

From Secret Clan to the Divine Dynasty

Chapter 615(END) - 615: 551 I, Fischer

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Chenxi Calendar, Year 175.

Nasir Seventh University.

Sunlight streamed through the library's tall, spacious windows, creating a crisscross of light and shadow. The warm rays danced across the neatly arranged bookshelves, and each book appeared to breathe gently in the soft glow, emitting a faint scent of ink.

A silver-haired, handsome youth arrived at the school library and sat down by the window. He opened his silver laptop and, with a frown, began to search for information related to the "Fischer family".

However, he found nothing.

"It's impossible, the legends of the Fischer family can't be fake!"

...

"But why, why can't I find anything, could it be that I'm looking in the wrong direction? What exactly is going on..."

The young man fell deep into thought. His mother's belongings had detailed accounts about Fischer.

According to the assertions in her diary, the Cyart Empire, which extended across multiple universes, seemed to be governed by members of the "Eight Hundred People Council," yet the terrifying Fischer family was the real power ruling everything from behind the scenes.

Even the 'Four Great Gods Under the Demise Clan'—Divine Sacrifice, Knowledge, Tranquility, and Conquest—worshipped by countless billions of the Cyart people, were actually the first generation of the Fischer family ancestors who had ascended to godhood in human form.

"Even I might be a descendant of this legendary, mysterious family..."

The youth's heart thudded, his breathing grew heavy; he was both excited and bewildered.

Within his mother's diary, it was recorded that she had been in love with a significant figure from the Fischer family for several years. Although the two had completely parted ways in the end, he had been conceived as a result.

The reason seemed to be that she possessed the bloodline of a favored clan of an otherworldly god... That brought inevitable conflicts in their standing.

After her death, his mother hoped that he would find members of the Fischer family.

"But I can't find a single trace, how could this be possible? If they truly once ruled over the entire world step by step, why would they disappear completely from sight?"

"Could it be, as my mother said, that they are indeed so powerful they can hide behind everything, 'manipulating all, yet never showing themselves'?"

The silver-haired youth was a sophomore at Nasir Seventh University and had been granted the Power of Consecration after successfully entering a "key school" during middle school. Now, he had reached the 3rd Rank on the Path of Knowledge.

By reaching the 4th Rank on the Path of Knowledge, one could earn half of the credits needed and then, after completing other elective courses, graduate smoothly from Nasir Seventh University.

Although if one reached the 5th Rank during university, they could graduate exceptionally, the silver-haired youth knew he lacked the talent for that. The 4th Rank was the lifetime limit for most Blood Receivers, and only the true elites of the Empire could reach the 5th Rank.

For him, changing his own status was an arduous task. If he could truly become a member of that miraculous family, everything would be different!

Yet, after months of fruitless searching, which even impeded his studies, the silver-haired youth was finally at his wit's end.

He took a deep breath, scratched his head frantically, and exclaimed loudly,

"Argh, if only there really was a Fischer family! Could it be my mom read too much fiction and made up this whole thing?"

"Sigh, I should just review 'Advanced Magic Application 2' and then go home for dinner. What a curse this is."

Studying, attending classes, and walking home from school, the silver-haired youth always felt as if someone was watching him, yet he could never find their presence.

Perhaps it was just an illusion.

But that feeling was disconcerting, as if someone who could control everything, effortlessly manipulating his life and future, was quietly observing him.

And he was like the weakest of animals, utterly powerless to resist.

"It couldn't possibly be that I have been targeted by that legendary, mysterious family, could it?"

The silver-haired youth felt a shiver down his spine, then laughed and shook his head, murmuring to himself:

"Do they really exist, or is it still unknown? But my life's predicaments and the hardships of graduation are all too real."

After returning home to the 375th floor of a building in the parish using the "teleportation station" outside the school, he took a deep breath, and silently entered his mother's room without a word.

He took out his mother's diary once again, and his eyes, belonging to the silver-haired youth, were filled with reluctance and tenderness.

"Mom."

"I will find them for sure, if the Fischers truly exist. They must possess the method to resurrect the dead."

"Mom, I miss you so much... don't worry, I will never give up the chance to find them in my lifetime. As long as there is a glimmer of hope, I must bring you back to life!"

The determination in his words was indisputable.

At night, he lay quietly on his bed, his breathing even and deep.

The world at this moment was tranquil, as if the whole world had fallen asleep, except for him, who was experiencing a journey through time and space in his dreams.

In the dream, he found himself in a hazy and ancient setting, surrounded by the glimmering sea and a seaside town with scattered buildings, a faint scent of grass lingering in the air.

"What place is this? A dream, or the Spirit Realm?"

The silver-haired youth seemed to see his ancestors all of a sudden. They were dressed in fine clothes and armor, holding spears and shields, their eyes flashing with resilience and wisdom.

Everyone knelt down and prayed devoutly to a transparent bottle.

Suddenly, calamities struck, and countless people were swept into them.

The ancestors, in order to protect their homeland and loved ones, bravely took up arms and stood on the battlefield, fighting shoulder to shoulder, building an indestructible defense with their flesh and blood.

And the silver-haired youth saw those people fighting, resisting, praying, and conducting Divine Sacrifices!

He saw the paths paved with wisdom and courage by his ancestors for their descendants, the glory and legacy of the family requiring the efforts and sacrifices of each generation.

Advance over the corpses!

The ancestors seemed to communicate with him in a way that transcended language, recounting the splendor and tribulations of the family, passing on the ancient will.

And just as the dream deepened, with emotions and memories intertwining into a series of magnificent pictorial scrolls, the youth suddenly felt an unprecedented sharp pain rising from the bottom of his heart, spreading rapidly through his body.

“Ah!”

He woke up abruptly to find himself lying on the bed, his clothes soaked with sweat, his heartbeat thundering as if he had just struggled out of an endless abyss.

At that moment, the silver-haired youth was startled to discover that a complex and exquisite red seal had emerged on the back of his hand without his knowledge.

This seal, like ancient runes, shimmered with a strange glow as if it contained some unknown power.

“What on earth is this?”

“Why, why did it appear on... wait a minute, my mother mentioned it in her diary... This is the mark of the Demise Clan!”

With the appearance of the red seal, a kind of indescribable call began to echo in the air; the voice was deep and distant, as if it came both from the ancient past and from the whispers of another world.

This calling reverberated in the youth's ears, becoming clearer and more intense, making him feel an irresistible attraction, as if something important was waiting for him to explore and seek out.

The youth clenched his hand bearing the red seal, his eyes sparkling with determination and curiosity.

He knew from that moment on, his life was destined to be anything but ordinary.

“I am... a Fischer!”

(End of the book)

everyone!

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

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released the ninth seal.

Finally, a limit was reached.

Ah...

Finally...

...

Myself.

What exactly am I?

Having gone through increasingly numerous years and after having gathered more and more information, Karl understood more clearly that although he is the God of Demise among the otherworldly gods, there is a distinct difference between him and real Demise.

Because after numerous cycles of repeating beginnings, he obtained more information and evidence, which all indicated one thing: the God of Demise among the otherworldly gods is a being completely devoid of humanity, more like a natural disaster, a phenomenon, or one might even say, a concept.

So-called personality is not something rare, precious, or exceptionally important in the vast multiverse; in fact, most otherworldly gods do not possess personality or similar concepts. Their existence leans more towards the nature of universal, concept-based natural disasters.

And Demise is the worst of all disasters among the multitude of otherworldly gods; a fearsome being capable of destroying all things and putting an end to the multiverse more than once.

And the otherworldly gods are theoretically immortal; even if the multiverse is destroyed, they still exist. However, Demise is the only being capable of bestowing true demise upon otherworldly gods!

“So, how did Shen Ling, and now Karl’s personality, come about?”

For a long time, he regarded himself as the embodiment of Demise, which granted him supreme power but also bound him like an invisible shackle, limiting Karl’s cognition and actions.

But now, Karl realized that despite being a part of the God of Demise across many dimensions and carrying its will and power, he was not entirely the concept of a natural disaster that destroys all things.

He became aware that he was more like a personification of the God of Demise, a vessel that carries divine power and consciousness.

After the Summoning of the Master of Ritual, Karl quickly sensed the most crucial piece of information surfacing from the depths of his heart, what could be called... the most important truth.

It was transmitted by the Master of Ritual.

“So it is.”

“I, Shen Ling, or rather Karl’s personality, was created by the ‘aid’ of the Master of Ritual... for the purpose of making ‘Demise’ even more harmless.”

It turns out that the seemingly insurmountable seals and restrictions were not imposed from the outside but were seals jointly applied by him and the Master of Ritual, as self-imposed limits of this particular incarnation; these boundaries were both protection and bondage, defining the range of power he could exhibit, and also limiting the complete exploration of his own potential.

And through step by step unsealing, Karl would gradually become accustomed to wielding the terrifying power belonging to Demise with his own persona.

“All those past lives in my previous memories are experiences of mine time after time, but in those past lives, I was never ready to accept all that comes with the power of Demise.”

“But this time it’s different.”

Karl realized that he now had an unprecedented right to choose, to restore the full might as true Demise, become an even purer concept, and make his own persona disappear.

Or, he could choose not to do so, maintaining his uniqueness as an independent entity.

He was never a pawn of fate, but the master of his own destiny.

The tenth seal.

Unsealed.

The power of the End was undoubtedly one of the most profound and vast presences in the universe, surpassing all mortal imagination and astonishing all divinities within the multiverse.

This force seemed even older than the origin of the universe, containing endless possibilities and unknowns. It was not the source of creation, but the terminus of destruction.

The power of the End could unleash a force strong enough to shake the entire multiverse, even leading the infinite universes toward their doom!

But the power of the End was far more than that, theoretically controlling the flow of time, the shifts in space, and even the birth and demise of life.

It could effortlessly twist, change, or even create new laws, making the vast majority of things and concepts in the multiverse operate under its will.

It was this boundless, transcendent power that shocked all the divinities of the multiverse.

They revered the existence of the End and felt an immense envy and desire for its power, in front of which, aside from the otherworldly gods, even the mightiest of deities seemed small and powerless.

Karl had not only obtained the power of the God of Demise but also miraculously preserved his original personality and emotions within this terrifyingly vast Divine Power.

This power was sufficient to devour everything, turning the holder into a being devoid of personality, but Karl had now integrated it with his soul to an unprecedented degree, maintaining that precious personality.

“So then...”

“The Chaos Constellation, your contract, your fate, and you yourself... are all heading toward their end.”

As Karl manipulated the power of the End, beginning to infiltrate the Chaos Constellation, the infinite universes trembled; it was a power beyond time and space, silently eroding the Chaos Constellation, smoothing out the chaotic trajectories of the stars in the complete universe and calming the violent Energy Fluctuations.

The Chaos Constellation symbolized “illusory beauty” as an otherworldly god, and thus, those who yearned for divinity and aspired to a perfect world were naturally subject to its attention.

Hidden within the delusions of numerous creatures, the Chaos Constellation now underwent earth-shattering changes.

Once jumbled paths of stars gradually became orderly, and the wild Energy Fluctuations began to settle. Chaos Power that once wreaked havoc within this constellation seemed to be bound by an invisible force and ultimately dissipated into nothingness.

With the complete demise of the Chaos Constellation, the infinite multiverse experienced a purification, becoming more orderly, while the “delusions” that many creatures should possess disappeared, causing many civilizations’ development to stall.

Only when this concept and power were seized by other otherworldly gods did the multiverse finally welcome a new balance.

Although the multiverse had been destroyed by the power of the End many times and revived by the power of Origin just as often, the transcendent otherworldly gods had always been truly immortal, until now, with a god falling for the first time!

Karl eradicated the Chaos Constellation and then began to rewrite the timeline of Claud World once more.

He traversed between past and future, correcting errors and disasters caused by the influence of the Chaos Constellation, ensuring the normal development of history, and preventing countless tragedies. With each action, he carefully mended the rifts in the intricate tapestry of time, all to breathe new life and hope into the world and the Fischer family.

It was just as Karl had once promised.

Upon complete revival, on the day of great achievement, He would grant the Fischer family and the entire world a true Dawn!

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