

From Secret Clan to the Divine Dynasty

Chapter 601: 537: Opening Eyes and Risking Life

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“Lorne citizens will forever rule this world!”

The voice of the Immortal Emperor echoed around like thunder, his long sword pointing at the “Death God” and “Demonic Woman,” as if challenging Fischer and the Divine forces behind him.

“And I will be the Immortal Emperor of Lorne forever!”

Alfred.

Chris instantly knew that among the many emperor spirits within the body of the Emperor of Lorne, it was the most powerful, and also the initiator of this ritual power.

He is the founder of Lorne, the symbol of immortality!

...

As the founding Emperor of the Lorne Empire, Alfred wielded a power beyond mortal imagination, infinitely close to the Apocalypse Upper Rank.

Within his body resided the bloodline power of a Demigod Level “Elemental Angel”!

The so-called “Elemental Angel” could manipulate not just one element, but all known elemental forces of the world!

He could summon dazzling Elemental Storms at will, and even merely by flicking his fingers, he could create life and miracles.

A thousand years ago, under Alfred’s rule, the era of extraordinary tribes ended, Lorne citizens became the most powerful people on the Ouden Continent, and magic was no longer the secret of a few but became a force that promoted the advancement of Lorne civilization.

He established the grand first Magic Academy, imparted magical knowledge, turning the entire Lorne Empire into a land of miracles where magic and technology coexisted!

Alfred was a benevolent and wise monarch, fully aware of the responsibilities behind power, governing the country with justice and compassion, always ensuring that every Lorne subject could live in peace and prosperity.

During his era, the suffering of Lorne citizens was minimized, replaced by unprecedented cultural prosperity, with people living in harmony, filled with endless reverence and affection for the Emperor.

Even as the years passed and constellations changed, Alfred's name and his legendary stories still circulated among the people, becoming a beacon for countless dreamers in future generations.

Many thought he had long been dead.

However, that was not the case.

Because he had used too many life-consuming Forbidden rare artifacts in wars, even an Apocalypse Upper Rank legend like Alfred could not withstand aging.

So, he devised a method, using ancient Ritual Spells to reincarnate his spirit into his descendants. Hence, every Emperor of Lorne possessed the spirits of several ancestors!

Still, the one with the greatest authority had always been Alfred himself.

Now, he was undoubtedly the Immortal Emperor!

The Immortal Emperor simply waved the blade in his hand, instantly stirring up elements such as wind, thunder, water, and fire, instantly engulfing Chris and Hecate.

The sky seemed split in half, filled with dense clouds and thunderstorms, elemental forces churned in the air, forming surging torrents, making Hecate and Chris feel as if they were insects trapped in a maelstrom, at any moment liable to be devoured completely.

The Elemental Torrent, which Helen could summon only with the Forbidden rare artifact the Holy Grail, was merely a power that the Immortal Emperor could wield at will and sustain indefinitely.

Seizing the moment, the legendary Sapphire Curator gently opened a book in his hands, from which ancient and mysterious magical light burst forth, shooting directly toward Hecate.

The light contained powerful Sealing Power, seeking to temporarily seal the power of the "Demonic Woman."

However, in the face of this overwhelming Elemental Torrent that almost threatened to drown everything, the “Demonic Woman” appeared unusually calm, even wearing a hint of a scornful smile.

“Is this all there is?”

“I thought that a legend among Spellcasters would be more powerful?”

At the critical moment, the witch slowly closed her eyes, as if gathering an unprecedented power, the air filled with a heart-palpitating stillness, and all the torrents seemed to freeze at that moment, waiting for the unknown judgment.

Suddenly, the witch’s eyes snapped open!

Those eyes were no longer ordinary, they seemed like two profound black holes, capable of devouring all light and matter.

In those eyes, time and space lost their meaning, reality and illusion intertwined, creating an apocalyptic scene!

An indescribable power burst forth from within her, transforming into a dazzling ray of light that instantly pierced through those elemental torrents. The storm, flames, ice, and forces of the earth, along with the Sealing Skill of the Sapphire Curator, seemed to meet the most fearsome devourer in the universe at the moment they made contact with the light. They began to disperse, annihilate, and ultimately faded into nothingness.

“That is the power of the End!”

The Sapphire Curator’s face dramatically changed, his eyes shifting continuously, realizing the connection between the Witch of Demise and the End. Hence, it made perfect sense for Hecate Fischer, as the reincarnator of the “Witch of Demise” and a member of the “End” favored clan, to possess the power of the End!

Should he flee?

He suddenly felt that continuing the fight would only increase the danger exponentially. Since they hadn’t been subdued in the short term... leaving this world was the optimum choice!

The entire battlefield became eerily quiet at that moment. Hecate stood there, her eyes that could destroy everything slowly returned to normal, but the remnants of that heart-pounding power still lingered in the air.

She muttered to herself, “The cost was great... If it weren’t for reaching the Eighth Tier, using these eyes might have shattered my soul from the strain.”

“Typical of you...”

“This time, I’m not leaving. I have decided to claim the Destruction Element!”

The Sapphire Curator stood at the center, his robe gently fluttering with the breeze, his eyes sparkling with a profound and mysterious light. As he slowly raised his hands, ancient Spells began to flow from his mouth, each syllable imbued with endless Magic Power.

To become a God certainly required taking risks, and even if not this time, the next would be inevitable; he might even need to start laying plans in other worlds afresh.

Therefore, he decided not to leave the Claud World and to fight it out right here!

“Power of the Philosopher’s Stone, activate!”

The power of Miracle!

Suddenly, ripples emanated through the air around them, as if the space itself was being awakened, beginning to respond to the summoning of the Sapphire Curator!

Red light blossomed!

Powered by the potent Philosopher’s Stone, the Curator’s strength instantly escalated to the Apocalypse Upper Rank!

Following that, countless ancient Magic Books appeared out of thin air, rotating slowly in the air, each emitting a soft yet dazzling light, like the brightest constellations in the night sky.

Each of them seemed like an independent microcosm, hiding endless space and secrets. As per the will of the Sapphire Curator, these books swiftly enlarged, transforming into gateways to different worlds—some as hot as the intense sun, some as piercing as ice, and others as deep as the night sky.

At that moment, the Sapphire Curator fiercely swung his Magic Wand, activating those portals which began to flicker intensely.

Subsequently, a powerful force of space swept across the battlefield, enveloping everyone nearby into the elemental storm.

Hecate, Chris, and the Immortal Emperor Freyord found themselves being pulled by this force, uncontrollably passing through the flickering portals, transported to different spaces.

Hecate was transported to a lush paradise, Chris was thrown into a desolate, lonely desert; the Immortal Emperor found himself atop a sea of stars.

They struggled to acclimate to their new environments, searching for clues to return to the real world, while the Curator stood amidst the bizarre scene composed of countless portals, his expression calm, as if everything was under his control.

A black mist swept silently like a specter, heading straight for the Curator surrounded by the multitude of Magic Books.

Chris was the first to Instant Teleport back!

However, just as the “Death God” was about to touch the Sapphire Curator’s skin with its sharp blade, something unexpected happened.

The Sapphire Curator, as if having anticipated this strike, suddenly flashed a dazzling light in his eyes, a power beyond description quickly permeating the air.

The “Death God” in the black mist suddenly found itself stepping into a bizarre world, the surrounding scenes starting to warp and alter, countless illusions flooding in like waves, causing a dizzying confusion of reality and deception.

These illusions included terrifying demons, tempting paradises, and numerous memories and dreams interwoven together, forming a complex maze.

Chris struggled fiercely, trying to break free from this realm of illusions, but each effort felt like punching into cotton.

The Sapphire Curator stood by, watching everything indifferently, his face completely impassive.

“I’ll start by giving you an ending, Chris Fischer!”

As the “Death God” struggled weaker and weaker in the realm of illusions, the Sapphire Curator slowly raised his hand. At this moment, Chris’s face was pale, his eyes vacant, evidently having endured a long and brutal torment.

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

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Chapter 602: 538: Doomsday Descends

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The Immortal Emperor returned from the innumerable spaces of books.

He looked calm, seemingly not annoyed by the Sapphire Curator's recent action, only silently gazing at Chris and Hecate.

The Sapphire Curator took a deep breath, as the power of Miracle from the Philosopher's Stone kept slipping away.

Now, he had to win with a single strike.

"Everything just now was just a prelude, this is the final strike."

Those books were more than just simple piles of paper and ink. They carried the wisdom and secrets of a thousand years, each one in fact a dormant soul of an Extraordinary Exponent, waiting to be awakened.

...

The Sapphire Curator slowly raised his hands, his fingertips lightly touching the faintly flowing strands of Magic Power in the air, his eyes flashing with light.

With a deep, prolonged chant, ancient and mysterious Spells resonated through the air, each syllable like a key unlocking the gate to another world, awakening the Spells and Magic sleeping between the pages.

At first, only a faint glow seeped out from the spines and edges of the books, like the first stars twinkling in the night sky. But soon, these glimmers gathered into streams, bursting forth from every book, turning into a myriad of brilliant ribbons that intertwined in the air, forming a complex and spectacular Magic Array.

The souls of those Extraordinary Exponents, in the form of books, came to life again. They opened automatically, and Spells leaped into the air like printed characters, arranging and weaving themselves into a Magic Net covering the entire sky.

As the Sapphire Curator's chanting quickened, the Spells were no longer confined to the line of sight; they began to climb upwards, piercing through the sky, growing more brilliant, expanding in midair to eventually form a massive Magic Array that obscured the sun, dazzling and awe-inspiring, undoubtedly invoking reverence in anyone who beheld it.

The great Magic Array, made up of countless Spells, harbored enough power to shake heavens and earth. It slowly rotated, each Spell flashing at specific points, releasing particular Energy Fluctuations, resonating and amplifying each other, and ultimately converging into an indescribable, formidable force field.

The Sapphire Curator stood on the ground, looking up at the Miracle he had created with resolute eyes.

He knew that at this moment, he had unleashed his most potent force.

Chris and Hecate, too, were watching this scene.

In the Grand Hall of the Fischer family, everyone observed what was happening here through magical devices from afar.

“They won’t be able to withstand that attack...” Darren furrowed his brows as he analyzed.

An all-out strike from the Apocalypse Upper Rank, even Chris and Hecate as they were now, would still be no match.

Archer was the first to lead everyone in prayer.

“Great God, we are willing to exchange our lives for theirs, please bestow your grace...”

Finally, the Magic Array released an extremely dazzling light, the strongest strike concentrated with countless wisdom and power, ready to strike at its predetermined target!

The Sapphire Curator’s gaze was no longer calm, believing that this strike would alter destiny!

He would obtain the Destruction Element and become Divine!

All of a sudden, the Immortal Emperor changed direction and, with unbelievable speed and precision, launched a full-force sneak attack at the nearby Sapphire Curator.

“Goodbye, old friend.”

The scene unfolded so rapidly that the Sapphire Curator had virtually no time to defend.

Some of the books around him drew several arcs in the air but failed to block the Immortal Emperor’s fatal strike in time.

The Sapphire Curator’s body was hit by a formidable force, sending him flying backward, striking the hard ground heavily, with many books scattering around him.

The earth-shaking Magic Array also vanished in an instant.

“Why?” A hint of confusion tinged the Sapphire Curator’s voice.

However, the Immortal Emperor provided no answer.

He quickly approached the Sapphire Curator, a special glow emerging in his hand, then he pierced through the Sapphire Curator's body, retrieving an emerald-colored orb.

That was the sacred object of the Elf Clan that Marzo had long been searching for!

Inside it was hidden the Forbidden rare artifact "Book," which was also one of the Elements of Destruction!

"This book will belong to me, to Lorne!" The Immortal Emperor's voice echoed around, his tone filled with absolute determination.

"So that's how it is, you knew it was with me, and your target from the beginning was it... I see." The Sapphire Curator finally realized, sighing.

"What a pity, I thought my Secret Keeping Spell was strong enough, but you still uncovered it... How did you do it?"

The Immortal Emperor calmly said, "It was the Divine Oracle, in His presence, your 'Secret Keeping' Spell is naturally invalid."

"..."

The Sapphire Curator looked toward the sky, suddenly understanding.

In the astonished gaze of the Fischer family, the Immortal Emperor turned and left the battlefield with the emerald-colored orb, instantly heading to another space.

His figure was gradually fading away.

The sudden change had Chris and Hecate look at each other with a flash of surprise in their eyes; obviously, the actions of the Immortal Emperor were beyond their expectations.

Hecate said, "We should not pursue any further, even if there are many from the Dawn Church supporting us, both of our Spiritual Power are nearly at their limits..."

Chris nodded slightly.

Meanwhile, the legendary Sapphire Curator lay on the ground, his face pale, eyes filled with loss.

It was over.

He still could not defeat destiny, nor resist the divine...

“This is the end.”

Suddenly, an unusual chill filled the air, and Chris appeared in front of the curator, his gaze deep and indifferent as if he could see directly into one’s soul.

Faced with this sudden proclamation of death, the curator did not show any panic or regret.

On the contrary, his face revealed a calm and content smile, one that comes from seeing through life and death.

“My entire life was devoted to the pursuit of the mystical.”

The curator said softly, his voice gentle yet filled with utmost determination,

“I have witnessed the glory and the desolation of the world and found a resting place for my own story... This time, I did not evade as I used to.”

“It is not ‘Recklessness’ that led to my defeat, for to find the possibility of becoming a God one must pass through such destiny, and it is so for everyone... Only those who traverse their destiny can become Gods.”

“If I did not choose to ‘challenge’, I would never have had the chance to become a God, haha, it was a necessary choice.”

He closed his eyes, took a deep breath, as if feeling the beauty of the world for the last time.

“No regrets.”

The curator whispered these two words, his tone full of satisfaction.

“I have no regrets about my choices, no regrets about everything I have done, even now, with you ‘Death God’ standing before me, I am ready to face it.”

As his words fell, Chris slowly extended his hand, the curator did not resist or flee, he just stood there quietly, allowing that irresistible force to take him away.

In his heart, there was no remorse, no fear.

“Fischer family.”

“Let me wish you the strength to endure to the very end!”

Inside the Grand Hall, a magnificent and solemn space, the Fischer family gathered for the sacred sacrificial ritual.

Archer was the first to kneel devoutly on the ground.

Chris's face was expressionless, Hecate narrowed her eyes, while Christine, Darren, and the others all had excited looks on their faces.

The result of this battle was also an undoubted tremendous gain!

After devouring several of the Apocalypse Upper Rank and the many Forbidden rare artifacts they possessed, Karl sensed the ninth Seal begin to loosen.

"The power has become stronger than before..."

"But to completely release the ninth Seal, it still needs time, a period of slumber."

After pondering for a moment, he entered a deep sleep.

Subtle changes began to manifest at the edge of the Sealed boundary.

At first, the changes were almost imperceptible, like the faintest flashes of light in the night sky, but soon that strength began to swell in an unstoppable manner, permeating every corner of the real world.

The sky was no longer clear, instead shrouded by a faint haze, and the constellations lost their luster as if devoured by some invisible force.

Earthquakes became frequent, volcanoes erupted, and tranquil valleys turned overnight into hellish landscapes of rampaging magma.

The seas grew turbulent with towering waves, marine creatures fled in a panic due to some unknown terror, throwing the whole ocean's ecosystem into chaos.

Plants and animals also underwent unprecedented mutations, some growing bizarre and terrifying forms, others losing their sanity, becoming highly aggressive.

The entire Claud World, the societies of intelligent life on several continents were facing an unprecedented massive upheaval, nations were in panic, and even time and space began to warp, blurring the line between reality and illusion.

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

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Chapter 603: 539: Dream Encounter with Ancestor

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“Unfortunately,”

“If it weren’t for destiny, perhaps we could have had the chance to become friends.”

“Your portion of sunlight is just like your soul, pure and proud, yet it burns too fiercely to last.”

Karno calmly took his stand at the location where the Child of the Sun God had fallen in battle.

He took a deep breath.

Perhaps the other side had done nothing wrong.

...

At least from the perspective of the Saint of the Sun, that indeed seemed to be the case...

As for us, had we indeed made a mistake?

Karno looked at the drastically changed sky, his brow furrowed slightly.

“Great Lord of the Lost, I still believe in you.”

The sky was no longer azure; it was obscured by an extremely dense black fog.

The sunlight had disappeared.

The whole world had become like the Aphotic Sea; natural sunlight no longer existed, with only the preserved sunlight through techniques like “Solar Gold” and “canned sunshine” remaining, but they were too scarce, and for the average person, getting them was nearly impossible.

Natural law had been completely overturned, extreme weather and natural disasters occurred frequently, and various animals and plants mutated into Monsters. The already unstable social structure and civilisation system were finally crumbling in the face of disaster.

People had to engage in silent but intense struggles for survival in order to live.

Food and water became the most precious resources, and people had to delve into ruins and venture into unknown wilderness to search for places that might still have food left.

Social order hovered on the brink of collapse; the force of law and morality significantly weakened, and people resorted to any means necessary for survival, with theft, robbery, and even violent conflicts occurring frequently.

Every nation was gradually disintegrating.

Everyone realised one thing: the real end of the world had come!

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“The Gods have left a Divine Oracle, saying that They are about to unseal the Ninth Seal and have temporarily fallen into slumber,” said the High Priest Archer of the Dawn Church.

In the Grand Hall of the Fischer family, an imposing meeting deciding the fate of the family’s future was underway.

The lighting in the hall made the heavy stone walls glow with brightness, filling the air with a heavy and solemn atmosphere.

The people of the Fischer family and the Dawn Church sat around a long table carved from a thousand-year-old oak. Nearly two hundred people were present, all of them important figures.

Darren’s eyes, however, sparkled with a glint, seated at the head of the table with a slight smile on his lips, seemingly untroubled by the impending battle.

The Darren who was over a hundred years old had long since shed his impatience and sharpness, replaced by a calm and restrained intellect.

“My brothers and sisters of the Fischer family...”

As the head of the family, Darren began to speak, his voice steady and powerful, and then continued, “We are about to face the final battle with the Lorne Empire, and this fight is not only about the fate of the Fischer family but all the land beneath our feet, as well as all that the Dawn Church stands for.”

“It’s even possible that if we lose, the time of the great Lord of the Lost’s resurgence may also be delayed.”

His words, like a huge stone dropped into a calm lake, stirred the hearts of everyone present. Family members at both sides of the table bow their heads in contemplation, their gazes resolute.

Everyone was acutely aware of the enormity and importance of the battle ahead.

“The Fischer family has been known for its bravery and loyalty for a hundred years. When faced with formidable enemies, we have never retreated, and we shall not this time either!” Darren’s voice rang powerful and clear, as if capable of igniting the courage and determination deep in everyone’s hearts.

Finally, he slowly stood up, his gaze sweeping over every person present, his voice firm and full of strength: “Warriors of the Fischer family, let us together face this battle. Regardless of the outcome, the Fischers shall remain true to ourselves, true to the Dawn Church, and true to Cyart, our beloved land.”

“More importantly, we must be worthy of the Lord of the Lost.”

With Darren’s words falling, the Grand Hall erupted into thunderous applause.

Just then, Archer stepped forward, gazing calmly at the crowd and speaking, “The world now is different from before, I believe everyone can see that.”

“However...”

“There are discussions about this apocalypse that are unfavorable to us out in the world, and even some within the Dawn Church say that all of this was caused by the Great Lord of the Lost...”

Some of the Dawn Church’s members’ faces changed subtly, because they too had heard a “coincidence”—that the world suddenly became like this following a mass sacrifice in the last ritual.

Perhaps, the apocalyptic state of the world truly did have something to do with the Lord of the Lost?

People who thought of this immediately realized that they were being extremely disrespectful!

Archer’s expression was solemn, with unprecedented determination, he said, “No, the magnificent Lord of the Lost would never seek our Destruction. He is the Dawn, He is our hope.”

“He would never bring about the end of days; rather, it is because of His slumber that the impending apocalypse has begun to grow increasingly uncontrollable. As long as He awakens, everything will improve!”

“The magnificent Lord of the Lost will save us all!”

Christine, seated in her wheelchair, nodded gently and said, “Yes, this is a matter on which we need not debate to reach consensus.”

The people of the Fischer family and the Dawn Church remained silent, knowing this matter was a red line for the entire family and Church; even direct members of the Fischer family would be committing a grave sin if they dared to slander the Lord of the Lost.

Archer looked around at everyone and continued, “In fact, before His slumber, He bestowed upon me a strand of Divine Power.”

“Divine Power?”

Upon hearing these words, everyone’s hearts surged with emotion. The True Gods Church has its so-called “Saints,” and it seemed that Lord Archer was also a Saint of the Dawn Church!

“This strand of Divine Power is very faint, and there is only one thing it can do. I believe it is necessary to release it before the final battle.”

Having said that, Archer stretched out his hand.

A stream of black mist emerged from the back of his hand and in an instant enveloped the people of the Fischer family.

Darren and the others felt themselves gradually falling into a deep sleep.

Guided by the Power of Demise, the key members of the Fischer family and the Dawn Church crossed the boundary between reality and illusion, arriving at an unimaginably sacred place—the legendary City of the Spirit Realm.

The City of the Spirit Realm hovered in mid-air, composed of countless flickering points of light, as if the brightest constellations in the night sky had gathered together.

This city was neither a bustling metropolis of the human world nor an unfathomable place of the Spirit Realm, but an extraordinary Domain in between, constructed of souls, memories, and many forms of Divine Power.

Felix looked at all this and muttered to himself, “Is this the Divine Kingdom? The place where the souls of the devout believers are said to reside...” Moter suddenly said, “I think, we definitely won’t find Lucius’s soul here.”

As they stepped into the city, a beam of light shone from afar, the light of the souls of many devout believers.

Led by the light, the souls of many devout believers of the Dawn Church appeared, their faces seeming as if they had not been touched by time, but rather looked as they did in life.

Darren's face changed, for he saw his father's soul!

Chris gazed at his sister's soul and couldn't help but walk up to her, finally embracing Irene.

"It's alright now, Chris," Irene said with a smile, comforting him as she had done a hundred years before.

"Welcome, brave ones from the Fischer family and the Dawn Church," Byrne said, adjusting his glasses, his voice like an ancient wind, carrying the weathering of ages and Wisdom.

"We have waited a long time for you, waiting for your arrival, waiting for this day."

It wasn't just the two of them; most of the souls of the devout believers were close friends and relatives of key members of the Dawn Church in the living world.

The people from the living world tightly embraced the souls of the many devout believers, their tears and smiles intermingling.

This was truly a miracle!

"Darren, Christine, and Archer, I need to speak with you three alone, come over here."

Byrne beckoned, calling the three administrators of the family and Church over.

Soon, the four of them arrived at a secluded location in the city. Byrne began to speak calmly, "Since my soul awoke, I have been observing the situation in the living world from the Spirit Realm."

"Yes, I can confirm one thing; the apocalyptic scenes of the real world do originate from the magnificent Lord of the Lost."

Darren and Christine fell into deep thought, while Archer's face changed dramatically, objecting, "Even you should not..."

"Hold on. I am not seeking to defame the Fischer's God."

Byrne smiled slightly and continued, "However, that situation is certainly not His intent, but rather a side effect akin to an Extraordinary power. I don't know if you can understand this."

“As long as He can regain all His power, everything can be mended. I am not trying to question, but merely to convey the answer.”

“I hope you are not confused.”

Instantly, everyone relaxed.

“Because the magnificent Lord of the Lost has fallen asleep again, Irene and I cannot descend to join the battle against the Lorne citizens in the form of Divine Envoys,” Byrne said gravely.

“From now on, it’s all up to you.”

“Regardless of what happens, we must awaken the magnificent Lord of the Lost as soon as possible, because something terrible is stirring.”

“Our world is indeed on the brink of Destruction!”

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

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Chapter 604: 540: The Final Battle with Lorne

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In the city of the Spirit Realm, Byrne Fischer gazed upon the members of the Fischer family.

The family history, spanning over a hundred years, had finally come to this point; with the help of the great Lord of the Lost, they possessed the power to challenge the pinnacle of the world.

And he himself needed to do one last thing to help them complete the challenge.

Only by stepping onto the higher steps of the God Pantheon stairway could all the favored clan and Blood Receivers be of any assistance to the Lord of the Lost.

That great undertaking would ultimately be realized!

“So, let Irene and I give you our Divine Power.”

...

“This power will be enough for you to advance further up the God Pantheon stairway.”

Then, Byrne reached his hand towards the sky.

And holding Chris, Irene also smiled and raised her hand, pointing towards the heavens.

People soon saw a dazzling black light slash through the sky of the Spirit Realm, quick and brilliant like a meteor, descending directly onto the Divine Temple at the center of the Spirit Realm City.

This light was imbued with endless mysticism and power; it did not come from the Spirit Realm, but from within Byrne and Irene.

For the power given by Karl was sent out, and both of their souls began to gradually fall into slumber.

Darren stepped forward, thoughts of embracing his father flooding his mind, but then he shook his head and smiled.

He looked into his father Byrne’s eyes, and suddenly revealed a youthful, defiant smile, “Don’t worry, father.”

“The one who will win next will definitely be a Fischer!”

“We will pull down the Immortal Emperor of Lorne from his lofty throne and completely tear apart his arrogance!”

Byrne simply smiled and nodded slightly.

No matter how old Darren was, how strong he had become, or how much he had experienced, in his eyes, he was always his son.

Irene looked at Chris, holding his head as she usually did, and said, “Don’t worry, we are just going to sleep for a while, and we will wake up again in the future.”

“Mhm,” Chris nodded softly.

He watched his sister go.

Though their meeting and reunion were very brief, Chris believed that they were destined to find eternal peace in the future, reunited together in the city of the Spirit Realm, gaining true tranquility here... forever.

Following this, Irene’s soul gently departed, along with Byrne’s soul, both sinking into slumber beneath the Spirit Realm City.

Another woman, incredibly important to Chris, approached.

This woman was none other than Vanessa, her soul too was here.

“Chris, I’ve missed you so much, Chris... Finally, we can see each other again.”

Vanessa’s eyes brimmed with tears, and Chris was shaking uncontrollably.

They hugged, silent for a long time.

“Mother.”

Christine and Karno watched their parents reunite, and they too felt a profound relief, while Darren had already found his sister, Lian.

“We will eventually enjoy eternal happiness together here,” Lian smiled.

“What if,” Darren suddenly asked, “what if I haven’t completely relinquished everything from the mundane world?”

“It’s alright,” Lian continued, “as long as you wish to descend, you can also have the chance... just like Grandfather Lucius, whose soul will return here sooner or later.”

At that moment, the light within the Spirit Realm City Divine Temple flared up once again, and a cool yet powerful energy surged forth, like a gentle stream flowing into the bodies of every member of the Fischer family.

This power was both soothing and formidable, seeming capable of penetrating one’s soul, awakening the most primal forces within their hearts.

Members of the Fischer family fell to their knees one by one, faces filled with shock and awe at the presence of this power, their bodies beginning to emit a faint glow, as if shrouded in a sacred halo, appearing completely rejuvenated.

“Now, you have been granted the power bestowed by the Lord of the Lost.”

Lilian’s voice once again rang in Darren’s ears, her gaze sweeping across each member of the Fischer family, continuing, “But remember, this power must only be used to protect our homeland, guard our faith, and spread the glory of the great Lord of the Lost.”

The members of the Fischer family stood up, their eyes full of resolve—they knew that this power was the bond between the Fischers and the Lord of the Lost, the weapon to overcome all difficulties.

“The great Lord of the Lost has heard our prayers and will grant us the power to conquer all obstacles!” High Priest Archer’s voice was filled with excitement and resolve, “Now let us embrace this power together and prove our loyalty and faith to the Lord of the Lost through our actions!”

Among all the words of mysticism, only one term was truly divine.

That was “Covenant.”

And the covenant that the Fischers had made with the Lord of the Lost from the beginning was bound to achieve great works through generations, fulfilling His majestic resurrection!

—

Lorne Capital.

Most of the Empire’s residents were hiding at home or gathered in churches, praying for divine protection.

They knew that this war was a matter of national survival and the fate of every family.

On the eve of the final battle, stark confrontation formed inside and outside the city; two irreconcilable forces awaited the ultimate collision.

The night grew deeper, and the bells of war had quietly begun to toll in everyone’s hearts.

On the land of Lorne, ancient and filled with faith, the lights of household after household twinkled like constellations in the dark, the warm candlelight inside flickering, reflecting the faces of the devout and steadfast.

They bowed their heads, eyes closed, silently venerating the God of Reforging—legendary deity capable of melting the world’s suffering and reshaping hope and peace.

“Great God of Reforging, we, the children of Lorne, seek your protection in these troubled times,” a venerable voice, deep and strong, led the collective prayers, “Keep our land far from the ravages of war, our homes free from intrusion, and our spirits at peace.”

It was as if everyone’s spirit was drawn by an invisible thread, merging into a powerful stream of faith that transcended the boundaries of time, conveying their sincerest wishes to the God of Reforging.

The prayers continued, with each word carrying the Lorne People’s desire for victory and peace, ultimately rising as an unstoppable force towards the heavens.

Suddenly, the sky burst forth with a dazzling light, like the first break of dawn piercing through the night. The people looked up only to see a brilliant column of light soaring from the center of the Imperial City, its radiance dimming even the brightest constellation.

Within this column of light was the Immortal Emperor of Lorne, clad in a battle robe that shimmered with flowing colors, wearing a crown studded with countless gemstones, like a war god emerged from myth.

All of Lorne seemed to tremble, the air suffused with a solemn and sacred aura. He raised his hands high, summoning the oldest and most powerful forces between heaven and earth. In the sky, complex and mysterious runes appeared, writhing and intertwining like living things, eventually forming a giant barrier, shimmering with rainbow light, enveloping the entire Lorne Capital and even the wider lands beyond.

“In my name, Light of Lorne, guard this land, repel all foreign foes!”

The Immortal Emperor’s voice echoed between heaven and earth, each word like thunder, shaking the souls of everyone present.

At this moment, from the distant horizon, powerful energy fluctuations began to converge—the combined might of the Fischers and the Dawn Church’s myriad strong.

The Immortal Emperor hovered aloft, his gaze like torches, watching over everything.

The decisive battle was about to begin.

His eyes suddenly revealed gears of yellow, and behind those colored gears there was a murky black light, those black rays filled with eeriness.

The Immortal Emperor murmured to himself:

“I will not fail.”

“For, I have been guided by Him and His power... Yes, destiny is on my side!”

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

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Chapter 605: 541 Immortal Emperor

Chapter 605: Chapter 541 Immortal Emperor

The sacred object of the Elf Clan that has been worshipped for generations, the “Book” hidden within the “New Green Constellation,” could not be opened through conventional means.

That so-called “Jade Holy Object” was actually an austere and mystical prison designed to confine the Destruction Element, the number one “Book.”

However, the Immortal Emperor, through the power he obtained from the God of Reforging, acquired a “Key.”

Thus, he successfully “reforged” the structure of the Jade Holy Object and effortlessly took the “Book” within it into his hands.

At this moment, the Immortal Emperor finally activated the “Book” within him.

It was the Forbidden rare artifact ranked first!

...

The “Omniscience Book”

Even in the eyes of the Gods, single-digit Forbidden rare artifacts were of considerable value, and the Forbidden rare artifact ranked number one could even make the Gods envious.

The Immortal Emperor’s gaze was unwavering as he continued to speak, “Then, as the price, a million citizens of the Lorne Empire!”

“Let me stand above a million lives!”

Swish.

As if the painting on a scroll was suddenly drained of its invisible force, a full million people across the territories of the Lorne Empire disappeared in the blink of an eye.

Moreover, it was not just the disappearance of life, or souls, but almost no one remembered they had ever existed.

Only those who had reached the Heavenly Enlightenment Level could remember those people had appeared.

The next moment, countless Forbidden knowledge surged into his mind, and his gaze changed in an instant, as if he had undergone countless baptisms in a brief span of time.

“So that’s how it is.”

“I understand now...”

The Immortal Emperor trembled uncontrollably, his soul, spirit, and body transcending the shackles of the mundane world, breaking through the traditional limits of power and stepping into an unprecedented new level.

Apocalypse Upper Rank!

Moreover, this power continued to rise.

The multitude of Forbidden knowledge he had acquired was itself a form of power, having begun some sort of transformation on his soul, spirit, and body the moment he came to know them.

Within this new level, the power he possessed became terrifyingly formidable and profound, one of the oldest and most mysterious forces in the universe awakening within him, and the Immortal Emperor was about to become the undisputed ruler of the Claud World.

His eyes shone like two blazing suns, flashing with the light that pierced through all things in the world, with no secret or illusion concealed before him.

With a mere wave of his hand, the Immortal Emperor could move all matter in the world, the laws of nature bending whimsically under his will as if a game were being casually played.

Mountains and rivers changed their course at his mere thought, and more shockingly, the Immortal Emperor could not only control the forces of nature but also touch the essence of life itself.

He easily granted his life immortality, and he could also strip life from all beings in the snap of his fingers, with the cycle of life and death under his command as naturally as the day and night.

If his power continued to grow, the Immortal Emperor's will would eventually become a Law governing all growth, where the flourishing and wilting of plants and the propagation of living creatures would all follow his desires.

By then, he could be called a “Quasi-god” or the “Untouchable.”

Under this power, the Immortal Emperor's figure appeared exceptionally tall and holy, every step rippling through space as if he himself was a bridge connecting different dimensions and times.

His words, even the faintest whisper, could become a roar lingering in spacetime, audible to people years thereafter.

The Fischer family and others watched the scene unfold calmly.

Chris knew that even at his strongest, he was still clearly distanced from the Immortal Emperor, who had not only reached the Apocalypse Upper Rank but was still climbing in power.

Finally, a battle that transcended human comprehension quietly began.

With every sweep of his hand, every step he took, the Immortal Emperor seemed to weave an invisible net, ensnaring each one of the Fischer family and Dawn Church's powerhouses within.

This net was neither solid nor illusory; it distorted time and space in a way beyond human understanding, making it seem as though the Fischer family's strong ones were trapped within ever-changing dimensions.

The attacks from the Fischer family and the members of the Dawn Church dissipated like bubbles in the void, leaving them all helplessly caught in an endless vortex, unable to extricate themselves, and watching as they stepped closer to the abyss.

"It's over."

"Chris Fischer, you are the pillar of the Fischer family today. Only by completely destroying you can all this end... it is all for Him, for... Them."

A speck of black starlight emerged in the depths of the Immortal Emperor's eyes.

The next moment, he amassed the purest force in the universe, a power that transcended the constraints of time, that spanned the boundaries of space, and that perfectly fused the duality of all things in the world.

Chris felt a pressure like never before, trying to break free from that invisible net of time and space, but every effort dissipated as if striking bubbles in the void, to no avail.

"Farewell, Cyart's 'Death God'... You will face true death and become complete nothingness."

As the Immortal Emperor spoke, his Light Sword flashed once more.

An infinite force pressed down in an instant!

This strike powerful enough to shake heaven and earth, even to directly destroy a nation, focused all its force solely upon Chris, not affecting the other members of the Fischer and the Dawn Church.

A hint of perplexity flickered in Chris's eyes, immediately replaced by deep insight.

The body of the “Death God” collapsed under the decisive blow of the Immortal Emperor, and even his soul dissipated into dust scattered across the skies, as though to erase even the trace of his existence.

Yet a miracle occurred—Chris’s soul did not vanish with the disappearance of his body. Instead, it radiated an unprecedented brilliance within this nothingness.

At that moment, Chris seemed to break free from the shackles of his body, observing life and death, existence and oblivion from a wholly new perspective.

His soul began to sink, passing through layers upon layers of the consciousness abyss, each layer bearing his understanding of life, his contemplation of death.

However, in this endless descent, he gradually discovered that true death was not an end, but rather a new beginning, an essential link in the cycle of life, the wellspring of the eternal life and death of the cosmos.

On the Path of Tranquility, death was not the enemy but the most faithful companion of life.

Chris’s will found the power to be reborn on the brink of destruction.

The crucial experience of life and soul both facing complete demise on the Path of Tranquility was a key step, hence the power of the Ninth Tier was fully mastered.

However, since both life and soul were dissipated and shattered, revival seemed nearly impossible.

For those on the Path of Tranquility, this was undoubtedly a tremendous challenge.

Chris felt his own will crumbling bit by bit.

At that point, not even a remnant of his consciousness would remain...

And as his soul was on the brink of being devoured by eternal darkness, the Demise Clan’s God Power that he had obtained from Byrne and Irene appeared, its thick black mist making Chris’s will exceptionally resolute.

“Death” was ended by “Demise”!

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

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Chapter 606: 542: The 10th Rung "Lord of Death"

Chapter 606: Chapter 542: The 10th Rung "Lord of Death"

In everyone's eyes, Chris seemed to have been defeated by the overwhelming power of the Immortal Emperor, his figure dissipating in the light, plummeting forever into the endless dark Abyss.

The legend of Apocalypse Upper Rank naturally possessed an influence within the range of Mysticism, and so at that instant, even in the minds of many Lorne citizens, the same scene emerged.

The Immortal Emperor of the Lorne Empire had won!

"Lorne has won!"

"Our Emperor has won!"

"The Fischer who served the Evil God is about to be destroyed!"

...

"It is the result blessed by the God of Reforging!"

But the script of "destiny" is always full of variables.

Just as countless Lorne citizens were immersed in the joy of victory and the longing for peace, Chris resurrected from the brink of death.

He, who was supposed to have shattered to pieces and vanished into nothing, suddenly appeared out of thin air.

It was as if he had been "refreshed", quite abruptly shocking everyone except the Immortal Emperor!

Countless members of the Lorne race were also at a loss in an instant, falling into deep silence.

Why?

How is he still alive?

That man who served the Evil God! Why hasn't he perished?

This return brought Chris through another profound baptism and transformation of the soul.

Hovering on the edge of death, he completed the ritual of the 10th Rank and obtained the power left by the Lord of the Lost from the Power of Demise.

Indeed, before Karl fell into slumber, he had already lit most of the “constellations” on the subsequent God Pantheon stairway and left that power directly to Archer.

Thus, even though he was no longer conscious, people from the Fischer family could still ascend to higher ranks as long as they grasped the power of the previous rank and completed the ritual of the next one.

It was in this moment that Chris grasped the absolute power that transcends life and death, supreme over all things!

He discovered that death was not an endpoint, but rather the driving force behind the endless cycle of life throughout the universe.

Real power lay not in absolute control over death, but in understanding and mastering the transformation between life and death.

With this deepening understanding, the essence of Chris’s Burier Breath began to undergo a transmutation, no longer merely a symbol of death and destruction, but a new power fused with the energy of life.

When he appeared before everyone once more, his aura was completely different, a majestic force that even heaven and earth would tremble before, where the boundaries of life and death blurred, and all things either lived or perished under his will as if in a game.

Everyone except the Immortal Emperor was shocked, including members of the Fischer family and the Dawn Church, and those Lorne citizens who shared the vision and witnessed this moment.

In front of this unprecedented power, people felt an unprecedented sense of insignificance and powerlessness.

The so-called “Death God” was no longer just a moniker, but Chris had become the supreme existence that commands the balance of life and death, superior to all.

The fierce confrontation unfolded once again!

At this time, the Immortal Emperor had reached Apocalypse Upper Rank, his casual strikes powerful enough to destroy multiple cities, and not just with pure physical force;

his attacks contained various Mysticism that could ignore many seemingly exempt forms of damage.

However, no matter how the Immortal Emperor with the power to manipulate all things attacked, Chris was always able to escape death time and time again, resurrecting in front of him, becoming a veritable mechanical monster.

In exchange after exchange, the Immortal Emperor gradually discovered the source of Chris's power—the absolute control over death.

“Have you truly become the Death God?”

He understood that to defeat “Death God” Chris, he must break through the boundaries!

“So, can you exempt even this Forbidden rare artifact ‘Devour,’ numbered sixteen? It can turn anything and everything into nothingness.”

The Immortal Emperor gathered all his strength, initiating a two-digit Forbidden rare artifact at the expense of most of his life, releasing a glow filled with the power of the void.

Under the illumination of that glow, Chris's body gradually dissipated, as if being devoured by the endless void.

However, just when everyone thought the battle had ended, the “Death God” reformed in the void, his presence even deeper and more terrifying than before.

When Chris appeared before them again, his eyes had become unfathomably deep, wielding a power so great that even the Immortal Emperor felt unprecedented pressure.

The 10th Rank of the Path of Tranquility, “Lord of Death.”

The power he possessed, “Master of Death,” not only almost prevented Chris from dying normally but also made him stronger with each resurrection!

Although Chris seemed to be devoured by the Immortal Emperor's glow, to the point of even his soul shattering and collapsing, his existence had not truly dissipated.

The Immortal Emperor, searching through all the Forbidden knowledge in his mind, suddenly realized how to kill “Death God” Chris.

“So that's it, your power is the ‘Lord of Death’ from the Power of Consecration of the God Pantheon stairway. I understand now, ‘Only by eradicating all those who remember you’ can you be wholly killed...”

Although he knew the solution, the Immortal Emperor instantly realized that it was absolutely impossible to kill Chris Fischer with his own power within a short time frame.

Almost everyone on the entire continent was aware of the existence of the “Death God.”

Even if he tried to erase memories or use other such methods, it would take an unknown amount of time.

Without a doubt, at this moment, Chris was an almost invincible entity standing on invincible ground!

The Immortal Emperor currently had no way to deal with him. At least, that kind of “immortality mechanism” truly could not be broken in a short time. If the Sapphire Curator reached the Apocalypse Upper Rank, on the other hand, it might be possible to achieve this, because as a Spellcaster, they inherently had more ways to deal with various situations.

“So it is...,” the Immortal Emperor murmured to himself.

When Chris returned from the void again, his form had undergone a drastic change, as if he were a spectral ruler shrouded in mist.

This time, he was no longer relying on the pure Power of Death but had perfectly merged the powers of life and death!

The Immortal Emperor, despite possessing the Immortal Power that transcended time, also gradually felt powerless under the assault that merged the forces of life and death wielded by Chris.

He tried to resist with his own power, but each encounter with Chris at this time brought unparalleled pressure.

Finally, Chris, using the delicate balance between life and death, successfully breached the Immortal Emperor’s Immortal Power, directly reaching the core of his numerous souls.

His face was expressionless, without a hint of hesitation.

The souls, destroyed in an instant!

Despite wielding mighty power that could manipulate everything, whose flesh could be endlessly reconstituted, whose long life was nearly immortal, who could destroy several cities with a simple blow, whose soul could recover from just a fragment...

The Immortal Emperor could not, like Chris, traverse death and resurrect even if his soul was completely destroyed.

Under that strike, the force of the Immortal Emperor, standing tall in the sky, began to dissipate, his figure gradually blurring.

However, not a trace of despair or fear flashed across the Immortal Emperor's face; instead, he revealed a mysterious and profound smile.

As if he had not failed.

As though everything had already been predetermined.

The crumbling Immortal Emperor gazed at the sky, as if seeing something, then made a prophecy to everyone:

“After the world has been reforged, I will return in an even more brilliant form. Today's defeat is nothing but a brief pause in the face of destiny; it cannot stop my eternal pursuit!”

As the words of the Immortal Emperor fell, his body and soul gradually turned into specks of starlight, until finally, even a trace of dark light disintegrated.

Yet, his prophecy planted itself like a seed deep in the hearts of everyone from the Fischer family.

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

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Chapter 607: 543: The Day the World was Reforged!

Chapter 607: Chapter 543: The Day the World was Reforged!

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A remnant had lingered.

That was the forbidden rare artifact number one, the legendary “Book”.

The Omiscience Book.

Chris reached out his hand, and in an instant, the book containing countless forbidden knowledge was at his side.

He had received a message in an instant, a message given by the Omiscience Book, free from any errors.

...

With this book, one could reach a higher realm in an instant.

Moreover, once the power of the book was used, or even merely carrying the book, the effects of all lower forbidden rare artifacts would not affect him.

That was why he had not been able to use the power of "Omnipotent Vision" to seal the Extraordinary Power of the Immortal Emperor just a moment ago.

But...

Chris knew the cost of using it was far too great.

He would have to sacrifice millions of lives that trusted him, a feat he could not accomplish in most cases, so Chris slowly shook his head.

Except for the God of Reforging, an existence that could not be countered by human ability, there was no longer any threat to the Fischer family in the Claud World, and there was no longer an urgent need to enhance his power.

"All is over."

Chris murmured to himself.

Suddenly, he and everyone in the Fischer family felt a terrifying presence!

The surrounding sky, earth, city, even space itself was in chaos, everything was shaking violently!

"What!"

Even Chris rarely showed a shocked expression.

He felt it.

The God of Reforging had arrived!

"God of Reforging..."

Chris recalled the key doctrine the Reforging Church had always adhered to, "The God of Reforging will have a moment of descent, and at that time, He will completely reforge an incomplete world full of defects into a brand-new perfect world."

In other words, the entire world was about to be completely reforged!

At the same time, priests of the Reforging Church, dressed in white robes and with a fanatical yet cold light in their eyes, traveled secretly to various locations within the cities of Lorne, conducting rituals.

These rituals were offerings of loyalty to the God of Reforging, and the sacrifices were innocent believers—those misled or coerced into joining the Reforging Church, ultimately becoming victims.

As the rituals intensified, believers in numerous cities were selected one by one, their lives mercilessly taken, their souls extracted and turned into dim lights that merged into the God of Reforging's abyss.

"God of Reforging..."

"Please descend."

"We have finally achieved our objective. Next, let half of the cities become the sacrifice, offered to You... Please reforge the entire world, making everything perfect!"

"^

"Let all souls head towards that perfect new world!"

Finally, when the sacrifices reached an unimaginable number, the sky began to tremble, clouds thickened, and thunder roared.

Beams of blinding light burst from the depths of numerous temples in various cities, shooting straight into the sky, signifying that the miracle of the God of Reforging had finally descended upon the world.

At that moment, the horizon seemed to be torn apart by an ancient and powerful force, unleashing an unprecedented spectacle.

But this was not a light that brought hope and redemption; it was filled with twisting and destructive power.

The God of Reforging, a legendary being who controlled the rhythm of metals and the structure of all things, had finally arrived, in a scene of splendor beyond human imagination.

The originally tranquil azure sky began to surge with strange lights, like the first light before the dawn, yet it contained endless majesty and power.

Then, the light gradually condensed and transformed, turning into countless dazzling brass gears. They varied in size and were intricately suspended in the air, interlocking and rotating, emitting a deep and harmonious mechanical rumble, as if the operating laws of the entire universe were being physically displayed at this moment.

The innumerable brass gears shone not only with the unique luster of metal but also radiated an ancient and mysterious aura. They were not merely material existences but were runes that bore wisdom and power. With the slow rotation of the gears, waves of eerie yet vibrant energy fluctuations descended from the sky, enveloping the entire earth. It seemed that all things were subtly transformed by the baptism of this power.

On the ground, whether it was bustling cities or remote countryside, whether it was bustling crowds or leisurely people, everyone looked up in awe at this heart-stopping scene.

Astonishment, reverence, curiosity... a mix of emotions intertwined, forming a collective human memory at that moment. Many followers of the God of Reforging knelt in worship, thankful for the miracles and revelations bestowed by the divine.

“Ah, the great God of Reforging has descended!”

“God, a divine being has come to this world!”

“At last, I’ve seen it! It’s a true miracle!”

“The world is about to be reforged, we will live in a perfect new world, how wonderful, we are finally going to realize our dreams! Hahahahaha!”

Then...

The World Reforged.

Begin!

The earth began to quake, cities collapsed with a loud crash, countless buildings turned into ruins, and life perished in despair. The power of the God of Reforging was displayed before the people in a twisted form.

It was neither creation nor salvation but a merciless destruction and reshaping of the existing order; this reshaping was not borne of mercy but from the Evil God’s pathological pursuit of chaos and pain.

Driven by the terrifying power of the God of Reforging, the entire planet seemed to become a huge canvas, at the mercy of this Evil God who whimsically splattered its twisted will everywhere.

An unprecedented disaster descended—the entire planet began to decompose, then was reconstructed in a new, twisted form.

The sky was no longer the familiar pitch black but was replaced by a profound, ominous purple, as if the entire world were enveloped in an unknown fear. The ground shattered violently, accompanied by deafening roars. Once majestic mountain ranges collapsed in moments, vast plains were torn apart into deep abysses, and countless cities and villages were obliterated by the twin assaults of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions.

The entire world seemed to be torn apart by an invisible force, disintegrating and falling apart.

People watched in terror as the ground beneath their feet, the sky above their heads, and everything around them were changing in an incomprehensible way. In some areas, time seemed to accelerate, with all things rapidly aging and decaying; in other areas, time seemed to freeze, everything standing still, awaiting an unknown fate.

Countless people cried out in the collapsing world, their voices filled with despair and pain, echoing across this cursed land.

The once spherical Claud World, under the Divine Power of the God of Reforging, gradually twisted into an irregular shape, almost all creatures died in an instant, and countless suffering souls cried out, collapsing, yet attracted by an invisible Divine Power, unable even to proceed to the world of Tranquility.

Most members of the Fischer family also perished in a short time, many souls wailing in unbearable pain.

However, even as the entire world crumbled and fell apart, the enormously powerful Chris had not yet died. His eyes wide open, he clenched a book in his hands, trembling as never before, gazing at all the changes that had occurred within those brief few minutes.

In the end, why had it come to this?

Was everything already too late?

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

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Chapter 608: 544: The 11th Step "Silent Emperor

Chapter 608: Chapter 544: The 11th Step “Silent Emperor

The entire Claud World was like a mercilessly torn scroll, with every part echoing the elegy of life, as the power of the God of Reforging relentlessly destroyed everything. How fragile and fleeting the multitude of lives was when hit by the force of a True God Level.

With the collapse of the planet, countless souls struggled in fear and wailing, wandering in the void, unable to find peace—because their agony and dread were like eternal shackles.

Flames of indomitable will burned in Chris’s eyes.

In the moment the world was being reforged, he had already died more than once, but he quickly resurrected.

At this point, all members of the Fischer family except for Chris had perished, yet he still lived because... Chris suddenly understood the situation.

Yes, because the great He remembered him, and He was the immortal, the eternal existence...

...

So he himself would not die either.

He tightly grasped the legendary sacred object—the Omiscience Book.

“I sacrifice...”

At this point, there was no choice but to risk sacrificing the million souls of Cyart in a desperate attempt.

“Even if I reach the 11th Rank, it’s impossible to defeat Him.”

However, if I can reach the 11th Rank... I will have enough spiritual power on my own, and the countless members of the Fischer family who just died, their spiritual power was also absorbed by the great Lord of the Lost.

Just a little more, and it might be possible to help the great Him awake.

Chris took a deep breath, closed his eyes, and focused all his spirit and power on the Omiscience Book he held in his hands.

As he slowly opened the Omiscience Book and read the various texts written upon it, that most powerful book began to emit a dazzling light, the light filled with mysterious power pierced the surrounding darkness and void.

Under the light's illumination, Chris's power began to grow at an unimaginable speed, swiftly mastering the 10th Rank, his eyes revealing an endless, nearly countless array of symbols.

Chris closed his eyes.

So that's how it is, I understand now...

When he opened his eyes again, they were as resplendent as constellations, and then, like a meteor cutting through the night sky, he charged toward the core of the God of Reforging that had just devastated the planet.

At this moment, Chris had finally reached the 11th Rank of the Path of Tranquility, a power level that could stand shoulder to shoulder with the fifth level of power of Bloodline, known as "Quasi-god" and "Untouchable."

"Silent Emperor."

Its image in the Spirit Realm was one of an emperor in a pure white robe with an indistinct face, as if endowed with boundless Tranquility power.

The power of the "Silent Emperor" had reached a certain apex, an absolutely serene state of mind.

Chris's demeanor had undergone a radical change, the previously sharp, sword-like presence was replaced by something profound and unfathomably mystical.

"Silent Decree."

That was the mighty power held by the 11th Rank of the Path of Tranquility.

He no longer needed to actually speak; the words from deep within his heart would now carry the power to warp reality, both terrifying in effect and scope.

At this time, the power Chris possessed far surpassed the Apocalypse Upper Rank. As a mighty "Quasi-god," "Untouchable," even a mere "Silent Decree" issued from deep inside could command nearly half of the Ouden Continent beneath his feet to start reassembling.

However, the power he wielded still had a very clear gap compared to the True God Level power of the God of Reforging.

Despite having stepped into the “Silent Emperor” Consecration of the God Pantheon stairway, possessing unprecedented power and wisdom, he still could not escape the fate of defeat in the ultimate confrontation with the God of Reforging.

The God of Reforging, being a genuine Divine, had power nearly unfathomable and far beyond the imagination of mere mortals.

That was a terrifying power capable of overturning rules and reshaping the world.

Faced with such a mighty enemy, even Chris, who had become the “Silent Emperor,” felt an unprecedented pressure and helplessness.

Every attack he made seemed so insignificant and powerless in front of the God of Reforging, like a leaf boat in a storm, at any moment likely to be devoured.

Chris’s body began to crumble under the onslaught of the formidable power, and his soul gradually dissipated amid the endless agony and unwillingness.

Yet, no matter how much he dissipated, Chris would always revive.

For the Lord of the Lost still remembered his existence, so the trait of “Master of Death” would not disappear.

Not even a True God could kill him!

Then, Chris was astonished to see the Gods appear in the sky!

The Lord of Salvation, World Order Emperor, Blazing Sun, Silver Moon Lady, Tempest Overlord!

They were all wrapped in black light, standing silently like puppets among many brass gears, all gazing at the only survivor of the world’s destruction, Chris Fischer.

The battlefield that Chris thought was the endpoint was suddenly enveloped by an even deeper and more uneasy presence. As if from the void of the abyss, a more ancient and terrifying projection slowly emerged behind the many Divine—the projection of the otherworldly god known as the “Chaos Constellation.”

The Chaos Constellation, an otherworldly god that existed in the multiverse since before the birth of this universe. Its figure surpassed the constraints of time and space, its mere existence was a challenge to and subversion of cosmic order. Its projection, like a distorted constellation, exuded a suffocating darkness and chaotic aura, tearing the space around it into ragged fragments, as if even time and space lost their meaning before it.

As soon as the projection of the otherworldly god appeared, the entire shattered planet was seemingly enveloped by an invisible fear. Even the True Gods trembled slightly, feeling awe at the arrival of this ancient Evil God. Within the projection, countless twisted tentacles and ferocious faces intertwined, whispering, roaring, speaking of the most ancient and darkest secrets of the universe.

With the projection of the Chaos Constellation becoming clearer, the entire planet began to undergo unprecedented transformations. The mountains and rivers that had been destroyed by the God of Reforging started to revive in an even stranger form. They twisted and deformed, controlled by some indescribable power. The air was filled with an indescribable stench of chaos and decay, eroding every inch of land, every ocean, making life tremble before this power.

Under this power's shroud, the many souls on the planet began a disaster like no other. The resurrected ones were twisted into monsters, plunging into endless madness and despair. The entire planet became a cursed Purgatory.

So it was... Chris understood in an instant. The God of Reforging was just a disguise of the Chaos Constellation.

The so-called perfect new world was but a deception.

What was ultimately reforged was nothing more than a "Planet Body" belonging to the Chaos Constellation!

At that moment, he suddenly felt a surge of power flowing in, no longer attempting to kill him but to seal.

He must die.

Chris took a deep breath.

He raised his hand and spoke more words than ever before.

"O great Lord of the Lost."

"I am the last survivor of the Fischer family."

"I am also the first to witness Your bestowed covenant."

"At this moment, I sacrifice to You my past, the present, future, all that I am."

"Please awaken, O great One!"

The next moment, a myriad of lights poured out from him.

The sacred object of the Fischer family, the transparent bottle, had completely shattered, and at that time, a dense black fog emerged from the broken transparent bottle.

And Chris's soul and body were completely offered up to the Lord of the Lost; the Spiritual Power of the Fischer family members was entirely bestowed upon Karl's soul.

The sufficient Spiritual Power allowed him to wake up more rapidly, and the next seal was finally completely broken, a more powerful force and many memories fully surged forth.

The ninth seal, released.

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

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Chapter 609: 545: The 9th Seal

Chapter 609: Chapter 545: The 9th Seal

Karl awoke.

He had already broken the ninth seal and acquired even greater power.

Before him, the world had already been destroyed, his entire field of view filled with shattered debris and endless voids of darkness. The remaking power had even involved the Spirit Realm, causing all members of the Fischer family to perish, their Spiritual Power completely returned to himself.

The otherworldly god "Chaos Constellation" had completely occupied this world, long since manipulating all the gods, becoming the greatest winner behind the scenes.

Karl suddenly realized that those divine beings were still present in the blood-red moon among the two moons, and had not truly left the Claud World.

So it was, the so-called Gods had already left Claud World... This matter had been a rumor, or rather, a lie, from beginning to end.

...

Everything had completely ended.

"However, that doesn't matter... because It holds no animosity toward me."

“Even if there were animosity, It couldn’t possibly harm me.”

Indeed, Karl could feel that Chaos Constellation bore no malice towards him.

The Fischer family had been destroyed, but what came next for him was simply to find a new world and repetitively cycle through the same actions.

They were merely transient existences after all.

In the countless worlds, mortals were too numerous to count, almost valueless, fundamentally not worthy of care.

Karl realized indifferently that upon waking this time, his personality had become even colder and more detached, likely because he had recalled more memories.

He could now confirm that he was the incarnation of “End,” once a great entity among the top of the otherworldly gods—the “Three Pillars,” but now sealed, with no place for him among the new Three Pillars.

Such insignificant existences like the Fischer family, constantly emerging and perishing within the multiverse, what did their destruction matter...

“Fischer...”

An unprecedented fluctuation began to slowly proliferate within Karl’s heart, not stemming from the surge of the Power of Demise, but from many memories that were neither too distant nor very clear.

In the flood of memories, familiar faces flashed by like a carousel:

“Please save us, great Lord of the Lost, I am willing to give you anything!”

“Step over my dead body to advance.”

“Father! The Fischer family will remember all the hatred! I swear to the Lord of the Lost that I will avenge you, and one day, we will repay everything with the blood and tears of the Meyer family!”

“The Fischer family always remembers our pact with you, requesting your return!”

“The time has come, Fischer must continue!”

“Even if it takes a thousand of my lives and souls to make the sacrifice! I will never betray Fischer, nor will I ever leave the Dawn Church!”

“My talent is very inadequate, I fear I can never reach the 5th Rank in my lifetime, so my personal Extraordinary Power is completely insignificant for the whole, I truly believe that keeping the entire family operating smoothly is the most important thing.”

“Stop it! Cardinal! Those Cyart people are innocent!”

“At this moment, I will sacrifice my past, present, and future, everything to you.”

“Please awaken, great one!”

Irene, Lucius, Byrne, Lilian, Darren, Karno, Christine, Felix, Chris...

If not for the final efforts of the Fischer family and Chris, he wouldn't have broken the nine seals, and thus wouldn't have been able to freely leave the current universe.

As memories began to resurge, Karl, who had released the ninth seal and was about to fully revert to the End, gradually felt a resurgence of humanity in his heart. Consequently, he decided to take a risk, to try to save those familiar clans struggling in the currents of Destiny.

He intended to destroy the timeline, reverse the future, and bring time back to the past to rectify the regrets carried in those memories!

This decision was not without cost.

If he wished to save them, he would have to exhaust all of his Spiritual Power, destroy the existing timeline of this universe... Meanwhile, the Seal on him would return to its initial state.

The only advantage lay in the fact that, other than that otherworldly god of the Chaos Constellation, it should be only I who carried memories back.

Karl knew exactly what risks he was facing.

If “next cycle” ended and he hadn't lifted the ninth seal to master the power to traverse time and space, perhaps, he would drift forever in this shattered darkness of nothingness...

Even after tens of thousands of years, no one in this void would ever be able to find and help him.

In truth, he had already won.

At this moment, he could simply walk away, go to another universe, find new favored clans; there was absolutely no need to risk saving the Fischer family.

“ ... ”

Was this truly the result he wanted?

Was he truly content with this?

Was the Fischer family merely a stepping stone to be casually discarded?

A flame that should not have existed flared up deep within Karl's heart; as one of the most powerful beings in the world, he could not give up so easily!

He had no desire to escape his fate but wanted to shape all destiny's trajectories according to his will!

“I am the Lord of the Lost!”

“When the great enterprise is accomplished, it will also be the moment the Fischers ascend to divinity!”

“There is no way I can escape now, since the initial pact was set, it shall be realized by me!”

Karl's heart filled with resolve, vowing to shatter the Fischer family's predetermined destiny in his own way.

An indescribable power surged from within him, a force that transcended the constraints of time, penetrating the barriers of space, directly acting upon the timeline of the entire universe.

Under Karl's powerful will, the surrounding space began to warp, time frayed like torn cloth, its fragments fluttering, each piece carrying different trajectories of destiny.

The timeline began to tremble as if plucked by an invisible hand, and the once stable flow of time turned into utter chaos.

Past, present, and future intertwined, forming a complex and chaotic picture, until he gathered all the Spiritual Power into a focal point, then released it explosively.

In that moment, the universe's timeline, like a giant tree hewn down, thunderously collapsed and rewove into an entirely new scene.

As time reversed, Karl's will surged into the past like a tide, reshaping people and events he wanted to change and save.

Time returned to those critical nodes, every choice, every encounter, every farewell, now granted new possibilities.

—
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—
Suddenly, he felt as if stepping out of a dark, unlit world, finally able to “see” his surroundings.

It was the familiar yet unfamiliar old dilapidated shack, very damp, merely two wooden plank beds on either side covered with straw mats, the cramped room still neatly stacked with various items.

The force once powerful enough to destroy most concepts had almost entirely drained.

Now, Karl was extremely weak.

The transparent bottle carrying his soul still sat on that wooden plank bed.

The door to the shack was wide open, Karl’s consciousness could see the night sky outside, the stars sparse, the air fresh, and quite distinctly in the night sky hung two moons.

One crimson, one bright.

And in that crimson moon, were those local gods of Claud who had been controlled by the Chaos Constellation.

[Back again...]

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

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“Fishing for survival, descendants of the Piglet, you are undoubtedly the fodder at the bottom of a cruel world, born with souls so base because they hold no value; thus, no divine beings would ever shelter you.”

The Blood Priest gazed coldly at the despairing Irene, repeating the words he had already spoken in a previous timeline.

“Since you have no refuge, become a sacrifice to satiate our lord’s appetite.”

“Boom!”

Just like before, a terrifying bolt of lightning fell from the stormy night sky as if a celestial being thrust a white blade through the heavens, splitting the darkness and tearing apart the priest’s body.

Irene was left dumbfounded.

...

Then...

“I am the Lord of the Lost, the god who shall indeed resurrect.”

“Your achievement aids a great endeavor, contributing a portion of power.”

The pact between “The End and the Fischer family” was signed once again; up until now, everything had occurred without any deviations from the initial events.

Karl was clear on one thing—if he wanted to alter the ultimate outcome in this second run, he would have to understand several matters.

These include the truths about the native gods of Claud and the manipulated God of Reforging, as well as the specific details of the manipulative otherworldly god, “Chaos Constellation.”

Hmm, the most important matter was... the truth of his own sealing.

Although in a former life he managed to break the ninth seal, he still could not recall why he was sealed, or who sealed him, as Karl’s memories and powers remained incomplete.

However, one thing was evident, if someone could seal the supreme existence of an otherworldly god, The End, then it was highly probable that the entity performing the sealing was another otherworldly god.

In short, he had two main objectives for this second run: firstly, to uncover those truths, and secondly, to enhance the power of the Fischer family as much as possible.

If someone from the Fischer family could reach the 12th Rank, surpassing the five levels of bloodline power to attain a strength comparable to a True God, they would have enough capability to defeat the God of Reforging who descends in the final stage.

This time, you can’t have your “Mechanical Descent.”

Karl silently contemplated another matter worthy of attention—the Chaos Constellation, the Tranquility Songster... and other otherworldly gods who, like him, were unfettered by the constraints of timelines and also carried their memories into the second run.

Thus, he had to be wary of potential changes.

In short, he would wait for them to appear.

After some time.

Lucius was extremely shocked. Theoretically, a human with neither spellcasting talent nor the power of bloodline should never truly possess extraordinary power, even if they temporarily gained some!

And yet, the power he held had shattered such an ironclad rule!

Suppressing the excitement deep in his heart, Lucius spoke with utmost reverence, “Great Lord of the Lost, I am Lucius, now the eldest male of the Fischer family.”

“The Fischer family will absolutely serve you, with loyalty and to the utmost of our abilities. Everything we do is for your grand resurrection!”

Just like initially, Karl granted them the power of God Pantheon stairway.

But this time, unlike in past lives, they had advance knowledge of how to grasp the Power of Consecution more quickly, and what rituals were needed for each step.

Grasping true extraordinary power delighted the members of Fischer greatly, and then Karl issued several critical divine oracles.

Most importantly, they were to collect information about the “Chaos Constellation” and the truths about the native gods and the God of Reforging.

Secondly, they were to look into the several attacks the Fischer family was likely to experience in the coming years, especially the one that historically would have led to Lucius’s death, even revealing that Viscount Bast was the orchestrator of that attack.

Although the Chaos Constellations were aware of the Fischer family’s situation, Karl understood that this otherworldly god did not possess what’s called “personality” and would not, like him, disclose information or deliver specific divine oracles; thus, the Stars Embrace Order would not come seeking them anytime soon.

In fact, among the multitude of otherworldly gods, those possessing the irrelevant trait of “personality” were ultimately a minority.

Initially, Karl possessed little spiritual power, which was nearly exhausted after delivering this round of divine oracles.

“What? Viscount Bast has colluded with those despicable Rhea people?”

Lucius’s expression changed, his eyes pondering, clouded with uncertainty.

“Great Lord of the Lost, I understand. Thank you for the warning.”

In the second cycle, the Fischer family accelerated their Power of Consecution even more rapidly than before, and under Lucius’s arrangements, two attacks involving East Sea Natives and Rhea People were easily resolved.

Grandma Narda’s “lamp base” component was successfully acquired by the Fischer family.

During the attack by the Rhea People, Lucius cleverly tipped off Duke Romann in advance. When the Meyer family troops from Rhea came searching for the lamp base of the “Wishing Divine Lamp,” they encountered Duke Romann’s ambushing army by Nasir Town and were completely annihilated.

Because Nasir Town was spared from peril, Lucius received commendation from Duke Romann and was granted knighthood, solidifying the Fischer family’s standing in the town.

A few years passed, and Lucius became the first to reach the 3rd Rank of the “Sword Brandisher,” while Byrne also came into contact with the Alchemy Council and Viscount Bast.

The silver descendants in town dared not confront Lucius who had undergone a “low-level Transmutation,” and honestly submitted, while Lucius’s team preemptively wiped out the members of the Sea God Cult, offering no chance for the Spawn of the Abyss to appear.

And due to Lucius’s presence, Irene and Byrne also had more time to augment their strength.

Finally, Irene and Byrne both reached the 3rd Rank sooner than before, and only then did Lucius officially elevate the dormant family to baronial status, while discreetly spreading the doctrines of the Dawn Church.

Nasir Town had completely become the asset of the Fischer family, and soon after, Lucius, on behalf of Byrne, forged a friendship with Viscount Bast of the Lion clan.

Before the war against the Sea God Cult began, Karl delivered another prophecy, directly informing a few members of the Fischer family of the causes and effects of many matters.

Thus, they informed the Tempest Bishop “Thunderous Monarch” in advance about someone within the Tempest Church colluding with the Sea God Cult and then began cooperating with Assistant Priest Zayne to covertly investigate.

Baron Leander became a key breakthrough. He had seen the transactions between the Tempest Church, the Sea God Cult, and the Last Blood in the Spirit Realm; it was for this reason that he was killed and went mad in the Spirit Realm.

In the previous life, Byrne killed him after he went mad, but failed to decipher the clue he had left behind.

Finally, the traitor was exposed.

The Fischer family, in conjunction with the Tempest Bishop “Thunderous Monarch,” subdued the traitor. Then, Byrne offered a strategy.

“Respected bishop, perhaps, we could ambush them! Please allow me to explain in detail...”

The Tempest Bishop began to counter-deploy, inviting a true powerhouse at the price of a Forbidden rare artifact.

Thus, during the decisive battle with the Sea God Cult, Lord Aldrich of the Romann family unexpectedly appeared, calmly collaborating with the “Thunderous Monarch” in a two against three combat and successfully defeated the discordant enemy trio, even killing one of them.

The Sea God Cult faced an immediate dire situation and could only hide again in the sea.

And so, the Fischer family became instantly in demand, gaining more connections and status, and a few years later, Lucius stepped onto the 4th Rank, “Commander,” and a new viscount family was born!

Because the “Thunderous Monarch” was still alive, the great slaughter and reshuffling among the families of the East Coast after Earl Hovern lost power did not occur, and many viscount families honestly followed this bishop, who was promoted to mid-level Monarch a few years later.

Finally...

The information about the “Chaos Constellation” was found. Two years earlier, Chris reached the 4th Rank “Sin Executioner” and successfully encountered the Stars Embrace Order under the “Black Starlight.”

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