Lorne’s expression changed once again as the soul inhabiting his body swapped out, and in the next moment, he unleashed an ice attack on Chris!

A surge of unprecedented icy cold rushed from the sky, like an early winter chill, sharp and bone-piercing.

Following that, a colossal ice waterfall thousands of meters tall, resembling an inverted Milky Way, thundered down from the clouds with a force that could change the color of the heavens and the earth.

“Wow!”

Everywhere the ice waterfall passed, all beings were invaded by its supreme chill. In that instant, the air completely solidified; all creatures and objects in every direction trembled under this cold, as if even time had frozen.

Chris, caught in this sudden disaster, knew that if he were trapped by this ice waterfall, he would be sealed into an eternal ice without any chance of escape.

The next moment, his figure vanished from everyone’s sight, leaving only an empty space.

Simultaneously, Chris launched a counterattack.

The rune power bound within his soul had already been changed by Karl, including one of the Forbidden Rare Artifacts—"Omnipotent Vision."

"Omnipotent Vision" possessed the power to see through everything!

In some moments after Chris disappeared, he reappeared on the battlefield, his eyes now flickering with a strange light, as if numerous tiny runes were circulating within, unleashing an ancient and mysterious power.

In a sea of flames, the legendary "Phoenix" soared, its wings ablaze with everlasting flames, each flap releasing waves of devastating heat.

However, Chris's eyes suddenly locked onto it.

The runes' light peaked, and an unprecedented power burst forth from his body, instantly isolating the flames surrounding the Phoenix.

Following that, the flames met their nemesis, beginning to extinguish rapidly until they were completely gone.

What happening?

The Phoenix, shocked to find its proud flames so easily stripped away, cried out in anger and confusion, trying to reignite the flames. But, no matter how hard it tried, those flames seemed to be permanently sealed by some force, unable to flare up again.

"Ah?"

The "Phoenix," as the leader of the Last Blood, had lived for many years and was a seasoned powerhouse who had never expected its power to be sealed!

Moreover, the seal was not just for a short time; it couldn't be broken for quite a while!

Chris stood there quietly, the runes in his eyes gradually dissipating, returning to calm.

His action had shocked everyone present—the "Phoenix" fully realized just how powerful an opponent stood before it.

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

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Chapter 599: 535: The 8th Step "Person of Reincarnation"

Chapter 599: Chapter 535: The 8th Step "Person of Reincarnation"

Even though the power of the flames was sealed, the Phoenix's wings still dazzled like fire, an existence that had symbolized immortality and rebirth since ancient times.

The air around Chris was permeated with an unprecedented breath of death, heavy and oppressive as if even the light was being devoured by this force.

That was the potent "Burier Breath."

The leader of the Last Blood, "Phoenix," felt this breath erode its fiery feathered form, and its feathers began to tremble slightly, their glow no longer as blinding as before.

This was an unprecedented challenge in the Phoenix's long life, the scent of death like invisible shackles, gradually binding its freedom and power.

Still, his gaze burned with an unyielding flame, a scorn for death.

...

The Witch Sect that worshipped the Witch of Demise was called "Last Blood" because the highest-ranking few leaders all held a drop of the Witch of Demise's blood, and "Phoenix" had defeated all the other highest leaders to obtain all the "Last Blood."

Then, through the immense power of the Last Blood, he had successfully reached Heavenly Enlightenment. Now, the "Phoenix" eagerly sought the final witch's soul shard and container... which was Hecate Fischer.

As long as he could obtain her, he could resurrect the Witch of Demise revered by the Last Blood!

Or perhaps... usurp and gain that immense power!

At that moment, a figure slowly stepped into this domain enveloped by death—it was "Death God."

With every step, Chris walked to the rhythm of death, his gaze fixed on the "Phoenix" with an inspection transcending life and death.

A flash of cold light cut through the night sky, striking directly at the Phoenix's heart.

This strike, not even the Phoenix with its power of rebirth, could fully resist; its body was torn apart in an instant by an irresistible force, its life and soul's flames gradually extinguished, as if even the soul was being sucked into endless nothingness.

However, just as despair and darkness peaked, a miracle occurred.

The body of the "Phoenix" began to emit a faint glow; the light shifted from dark to bright, gradually converging into a fierce flame of the soul.

From the ashes, the soul's flame ignited, and the Phoenix's silhouette reappeared, its feathers even more vivid and dazzling, each flap accompanied by the power and hope of rebirth.

Rebirth was not just a physical resurgence but also an elevation of the soul and spirit!

The "Phoenix" soared high, flying through the clouds of death, as if it had become immortal.

Yet, it had already used the "undying body."

If so, the ability to "rebirth through the soul's flame" could also be seen through by "Omnipotent Vision"!

Yes, the greatness of the Omnipotent Vision lay in that it could see through almost any power and then seal it, causing it to vanish into nothingness.

"What?"

Just as the "Phoenix" was ready to soar once more in its newly reborn splendor, Chris had already unleashed an indescribable force again, this power like invisible chains tightly coiled around the Phoenix's resurging flame of the soul and the immortal force it represented.

The "Phoenix" felt an unprecedented fear and astonishment, as it found the life force and Soul Power within being rapidly drained, the mysterious power that had led to its countless rebirths was now as if imprisoned, unable to move.

"This is impossible! Could it be one of the single-digit Forbidden rare artifacts; no, how could you possibly activate a single-digit Forbidden rare artifact consecutively?"

Its soul's flame feathers began to dim, the light fading away as if even the essence of its existence was being stripped.

The "Phoenix" uttered a mournful cry, realizing for the first time that even at the tier of Heavenly Enlightenment, there existed a power that could break its undying body, casting its life into eternal silence.

Chris watched indifferently as it all unfolded, his face void of any triumph, the light of Omnipotent Vision gradually receding, while the once undying “Phoenix” now lay as an ordinary bird, stripped of its proud immortal force, fallen in the dust of the Netherworld.

Yet, he quickly regained his composure.

For nearly a thousand years, as the leader of the Last Blood, he had lost count of how many times he had been trapped in dire straits, and had long been used to thinking calmly at the most critical and terrifying moments.

Unfortunately, the only way to break free from the crisis with the Forbidden rare artifact he possessed...

“Save me, and by helping me, you’re helping yourselves, don’t abandon me at a time like this.”

The “Phoenix” immediately sought help.

Emperor of Lorne seemed to sense something and looked up into the sky, then suddenly vanished without a trace, his destination unknown.

But Chris could sense that he hadn’t just run away but was preparing something in secret, perhaps a Ritual Spell that required time to cast.

There was no doubt that the feeling of threat he could sense intuitively was gradually increasing.

“Although I don’t want to save a heretic like you, I must admit, your power is necessary for the time being,” the Child of the Sun God said calmly.

At that moment, the Child of the Sun God and the Emerald Elf Ancestor immediately responded.

They were also very clear that they couldn’t let Chris defeat them one by one. A temporary alliance was still an alliance, and internal strife could not be allowed.

Just as the Saint of Sun attempted to dispel the shroud of death with his scorching radiance and the Natural Emerald Elf called upon the vibrant green vitality of the earth’s power, intending to joint hands to halt the merciless march of the “Death God,” a sudden and unexpected incident disrupted the standoff of powers.

Hecate Fischer’s witch.

The figure, cloaked in a night cape that seemed to twinkle with the light of constellations, quietly descended upon the battlefield.

Her arrival was like the brightest meteor in the night sky, both mysterious and awe-inspiring.

“Step back.”

As everyone looked on in astonishment, the witch parted her crimson lips and chanted an ancient and mysterious Spell.

With the echoes of the Spell, a strong force emanated from Hecate’s hands, transforming into a spiraling silver halo, instantly enveloping both the Child of the Sun God and the Emerald Elf Ancestor.

Within the halo, time seemed to flow backward. The brilliance of Sun’s Son began to fade, as if the sunset was sinking below the horizon, and his power was slowly stripped away, returning to its original tranquility.

The verdant essence of the Emerald Elf Ancestor also began to recede, as the earth’s power seemed to be swept by the autumn wind, with all signs of vitality returning to stillness, her abilities likewise reversed to an unawakened state.

They were as if their powers dropped from Heavenly Enlightenment to Beginning Level in an instant... yet quickly escalated to Transmutation Level, followed by Monarch Level.

Amidst their astonishment, both soon realized that although their abilities were indeed reverted to a primitive state, it wouldn’t be forever; they would recover shortly.

The witch gave a faint smile, a smile containing confidence in the Power of Reincarnation, and said in a soft voice,

“Under the laws of Reincarnation, all powers have a beginning and an end, and after the pinnacle of power, it’s very likely to revert to its original form...”

At this moment, Hecate had still reached the Eighth Tier of the Path of Revelation.

“The Man of Destiny.”

The Seventh Tier is named the “Wanderer,” able to let one’s fate wander across different parallel lines, changing and unaffected by curses, assaults, and prophetic scrutiny on various planes of fate.

But the powerful force owned by the “Man of Destiny” from the Eighth Tier of Path of Revelation lies in causing “Reincarnation” changes in the states of things as well as beings!

At this time, Chris's weapon was swung with extraordinary resolution, and the "Phoenix" felt an unprecedented crisis.

It struggled with all its might to display its power of rebirth again, but under the continued influence of "Omnipotent Vision," this time, its flames seemed to lack their former vitality, unable to rise from the ashes as effortlessly as before.

Finally, as the "Death God's" judgment fell, the brilliant flames were utterly extinguished, its body transformed into specks of starlight, dissipating into the void.

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

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- Chapter 600: 536: The Sun Goes Out

Chapter 600: 536: The Sun Goes Out

Chapter 600: Chapter 536: The Sun Goes Out

"The fall of the Phoenix was like a shooting star streaking across the night sky, the once resplendent figure that had been reborn in flames countless times now lay quietly extinguished, its light dimmed as if even its soul had been devoured by eternal darkness."

Not far away, several beings of Heavenly Enlightenment Level witnessed this scene, their hearts tumultuous like seas swept by gales, struggling to find calm.

The Child of the Sun God's eyes flickered with an unprecedented solemnity.

He had a strong premonition of ill fortune.

Perhaps, it was no longer possible to stop the Fischer family...

Their speed of gaining strength was unbelievably rapid; over the past century, the entire family had been developing at an astonishing pace.

...

"..."

The Child of the Sun God took a deep breath.

Even so, what of it? The battle must continue, for this might very well be the last chance to save the world.

If the current Fischer family was this formidable to deal with, what opportunity would there be in the future if they were not stopped now?

“Blazing Sun, I wish to save Claud World, please let all your light shine upon me!”

The emerald elf Ancestor, too, wore an expression filled with undisguised astonishment, knowing deep inside that the fall of the “Phoenix” signified not just the end of a powerful being of Heavenly Enlightenment but the imbalance of an era.

Fischer.

They had reached the pinnacle of power, truly arriving at a position that could determine the future of the world.

At that moment, Chris and Hecate stood side by side, seemingly the Lord of the Lost’s most unshakeable bastion.

The “Death God”’s white skeletal sword continued to flash with a cold light. The “Demonic Woman” closed her eyes, her magic wand emitting a gentle blue glow that seemed to swirl with the mysteries of reincarnation, inspiring awe.

“The combined power of the two of us, even you cannot contend with,” Hecate’s voice was as piercing as ice but carried an indescribable terror.

Her voice echoed in the night sky like an ancient spell, applying an invisible pressure on the hearts of every being of Heavenly Enlightenment.

The emerald elf looked at the once magnificent but now silent remains of the “Phoenix,” feeling a complex surge of emotions.

“Ah.”

She sighed lightly, a sigh filled with helpless resignation to her own inability to change anything, fully aware that the combined power of the Fischer family’s “Death God” and “Witch” was far beyond her imagination. Even her close connection with the power of Nature could not break through the land now shrouded in death.

“Even if just a bit of wild grass is preserved, there’s still a chance for the field to return in the future. Better to retreat now and seek opportunities later,” the emerald elf mused internally, deciding to leave this battlefield and seek new ‘elements of destruction’ or other allies elsewhere.

In her heart, her departure was not an escape, but a search for a more suitable time and method. After all, as a being of Heavenly Enlightenment, she could even leave this world.

In other words, she had no reason to fight to the death—the worst-case scenario was taking some emerald elves and leaving this world.

Then, Chris and Hecate saw the emerald elf Ancestor sink her body, merging with the multitude of plants, becoming one with them, and in the next moment, seemed to be transported to a distant place by the power of Nature.

The Child of the Sun God clenched his fists, the golden light trembling yet still striving to maintain his unyielding pride.

He made a markedly different choice.

The Child of the Sun God stared into the distance, his eyes flickering with determination and resilience, his heart filled with a steadfast commitment to the light, a love for life, knowing his light might not forever brighten Claud World, but as long as he had a sliver of strength, he would never abandon saving the future of this world.

“Even if it means sacrificing myself, I will defeat Fischer!”

The Saint of the Sun vowed in his heart.

He clenched his hands, feeling the searing power within him about to burst forth like never before. This was a fight with no retreat; some people are willing to face the challenge for their convictions, to protect every life upon this land.

With no considerations left, all Forbidden Rare Artifacts were activated; in an instant, the power possessed by the Child of the Sun God reached an unprecedented peak.

The showdown between the Child of the Sun God and the two Fischers was like the world’s most dazzling fireworks, both beautiful and mournful.

As the Saint blessed with the Sun God’s Divine Power, this hero who has illuminated all with endless light since his birth now stood at the crossroads of fate. His love for life and his intense faith had converged into an unstoppable force, propelling him forward.

Before the unyielding belief and searing light of the Child of the Sun God, even Chris’s eyes showed a barely perceptible flicker.

He knew Karno was in the hands of that man, yet the latter had not genuinely killed Karno... Unfortunately, Fischer’s and the Lord’s enemies must be utterly destroyed.

The battle erupted in an instant, and the Child of the Sun God was the first to make a move, summoning all the light and heat from within him, transforming them into a dazzling solar storm that swept towards the “Death God” and “Demonic Woman.”

The light was like burning flames, trying to engulf the two figures in an endless brilliance.

However, Chris and Hecate did not falter.

Chris gently swung his weapon, and an invisible Burier Breath clashed with the solar storm, resulting in a collision that exploded in deafening roars, as if everything around them trembled in that moment.

The battle escalated into a fever pitch, with both sides' struggles becoming more intense.

The Child of the Sun God continuously unleashed light and heat, attempting to drive the darkness away with brightness, while Chris employed the Burier Breath, time and again neutralizing the Sun's Son's attacks and looking for an opportunity to counterattack.

Their figures shuttled across the sky, with each clash accompanied by the bursting of energy and the distortion of space.

Numerous undead creatures crumbled one after another, while those of the "Source of Destruction" were also interfered with by the power of the Forbidden rare artifact, and suddenly froze in place.

Hecate did not make another move but smiled warily.

"Is the Emperor of Lorne still nearby? What are you preparing over here?" Although her eyes remained closed, Hecate possessed extremely strong perception.

As time went on, the light of the Child of the Sun God began to dim, his power pressing toward its limit amid continual exhaustion.

Nevertheless, he did not give up but grew even more resolute in his belief, for this battle was not only to defeat "Death God" but also to protect every life on this land.

He absolutely could not let the End continue to revive!

By then, the entire world would turn into nothingness!

"If I still had Divine Power, no matter what, there would be a chance to turn the tide, but alas, I have no more trump cards..."

"So, I can only hope to achieve Mutual Destruction with them."

At the moment when he was about to deplete his last ounce of strength, he gathered all his light and heat into a dazzling orb and unhesitatingly hurled it towards Chris and Hecate.

In that instant, the light was so intense that even the “Death God” and the “Demonic Woman” had to retreat temporarily.

What followed was Chris displaying his true power, transforming the Burier Breath into countless deathly chains that tightly bound the Child of the Sun God’s soul.

Then, he released another rune power.

It was the “Angel’s Cage” that had evolved repeatedly and finally reached the level of Supreme Rune, which now became the “Divine Cage”!

Endless chains formed a cage, completely trapping the Child of the Sun God’s life-risking strike!

The light began to fade.

“Is it still impossible to defy fate? The gods chose to leave from the beginning, could it truly be the only correct answer?”

His power gradually vanished within the chains of death, but his determined gaze and unyielding spirit stayed unchanged until the very last moment.

In the end, the Child of the Sun God fell.

The light gradually extinguished.

Before he died completely, he calmly took out a painting, which contained the souls of Karno and Bast.

Since he couldn’t save the world, there was no point in imprisoning them anymore.

If...

Just if...

“Karno Fischer, if we weren’t natural adversaries, perhaps we could have been amicable friends. Sadly, the flow of fate is something I ultimately cannot resist...”

And with repeated use of powerful rune powers, Chris’s Spiritual Power was also nearly exhausted.

Just when he was about to fall, the sky suddenly split open with a dazzling crack, and an awe-inspiring being emerged – the Curator of the Sapphire Library.

Chris looked up, expressionless.

He wore a blue robe and squinted at Chris, who was nearly drained of strength.

“Even I could have never imagined that the youth from back then could grow to this extent...”

The Sapphire Curator had noticed Chris’s presence when designing the scheme of the Alchemy Council, but back then could not have imagined today’s circumstances.

“Hmm, it’s clear he’s exhausted his Spiritual Power and can’t use that kind of powerful ‘rune power’ anymore. Now is the best time to strike.”

Meanwhile, at the same time, a sudden storm once again instantly changed the dynamics of the battlefield.

The Emperor of Lorne finally completed some ritual and reappeared on the field, donned in golden armor and wielding a long sword that shimmered with mysterious light, his eyes conveying endless authority and resolve.

It seemed to be the mightiest soul among the many within that body!

He came from an ancient era, was the founder of the Lorne Empire, and the eternal Guardian of the Empire, possessing strength and wisdom far beyond ordinary imagination.

The Immortal Emperor.

He stood side by side with the legendary Spellcaster, their gazes simultaneously fixed on the “Death God” and “Demonic Woman.”

“Heavenly Enlightenment has fallen in succession, and even in my millennium of experiences, it counts as a day when a major event has taken place...”

“All for Lorne, and I shall become the new Divine.”

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

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