

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

## **#Chapter 61: 70 The New Elder - Read From Secret Clan to the Divine Dynasty Chapter 61: 59 The New Elder**

Chapter 61: Chapter 59 The New Elder

A few days ago, the elder of the silver descendants clan finally passed away.

However, the reclusive and stubborn silver descendants clan did not invite anyone from the town to mourn, not even the town chief, who tactfully did not attend.

Late at night, the funeral finally concluded, and the prestigious and wealthy old men of the silver descendants gathered in the house, intending to listen to the voice of the Lord of Salvation and the ancestors, to select the new elder of the silver descendants clan.

“Boom!”

Thunder rumbled outside, as if a heavy rain was about to pour down in the dark night, and the expressions of the five old men in the house were solemn, as if they each harbored their own thoughts.

“Let’s begin.”

They placed their arms over the shoulders of the person next to them, one by one closing their eyes, waiting, and then collectively saying aloud the name they “heard.”

Outside the house, including Aaron in their number, the three qualified Extraordinary candidates and their confidants waited, while hundreds of Nasir silver descendants surrounded them, maintaining decorum and silence.

All but Aaron among the other candidates grew increasingly anxious; only he remained extremely calm.

One of the candidates, Emil, walked over and whispered in his ear:

“Aaron, why are you still here? Four of the five people inside are relatives of ours, do you really think you still have a chance?”

Aaron revealed a cold smirk, and said loudly:

“Naive are you, even direct blood relations cannot be fully trusted, let alone so-called relatives!”

His voice was too loud, and in the silent solemnity, it stood out conspicuously; almost everyone looked over, and some even felt that speaking so loudly on such an occasion was indecorous and irksome.

Nevertheless, Aaron did not care about the gazes of the people at all.

He just sneered and lifted his head proudly.

Finally, the old men emerged from within the house, looking at the people outside, ready to announce the result. Candidates other than Aaron all craned their necks in eager anticipation, unable to wait any longer.

Aaron calmly touched the flintlock at his waist; if the elder selection failed, he would kill those bribe-taking old men on the spot, then break out and become a bandit, and the Fischer family would become his sworn enemy as well.

The chief elder stood at the convergence of glances, took a deep breath, and loudly announced the final winner.

“Aaron Yilmaz!”

Many people widened their eyes, while Aaron’s supporters instantly erupted in cheers, which only quieted down once scolded by the elders.

“Unfair! You cheated! You must have cheated!”

Candidate Emil yelled, furiously condemning Aaron and his people, while Aaron’s supporters responded angrily, and the scene instantly descended into chaos.

Aaron, with a forceful hand, pushed through the crowd in front of him, ignoring all the noise, and emotionlessly approached the elder who had announced the name.

The old man smiled at him, and Aaron whispered in his ear.

“You chose the future and wealth, not your incapable nephew; it is undoubtedly the right choice.”

The elder had no choice, they had originally planned to refuse, but who could anticipate that Aaron’s promises were too abundant?

A down payment of three hundred Gold Coins, and a full thousand Gold Coins upon success—who on earth could refuse!

“This is the ring of the elder, wear it! Child! You shall become the spokesperson for the silver descendants clan! The ancestors and the Lord of Salvation bless you!”

The old man chuckled and took out a silver ring intending to place it on Aaron's hand, but his aged hand was grasped by Aaron, who then astonishingly pulled the ring out of his palm with force and wore it on the index finger of his left hand.

Aaron gazed at the somewhat uneasy elders and began to speak slowly:

"Do not call me child. I am your elder."

He took the silver ring and went to the Fischer family during the night. Byrne and Madam Irene were waiting in the living room for a long time.

Byrne looked at the silver ring on Aaron's hand and smiled, "Congratulations, it seems that you have truly succeeded."

Aaron gazed at the silver ring for a long time, then calmly shook his head and said:

"It's not just my success, but our joint success, and the success of the future of all silver descendants. Thousands of silver descendants on the East Coast need more unity, they need a new high elder."

He took off the silver ring and placed it casually on the table, and continued:

"I will need a lot more money in the future, whether it is for improving my strength or going even further, I hope the Fischer family will continue to support me."

Irene nodded, speaking calmly, "The Fischer family will support you, as long as you can provide sufficient feedback first. We need to see a return within the year."

Aaron stared at Irene, who had just spoken, for a long time, stood up, and then knelt down on the ground, apologizing with extreme sincerity and exaggeration:

"Madam Irene, I originally looked down on you because you are a woman. Now, I offer you my sincere apologies. From now on, Byrne, you, and the entire Fischer family will all be my best friends!"

"..."

Irene was stunned for a moment, then forced a slight smile, finding it odd why her "Listening for Malice" Extraordinary trait hadn't triggered.

Even if gender discrimination exists in ordinary social groups, it is increasingly rare at higher levels among Extraordinary Exponents. More common were discriminations based on strength, lineage, and talent.

It wasn't unusual at all for powerful female Extraordinary Exponents to have many male lovers in service to them. Indeed, someone once said, "Extraordinary Exponents are a third gender, beyond male and female."

She really hadn't expected that Aaron's initial provocation was due to gender.

Moreover, this guy was too straightforward in both speech and action, and in a sense, it was somewhat uncomfortable. No, it was very uncomfortable.

Byrne broke the awkwardness, speaking immediately to the kneeling Aaron:

"Let's discuss the details of our future cooperation. The content discussed before wasn't sufficient, but the collateral you ultimately put forth has given us great confidence."

The original voting result was that Irene was in favor, while Byrne was against.

Initially, Aaron did not want to offer anything as collateral, but having been burnt by his "good friend" Robert before, Byrne firmly opposed "verbal agreements," unwilling to try for benefits promised by the empty promises of a white wolf.

In the end, Aaron had no choice but to offer something extremely valuable as collateral to the Fischer family—a Class 3 Extraordinary Material worth more than two hundred Gold Coins.

So the Byrne siblings weren't afraid of him running away and suffering too much loss in case of failure, and ultimately they all agreed to invest.

He had realized that often times, one needed to be sufficiently greedy. It wasn't that the other party couldn't provide collateral; they just didn't want to offer anything valuable as collateral.

After Aaron stood up, he remained silent for a long while before speaking directly, "I need your help to kill someone."

"Who?" Byrne's eyebrows rose.

Aaron recalled the man who was full of confidence, who had convinced him to leave the selection, and afterward led the accusation of his cheating, Emil.

"Emil, a failed candidate, a high-level Beginning Spellcaster, a pathetic clown. He will never listen to me and his status is not low, I must act before this guy does anything!"

After he finished speaking, his expression became sorrowful. Byrne and Irene, who thought they could accept his strangeness, hadn't anticipated that he would turn out even more abnormal.

Byrne could not help but ask, “Why do you look so sad?”

“Of course, it’s because I can’t help but have to eliminate a fellow silver descendant who possesses extraordinary power. Emil should have contributed to all silver descendants.”

Aaron shed genuine tears, his voice filled with sorrow as he continued.

“I loathe stupid people. However, even a stupid silver descendant is still my precious kin. He should have been working for me and the silver descendants under the watchful eyes of our ancestors, but I know his arrogant nature of overconfidence, and I simply must erase him.”

Irene keenly noticed something—that he had just mentioned “under the watchful eyes of our ancestors” without saying “the Lord of Salvation.”

Aaron kept talking, obviously very adept at coveting grand things:

“The silver descendants have made too many sacrifices. Now we must make new ones, but all for the sake of a powerful future!”

To be honest, Byrne occasionally felt that Irene was a bit abnormal, but deep inside, he could understand. After all, the extraordinary power of the Lord of the Lost indeed inspired awe.

But the man in front of them appeared to be genuinely mentally unstable, seemingly positioning himself in a very peculiar place.

The Fischer family had invested in a madman, a madman with capability and status.

They had concluded from their investigation that Aaron was very capable and, though somewhat paranoid, he often achieved success and had considerable hidden influence among the younger silver descendants.

Those young people who yearned for change, who did not want to forever remain complacent, silently supported Aaron.

But Byrne hadn’t expected him to be so paranoid, and couldn’t help but ask:

“Aaron, who do you think you are for the silver descendants clan and all the silver descendants on the East Coast?”

The sorrowful Aaron finally revealed a smile he had never shown before and declared confidently:

“The Savior.”

## Chapter 62: Chapter 60: Fischer is on Fire

"The person you want to kill is called Emil, right?"

Upon hearing and confirming this name, Byrne immediately fell into deep thought.

He had occasionally heard of Emil before, seemingly a spellcaster from Nasir's silver descendant clan with high-level Beginning strength. His talent for casting fell under "Transformation".

It was said that Emil was quite talented and had the opportunity to reach Level 2 "Transmutation" in the future.

Byrne had no real interaction with him, and the thought of unhesitatingly killing a stranger with whom he bore no personal grudge still brought some psychological pressure.

"Byrne, I know your personality; you're not someone who would take another's life for personal gain so easily,"

Irene said calmly from the side, her gaze toward Byrne unwavering, as if she had long been prepared for this step.

"Let me take care of this matter. You don't have to get involved,"

Aaron asked in surprise:

"Oh? You're not choosing to stand together? I thought people from the Fischer family always put their full effort in the same direction."

"You think you bear him no grudge, but you're wrong,"

Byrne slightly furrowed his brow, listening as Aaron continued.

"By choosing me and the Fischer family, you have already blocked his path. The grudge is set; sooner or later he will come after me!"

The middle-aged silver descendant sneered coldly, with a look in his eyes as though he were a wild animal, a demon, or even more sinister!

"And should I die or lose power, the three hundred Gold Coins you invested will be washed away completely. When that time comes, you will regret your inaction and regret not doing more for your family."

Byrne's brow remained tightly knitted, silent, but deep down he knew that the other party made sense.

However, the Class 3 Extraordinary Material pledged by Aaron was still there, so it wouldn't be a total loss.

The Fischer family had already blocked the candidate Emil's path—there was indeed a grudge between them!

In the end, I was still too naive, having been unprepared for such things all this while, yet now I had no choice but to confront it.

In truth, there was something Irene hadn't mentioned, which was her recollection of Emil, that detestable man.

He always disliked Irene's visits because he had to hurriedly pay her after the clan elder received treatment, just to show respect; hoping the elder would recover.

But through her Extraordinary trait of "Listening for Malice", she could discern Emil's true thoughts.

Silently, he had wished the elder would die quickly so he could become the new elder. It was always tough for him to express his bitterness, nearly at the point of wanting to kill Irene, who kept treating the elder.

Irene always saw that man's undisguised threatening glance and heard the malice deep within him.

She even highly suspected that if it weren't for Emil's reluctance to provoke the Fischer family, she might have already faced threats from him.

Just then, Byrne and Irene suddenly felt a sense of alarm!

It was the will of the Lord of the Lost!

Every time they heeded a divine warning, something extremely dangerous happened. The two of them instantly changed complexion, not knowing what was about to unfold.

Irene was certain that it wasn't Aaron harboring hostility, as her Extraordinary trait "Malice Perception" had no reaction.

She soon saw a servant running to the outside of the living room in panic, not daring to come closer, shouting in extreme anxiety: "Masters, something terrible has happened!"

All three turned their heads toward him. The Fischer family's rules had become increasingly strict in recent years, and servants would not normally interrupt conversations. The urgency of this servant certainly meant the situation was grave.

"What's wrong?" Irene asked immediately.

As family matters were mostly handled by Irene, the servants held her in some awe and quickly bowed their heads to say:

“Many people from the silver descendants clan have arrived, and they’ve brought a lot of torches. I fear they intend to set this place ablaze!”

Irene and Byrne immediately looked toward Aaron, whose brow also furrowed in confusion.

“How did this happen? Let’s go out and take a look, hurry up!”

They subsequently arrived outside, where Guards Captain Theo had already led more than thirty guards, who were stationed at the door vigilantly with spears in their hands and more than a dozen of them carrying newly issued flintlocks.

In the darkness of the night, a group of silver-haired people held up torches high, gathered together, the flames reflecting the anger on their faces.

Byrne saw that the silver descendants surrounding the mansion numbered nearly a hundred, and they were mostly armed with torches and weapons, evidently more in number than the Fischer family. The leading silver-haired man wore lavish clothes, clearly a wealthy and high-status silver descendant.

If his guess was correct, the man leading them was none other than Emil, whom Aaron had been so eager to kill.

“What are you doing!”

Byrne stepped forward, indignantly and fearlessly shouting at the many silver descendants.

“Aaron, that traitor, he is indeed here!”

Emil raised a dagger, pointing it at Aaron standing by Byrne’s side, and roared:

“Brothers! You have all been deceived by Aaron. Aaron is a traitor to the silver descendants clan, he has colluded with outsiders, bribing the elders with those filthy Gold Coins!”

“The ancestors and the Lords of Salvation will never recognize him, never!”

Emil’s anger flared even more when he saw the damn woman wearing a black veil.

If she hadn’t been there, the elders would have died on the road during their flight when the Rhea attacked years ago. At that time, Aaron wasn’t even an Extraordinary Exponent. The selection of a new elder would never have fallen to him!



With their number being thrice that of their opponents, Emil couldn't help but feel brazen as he pointed his dagger towards Irene's veil and bellowed:

"You filthy scum of the Fischer family, oozing pus of vile evil, you bring out your wicked money, you insult our sacred selection of elders, now is the time to kneel and repent on the ground!"

He paused for a moment, continuing to mock and insult:

"As shameless outsiders, you manipulate our selection of elders, utterly despicable. This pair of siblings are probably just like the rumors say, indulging in secretive love affairs, utterly lacking any moral bottom line!"

The dozen or so silver descendants surrounding them burst into vulgar laughter, looking at Irene with depraved eyes, and some even making insulting gestures.

Beneath her veil, Irene's expression remained unchanged, she even wanted to sneer.

She well knew that Byrne was a fairly kind person but also extremely emotional. He could tolerate being scorned himself, but he would never allow someone to insult or harm his friends and family.

Byrne was indeed furious inside, knowing all too well how far such gossip could spread in a small place, and he was mentally itching to pull every bone out of that guy's body!

He used "Profound Memory" to firmly imprint the faces of those who had just laughed!

Aaron's face remained expressionless throughout, but internally he was puzzled as to why there had been a leak until he saw a young man hiding in the crowd and finally understood.

It was the guy who had brought gifts on his first visit to the Fischer family, someone who had been following him for years and to whom he had given enough food to survive until now.

Traitor.

The young man caught Aaron's eye for a second before hurriedly turning away, unsettled, and moving further back into the crowd.

Aaron's face was cold, knowing his supporters would arrive before long.

Emil raised his torch high, and the many flames lit up the dark night as he shouted with righteous fury:

“Aaron must come back with us! On behalf of our people, I demand you confess your crimes. You must be punished by the law, atoning with your life for your sins!”

Aaron continued to sneer silently, saying nothing.

The guards of the Fischer family looked grave, with Guards Captain Theo noticing several silver descendants also armed with flintlocks. If a battle really ensued, even if they eventually won, the casualties on their side would be dire.

Byrne and Irene, however, both appeared calm, seemingly unconcerned about the situation at hand.

Emil kept shouting, constantly stirring the emotions of the silver descendants around him.

“Today, we demand justice and fairness! Otherwise, we will burn the Fischer family! Burn the Fischer family! Burn the Fischer family!”

After his shout, the people around him joined in, and soon hundreds of silver descendants began to yell. The sound was deafening, and everyone in the street could hear it clearly.

Chapter 63: Chapter 61: Nasir’s Fischer

[If we come to blows now, we would definitely win. Speak up quickly, Emil.]

[I really want to have that bitch. The body beneath her black clothes must be lewd. What woman isn’t dying for it, what’s with the act.]

[Aaron, you’re bound to lose. I, Emil, will be the ultimate winner. You didn’t see this coming, did you? I know you have always looked down on me! Heh heh!]

The passive Extraordinary trait ‘Listening for Malice’ of the “Listener” silently activated.

Irene’s mind was flooded with the voices of those guys—some arrogant, some sleazy, and some haughty. She appeared to be unconcerned on the surface, but in reality, she was becoming increasingly annoyed.

The various malicious intentions of those people were too obvious; Irene really didn’t want to hear anymore and subconsciously tried to interrupt the manipulation of her Spirituality.

Suddenly she discovered that the voices had all disappeared and her mind felt much lighter. It turned out that she could also actively interrupt her own “passive type” Extraordinary traits by manipulating little tricks with her Spirituality.

She would have to tell Byrne about the little trick she found, Irene thought silently to herself.

She then reactivated her Extraordinary trait 'Listening for Malice'. Although there was a lot of distasteful content, it would be great if any of the words proved to be useful.

It was evident that the "Listener" was not a Consecution adept at direct combat, but its functionality shone in moments like this.

"Fischer family, hand over Aaron and kneel before us, begging for mercy immediately!"

Emil shouted at them, and the numerous silver descendants around him also urged the Fischer family to turn over Aaron.

The momentum of nearly a hundred people asking in unison was immense, giving those behind the iron gate no sense of security at all, with some of the weaker guards trembling and even whispering to Byrne and Irene that it might be better to lower their heads.

"Lower our heads for what!"

The Guards Captain Theo of the Fischer family roared in anger, kicking over several of his own men, feeling utterly disgraced.

Yet he could feel that more and more people were becoming afraid, and this continuing situation was indeed problematic. However, Theo soon noticed that acting head of the family Byrne and Madam Irene both appeared calm and very confident, showing no fear of the situation at hand.

Somehow seeing this, Theo's heart also relaxed.

Having been around them for many years, even watching Byrne and Irene grow up, he knew they would never do something they weren't sure of.

Irene calmly shook her head, then turned and said to the Fischer family members, "Don't be afraid, we won't have any problems. Just stand against them like this."

She could be completely assured because she had learned Emil's inner thoughts through 'Listening for Malice'.

[We can't really break into such a large-scale conflict. A lot of people will die, and I could get hurt, which would be difficult to handle afterward.]

[Just intimidate them a little more, and they will definitely hand over Aaron. These Fischer people can't hold out.]

Irene was very clear that Emil did not have the courage to fight them, so all they needed to do was wait.

She knew that the situation on the scene would soon change because other people in the town couldn't possibly be unaware of their grand show.

"What is going on here? Exactly what is happening?"

Suddenly Mayor Andes Hovern appeared on his expensive horse, arriving in a hurry, even slightly disheveled, with no signs of the sheriff or the patrol team around him.

If the patrol team had come, Emil and his silver descendant supporters might have really compromised and dispersed, but as only the mayor came alone, he felt he could withstand the pressure.

Emil looked at Mayor Andes and after a moment of thought spoke loudly:

"Mayor Andes! It's like this. The Fischer family, being outsiders, manipulated the internal selection of the elders of the silver descendants clan. We must have an explanation! At the very least, that traitor must be handed over immediately!"

Many silver descendants around him also chimed in, raising their voices, and under the circumstance of overwhelming numbers, showing no fear of the mayor's authority.

"Yes, yes, the traitor must be handed over!"

"Punish him publicly! The ancestors all have to watch!"

"This is an internal matter of our silver descendants clan, even the town chief cannot interfere!"

Mayor Andes had wanted to say something, but the other side was indeed too many, and they were loud, so any attempt to make a statement was drowned out.

He couldn't help looking towards Byrne and Irene of the Fischer family, not knowing exactly what was going on, hoping the two could resolve the issue through negotiation with the silver descendants clan.

The issues of silver descendants and other sub-human races had always been important within the Cyart Kingdom, and even members of the Hovern family had to handle them cautiously.

So Mayor Andes got off his horse and walked toward the gate, looking through the iron door at Byrne inside.

“What exactly is going on, have you really done something to manipulate the selections?”

Byrne shook his head and sighed, “Mayor Andes, all I can say is that there’s absolutely no such thing. That’s just an excuse these people are using to slander us.”

Mayor Andes fell silent, clearly understanding that even if the Fischer family had indeed done such a thing, they would never admit it.

To completely resolve the current situation, one side had to back down, and the party that appeared weaker and more persuadable was obviously the people of the Fischer family.

Just as Mayor Andes was about to speak, suddenly another group of people came forward with torches. It turned out to be Aaron’s supporters—although they numbered only in the dozens, their momentum was not weak at all.

They were young people yearning for change.

“

In the silver descendants clan, those who hoped for a change in the current state of affairs.

What Byrne and Irene truly chose were not Aaron, but rather those standing behind Aaron, filled with yearning and passion.

Emil didn’t fear this group, either; after all, they still had the advantage in numbers, and the silver descendants who supported both sides immediately started cursing at each other.

“Protect Madam Irene! We can’t let them harm our holy mother!”

Suddenly, many people surged over here, and everyone was stunned for a moment before they saw that it was Grandma Narda and her sons leading a crowd of the poor.

The number of poor people even surpassed that of the silver descendants, with hundreds forming a dense crowd that quickly surrounded the silver descendants, almost all of whom had been healed by Irene or their relatives over the past decade.

Ten years of cultivation.

In the course of over ten years, Irene had been treating the poor in public, continuously promoting and gaining momentum, and she was practically a living saint in those people’s hearts.

Grandma Narda's sons controlled the largest gang of thieves, and they had been informed by Irene a few days ago to monitor the movements of the silver descendants, thus they reacted quickly.

They spread the news among the poor of East City and quickly made known what was happening; when people heard that Madam Irene was in trouble, almost all of them rushed over in response!

"Madam Irene is our benefactor, we can't let anything happen to the Fischer family!"

"This bunch of inbred silver descendants have come out to disgust people, let's beat them back!"

"Don't let a single one of them escape!"

Emil and Mayor Andes were extremely shocked, but before they could react, yet another group had arrived.

Sea merchant John had rushed over with many sailors from the docks; he had more than two hundred sailors under him, and now more than a hundred and fifty followed him. This group of sailors was extremely united, all rushing over at John's call.

"Damn, these stupid white hairs, I've disliked them for a long time already!"

"Give them a beating!"

Hugh Ramon and the workers from the smithy were also in this group, all burly and armed, ready to start brawling at any moment.

And the one who had informed them was Chris, the boy who had slipped away earlier, resembling a silver descendant, silently following behind John.

Neighbors who had initially been observing from their homes on this street also came out one after another, cheering for the Fischer family, already confident that this side would win.

Emil's silver descendants suddenly went from having a numerical advantage to being the minority.

Irene calmly instructed the guards to open the iron gate and slowly walked forward, gazing into Emil's eyes.

"If you still wish to stay here, I can continue to listen to your nonsense, but their patience might not be enough."

Emil's face underwent a drastic change, feeling the lady behind the black veil emanate a powerful presence, her eyes seeming to press him into the ground, making it almost difficult to breathe.

The verbal fight quickly turned physical, with a large-scale brawl becoming nearly inevitable, and Emil, frightened yet decisive, led his supporters in a retreat, not daring to say anything, fleeing in total disarray.

The supporters of the Fischer family taunted and laughed behind them, over five hundred people were extremely elated, following behind like triumphant victors for a long time.

"Does Nasir really have so many people willing to stand up for the Fischer family?"

Mayor Andes watched the scene silently, frowning, feeling a sense of unease deep inside.

The Fischer family of Nasir simply had too much public support; other families couldn't come close, literally the 'nobles without nobility' as people said.

The sheriffs and patrolmen finally arrived, dispersing the crowd, and after exchanging greetings with Mayor Andes, Byrne, and Irene, who also left with an uneasy heart.

Grandma Narda, Hugh Ramon, Aaron, and sea merchant John were all invited into the house by Byrne and Irene, who treated them with great care to express their thanks.

After introducing themselves to each other, they gained some mutual understanding with the Fischer family at the core, becoming somewhat trustworthy acquaintances.

Aaron was the last to linger at the Fischer house, and he asked with a sneer, "Now you must think Emil must die, right? Oh, and the traitor must be dealt with too."

"Of course."

Byrne nodded, taking a deep breath, his gaze ablaze with fire: "And what we have to deal with is not just the two of them."

Aaron shook his head, helplessly saying, "I actually prefer a more rational partner."

Byrne looked at the lunatic with a look of disbelief, almost shouting, "Are you in any position to think I'm irrational?"

Ignoring Byrne's displeasure, Aaron continued, "By the way, I have successfully become an elder, and the Class 3 Extraordinary Material mortgaged to you must be returned as per the agreement."

According to the initial agreement between the siblings and Aaron, once he succeeded in becoming an elder of the silver descendants clan, the Fischer family would return that piece of Class 3 Extraordinary Material.

The reputation of the Fischer family had always been excellent, otherwise Aaron wouldn't have turned to them.

However, Byrne suddenly revealed a smile that made Aaron uncomfortable, gazing at him with a subtle look:

"Aaron, wait until you transfer the ownership of that part of the mining property, then we can decide whether to return it... hmm, you're not about to say 'but you promised me,' are you?"

Chapter 64: Chapter 62: Consecution "Killer

Aaron finally accepted the conditions of the Fischer family; in fact, he had no choice but to accept, because without funds, he was bound to succumb to the patron's manipulation.

At the same time, he gained new insights into the two siblings once again.

Then, the three of them unanimously concluded that the assassination of Emil should not be rushed.

Firstly, since Emil had stirred up such a commotion, if he were to die immediately, Aaron would certainly become an object of disdain among many silver descendants.

But the death of one individual would be deemed justifiable, and even if everyone knew it was Aaron's revenge, they wouldn't see it as a problem. On the contrary, it would enhance Aaron's prestige and weaken Emil's authority and popularity.

The traitor who informed Emil of the Fischer family's affairs must be killed as soon as possible.

That traitor was just an ordinary young man, of no significance, easy to deal with; Aaron felt that he could take care of it himself without the need for the Fischer family to intervene.

Byrne and Irene had no objections.

It was at this moment that Irene heard an extremely faint footstep in the corridor outside the living room.



The “Secret Ear Technique” could create a ring-like pattern for eavesdropping, but the downside was that it needed regular charging of spirituality, and to activate the listening effect, one could not be too far from the pattern.

Without a doubt, Irene had drawn “Secret Ears” in many important places throughout the residence, allowing her to clearly hear everyone’s every move.

The person in the Fischer family who walked with the least sound was only one.

“I will kill him.”

The sudden cold voice immediately put Byrne and Aaron on alert; someone had approached without a sound, and they had not noticed at all!

Irene looked at the person in the corner with a slight frown — it was none other than Chris!

Byrne asked with a surprised face, “Chris, when did you get here?”

Chris didn’t utter a word, just calmly stared at his sister.

Aaron didn’t know Chris and after being puzzled for a while, he looked towards Byrne, who quickly explained Chris’s identity.

It turned out that the beautiful youth with silver-white hair was also a core member of the Fischer family, his appearance being somewhat overly feminine, just like a pure white angel described in religious scriptures.

“Why is his hair color the complete opposite of his sister’s? It looks more like that of a silver descendant or an elf?”

Aaron found this strange, yet Byrne and Irene could not answer this question either; however, the crimson brand hidden on the back of their hands proved that their blood relation was beyond question.

Irene was silent for a moment, then turned with a serious expression to speak to Aaron:

“We will handle this matter. Let’s conclude our meeting here for today.”

Aaron understood the implication, which was that the Fischer family needed to have internal communication, and as an outsider, it wasn’t appropriate for him to be overly involved.

He left with good grace, but not before turning to Byrne to say earnestly,

“Being rational makes life smoother, Byrne, that’s my advice to you.”

You call me irrational, you psychopath who sees himself as a savior?

Byrne's eyes widened, he pointed his finger at Aaron, who was turning to leave, and then at his own face, wanting to say something but finding himself unable to speak.

In the end, he shook his head; whatever Aaron said didn't matter at all.

Having gone through the ordeal with Robert, Byrne's trust in so-called friends was virtually non-existent; collateral and objectives were far more important.

Aaron would undoubtedly want to continue advancing and would need the support of the Fischer family, who would make their decisions after continuously reaping benefits.

Irene paid no attention to Aaron's departure, instead walking over to Chris and, as was her habit, reached out to stroke her brother's smooth hair.

"Chris, why would you say what you just did, do you realize you're only ten years old?"

Her tone was still gentle, clearly treating Chris as a child.

Chris was silent for a while, then shook his head and said, "It is the destiny of Tranquility."

The destiny of the Path of Tranquility...

Irene and Byrne pondered this statement, gradually coming to understand a specific idea of Chris's.

It was Chris's judgment that the power associated with the "Path of Tranquility" would become increasingly adept at assassination and the like.

Therefore, Chris felt that he would eventually become the designated assassin for the Fischer family and wanted to gain experience in this area in advance, training himself through real combat.

Although it was not a big deal for a member of the Fischer family to want to make progress, he was only ten years old!

If an ordinary ten-year-old boy had expressed such thoughts, the two of them would not have cared and might have even taken it as a joke.

But Chris was too different; he had been somewhat "strange" from a young age, or rather, it was not just a matter of being "somewhat."

Irene fell into deep silence; even though she knew some criminals or soldiers had killed by the age of ten, she did not want her brother to be the same.

Even though he always showed a mature side, in the deepest part of Irene's heart, Chris was still that soft and clean baby in swaddling clothes.

She also felt somewhat conflicted inside, knowing that Chris would eventually fight and kill for the Fischer family, while she herself had long been able to ignore the lives and deaths of outsiders. Yet, she never wanted her brother to become someone like her.

She wanted to protect him forever, or rather, to keep Chris as far away as possible from all the dangers and sins of the world.

"I have assimilated the 'Hunter.'"

This sudden statement plunged Irene into silence, and Byrne was also very surprised, for he remembered Chris as having the fastest assimilation speed with magic potions.

It was said that personality compatibility could to some extent accelerate the absorption speed of magic potions, and Chris had always been quiet and extremely reserved.

Perhaps he truly was born to be the most suitable for the Path of Tranquility.

"You'll come with me, and it's even better if I take action."

Byrne walked over, gently patted Chris's shoulder, and then was avoided by the boy, who usually did not allow anyone but his sister to touch him.

He wasn't bothered by Chris's action, not embarrassed in the least, but instead continued:

"But first, we need to elevate you to a higher rank, so that we can be fully confident. The family can immediately trade for Class 2 Extraordinary Materials from the town."

Chris looked into Irene's eyes; he cared more about his sister's opinion than Byrne's agreement.

"You should still assist Byrne, Chris."

Irene showed a smile and said, "Chris is really brave, but I still thought of you as a little child."

On the following night, the core members of the Fischer family gathered in the basement to perform the well-known ritual once again.

"Great Lord of the Lost, I am your most faithful and devout servant."

"I hope you can grant us the power of the Path of Tranquility, and provide us with new guidance."

Irene prayed very devoutly, sacrificing the Class 2 Extraordinary Material “Winterheart Clam,” a shell seemingly made entirely of ice crystals, with a core pearl of light blue containing magic power.

Chris and Byrne knelt on the ground together, silently recalling the events of that night.

At that time, he too had seen the white light shining in the sky, witnessing the miracle bestowed by the Lord of the Lost.

Even his sister didn’t know; nobody in the world knew of his extremely unique talent.

Although Chris did not remember everything like “Profound Memory,” he had memories that persisted from infancy into adulthood.

When he was still a toddler, adults would often pass by and say many greedy and malicious things in front of him, thinking that no one else would know.

But Chris remembered, and as he grew up, he gradually understood the meanings behind those words, becoming increasingly aware of the ugliness within people’s hearts.

Finally, the glow of Spirituality emerged in the air.

It was the power of the 2nd Rank of the Path of Tranquility!

“Praise You, great Lord of the Lost!”

Irene’s face was filled with joy as she jubilantly praised her god.

Chris looked up calmly, waiting for the glow of Spirituality to merge with him, and soon felt a new power in the depths of his soul.

The Power of Consecration “Assassin.”

He felt an even more powerful extraordinary power emerge!

Chapter 65: Chapter 63 The First Time

“The ‘Assassin’ Consecration is the 2nd Rank of the Path of Tranquility.”

It was clear that the Path of Tranquility was a much colder route compared to the other God Pantheon stairways.

The original Karl had seen that it suited Chris best and thus had bestowed it upon the young man of the Fischer family.

Chris knelt quietly in place, stretching out his hand to slowly clench and then unclench it, feeling the power emerging throughout his body, the improvement in his spirituality and physical condition was almost evenly split.

Beyond that, he had also gained a full three new Extraordinary traits.

They were 'Lethality,' 'Nimble Body,' and 'Noiselessness.'

'Lethality' was a passive Extraordinary trait, whereby if Chris caused life-threatening severe injuries to a living being, the effect of 'Lethality' would naturally activate.

The injured party could not use potions, healing spells, or Mysterious rare artifacts to recover from their injuries, unless the potion, Spell's source, or Mysterious rare artifact was far stronger than Chris himself.

'Nimble Body' was also a passive Extraordinary trait, which could make the body of an 'Assassin' as flexible as a cat's. As long as he was prepared, he would almost never fall to the ground.

Chris's body was already quite agile, and with 'Nimble Body,' even acrobats were no match for him.

The last Extraordinary trait was 'Noiselessness,' an active trait that continuously used Spiritual Power when activated.

Once an 'Assassin' activated 'Noiselessness,' their walking, running, or even attacking would not produce any excess noise due to the action itself.

Of course, 'Noiselessness' was not limiting—if the 'Assassin' intentionally spoke, they could still make sounds.

"Thank you, Lord of the Lost."

Chris closed his eyes, took a deep breath, and would forever remember what had happened that night.

Were it not for the miracle of the Lord of the Lost, there would be no today for him and his sister, let alone the existence of the Fischer family.

---

The news that the silver descendants clan had surrounded the Fischer family, only to be chased away by many Nasir citizens, quickly spread throughout Nasir Town.

People constantly mocked the silver descendants for their timidity, and although they were extremely angry, they were powerless to do anything, and many began to grow dissatisfied with Emil's decision-making.

And now a council elder, Aaron, with the elders' endorsement, declared that he had not cheated at all, that the allegations of election bribery were completely unfounded.

He and the Fischer family were indeed friends, but not under the control of their money.

In truth, Aaron had contracted a serious illness. Just as most Nasir citizens respected Irene, he had sought her out to treat his condition.

People were initially skeptical until Aaron had a silver descendant doctor come forward to testify for him, confirming he indeed suffered from a major illness that could even affect his lifespan.

The so-called serious illness was, of course, an excuse Aaron had prepared in advance, along with evidence to absolve him.

The silver descendants were dubious, but then Aaron did something very bold that shocked everyone.

He actually approached Emil with an apology and a plea for peace, offering his goodwill and hoping the other would share the power of clan management!

Emil himself was extremely taken aback; sharing the elder's powers was unprecedented, and he hadn't expected Aaron to be willing to yield to such an extent.

"Emil, I am your brother among the silver descendants. Everything I've done has been for the clan. A death duel between you and me would only make things worse."

"I have no wish to let outsiders scoff at us anymore. Only by joining forces can we walk the path meant for the silver descendants."

His words were sincerely direct, coupled with his well-known forthright nature, many people, including Emil, believed him.

Aaron even told Emil that the only condition for him to share the elder's powers was the need to deal with the traitor who had betrayed him originally.

After much consideration, Emil finally succumbed to greed and agreed.

Aaron's expression was subtle, well aware that some would accuse him of being too weak, but henceforth, no one would betray him for Emil.

---

The young man who had betrayed Aaron was now very afraid, his boots stepping through the forest ground, his face covered in sweat.

“Damn! Damn! How could they possibly reconcile, and Aaron actually backed down?”

Upon learning that Aaron and Emil had reconciled, he was so frightened that he immediately packed his bags and left Nasir Town.

Since Aaron, the elder of the silver descendants clan, had not died, his own end seemed imminent, and Emil, that short-sighted bastard, had actually chosen to reconcile; he probably wouldn't think about protecting his own life anymore.

The young man didn't notice the two thieves from East City District following behind him.

He arrived in the jungle, intending to cross through part of it to leave the East Coast, and then head northwest to the Cyart Kingdom.

Although the journey was extremely long and arduous, the young man was terrified. He knew Aaron was a very persistent fellow, and as long as he stayed on the East Coast, he would be in danger.

He had heard from friends that legendary elves were said to roam the jungle.

“Could there really be elves? If I could encounter a beautiful elf and have the chance to taste their fragrance, how wonderful that would be.”

Tired from walking, the young man slowly squatted down under a tree by the river, exhausted, and fell asleep indulging in his fantastical dreams.

When he woke up again, he was surprised to see a figure in front of him and thought he had really encountered an elf in the jungle!

However, the man's voice sent shivers down the young man's spine and he broke out in a cold sweat.

“Awake now? I remember you, you were there when gifts were being given.”

Byrne calmly washed his hands by the river, showing no intention of attacking, but it was his indifferent tone that struck great fear into the young man beneath the tree.

“Why did you betray Aaron? Was he unkind to you? Or was it simply for the sake of money?”

“Ah! Ah! Aah! Don't you come here, you bastard!”

Damn it, of course, it was for the money! The young man screamed as he ran frantically through the jungle, constantly looking back but noticing that the other party had no intention of chasing him.

He's not chasing me?

After running madly for several dozen minutes, the young man finally stopped, gasping for breath.

He hadn't been chased; thank goodness, he might still have a chance to escape...

Just as the young man had this thought, he suddenly felt a searing pain in the area around his heart and let out a pained scream; instinctively trying to turn around to see who had attacked him, he was forcefully pushed down on the ground by a powerful force.

"Mercy, don't kill me, don't kill..."

He never had the chance to see who the assailant was before he died swiftly from a pierced heart.

The bespectacled youth, appearing as a noble-born scholar, calmly held a short sword and stood next to the body, exuding an air of detachment, as if he were above everyone else.

He had always been an accomplice, but taking someone's life with his own hands was a first for him.

Yet, Byrne was surprised to find a sense of calmness within himself.

Perhaps it was because of those moments of indirect killing that he didn't feel he had completely escaped culpability.

Staring at the blood flowing on the ground, he no longer felt dizzy, and suddenly sensed some kind of shackles deep within his heart being released.

Chris caught up as well, and Byrne, looking intently at Chris who stood still, asked with concern,

"Chris, how are you feeling? Are you okay?"

The boy did not respond, only silently shook his head.

Byrne gazed at the silent, silver-haired youth holding a dagger next to the body, and suddenly remembered traveling with his father in the past, dealing with bandits.



Now, it was his turn to lead Chris.

Byrne decided not to call for his gang to deal with the body, but to take care of it himself to be cautious, and as he turned to get the tools, he suddenly stopped again.

He spoke seriously about another matter:

“There’s something I might need your help with, Chris. Actually, I’ve been investigating the Isaac knight family recently.”

After speaking, Byrne took out a paper bearing the symbol of the “Secret Ear Technique” from his bosom and handed it to Chris, who looked on. He took a deep breath and continued,

“I hope you can attend the tea party there with Margaret and find an opportunity to stick it in a discreet spot. The gathering only allows women and children to attend, so I can only entrust this to you.”

Chapter 66: Chapter 64: Rune Fusion

Karl’s consciousness often hovered in the sky above, silently observing the unfolding events of the silver descendant incident, clearly understanding that there was no need for his own intervention.

After all, the silver descendants clan of Nasir only amounted to a few hundred people on a single street.

For the past ten years, every family in East City District who had suffered from serious illness had received Irene’s beneficence, and combined with the support of sea merchant John at the docks, the influence of the Fischer family had grown immensely.

There was no doubt that Irene’s daily toil had paid off.

“Moreover, many who learned that Irene was in trouble probably didn’t think first about ‘I have received favors, I am grateful to Irene and must fight for her’...”

“But rather, ‘If there’s no Irene in the future, what shall I do if I become seriously ill?’ is probably what they thought.”

Any action meant to attack Irene would strike at these people’s fundamental interests, which has always been a crucial reason why those “with knowledge of herbs and medicine” tend to become Priests since ancient times.

He is now also trying to do something “fresh,” since just “watching the little people” is frankly too boring, and he definitely needs to find ways to relieve his ennui.

Ever since Lucius died, the normal rune of “protect” evolved into the more advanced spirit rune “Iron Wall,” Karl immediately had a bold idea.

Whether it was possible, through some means, to cause the soul imprints linked to runes for Byrne and Irene to evolve, to become higher-level spirit runes, or even to evolve “Iron Wall,” which was already a spirit rune, to an even higher tier.

Karl gradually attempted to integrate the runes within his soul.

Given the limited number of members in the Fischer family, the soul imprint of the unoccupied “weapon” rune could only be given to the young Darren, which obviously wasn’t very useful yet.

It wasn’t until recently that he finally figured out how to disassemble the “weapon” rune into the more fundamental “rune essence” and then let other runes “consume” it.

Devouring, evolving, much like what he had been doing all along.

Karl also discovered through research that each rune contained a different amount of rune essence, and their evolutionary needs were drastically different.

If the base of the “accelerate” rune, a Collectible-class rare artefact, were to evolve into a higher-level spirit rune, it would only require three ordinary runes extracted from Collectible-class rare artefacts of the same level.

However, evolving the “healing” rune, which likely originated from a Forbidden-class rare artifact, might require more than thirty ordinary runes extracted from Collectible-class rare artefacts.

He even found that the spirit rune “Iron Wall” also held potential for further evolution.

However, the amount of rune essence it required was nearly a stupendous figure, a situation that didn’t need to be considered at the current stage.

So he ultimately decided to break down the “weapon” rune into the essence of runes, feeding them one after another to the “accelerate” rune.

The blue accelerate rune, shaped like a triangle, fluctuated slightly within Karl’s soul, growing brighter; the actual effect of acceleration also improved to a certain extent.

“It’s a success!”

But to truly evolve, it would still need to be “fed” two more ordinary runes, or alternatively, given a rune extracted from a Treasure-class rare artifact in one go.

After merging the runes, Karl's intangible consciousness roamed through accessible places in the town just like always when suddenly, he sensed an extremely enticing aroma.

It was a rare artifact far more powerful than ordinary ones, appearing within the range of his perception!

Enticed as if by delicious cuisine, he instantly pulled his intangible consciousness over, and then "saw" a man in a black robe with a black mask sitting calmly in a carriage, moving along the street.

That was the carriage of the Isaac knight family!

Karl could feel distinctly that the black-robed man possessed the strength of Transmutation level, and also carried with him what should be a Treasure-class mysterious rare artifact.

He was a noble who controlled the power of Bloodline, with a "Earth" type Bloodline.

Odd, considering Karl's ten years of knowledge about Nasir, there was no such person there; that guy was an outsider.

"He seems to have a bit of a problem, his exact strength is roughly low-level Transmutation, but the 'Treasure' he carries might be more troublesome than his actual strength," Karl thought.

In any case, he still conveyed his will to the members of the Fischer family, urging the favored members to offer better mysterious rare artifacts.

Moreover, it would be best to acquire the rare artifact possessed by that mysterious person, as the mere "Collectible" grade mysterious rare artifacts were becoming less and less satisfying, and the prospect of breaking through the subsequent seals seemed distant.

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"I have felt the will of the great Lord of the Lost!"

Down in the basement, Irene, who was praying, suddenly perked up, her face beaming with a joyous smile.

She had sensed the will of the Lord of the Lost, followed by a sound—an indication that Byrne was descending the stairs into the basement.

"You heard it too, didn't you, Irene?"

He looked at Irene with a grave expression, and the girl nodded calmly.

“A mysterious stranger has arrived at the Isaac knight family’s abode, carrying with him what our Lord desires.”

Byrne nodded slowly, lifting his hand as a blue light surfaced in his eyes, speaking of the events that had just transpired.

“I feel that the power of the runes that can be activated seems to have been enhanced; it’s as if I have been further graced by the great Lord of the Lost.”

Irene, without a hint of envy, congratulated him sincerely with a smile:

“Congratulations on receiving more of His favor, Byrne! Surely, your continuous devotion and actions have all been seen by our Lord!”

Although Byrne hadn’t given it much thought, he felt embarrassed the moment Irene finished speaking.

He believed in his loyalty to the Lord of the Lost, but in terms of devotion, he was nothing compared to Irene, and yet he was the one who had first received further divine favor.

“Byrne, we cannot simply enjoy His favor without giving back to our Lord. The great Lord of the Lost has long graced His protected mortals with blessings, and we too must learn to give our utmost efforts.”

After speaking these words softly, Irene gazed at the silent Byrne with absolute calm.

Her meaning was clear: whether through trade or other means, they were to offer the Mysterious rare artifact to the great Lord of the Lost.

The Isaac family, is it? Byrne mused before continuing:

“We have discussed this just a few days ago, haven’t we? There might be something amiss with the Isaac family. Let’s wait until the ‘Secret Ear’ Chris is carrying is introduced into their midst and then decide on our next move.”

Having learned of Margaret’s involvement in the tea party, he had already become vigilant.

For the past ten years, Byrne had been continuously studying and reading about religious matters, and he could make many associations.

He didn’t directly restrict his headstrong wife; instead, after giving her several precautions, he had handed her a piece of paper with the symbol of the “Secret Ear” to

carry with her, and he had arranged for a female guard capable of attending the tea party with her.

Afterwards, Byrne also contacted the sons of Grandma Narda, having the thieves' guild collect information and covertly investigate the current state of the Isaac family, yet so far nothing suspicious had been discovered.

After reflecting for a moment, Irene still shook her head and said, "At least during this time, I haven't heard anything out of the ordinary."

"I had even started to think there was nothing wrong with the gatherings of the Isaac family, but after the divine oracle of our Lord, a mysterious person with Level 2 strength suddenly appeared inside the carriage of the Isaac family, so now I am unsure again."

Having lived in Nasir for a full ten years, both of them were very familiar with the Isaac knight family.

The head of their family was Lady Isaac.

She was a female knight with high-level Beginning strength, skilled in swordsmanship, and a person of great strictness and solemnity.

Besides, she had a brother in his thirties, a mid-level Beginning Bloodline Knight, who was also an "Element" type Spellcaster—an extremely rare fortunate individual capable of dual cultivation.

But they had indeed never heard of any Bloodline Knight reaching the Transmutation level in Nasir nowadays.

Byrne clenched his fist in silence, sensing that an unknown crisis had come to Nasir Town and could potentially endanger his family, yet he contained his impulse and continued:

"We must maintain sufficient caution and not rashly engage with an unknown Extraordinary Exponent, let's gather information first."

"Yes, indeed, the Fischer family must always remain cautious." Irene nodded in agreement, heartily concurring.

Chapter 67: Chapter 65: Tea Party

"Chris, would you like to join me at the gathering? Your sister won't mind, will she?"

Outside the Fischer family's home, Margaret in the carriage furrowed her brows and asked Chris.

“She won’t.”

Chris silently shook his head and then said no more.

If it were someone else, Margaret might think they were angry or disrespecting her, but everyone understood Chris’s situation.

He really was a child who was not fond of talking.

Margaret didn’t quite like Byrne’s arrangement; it was normal for her to have to speak with him each time they went to a gathering, but having to carry that piece of paper and bring a guard made her feel like Byrne didn’t respect Lady Isaac.

Lately, she always felt that Byrne was becoming increasingly domineering; the gentle man he used to be clearly wasn’t like this.

The carriage slowly headed towards the Isaac knight family’s estate in Nasir Town.

Fog enveloped the streets of Nasir, the world was serene, almost isolated from the outside, and the two people in the carriage gradually could no longer hear the noise outside, only the wheels’ repetitive, rhythmic sound echoing in their ears.

“We’re here, Lady Margaret, Young Master Chris.”

The coachman’s voice rang out from outside, and inside the carriage Margaret said, “You’ve worked hard; Chris and I will still come out at the old time.”

The two who alighted from the carriage, along with a female guard, made their way to the Isaac family’s manor.

In the quiet manor, a peaceful and pleasant scenery indulged the senses, and as they entered the main gate, they were greeted by a stone path lined with flowerbeds brimming with blossoms of all colors.

The pair followed the path deeper in, where a verdant green space unfolded before them, a vast lawn as smooth as a green carpet, its visibility reduced in the fog, the only slight imperfection in an otherwise perfect view.

The Isaac knight family was one of the oldest among the knight clans in Nasir, their ancestors having already been knights back when the Cyart people were still the Flame Tribe.

Lady Isaac had already appeared with several servants from the residence.

Chris was seeing Lady Isaac for the first time, a female Bloodline Knight and also the head of the Isaac family.

She appeared to be just over fifty years old, with wrinkles at the corners of her eyes, loose skin, and very high cheekbones that gave her a stern look, with wisdom and strength still sparkling in those deep-set eyes.

“Good day, Margaret.”

Lady Isaac nodded slightly, her tone serious.

“Good day, Lady Isaac. Today I’ve brought a child who also wishes to hear the teachings of the Moon.”

Margaret responded with a smile, clearly very close to Lady Isaac.

Having married from Fein City to the remote Nasir Town, she hadn’t made many friends and felt increasingly solitary; Lady Isaac’s gatherings gave Margaret a lot of emotional value.

Lady Isaac then looked towards Chris, nodding calmly and solemnly.

“Chris, you’re Madam Irene’s brother, aren’t you? I’ve heard of you. Indeed, you are as beautiful as the rumors say…”

She spoke with a slight frown as if complimenting someone was a difficult task.

Chris actually didn’t like being praised for his looks, but he said nothing.

“Chris is indeed a handsome boy. His sister, Madam Irene, is also a beautiful woman. The Fischer family’s bloodline has always been good in terms of appearance,” Margaret said with a smile. In truth, everyone in the Fischer family was full of charm, and the current low point in looks within the family was her overweight son, Darren.

However, Margaret didn’t think her son being overweight was an issue, and she was convinced that her son would grow up to be a handsome and attractive man.

Lady Isaac nodded and continued, “As I’ve told you, I’ve met Madam Irene a few times. She healed a hidden ailment in my leg, and the girl’s temperament left a deep impression on me.”

“Let’s go; we don’t want to keep the others waiting. Let’s join the gathering,” she urged.

She and Chris followed Lady Isaac to the residence and all the way into the drawing room.

The drawing room was lit with candle after candle, casting a bright yellow hue. Over a dozen people were already waiting there, with tables loaded with tea and pastries.

The attendees of the tea party were all women and children, mostly the wives and offspring of the town's wealthy, eagerly chatting and constantly sharing information they possessed.

"Lady Margaret, you've arrived."

"We've been waiting for you for a long time, Lady Margaret."

"Wow, this child must be Chris, even cuter than you described!"

Chris naturally took his seat at the table where the children were gathered.

Lady Margaret, with a beaming smile, began to interact with the women, speaking rapidly and clearly excited.

"The weather has finally cleared up, it was really dreadful with all the rain before."

Sitting quietly among the children, munching on sweet treats, Chris suddenly understood something.

The reason Margaret was so keen on attending tea parties was not just due to her devotion to the Moon Lady.

The more important issue was about "cliques." Since all the women of wealth and status in town joined, she would be easily ostracized if she refused to participate.

Hers was already a sacrifice, having left Fein City to marry and move here. With Byrne extremely busy, Margaret couldn't rely on him to alleviate her loneliness, so she joined the women's tea parties to seek emotional value.

Furthermore, in her eyes, there was nothing wrong with the tea party itself; it was her husband Byrne who was a bit neurotic.

The dignified Lady Isaac didn't disturb anyone, calmly sitting in the principal seat with her hands placed in front of her, quietly waiting for over half an hour.

After the women had finished their exchanges, she spoke:

"Everyone, let's calm down. Now, our discussion is about to begin."

"I hope everyone remembers what I mentioned last time about the teachings of the Moon Lady. Only she truly considers the needs of the less fortunate."

"We, who are rich and powerful, should be the ones to shoulder the responsibility of aiding the weak."



Lady Isaac distributed some books belonging to the Silver Moon Church to the women and began to calmly interpret and discuss the doctrines. The whole process seemed very tranquil and normal.

Yes, perfectly normal.

The Silver Moon Church was one of the Six Great True Gods Churches. Propagating faith in her could not be considered heretical or blasphemous. There was simply nothing wrong with this tea party.

The tea party lasted for about two hours. At the end, Lady Isaac looked towards Chris with a meaningful gaze, then turned to Lady Margaret and displayed a serene smile.

“I propose we all donate to the orphanage established by Madam Irene.”

Everyone was startled; although Lady Isaac had always advocated aiding the weak, it was the first time she asked for monetary contributions.

“You must all know of Madam Irene’s hard work and mercy. Many people in the slums of East City have benefited from her kindness, and I’ve always held her in high regard.”

Lady Isaac paused briefly and continued, “Unfortunately, she is too busy and devoutly worships the Lord of Salvation, thus unable to attend our tea parties.”

“I wish to help the orphanage and lighten Madam Irene’s heavy burdens, and I hope you all can join me in donating.”

She paused then added calmly, “Well, I will give five Gold Coins. You don’t need to contribute too much, just give what you can.”

The turn of events was completely unexpected by both Margaret and Chris. Lady Isaac was actually calling for donations to the Fischer family’s orphanage.

Meanwhile, hundreds of meters away from the Isaac family estate, in an alley, Irene clad in black sat silently in a carriage, listening to the entire content of the tea party conversation through the Secret Ear Technique.

She slightly furrowed her brow, talking to herself:

“This is strange, why do I feel that she indeed seems to have no problems?”

Irene had met Lady Isaac a few times but never sensed any malice. Her Extraordinary trait “Listening for Malice” had never been triggered, so the other woman might genuinely respect her.

However, the presence of that mysterious stranger with Level 2 power and a Treasure class Mysterious rare artifact, as mentioned by the Lord, still gave Irene a very ominous premonition.

## Chapter 68: Chapter 66 Sea God Cult

Lady Isaac's words carried weight, and since the atmosphere of the tea party had reached this point, the noble families, who spoke daily of helping the weak, had no reason to object.

However, the specific amount of money to contribute was a headache for everyone.

Fortunately, Lady Isaac had come prepared and handed each person a piece of writing paper, indicating that the donations were anonymous and uncounted, which greatly relieved many of the ladies.

They were to write their pledges there and then, with Lady Isaac providing an advance, and afterwards, everyone was to give the agreed sum to her.

Before the tea party ended, Chris pulled on Margaret's sleeve, pursed his lips, and looked down without speaking.

But the meaning he was expressing was understood by the experienced adults.

Soon, a servant came to lead Chris to the washroom.

Once out of everyone's sight, Chris walked past a wall that had a mermaid painting on it. His hands were as nimble as a skilled magician's, and he easily took out the piece of paper marked with the "Secret Ear Technique" from behind the painting.

While Chris was in the washroom, the servants outside even joked:

"Maybe there's a god who controls the washrooms of the world."

When Chris returned, he just heard Lady Isaac clapping her hands. She sat in the place of honor and said solemnly:

"Well, ladies, let's call it a day for today's tea party."

Lady Isaac then turned her attention specifically to Margaret and Chris.

"You two stay behind. Regarding the matter of donating that money to Madam Irene's orphanage, I want to communicate more with your Fischer family."

Chris didn't want to stay behind with Margaret at all, yet her reasoning was sound.

So, once everyone else had left, only Margaret and Chris remained. Lady Isaac handed over the donation of thirty Gold Coins in the form of a banknote to Margaret herself.

Lady Isaac stretched out her somewhat aged hand and spoke very earnestly:

“Margaret, please deliver this money to Madam Irene. Charity for the children is in line with the Moon Lady’s expectations, and we cannot just sit here talking without taking action.”

Margaret was moved and said, “I really can’t thank you enough, I truly never expected you to be so generous. The orphans will surely be touched.”

Eh, Chris, standing by, suddenly thought of something very important.

Since the donations were anonymous and the amounts not disclosed, only Lady Isaac herself knew exactly how much she had given to the Fischer family’s orphanage and how much was contributed by everyone.

Afterwards, due to various reasons, everyone was likely not to check the accounts privately.

“At the last tea party, you mentioned you were pregnant, Margaret.”

Lady Isaac picked up a cup of tea, turned her back, and suddenly threw out a personal question about Margaret.

“Yes, that’s right. I hope to have a girl. Darren is too lonely by himself; it would be nice if he had a sister.”

Lady Isaac nodded and continued:

“Margaret, an Extraordinary Exponent can only produce a limited number of offspring in their lifetime, and each of your children will be the future and hope of the Fischer family.”

Although the details were unknown, Extraordinary Exponents indeed had low fertility, and there were limits to the number of children they could bear, and they themselves could vaguely sense this, knowing whether they had reached their limit.

According to the True Gods Church, this was a limitation imposed by the gods.

In the Second Era, Extraordinary Exponents could keep having children without end, obviating the need for ordinary humans, which eventually led to a “cataclysm,” causing the complete destruction of the Second Era.

Now in the Fourth Era, the first three eras and their beings had been completely ended by various different “cataclysms,” with only the supreme gods standing eternally in the world.

“Actually, I haven’t thought that far ahead; I just hope to allow my child to not regret having been born.”

Margaret beamed happily, gently caressing her belly and slightly bowing her head.

She didn’t feel that Darren and the new baby needed to carry any burden at all.

They don’t need to be the future or carry hopes; as long as they can live happily, healthily, and peacefully, that was enough.

Lady Isaac remained silent on the spot for a long while, as if pondering something that required deep thought, before she calmly spoke:

“I have a potion I got from a Priest of the Silver Moon Church that can help your child grow more smoothly, Margaret.”

After she finished speaking, she briefly left and then returned with a bottle of dark blue potion, handing it to Margaret.

“Drink it, it’s good for the child. He, oh, she will receive the Moon Lady’s blessing.”

Margaret smiled, but instead of drinking it directly, she said, “Thank you, I will drink it when I get home.”

Lady Isaac remained silent for a moment, nodded, and did not insist or force the matter.

Margaret and Byrne had made a pact not to partake in any ceremony, pray to any mysterious beings, drink any potions or beverages of peculiar colors, or to stay alone at the tea party.

She had asked Byrne curiously at that time.

“Why do you know so much? Besides, there shouldn’t be any problem with the Moon Lady.”

Byrne remained silent for a long while, then said he had read many books about religion and mysticism, so he might be a bit paranoid in this aspect.

The two then left Lady Isaac’s house, who accompanied Margaret and Chris as they left the estate, before she silently returned home.

Inside the carriage, Irene waited calmly, her gaze fixed outside.

The world outside was shrouded in white mist, as if everything was engulfed in some vast mystery, and the tranquil serenity of the town seemed as if it could be shattered in an instant.

“Why did you come back to me? I really thought I’d never see you again.”

Suddenly, Lady Isaac’s somewhat irritated voice emerged in Irene’s ears.

Well, who was she talking to?

Irene realized that what she could overhear today might be quite different from before.

“I really don’t want to see you. The Isaac family has found a new place now, and if it weren’t for your arrival, everything would have been peaceful!”

“Have you said enough, my sister?”

Suddenly, a starkly different male voice appeared in her ears.

The words just now were specifically addressed to a sister, but Irene knew one thing for sure, Lady Isaac only had a brother and never had an older sibling.

Or perhaps, nobody knew of the existence of her elder brother.

“Sister, the members of the Isaac family can’t escape their fate. Our great-grandfather chose this path, so we, as descendants, must continue it.”

“When you were young, you were also a faithful member of the Sea God Cult, having personally killed members of the Tempest Church, your hands already stained with blood. Now you try to escape it all, how laughable!”

“Alright, did you give her the potion? Did you watch her drink it?”

Irene heard Lady Isaac’s voice, tired and helpless.

“Yes, I gave it to her, but she refused to drink it right there and then.”

“What? Why didn’t you force her? If the ritual lacks elements, and you fail to complete the mission, the Priest will definitely not spare the Isaac family!”

“You should think about it again and make sure about the potion! Don’t think you still have a chance to escape it all!”

Her elder brother was clearly unsatisfied, even a bit furious, followed by the heavy sound of a slamming door and a long sigh.

Sea God Cult.

Of course, Irene knew that name; they were the arch-enemy of the Tempest Church on the East Coast.

Their organization and power were far more solid and formidable than those jungle natives of old, with an extremely long and profound history. The primary task of the East Coast's Tempest Bishops was to completely eradicate these people.

Those people had their sights set on the port town Nasir.

Chapter 69: Chapter 67 Reporting

The Sea God Cult boasts multiple Extraordinary Exponents that have achieved the Transmutation level. It's an undeniable fact that this force is beyond what the Fischer family can contend with.

Irene had originally thought that if the other party were illegal Extraordinary Exponents of dubious identity, the Fischer family might attempt to swallow them, seizing that Treasure-class mysterious rare artifact.

But the power of the Sea God Cult was simply not something they could confront.

"Caution" and "secrecy" are the two most important principles for the Fischer family.

She knew that backstabbing was not the right judgment. The most correct judgment was to report the Isaac family.

However, reporting obviously came with two clear problems.

The first problem was the lack of evidence. Although the Secret Ear Technique could eavesdrop, it had no ability to record voices; what she heard was solely "one side of the story."

Having only that potion as evidence wasn't enough either, since Lady Isaac could completely deny it, claim that the potion wasn't hers at all and that it was a frame-up, using this to buy time.

The Isaac knight family held fame and status in Nasir. It was impossible to convict them based on her word alone. At most, the appearance of the potion could prompt an investigation by the Tempest Church.

The second problem would arise if the Tempest Church, after its investigation, indeed found serious issues and dealt with the Isaac family. Then the mysterious rare artifact carried by the mysterious person from the Sea God Cult would also end up being confiscated by the Tempest Church.

She wouldn't be able to complete the divine edict handed down by the Lord of the Lost then.

"Hmm, these are indeed some uncomfortable choices to make."

If...

Irene considered another scenario, where she disregarded any danger or consequences and forcefully motivated everyone in the family to attack the Isaac family.

Firstly, with the Sea God Cult's profound foundation, they might well be destroyed, and the unwarranted attack on an Extraordinary family would be seen as an illegal act.

"We absolutely cannot do that. Oh Lord, please forgive my cowardice. It is not that I fear death but that I do not wish to see meaningless deaths occur."

As for the option of leaving heretical groups beside her and not dealing with them for the time being, waiting for them to complete some unclear ritual—it was an option too impossible to even consider.

Eventually, she made a decision. Even if she very much wanted to fulfill the edict of the great Lord of the Lost, acting impulsively would lead to the ruin of the Fischer family.

Caution.

Irene recalled the words of Lucius—his influence on the Fischer family, as a laid-back and carefree man, would forever be indelible.

"Remember, always be a wise coward, not some brave idiot."

"Because your judgment affects more than just one person. Do not bring trouble upon the Fischer family that we simply cannot afford."

I understand now. Thank you, Uncle Lucius.

In Nasir Town's wealthiest North City, there stands a church belonging to the Tempest Church.

All of the port towns and cities on the Ouden Continent had a Tempest Church without exception, but such a faith was rarely seen inland.

Many inlanders even believed that the Tempest Church's status as one of the True Gods Church was in name only.

After informing Byrne and getting his consent, Irene immediately went to the church of the Tempest Church.

The white-domed church was quite majestic and solemn. The walls were built from ancient stones, giving a sense of solidity and weight, and the engravings on the four sharp corners above symbolized sea breezes and lightning.

At the very top of the bell tower hung a giant bell that had been placed there for a century. When fierce sea winds blew, the heavy bell would echo throughout the entire North City District.

The Priest of the Tempest Church was a bald old man who kept out of worldly affairs, looking kindly and benevolent. He rarely took part in any activities, refusing no invitations except those from Baron Hovern himself.

The old man, dressed in a dark blue robe, knelt in front of the imposing statue of the Tempest Overlord, bowing his head and muttering:

“Oh vast Tempest Overlord, Your majesty and power make your subjects prostrate in prayer, Your magnificent song causes the waves and gales to submit, and we are but schools of fish under Your command.”

“Great Priest.”

Irene, dressed in a black robe and wearing a veil, came quietly inside the church.

The old man, tired and slow to rise, turned around and gazed at Irene with aged eyes, saying:

“Madam Irene, is there something you have come to see me about? Please come with me to the parlor.”

He had also been treated by Irene for some minor ailments and held her in high regard.

The strength of this Tempest Priest was at the high-level Beginning, and he had been stationed in Nasir for decades as a Level 2 Priest, with very few days spent away from the church.

Irene gazed at the imposing statue of the Tempest Overlord within the church, feeling a suffocating power in His eyes that demanded submission, an absolute authority that even the storm and thunder feared.

She proclaimed herself a follower of the Lord of Salvation, not a disciple of the Tempest Overlord, so she merely nodded slightly and paid her respects to the old man, saying calmly,

“Great Priest, I have to report an incident and hope that you can notify senior church officials to come and investigate in Nasir Town.”



“What did you say?”

The Tempest Priest narrowed his eyes, his expression growing serious as he asked, “Who do you wish to report?”

“Lady Isaac, she is actually a member of the Sea God Cult, and so is her unspoken brother.”

Irene’s response was calm, but the originally squinted eyes of the Tempest Priest widened in shock!

“What! Are you sure about what you’ve said?”

Lady Isaac, ah, he had known that woman for decades, a serious old friend. After a long silence, the Tempest Priest said,

“Madam Irene, I must warn you seriously that your accusations are extremely severe! If they turn out to be slander, the church will certainly punish you and the Fischer family severely!”

Accusations of heresy were indeed very serious matters; after all, those considered to be evil cultists were ultimately exterminated by the True Gods Church.

So as not to let nobles use heresy accusations as a weapon to eliminate rivals, the major churches took such matters very seriously.

Irene’s tone became solemn and earnest, “Yes, I am aware of its seriousness, Great Priest, my family members heard secrets in the conversations during Lady Isaac’s tea parties, there is no way they could be mistaken!”

“It seems Lady Isaac and her group are trying to perform some sort of ritual, an investigation will certainly uncover the problem.”

A ritual, you say?

This had to be taken seriously indeed, as the old priest, with a grave expression, knew too well the terrifying power of heretical rituals that had destroyed villages and even towns.

“In that case, the level of authority needed to investigate a knight clan is beyond my reach; it probably requires the personal attendance of the bishop’s deputy or a Level 3 Priest.”

The old priest nodded and after a pause continued,

“The journey here is long and challenging; it would probably take about a week for a carriage to reach Fein City and bring someone back.”

“Okay, I understand. When the time comes, the Fischer family will cooperate with the Tempest Church,” Irene responded, nodding again to show her respect before turning and leaving the church.

The old priest waited until the girl had left before he finally let out a long sigh.

“Alas, I hope the report is not true. While I do not wish for the kind Madam Irene to be punished, you, Isaac... must not be confused!”

Having lived for over seventy years in Nasir Town, he had few old friends left, and the stalwart, stubborn Lady Isaac was one of them.

However, years of religious service and intuition made it clear to the old priest that Madam Irene was not making baseless accusations; Lady Isaac likely had issues, just a matter of how significant they were.

—

Lady Isaac stood in front of the window of her residence, staring at the familiar scenery outside.

The white mist slowly dissipated, revealing the tranquil and beautiful architecture of Nasir Town, and the slight sea breeze was also extremely comforting.

Yet in just a few days’ time, she would have to destroy everything before her eyes herself; likely thousands would die, and the entire town might crumble to pieces.

After the ritual was complete, Lady Isaac herself would certainly no longer be able to stay in this town; she must leave before the church’s and the kingdom’s powerful arrived.

She had no choice but to return to her “homeland” upon the sea, and rejoin the embrace of the Sea God Cult.

Lady Isaac sighed to herself, murmuring,

“Three days, only three days left.”

“And then, everything will be over.”

Chapter 70: Chapter 68: Speaking with the Gods

After leaving the Tempest Church, Irene didn't go straight back to the Fischer residence; instead, she went directly from the North City to Nasir's East City, where the poor lived.

Today, her spirituality had nearly run out, and she couldn't continue to eavesdrop using the "Secret Ear Technique," so she could only set out to do other things.

"Madam Irene, hello."

"Thank you very much, Madam Irene."

"Madam Irene, it's a real joy to see you."

The poor continuously greeted her, and Irene responded with practiced calm.

She had come here time and again. How many times had it been?

She could no longer remember.

For ten long years, the East City District had undoubtedly become a region she was incredibly familiar with; almost every person here knew her.

The East City District was filled with shanty wooden homes where people struggled to live above the breadline. Originally, many children maintained their livelihood through theft and begging, but now they had all become members of the orphanage.

Her shoes stepped on the muddy ground without concern for the filth as she calmly arrived beside the wooden hut where Grandma Narda lived. Narda's eldest son, Moore, the leader of the biggest gang of thieves in Nasir, bowed his head in respect.

"Madam Irene, you've come again. Are you looking for something from my mother?" he asked.

Irene shook her head and said calmly,

"No, it's you I'm after this time. You've had your subordinates investigate the Isaac family matters for so long; surely there must be some findings?"

The elderly woman's eldest son, Moore, was short and thin with a fiery temper, but he held utmost respect for his mother and Irene. He never got angry with the two of them and was almost willing to do whatever they said.

"Actually, there has been a new discovery lately. It's that Lady Isaac's son has been missing for a few days now; at least, people watching outside haven't seen him during this period."

He paused for a moment, bent over slightly, and continued, "Of course, he could also be sick and has been resting at home all this time. Apart from this information, there's no other news worth reporting."

"Understood."

Irene nodded her head, intending to leave, but Moore hesitated and stopped her respectfully and apologetically,

"Oh, right, Madam Irene, why don't you take a look at my mother? I think her condition has been somewhat off recently."

Of course, Irene would not mind such a request, so she entered the hut and looked at Grandma Narda, who was sitting inside eating beans. The old lady was extremely happy to see Irene, and they chuckled and chatted for a while.

Irene also noticed that Grandma Narda's mental state was off, she was lucid, even somewhat excited, and she wouldn't stop talking.

After checking, she found out that Grandma Narda wasn't sick; rather, she was too exhilarated from the health and strength gained through extraordinary power.

"It's fine, she's just too happy, probably because you three are so filial," Irene said to Moore as she left.

"Is that so."

Moore sighed with relief. He thought something was wrong with his mother, but now he could rest easy.

In his eyes, Madam Irene was practically a messenger sent by the gods. Meeting her was a divine blessing, an incredible stroke of luck for him and his mother!

"Actually, my mother is getting old, and I'm afraid she won't be with us much longer. My brothers and I are already prepared for this," Moore said with a sincere smile and earnestly added,

"But even if there's not much time left, we still hope she can be happy. Madam Irene, you've given her a beautiful, painless later life. For us, this is an immense kindness you've performed."

Irene smiled faintly and responded serenely, "It's all part of my duty; the power bestowed upon me by God should be used to cure people."

Moore continued to smile and said, "Yes, I believe the Lord of Salvation is also watching and affirming your actions. He will bless you, Madam Irene, to live to a hundred."

Irene was momentarily startled but managed a forced smile.

Afterward, she still didn't go straight home but went to the town's orphanage to check on the children's health and education. She didn't return home until the sky gradually darkened.

Even though Irene was very tired, she didn't go to sleep but instead checked on the servants and guards, and the progress of various jobs.

Because she was too busy with life, she didn't have dinner with her family and just casually ate something by herself.

Before going to bed, Irene knelt in the basement, calmly looking up at the black transparent bottle, recalling that moment in the past.

She would never forget the experience of that night.

"Will you forgive me, my Lord?"

"I reported the Isaac family, so they will be investigated by the Tempest Church, and the mysterious rare artifact you want might be taken away..."

"But I had no other choice, the Fischer family is still too weak, and it is simply a suicide mission to single-handedly oppose the Extraordinary Exponent of the Sea God Cult."

"Please, forgive my willfulness..."

She was silent for a long time, then suddenly said, "Actually, I also, I feel very tired."

"There are just too many things to do in ten years, and they keep on coming without end, it's simply impossible to have a day when everything is done."

"But the Fischer family is still weak, just like Chris when he was in my arms, fragile and easily broken, I must always protect the entire family."

"But I have occasionally thought about escaping, leaving everything behind, even abandoning Chris, and starting a new life alone away from Nasir."

Irene was silent for a while, then shook her head and said:

"But that would be too selfish, that person could never be me."

There was no response in the basement, whether it was the so-called punishment or the consolation that was never supposed to be there, there was no sign of either appearing.

Irene suddenly showed a helpless, resigned smile; Byrne and Chris must still think that I spend all my time praying in the basement.

God, you hear everything deep within my heart.

“At first, I thought I feared nothing, believing it was a matter of pride to sacrifice for my family, and I truly felt fulfilled when offering my life.”

“But as the Fischer family continued to grow and Chris gradually became older, as everything started to become more regular... I couldn’t help but fantasize about what the future Fischer family would be like.

She gently touched her dyed black hair, which in reality had long since turned white, constantly reminding the girl of her ever-depleting lifespan, lacking a future.

“In the quiet of the night, I felt an immense fear, with tears streaming down my face, I understood that it was because of greater expectations that I feared the near end of the future even more.”

“I don’t want to die.”

She slowly changed her posture, no longer kneeling but sitting on the ground, bowed her head, hugged her legs, and let out a sigh.

“I’ve checked many books, trying to find a way to restore my lifespan, but it seems, there really is no way...”

“I so wish to live on.”

The next morning, Irene immediately had Guards Captain Theo act as a coachman and took her to the streets near the Isaac family so she could continue to monitor them with the “Secret Ear Technique” from inside the carriage.

The Guards Captain Theo also held great respect for Irene, who managed the family affairs so orderly.

He once thought she would not be as capable and mature as Lucius, but now he fully understood how strong and wise she was, lacking only experience.

After a night’s rest, her Spirituality fully replenished, Irene sat in the carriage, calmly using her Spirituality to activate the “Secret Ear Technique” and continued monitoring the situation with the Isaac family.

After a long time of monitoring, just when Irene was about to run out of all her Spirituality, a sentence spoken by Lady Isaac left her utterly astonished.

“We have two more days left, let’s reconfirm the route for leaving Nasir and the East Coast after the ritual is completed.”

“At that time, with Nasir devastated with heavy casualties, the Tempest Church bishop will have to focus on disaster relief on one hand and search for our traces on the sea on the other, they most likely won’t be able to find us.”

Two days?

Irene swallowed, feeling a strong sense of unease from the deepest part of her heart.

The last two days?