

From Secret Clan to the Divine Dynasty

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Chapter 71: Chapter 69 Creating Evidence

How could one possibly stop the ceremony that the Sea God Cult was about to hold in Nasir Town?

Irene, sitting in the carriage, fell deep into thought. With the Fischer family's own power, secretly sabotaging the Sea God Cult's ceremony seemed next to impossible.

However, the actual evidence was still insufficient. Convincing the Tempest Church's old priest to immediately raid the Isaac family was out of the question.

Caught between a rock and a hard place, but she couldn't just let the people of the Sea God Cult continue with that dangerous ceremony.

According to the information leaked by the Sea God Cult, the ceremony would result in heavy casualties among the Nasir citizens, and naturally, the Nasir Fischer family couldn't possibly remain unscathed. She certainly understood this logic.

"Perhaps, Byrne could have a way."

She knew that Byrne had read many books and was the smartest one of the three siblings. He was the force behind all the family's investment affairs.

So Irene returned to the Fischer family and found Byrne practicing swordsmanship in the courtyard. She told him all the information and concerns she had heard.

"I see," Byrne said, his forehead slightly sweaty, his expression changing after listening to the ceremony that could lead to heavy casualties in Nasir.

He put away his sword and began to ponder the dilemma raised by Irene, then suddenly laughed.

"I think, Irene, you have a small issue with your approach."

Irene frowned slightly, still unclear about Byrne's thoughts.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

Byrne chuckled and continued as he gazed towards the Isaac family:

“Do we really have no evidence of the Isaac family’s dealings with the Sea God Cult? In fact, such evidence could grow from the ground overnight, or it could appear out of nowhere in front of the Tempest Priest.”

Irene was taken aback for a moment, then suddenly realized what Byrne meant.

They had already confirmed there was an issue with the Isaac family, so the next step was simply to lead everyone to believe this.

Plus, as long as they could eliminate the Isaac family in a surprise attack, they could certainly find more connections between them and the Sea God Cult afterward.

So-called evidence, it didn’t matter whether it was real or fake, as long as it could make people believe!

Byrne pondered for a moment, then continued:

“When we create statues and ritual tools, there are many damaged and borrowed items, right? With a little modification, we could fabricate items belonging to the Sea God Cult.”

Irene shook her head, still feeling the creation of fake evidence would be difficult:

“We don’t know what the Sea God Cult’s objects look like. The Nasir Tempest Priest should be clear about that, and it would be very easy to be exposed if we just take anything there.”

Byrne smiled and said, “In reality, I do know what they look like.”

“Because I’ve read many books on mysticism, even banned books, which include knowledge of the Sea God Cult, from a forbidden book purchased at the Alchemy Council auction.”

He thought for a while and then continued:

“I can also use ‘Profound Memory’ to forge writings by Lady Isaac, to create a few letters of her communicating with the Sea God Cult. She had her servant deliver a donation to the orphanage and a letter; I’ve already seen it.”

“Moreover, we do actually have a piece of real evidence in our hands.”

Byrne went to the workshop to retrieve a bottle of dark blue potion, his expression extremely somber and his eyes filled with anger.

“Lady Isaac handed this over to Margaret, and I’ve learned its specific effects through the ‘Drug Verification’.”

He took a deep breath, using his spirituality to activate “Drug Verification.”

As his fingers holding the potion bottle glowed faintly, fragmented phrases appeared in his mind. They quickly rearranged themselves and coalesced into a humanly comprehensible meaning.

It was “knowledge.”

“Deep sea metamorphosis magic potion, its main ingredient is water, followed by the blood of a mysterious creature known as ‘Sea Demon,’ mixed with sea-bottom plants. If an intelligent being consumes it, they will gradually mutate towards the sea tribe, eventually turning into merfolk...”

At this point, Byrne’s hands were trembling, his entire being filled with rage!

He could never forgive the Isaac family and the Sea God Cult!

To give such a dangerous and terrifying thing to Margaret, who was pregnant, was a vicious hope that they would become members of the sea tribe.

In the sea, there have always been an extremely large number of sea tribe members, belonging to the category of mysterious creatures. More than ninety percent of them worship the Sea God, while a very small number of the sea tribe, like humans, worship the Tempest Overlord.

Because of their identical beliefs, the members of the Sea God Cult have always had an excellent relationship with the sea tribe, which is also an important reason why they have been able to retreat to the islands and have not been annihilated by the True Gods Church.

Irene stared at the Dark Blue potion. The fact that Lady Isaac had not forced Margaret to drink it was indeed a huge blunder.

That Dark Blue potion would undoubtedly become the key and the only piece of real evidence!

After her thoughts had thoroughly come together, Irene revealed a smile and continued to supplement her ideas:

“In addition to sufficient physical evidence, we also need ample testimony. Leave that matter to me; you needn’t worry too much about it.”

“We must hasten to create evidence because the Tempest Priest also needs time to persuade the town chief to mobilize the patrol and ask for the cooperation of the Verne knight family.”

In the beginning, of the Four Great Knight Families in Nasir Town, the strongest—the Taylor knight family—had already moved away from the East Coast. The Isaac knight family was involved with the Sea God Cult, and another knight family had perished in the war.

The last remaining family bore the surname Verne, with only a pair of knights, father and son, who were not young and both of mid-level Beginning strength. Their entire family was in the awkward situation with no one to succeed them.

The younger generation of their family had very low concentrations of Bloodline, all being recessive, and even if they took an awakening potion to develop their power, they could not meet the lowest knight standard and thus couldn't grasp the inheritance of knight Bloodline power.

Irene nodded, knowing that time was of the essence and immediately said:

“Then let's start preparing right away, striving to convince the Tempest Priest. After all, there are only two days left, and besides forging evidence, we also need to prepare various props for battle.”

In battle, the side that is fully prepared has a tremendous advantage. Both were aware of this fact.

Byrne turned to leave but then immediately turned back and said with rigor:

“Right, we also need a backup plan. What if the Tempest Priest doesn't believe us, or even if he does, still refuses to agree to attack the Isaac family. What shall we do then?”

“Indeed, that's also a possibility...”

Irene fell silent for a moment, knowing that if it really came to that point, the whole of Nasir would be in danger.

She sighed and at last could only say:

“For now, let's have Chris and Darren and Margaret leave for refuge. Have Guards Captain Theo take them and the important materials outside of Nasir, back to the wooden hut where I lived ten years ago.”

“If we can't persuade the Tempest Priest, we'll need to evacuate Nasir as a group. The farther we can run, the better. I'll also send someone to notify the blacksmith shop, Grandma Narda, and John.”

When Byrne heard the list of people Irene mentioned to notify and didn't hear Aaron's name, he remained silent for a moment and said nothing more.

The option of the Fischer family alone contending against the dangerous ritual was never within the consideration of the siblings from the start.

It was a ritual that could cause thousands of casualties, and the terrifying power it contained was absolutely immense; the mere thought of it was chilling.

The next night.

The all-consuming darkness of night fell, and gusts of wind came from the sea, causing the giant bell hanging in the church's bell tower to be rung by the storm, its powerful sound echoing throughout Nasir.

"Dong! Dong! Dong!"

Irene, Byrne, and some members of the Fischer family entered the church, and they also had an Isaac family servant tied up with them.

The servant, filled with fear in his eyes, had already willingly confessed to Lady Isaac's issues and volunteered to become a witness accusing the family.

"Madam Irene, Mr. Byrne, you've come here in such a conspicuous manner—do you intend to..."

The old priest in the church slowly walked out, shoulders back, staring at the gathered people from the shadows with furrowed brows and a grave look in his eyes.

"What we are about to discuss is very important and could even relate to the survival of Nasir."

Irene, standing in the moonlight, was very calm and took out the deep blue potion, slowly saying:

"There isn't much time left, so please listen and then exercise the church's special authority to immediately eradicate... the heretic."

Chapter 72: Chapter 70: Midnight Ambush

With irrefutable evidence, especially the deep blue deep sea metamorphosis potion, the old Tempest Priest realized the gravity of the situation.

"A potion from the Sea God Cult, it's been several years since I've seen one. I once witnessed its effects on a human..."

He somewhat confusedly asked Irene a question, why the Fischer family was suddenly able to produce so much evidence.

Irene attributed their success in obtaining the evidence to the servant.

They bribed a servant from the Isaac family, surreptitiously gathered numerous pieces of evidence, and even discovered that the time for the Isaac family to conduct the ceremony was imminent.

“Hmm...”

Although he felt that evidence from a bribable person might not be credible, the other multitude of evidence made everything far too terrifying. The Tempest Priest hesitated for a long time before finally making up his mind.

He could not wait for the higher-ups from the church to investigate!

He must use his special authority to act, unite with the town chief, mobilize the patrol teams and the power of the two knight clans, to immediately arrest or even exterminate the Isaac family!

Originally the Five Great True Gods Churches, and now the Six Great True Gods Churches, all had the power to “act specially.”

It is when a heretical cult appears within their jurisdiction, and it is deemed extremely dangerous, that they can authorize local officials and nobles to take command and arrest the targeted individuals.

The power to “act specially” had been abused hundreds of years ago. Many lords and nobles obtained authorization through various means, judging those who opposed them in the light of day.

Today, the circumstances in which one may “act specially” have been severely restricted. After the event, the higher echelons of the church will thoroughly investigate the causes and effects through various spells, and those who abuse this power will face severe punishment.

In the calm of the night, Lady Isaac sat on a chair in her bedroom, clad in a black nightgown, with no hint of sleepiness. She made no sound, her eyes deep and thoughts chaotic, her hands gently yet tremulously gripping her wine glass.

She reminisced about past dreams, reliving the bitterness of past gains and losses, searching in contemplation for the self lost in the stream of time.

Everything was about to end.

She and her brother left the island headquarters of the cult and settled in the home her father had established in Nasir Town. As undercover agents of the cult, they took over the family's operations with the intention of deeply embedding themselves for several years.

However, about thirty years ago, because the High Priest of the cult was killed by the Whisperer, a bishop of the Tempest Church, and the island hiding their headquarters was destroyed, the entire Sea God Cult was scattered. Since then, she had never received any instructions from the cult.

One year, two years, three years, five years, ten years... not a single cultist had contacted her again. The entire Sea God Cult had completely vanished from her life.

It was at that moment, when Lady Isaac gave birth to her own son, that she suddenly realized something as she looked upon the new life: she had moved past her old self and could embrace a new life.

"If only it was truly possible to let go," Lady Isaac murmured to herself, her voice laced with helplessness, pain, and even a hint of mockery.

The fate within her bloodline was impossible to escape. She now finally acknowledged the truth: to destroy Nasir and then return to the embrace of the cult was the ultimate endpoint of her life.

Given a choice, she would not want to destroy the place where she had lived for thirty whole years, where every tree and every patch of soil was so familiar and dear to her.

Lady Isaac had long forgotten the smell of the sea breeze on the island of her childhood. Now, her true homeland was only the tranquil Nasir on the East Coast.

Yet she knew she had no choice.

Suddenly, Lady Isaac saw lights flickering outside the window.

The lights grew more numerous, like stars or fireflies in the night sky, forming a long dragon-like line full of light.

She slowly rose and gazed at the luminous dragon, and after a moment, she heard the exclamations of the servants, the buzz of discussions, and finally the sound of her brother and younger brother rushing toward her.

"What on earth is going on?"

“Why are there so many people outside, it looks like everyone from the patrol team is here!”

Lady Isaac’s elder brother, a tall man in a black mask and a long black robe with a very short temper, entered the room.

She had no real feelings for this man, and even deep down, she felt some resentment.

The brother she had depended on for thirty years was one of the people Lady Isaac couldn’t let go. He was a man of medium stature, dressed in purple finery, who had inherited the power of Bloodline and possessed the natural talent of a Spellcaster.

Lady Isaac believed that one day he would break through to Level 2 and have a future far greater than her own.

With nervous expression, the brother spoke, “What exactly is going on? Why have so many people suddenly arrived? They seem to have... discovered our secret?”

He had come to Nasir Town with his sister when he was young and had no feelings for the Sea God Cult; in fact, he deeply hated their so-called elder brother.

If it wasn’t for that man’s arrival, their lives would never have been disrupted!

The eldest of the three, the mysterious man Karl’s subconscious had identified.

He sneered cruelly, “That’s right, and if it was just a normal report, there probably wouldn’t have been such a big reaction. There would have to be serious accusations for higher-ups to come investigate.”

“And now they’ve even skipped that step and surrounded us completely. I’m afraid that old priest from the Tempest Church already knows about the ritual!”

The elder brother’s expression under his mask turned ferocious as he turned to look at his brother and sister with dissatisfaction and suspicion, “But the question is, how did they find out about the ritual? Only the three of us should know the specific details of the ritual. Could it be that you leaked it?”

“Answer me!”

After hearing this, the brother also sneered coldly, nearly exploding with rage, “If we had leaked the details of the ritual, you wouldn’t have the opportunity to say anything now! You’d see us outside, surrounding you with them!”

Lady Isaac suddenly said calmly, “Brother, as you know, we have no way of resisting you and the cult.”

"It's probably some Extraordinary ability that has exposed our plans. At this point, we should think about what to do next."

The elder brother in the black robe fell into deep thought for a quite while, then nodded, "I believe you, after all, we are all bound by the blood of the Isaac family, and fate connects us tightly. Since that's the case, we can only flee."

"They have brought so many people because they are completely confident, and even if you, sister, went to negotiate and make the crowd leave, it would almost certainly not succeed."

"But we also cannot accept a search, for the traces of the altar and other cult activities cannot be cleaned up in a short time."

The three exchanged looks, so they could only escape immediately from here, leave Nasir without hesitation, to have a slim chance of survival.

The man in the black robe regained his composure, speaking very calmly, "The ritual is aborted, we must withdraw from Nasir at once and make plans elsewhere on the East Coast."

Outside the Isaac family estate, the sky was ablaze with fire.

The town chief and sheriff, leading hundreds of patrol members armed with flintlocks, as well as members of the Fischer family, the Verne knight clan, and Extraordinary Exponents from the Tempest Church, had completely surrounded the place.

The old Tempest Priest, mounted on a black horse, had already sent someone to knock on the door, ordering the Isaac family to open up for a thorough search.

If they were indeed innocent, then Fischer's accusations were merely slander, and they would most likely not refuse the search; otherwise, they would behave suspiciously.

In fact, deep down, the Tempest Priest hoped that his old friend was not an evil cultist of the Sea God Cult.

But the witness and evidence provided by the Fischer family were too substantial, he had to come here to ensure that Nasir was not threatened.

Because this serene port town was his homeland, which he had watched grow up, how could he allow anyone to destroy it!

Byrne and Irene were not on horseback; they stood at the forefront of the crowd with other Extraordinary Exponents, followed by over a dozen flintlock-armed guards from their family.

Irene gazed at the Isaac family estate, took a deep breath, and gently stroked the clear bottle hidden in her bosom.

Next, they would face an enemy who had achieved Transmutation to Level 2, and if the situation truly became desperate, she was still willing to sacrifice her lifespan to invoke the great Lord of the Lost to descend and display His unstoppable ultimate power!

Chapter 73: Chapter 71: Gathering Forces

The old Tempest Priest stood between the town chief and Byrne, the elderly man knew deep down that something was wrong when Lady Isaac did not appear after so long.

The final deadline he had given was about to pass.

If she refused the church's search, it implied that all evidence provided by the Fischer family was authentic, and the Isaac family was indeed a subordinate of the Sea God Cult.

The fate of heretics was never good, and they often did not want to surrender without a fight.

Thus, a battle was almost inevitable!

Byrne stood to one side and analyzed, "The Isaac family's guards are probably around thirty or so, but basically, they don't have the guts to fight us hard for Lady Isaac, and in the end, there are likely only a handful who would die loyally for her."

Indeed, both the old priest and the town chief understood that the guards were very close to the family, almost equivalent to private soldiers, but there were certainly not many who would stand against the entire church and the country for a family that had turned to evil.

"So, our main opponents are those three extraordinary Isaacs."

"Lady Isaac of high-level Beginning is a knight, whose source of the power of Bloodline is 'Heatwave Blood Whale,' capable of producing high-temperature water vapor in her surroundings. Moreover, she has superb swordsmanship and probably several combat skills as part of her family inheritance."

"Her brother is a mid-level Beginning adept in both paths, wielding the Bloodline power of 'Heatwave Blood Whale' as well as possessing spellcasting talent of the Elements type. At this Beginning Level, he should be able to practice only two types of Elements Spells, both of which are not very powerful."

Byrne paused for a moment, then continued with a serious tone,

“The last one is sent by the Sea God Cult. According to the servant’s testimony, the opponent is likely a low-level Transmutation Extraordinary Exponent, with Earth-type Bloodline power, and he is also carrying a Treasure class Mysterious rare artifact, obviously the most problematic existence.”

Upon hearing this, everyone tensed up, the father and son knights of the Verne family even regretted coming, for although assisting the church would yield rewards, the risk was indeed huge.

Mayor Andes immediately scowled and said through clenched teeth,

“A low-level Transmutation Extraordinary Exponent... That’s indeed a bit too tricky. If he appears, we must attack this person with all our might.”

Although Byrne had once hunted a Moonshadow White Bear nearing low-level Transmutation with his father, the strength of that Moonshadow White Bear was arguably the worst within the Transmutation Level.

Moreover, Lucius had an extremely high battle IQ, and Byrne admitted that he simply couldn’t compare to his father in this aspect.

Additionally, Extraordinary Exponents with high intelligence typically proved to be much stronger than magic beasts when at the same level!

And not just slightly stronger but a lot stronger!

Because Extraordinary Exponents would use alchemical weapons, Mysterious rare artifacts, learn “combat skills,” “Spells,” “spellcasting technique” from their inheritance, contemplate diverse tactical strategies, and possess judgment abilities far superior to that of magic beasts.

Perhaps two Middle Rank knights at the Beginning could contend with one high-level Beginning knight. However, a knight who had reached low-level Transmutation could easily kill three high-level Beginning knights in a direct confrontation.

After all, there’s a divide between the 1st Consecution and the 2nd Consecution of the Extraordinary Exponents.

On their side, there were seven Extraordinary Exponents—the 2nd Consecution “Pharmacist” Byrne and the 2nd Consecution “Listener” Irene.

As well as the high-level Beginning old Tempest Priest, who was also an Elements Spellcaster, the mid-level Beginning Mayor Andes, the father and son knights of the Verne family at the Middle Rank Beginning level, and the low-level Beginning sheriff.

In addition to those, there were hundreds of armed commoners carrying flintlocks, outfitted with some alchemical explosives, who were undoubtedly also a vital fighting force in this battle.

In the more distant past, the nations of the Ouden Continent did not have structured armies at all, composed purely of warbands formed by Extraordinary Exponents.

Back then, commoners were only fit for logistical support labor, with a status much lower than today's, and even earlier, commoners were no different from slaves.

With the advent of the flintlock, the development of alchemical spells, and the advancement of collective spells, true armies emerged a few hundred years ago, and knights from the knight class who could be killed by gunfire gradually had their lands taken away.

The crowd waited a while longer, the final deadline had passed, and everyone could see that the other side was not planning to respond, and definitely did not want to surrender.

The Isaac family was planning to resist until the bitter end—they were indeed spies planted by the Sea God Cult!

Under the dark night sky, numerous fires almost lit up the heavens, and everyone's expressions were extremely serious as sweat began to emerge on their foreheads.

Mayor Andes was getting impatient. He turned his head and asked the old priest loudly, “

“Great Priest, when do we attack?”

The old Tempest Priest shook his head, gazing at the Isaac family mansion and said, “Wait a little longer, there are still some who haven't arrived yet.”

After a while, dozens of people rushed over, it turned out to be Aaron, the elder of the silver descendants, along with Emil, who brought dozens of guards.

They were able to occupy an entire street for residence because the church had accepted them, and according to the covenant, they needed to exert their efforts at times like this.

Aaron, Irene, and Byrne exchanged glances, then looked again at Emil, who stood at the very front of the silver descendants, as if the true elder.

The three of them understood each other immediately without saying a word.

With the addition of a high-level Beginning Spellcaster and a high-level Beginning Bloodline Knight, their number of Extraordinary Exponents reached nine.

Adding the two Fischers, there were five individuals at the high-level Beginning Rank, and with the many armed commoners, their advantage gradually became more apparent.

The town chief looked back at the old priest until, at last, the priest sighed, knowing that now the only choice was to fight.

His expression darkened as he spoke loudly,

“Attack, charge in and capture all members of the Isaac family. The main targets are those three Extraordinary Exponents, we cannot let any of them escape!”

The old priest’s eyes were fierce as he spoke without hesitation, “Be prepared to launch an attack at any time, and it’s fine to kill the targets if necessary!”

Although he had been close friends with Lady Isaac for many years, once he had made up his mind, the old priest knew there could be no wavering.

On the battlefield, even the slightest hesitation could be fatal— it could even doom everyone!

Since Lady Isaac chose the Sea God Cult, she was seeking her own death, so there was simply no need for pity now.

The patrol guards then approached and shouted, demanding that the Isaac family’s guards open the door or else they would use alchemical explosives to blast their way in.

The guards of the Isaac family had already been pushed to the limit and finally made a choice, dejectedly opening the gate and meekly stepping out, immediately dropping their weapons to show they had no intention of resisting.

Seeing this scene, Irene shook her head and said to Byrne,

“The subordinates we really need are definitely not like these people.”

The sheriff immediately had those guards of the Isaac family seized, their hands bound behind their backs with ropes, checking every face to see if the three Isaac siblings were among them.

Just then, everyone suddenly heard a long whistle sound from afar.

“They’ve climbed over the wall and are running that way! We chase!”

While everyone actually said nothing, they took for granted one thing: the low-level Transmutation Knight Extraordinary Exponents were highly mobile and had great stamina, they didn't have any cavalry, so it would be very difficult to catch that person.

The most important targets were still to capture Lady Isaac and her two Beginning-Level Extraordinary Exponent brothers, and it could be considered the mission was accomplished for now.

Something seemed off, Byrne's brow was tightly furrowed as he felt there was an issue somewhere, but with no experience in commanding combat, he was greatly inexperienced.

He just felt the atmosphere was odd but couldn't articulate any specific reason, and could only quietly lead the family members to fall back behind the crowd.

Although Mayor Andes was a Middle Rank Beginning Extraordinary Exponent, he had no combat experience whatsoever, let alone the ability to command the patrol teams.

He could only steel himself and ask the old priest and sheriff,

"Should we split into two groups, one to charge in here and one to intercept them, or should all of us go after the fleeing ones?"

The old priest had experienced warfare and was rich with commanding experience. Just as he was about to answer after pondering, he suddenly turned his head to look at the estate wall not far away.

"Evade!"

The wall beside the gate suddenly showed a multitude of cracks, followed by hundreds of pieces of stone and dirt exploding outward in an instant, like a deathly whirlwind blasting open towards the unsuspecting crowd!

“

Chapter 74: Chapter 72 Port

In horror, the nearest twenty or so people were included in the attack range of the mass of earth and rock fragments.

Except for the members of the Fischer family who stepped back, the other seven Extraordinary Exponents stood in the front row and were attacked by the enemy first.

The terrible force instantly shredded the bodies of several ordinary people, leaving their crimson blood and torn flesh scattered on the ground, with wailing and screaming erupting among the crowd!

“Damn it!”

The old priest glared angrily, and as the most experienced, he immediately cast the spell “Circle of Water” in front of him to create a liquid shield, protecting himself from the attack,

Aaron managed to jump away in time to avoid the attack from the earth and rock fragments.

The other Extraordinary Exponents weren’t so lucky, none of them reacted to the sneak attack, all sustaining various degrees of injury, with the sheriff, a low-level Beginning exponent, suffering the most severe wounds.

Even though he was wearing armor, he was still gravely injured by the stones hitting his internal organs; he knelt on the ground in agony, trembling non-stop, completely unable to speak.

Irene walked up without hesitation, stretching out her hand and a force as gentle and comforting as the breath of spring, smoothed over the sheriff’s injuries.

She caressed the sacred object in her arms, the situation just now was not a matter of life and death for the members of the Fischer family, so the Lord of the Lost did not give any warning.

Clearly, the Fischer family could not rely on the Lord of the Lost for everything.

Byrne took another step back, then immediately stood amidst the crowd and yelled,

“The one who just attacked is definitely that low-level Transmutation Extraordinary Exponent, don’t get too close, just throw alchemical explosives in there first!”

Rushing in recklessly was dangerous, and since the opponent didn’t have any hostages, it was better to bomb the place with alchemical explosives first and consider other options afterward.

The old priest glanced at Byrne, remembering the boy he had seen many years ago, who was timid and scared, even afraid to talk to strangers.

Now, the young Fischer could decisively issue commands among the crowd, clearly having grown a lot.

Irene, having stabilized the sheriff’s condition, ignored the expectant looks of the other injured and the pleading voices for the moment, instead, she unhesitatingly retreated into the crowd.

She watched as the patrol team blasted the entire outer wall of the manor with alchemical explosives.

“Boom!”

While not many people knew, Irene’s healing power also consumed a faint amount of Spirituality, and if she used too much, she would be completely out of tricks later.

Therefore, she decided that it was necessary to heal the severely wounded Extraordinary Exponents first, while the others could be temporarily ignored.

The alchemical explosives were thrown, and after a barrage of explosions, the walls were leveled, turned to rubble, but Byrne saw no signs of the enemy.

Obviously, the enemy had escaped right after the successful sneak attack.

The old priest sneered and said, “The Isaacs are all very cunning fellows.”

“One team stays here to search, the rest come with me, I know where they are.”

The old priest, a high-level Beginning Spellcaster, could master up to three spell models, and the spells he learned were “Circle of Water,” “icicle,” and “Summoning Water Spirit,” serving for defense, offense, and enemy seeking respectively.

Through the enemy seeking effect of “Summoning Water Spirit,” the old priest sensed that two members of the family were heading towards the port.

Either escape into the vast, endless jungle or flee to sea from the port—having predicted the two most likely choices, the old priest left Summoning Water Spirits hidden along the necessary paths to those destinations in advance.

As expected by the old priest, Lady Isaac and her brother were on their way to the port.

The other Transmutation level Extraordinary Exponent stayed behind to attract attention with sneak attacks, buying time for his siblings to escape.

Indeed, it was a very clever plan!

The old priest took all the Extraordinary Exponents to the port, intending to intercept Lady Isaac and her brother while expecting the Transmutation level Knight Extraordinary Exponent to possibly arrive at the port and join his family members.

If the opponent didn’t choose to come to the port, he simply abandoned the plan to capture or kill that powerful being.

Having lived for so many years, the old priest knew deep down the vast difference between Transmutation and Beginning.

Capturing Lady Isaac and her brother was easy, but trying to kill that powerful foe would surely lead to heavy casualties.

“

Perhaps letting that guy leave Nasir isn't necessarily a bad thing.

Moreover, after eluding the chase, he wouldn't dare continue to linger in Nasir and secretly seek revenge, because the middle and high ranks of the Tempest Church were already on their way.

The group hurried to the port of Nasir Town under the guidance of the old priest.

To preserve her spirituality, Irene didn't heal the ordinary people along the way but distributed blood potions purchased by her family to keep them going.

After that, she gave a slight treatment to a few Extraordinary Exponents, winning their favor for the Fischer family at a very low cost.

Byrne remained highly vigilant throughout the journey, ready to use his Extraordinary trait “Speed Sketching” at any sign of movement.

A few years ago, he had considered one thing: why not draw a picture of the target in advance? However, he soon realized the problems that would arise from doing so.

Drawings from “Speed Sketching” had an effective range and duration; a completely finished drawing would become an ordinary one after a few hours.

But Byrne soon discovered something important: his spirituality was only consumed when the final stroke was drawn, making the picture complete and granting it an Extraordinary effect.

In fact, as long as he didn't draw the final stroke, he wouldn't use up any spirituality.

So now it took him only a fraction of a second to complete a Speed Sketch.

It wasn't because Byrne's hand speed was supernatural; instead, he'd thought of a new method of “Pre-made Drawing.”

This was by using the effect of “Profound Memory” to nearly complete drawings of everyone and everything he had seen in advance, leaving just the last stroke out.

When he saw the enemy, he would instantly draw the last stroke to complete the drawing, turning a common “Pre-made Drawing” into one with an Extraordinary effect.

In the sketchbook he carried with him tonight were “Pre-made Drawings” of all the Extraordinary Exponents in Nasir, except those from the Fischer family, all prepared in advance.

As long as one is willing to keep summarizing and developing, the application of Extraordinary power can be extended and perfected. The concept gradually formed in Byrne’s mind, and he felt he should deepen his understanding on this path.

In the silent port, dense sea air carrying the taste of salt blew toward them, and the dark waters of the sea flowed softly and calmly under the night sky.

The procession, like a dragon of fire, arrived at the port with torches, and indeed, at a great distance, they saw a boat gradually setting off. As they drew close, the figures of Lady Isaac and her brother were unmistakably revealed beneath the firelight.

Lady Isaac was no longer in a dress, but she wore rusty armor emblazoned with alchemical runes and held two dazzling longswords, her demeanor somber and serious.

The old priest silently gazed at the visage of his old friend on the boat, and then he heard Byrne shout without hesitation,

“Attack! They’re on the boat, don’t let those evil cultists escape!”

The many patrol guards took up their flintlocks and began firing continuously at the target, the not-so-large boat still within the effective hundred-meter range of the firearms, instantly coming under a sustained barrage.

Byrne, kneeling on one knee, took out paper and pencil and sketched the hull with incredible speed and skill.

No matter what, he did not want to let slip the evil cultists who harboured intentions against his wife and children!

By the time Byrne completed his drawing, the boat had already sunk at sea, and the two figures on board had leapt into the sea ahead of time.

He pondered for a moment, then shouted again, “They can’t drown; they’ll definitely try to come ashore, everyone stay alert!”

There wasn’t a Nasir citizen who couldn’t swim, and there were even many diving experts among them. Naturally, two Extraordinary Exponents couldn’t possibly drown just off the coast—unless they were misfortunate enough to have been shot just now.

If they didn't drown, the two Extraordinary Exponents would attempt to climb ashore, which would inevitably lead to a fierce battle!

The port of Nasir wasn't large, and with so many people holding torches, they could clearly see if someone was trying to come ashore.

Everyone waited in complete concentration, the air heavy with tension, as time passed gradually and every second felt like an age.

In the silence, the atmosphere grew more oppressive, with fear, hope, and uncertainty colliding, lingering in everyone's hearts.

However, in the silent port, there was no sound; as minutes passed, not even a single person surfaced in the waters before them.

Had they disappeared?

Byrne fell into thought. Had they turned into members of the sea tribe and swam away, or had they used some other method to leave the water?

No, if they could swim away, they wouldn't have needed to come to the dock to prepare a boat in the first place!

“

Chapter 75: Chapter 73: The Wind Rises!

Byrne analyzed the situation briefly and immediately said to the old priest and the town chief:

“They must be hiding underneath one of the boats, attempting to outlast us in patience. We had better find a way to flush those two out of the water.”

Alchemical explosives won't work, not to mention the consequences of destroying all the boats in the harbor.

The more direct reason is that those things won't explode underwater.

After some thought, he said, “I need you all to be honest about your abilities and follow my command to see if we can find a way.”

However, each person's expression turned difficult.

In fact, not many were willing to reveal their specific extraordinary abilities. While bloodline and natural talents were somewhat difficult to hide, the specific types of spells, spellcasting techniques, and battle skills each possessed were different trump cards.

Seeing everyone's expressions, Byrne knew his authority wasn't sufficient, and didn't insist on his request.

The old priest ordered the guards to spread out around the perimeter, to move back, and not to get too close to the water's edge.

Byrne watched the scene unfolding calmly, not understanding the specific reason.

The old priest narrowed his eyes, calmly explaining, "We can't get too close in case the enemy suddenly jumps out of the water and charges into our ranks. Firing at close range could easily lead to friendly fire."

So that was it. Byrne quickly understood the reason behind such command.

Flintlocks are powerful, but their biggest issue is the slow speed of reloading and lack of accuracy with the bullets once fired.

Simply put, armies of various countries are more adept at "firing squads" rather than skirmish tactics, which are hardly practiced. If an extraordinary exponent rushes into the ranks, the formation can easily become scattered.

Therefore, it's imperative to maintain as much distance as possible. For mortal troops armed with flintlocks, the distance between the two sides undoubtedly equates to their "lifeline."

The old priest saw Byrne's contemplative gaze and knew the young man had grasped the underlying principle.

The young man from the Fischer family was smart. He considered that Byrne might have significant development in the future, but it's a pity that the family worships the Lord of Salvation.

The relationship between the Tempest Church and the Salvation Church could definitely not be considered good, with increasing friction between them. It had been over a decade since a priest from the Salvation Church had set foot on the East Coast, yet there were still many followers of salvation passed down from generation to generation in the region.

He believed the most important reason was that the bishop of the East Coast diocese wasn't at all focused on proselytizing.

Irene summoned a few of her family's most loyal guards, took out some papers marked with a ring, and commanded them to stealthily distribute them around the outskirts of the pier, making sure others didn't notice.

Her proclaimed identity was that of a healing type extraordinary exponent, a follower of the Salvation Church. If the abilities of the Secret Ear Technique were exposed, it would be hard to explain, although she could claim they were due to a mysterious rare artifact when the time came.

The family guards obeyed and went around posting the papers on the periphery, while Irene closed her eyes and listened quietly to the surroundings with the Secret Ear Technique.

She was on guard for the transmutation-class Bloodline Knight, whose whereabouts were still unknown!

The two in the water were in their death throes, but the real threat was the evil cultist from the Sea God Cult, a transmutation-class powerhouse with far more devastating and mobile force than the beginning level.

“Will you show up, or will you choose to abandon your brothers and sisters and leave?”

Irene closed her eyes and listened intently, focusing on the sounds from all directions.

Her senses had become sharper since becoming an extraordinary exponent. When she closed her eyes, the scent of the sea breeze in her nostrils felt even more real and clear.

At that moment, she was like someone walking alone on the dark sea, filled with unease in her heart.

However, the girl could never hear the voice she longed for yet somewhat feared to hear, the formidable enemy at the transmutation level had still not arrived.

He might have truly abandoned his family, choosing to leave Nasir alone.

“Huh...”

Irene heard it, and everyone else did too, the sound of the sea wind at the pier suddenly became crystal clear.

The wind had picked up.

Suddenly, the wind on the sea surface began to rise, everyone felt the gusting wind, and soon the wind at the pier grew stronger and stronger. That was undoubtedly not the extraordinary power of any man or god but the magical and irresistible force of nature itself!

“Not good!”

Both Byrne and the old priest realized something bad was happening, and their expressions changed drastically in an instant!

Byrne immediately shouted at the top of his lungs, "This is bad, the wind is picking up! Everyone be alert! Be careful the torches might go out!"

Just as Byrne finished yelling and the pier became increasingly windy, Irene suddenly heard an extremely faint sound of footsteps coming from the outskirts!

"The Transmutation-class enemy has arrived, right behind us!"

She opened her eyes and the first thing she did was stretch out her hand towards the back and yell loudly!

However, the patrol team's combat quality was very low, and many members hadn't even had time to react to the two consecutive orders given by the siblings.

A wind suddenly swept across the sea surface as if it were the breath of a deity, akin to a divine jest or a natural prank. The gust was so strong that it blew out most of the torches in the hands of the people, plunging the majority of the dock area into darkness.

The gale also set the hanging giant bell swinging, and a loud ringing sound came from the bell tower above Nasir's Tempest Church!

"Dong!"

The thunderous bell tolled throughout the town, as if it were the prelude to a massacre or the death knell announcing the imminent arrival of death, causing everyone's hearts to tighten to the extreme!

The old Tempest Priest's face was filled with disbelief, why, O majestic Tempest Overlord! Why would the gales at sea aid your enemies!

The next moment, the sound of water splashing loudly came from one side of the dock.

Those who were hidden in the water had finally surfaced!

Although the dock had almost become completely dark, there were still some torches that hadn't been extinguished.

Suddenly, they saw a mysterious man in a black robe and mask appearing right behind them, his mere presence exuding an aura akin to that of a wild beast.

Without hesitation, everyone raised their flintlocks to prepare for shooting!

"Attack!"

In the next instant, gunshots rang out from all directions!

The robed mysterious figure silently stepped on the ground, instantly lifting a large amount of soil. As if summoned, the earth flew up and blocked the bullets!

Even the occasional bullets that struck the figure in black only caused grazing wounds.

Although he and his siblings were members of the Isaac family, he had inherited a earth-type Bloodline power instead of the “Heatwave Blood Whale” water-type Bloodline power like his brother and sister.

Bloodline Knights needed corresponding “awakening potions” to enhance their Bloodline powers, and the Sea God Cult held many water-type awakening potions. As a child, he could only look on enviously at his brother and sister.

Now, he no longer needed to feel envious!

Because having reached the Transmutation Level, he had truly transcended the gap between himself and ordinary mortals!

Only upon reaching the true “Transmutation” Level could a Spellcaster master unique spellcasting techniques, and a Bloodline Knight would not only gain a significant improvement in physical quality.

Once the power in their blood was sublimated, the Knights could unleash powerful battle skills!

There are a total of twenty-eight battle skills summarized on the Ouden Continent, each with considerable effects, and the lower the number of the battle skill, the more powerful it is!

Battle Skill 15, “Charging Force”!

The mysterious figure in the black robe suddenly accelerated towards the crowd. It seemed as though he was tearing people apart with his bare hands; wherever his hands passed, soldiers fell dead.

“Charging Force” was a battle skill that allowed movement through the flow of life force to rapidly close the distance with an enemy, extremely effective during surprise attacks.

He killed those still holding the lights, plunging the dock into pitch darkness.

The patrol team instantly descended into chaos, with many uncontrollably opening fire.

However, with darkness all around the docks and the poor accuracy of the flintlocks, friendly casualties occurred in the blink of an eye.

“Do not fire at random!”

The old priest suddenly shouted, followed by a succession of gasps, screams, and cries of agony.

In the darkness, the two extraordinarily powerful adversaries were like two death-seeking shadows, continuously cutting through the ranks of the patrol team, again and again collecting lives with their strikes.

The horrific scene threw everyone into disarray. Many patrol guards and family protectors screamed in terror, unable to help firing wildly, causing an even more dreadful chain reaction. Every ordinary person in the darkness was seized with extreme fear and tension.

Irene and Byrne, without hesitation, huddled closely with their family members and retreated toward a safe direction, with no immediate intention of confronting the threat.

In this critical moment, Byrne couldn't help thinking that, whether it was members of the patrol team or other extraordinaries, everyone's combat training and command level were not good enough.

Moreover, it was the sudden, fate-mocking gust of wind from the sea that had led to the current chaotic situation, bringing the Isaac family close to an almost certain demise.

“If there is a chance in the future, I must find a way to focus on training the comprehensive combat capabilities of family members. The strength of Extraordinary power is even more about the timing of use and cooperative coordination!”

Chapter 76: Chapter 74 Night Brawl

“Everybody, don't fall into chaos! There are only three enemies!”

Suddenly, the aged shout of an elderly man rose among the chaotic crowd.

An extremely dazzling white light flared up among everyone!

The senior knight from the Verne knight clan, the father and son duo, had a determined expression as he held his long spear aloft, wielding their Verne knight family's light-type Bloodline ability to create an immense white radiance.

The light provided comfort and belief, and the extreme chaos on the scene momentarily hesitated.

The aged knight's face was filled with rage as he yelled, “Evil cultists of the Sea God Cult! You must be eradicated at all times!”

He was undoubtedly brave, but also foolish.

The life force flow sublimated by the power of Bloodline differed from mental and spiritual power; the latter two required prolonged sleep to recover, depleting in battle meant they were truly spent, while life force flow could recover with just a few breaths.

The man in the black robe and mask quickly made his judgment and used “Charging Force” once again, this time directly charging at the Verne family’s aged knight!

In a flash, he entered the immensely dazzling white light, his figure becoming very conspicuous.

“Extraordinary Exponents, protect the old knight! The rest of you, don’t fire at will!”

Byrne shouted without hesitation, taking advantage of the light to catch a glance at the dangerous figure of the man in the black robe and mask; in his hand, he had already taken out a piece of paper with the basic outline of a human figure, upon which his brush began sketching out the man’s form.

Using a particularly special Consecution power in public could likely be met with criticism afterward, but he could no longer care about that now.

The sheriff at the low-level Beginning was too weak, hesitating to block a much stronger enemy, afraid of being killed by the terrifying foe with a single blow.

Mayor Andes didn’t dare to step forward immediately either, but first took out his flintlock, not firing, instead looking for opportunities from a safe distance.

The man in the black robe and mask was about to reach the old knight!

The old knight’s son and Aaron both suddenly stepped forward with weapons in hand, joining forces to halt the progression of the man in the black robe and mask.

“Huh, just with you two?”

The man in the black robe and mask sneered ceaselessly, the twin shadows in his hands swiftly thrusting forward.

It turned out he was not unarmed, but holding two pitch-black daggers, which had nearly been invisible in the insufficient light.

In single combat, a knight at high-level Beginning could at best block a knight at low-level Transmutation for a few seconds, but the young Verne and Aaron worked seamlessly together, attack and defend in harmony, completely capable of holding their own for several exchanges.

The man in the black robe and mask kept attacking while continuously moving, preventing the patrolling guards from being able to aim and shoot him.

The pitch-black daggers in his hands, resembling venomous snakes, suddenly accelerated and viciously struck Aaron's arm.

"Damn it!"

Aaron roared in extreme anger, yet showed no signs of retreating; instead, his fighting spirit soared, and the power of Bloodline slowly healed the wound on his arm.

The old priest had finished chanting the spell and swiftly flung several sizable icicles, smashing them against the ribs of the man in the black robe and mask.

Everyone had originally thought that this strike wouldn't be particularly powerful, but several icicles actually knocked the man in the black robe and mask to the ground, and the sound of breaking bones could be heard from his chest.

In less than ten seconds, Byrne had completed the "accelerate" runes on his Pre-made Drawing of the human figure, instantly inflicting the "fragile" effect on the man in the black robe and mask!

The son from the Verne family took the opportunity to take out a light blue ring-shaped Mysterious rare artifact, and immediately, numerous black tendrils, like living creatures, reached out, attempting to grab the man in the black robe and mask, but he easily broke free after clambering back up.

"You're merely a bunch of Extraordinary Exponents at the Beginning Level!"

The man in the black robe and mask suddenly used "Charging Force" again, instantly rushing to the face of the young Verne; in his moment of shock, the dagger penetrated his throat.

In an instant, blood spurted wildly, as the young knight's eyes widened, desperately clutching his neck, trembling all over.

"Killing you is the same!" he said coldly.

"No!"

Seeing his son's throat pierced, the father no longer maintained the light, but instead charged over like a madman, plunging the area back into pitch darkness.

The tactics of the man in the black robe and mask were very successful; as a seasoned combatant and strong enforcer for the Sea God Cult, his combat experience unquestionably surpassed that of everyone present.

If it weren't for Byrne's inexplicable "Speed Sketching" effect, making it incomprehensible and indefensible, he would at worst have suffered some minor injuries because of the icicles and bullets.

The man in the black robe and mask, having struck a blow, plunged back into the crowd once again, like a tiger rushing into a flock of sheep, causing the patrolling guards to run around frantically as morale collapsed at once.

On the other side of the battlefield, Lady Isaac wounded the silver descendant Emil, and then took advantage of the darkness to hide on one side of the docks, while her brother never showed himself.

However, given the current status of the battle, most people were focused on the low-level Transmutation formidable figure, and therefore didn't realize this.

Suddenly, a series of sharp ice blades that were as keen as knives attacked, causing injuries to many, and people quickly realized what was happening; Lady Isaac's brother had emerged from the water and was striking out amidst the darkness!

But Lady Isaac and her brother didn't continue their assault. Byrne understood that their objective wasn't to kill everyone present, but to escape Nasir.

They must not be allowed to just run away! He had no understanding of the situation with the ritual, and it wasn't certain that it couldn't be activated outside Nasir Town!

Everyone subconsciously thought Lady Isaac's brother had just climbed out of the water, but Madam Irene, using the "Secret Ear Technique," sensed a disturbance suddenly emerging hundreds of meters away.

She saw a dark figure running in the distance, seemingly trying to flee from the dock.

Irene took a deep breath and lifted the flintlock in her hand.

The shadow was nearly a hundred meters away, almost at the effective range limit of the flintlock, and in the pitch darkness, hitting him was next to impossible.

But a strand of black light wrapped around the bullet, bringing with it the scent of death and doom, and time itself seemed to freeze in an instant.

Irene had already closed her eyes. Lord of the Lost, grant Your enemy death!

"Bang!"

The bullet from the flintlock had been fired, crossing over the heads of the crowd, who were astonished, panicked, and at a loss, drawing a line of death that snatched life, hitting the dark figure right in the head over a hundred meters away.

He fell to the ground at the sound.

“No!!!!!!”

Lady Isaac’s scream tore through the port, her son having been forcefully taken to the Sea God Cult by his elder brother, and now her younger brother was the most important person in her life.

He was dead.

Finally, someone rekindled a torch. Lady Isaac, across a hundred-meter distance, looked at the murderer who shot her brother with a face twisted by hatred and vengeance!

Then her face showed a complicated expression, like that of despair.

There was one thing she had never lied about.

Lady Isaac liked the Moon Lady, held a great respect for Madam Irene who helped the needy, and had donated all the proceeds to the orphanage, without pocketing a single penny for herself.

Moreover, because of her, she hesitated and did not force Margaret to drink the potion on the spot, the fate she faced now was the result of her own actions.

“Hehehehe...”

Her gaze filled with hatred as she looked into Irene’s eyes, a miserable sneer on her face, and she turned and fled from the scene without hesitation.

The figure in the black robe and mask was about to break through the crowd but suddenly convulsed in pain due to a burst of sickly green fog at his feet. His skin began to corrode, and he bent over trembling.

That was the alchemical poisonous mist spray Byrne had thrown on his inevitable path, which he had bought at the auction. Although it couldn’t kill, the intense pain of skin burning was enough to incapacitate most people.

The figure in the black robe and mask managed to escape the range of the poison gas, only to be shot several times as he moved away from the crowd, his body riddled with wounds.

“What’s happening?”

He staggered, almost falling, as he was shocked to find that his body had become fragile. What were once grazing bullets could now penetrate flesh.

Then he saw the furious old knight, Aaron, charging at him, and the old Tempest Priest finding the perfect distance and position to cast icicles again.

Having had several of his ribs broken by an icicle earlier, the figure in the black robe and mask was particularly wary of the old priest's spells, fighting off two Extraordinary Exponents of high-level Beginning with only half of his attention.

He managed to dodge the icicle only to be struck in the abdomen by the old knight's bayonet, a pain erupting from the deepest layers of his organs, seriously wounding him!

"Evil cultist! I shall avenge my son Geralt!"

The old knight was filled with rage and held onto the spear without wanting to let go, not noticing that Irene was treating the wounds at his son's neck.

"Bang!"

An acute pain arrived once more in the back, causing the dagger in the right hand of the figure in the black robe and mask to drop.

It turns out it was Byrne who had fired a flintlock shot from not far away that hit the back of the figure in the black robe and mask.

Yet, his brow remained furrowed.

It looked like the battle was about to be won, but Byrne still had not seen the mysterious rare artifact of Treasure class being used by the man in the black robe and mask. Why had he not played his trump card yet?

Could there be some kind of restriction on its use?

The formidable mobility of the man in the black robe and mask was totally restricted, and his location was clear. Just as the many guards were about to disregard the old knight's life and shoot to kill both men, he suddenly erupted with an incredibly strong force!

"Ha!"

The muscles in the right hand of the figure in the black robe and mask, which didn't have the dagger, suddenly tensed!

Then, incredibly, he twisted the steel-forged spear with his bare hands and with a swift punch, he fiercely penetrated the old knight's chest armor, instantly shattering his heart in a visually stunning moment.

The proximity scared Aaron, who furrowed his brow and hastily retreated several steps.

There it is!

Byrne, from a distance, was shocked, soon realizing that this was the effect of the Treasure class, mysterious rare artifact. The upcoming battle was going to be even more perilous!

Suddenly, another bullet wrapped in black light, with utter precision, hit the chest of the figure in the black robe and mask.

Chapter 77: Chapter 75 Tainted Blood

Karl had been silently observing the entire battle.

He wished the Fischer family would grow and thus had not given any casual reminders.

Every reminder would consume spiritual power, and bestowing favors too frequently would devalue their worth over time.

Now Karl finally sensed fully that the mysterious rare artifact carried by the evil cultist was pulsating with spiritual fluctuations!

It was that one!

“Tainted Blood,” a treasure-class rare artifact.

Its form was that of a beautiful and delicate gemstone constructed from scarlet blood, akin to a stunningly beautiful blood-red rose.

Once carried by the user, it would automatically activate an extraordinary effect in times of severe injury, greatly strengthening the body’s physique for several minutes, equivalent to approaching the strength of mid-level Transmutation.

Almost everyone noticed something odd, feeling an intense surge of momentum climbing, as the cloaked figure with a mask’s trembling body was about to burst forth with astonishing strength!

“Shoot!”

The sheriff who dared not step forward yelled out, still not daring to rush up casually.

The two who adhered most to the knight’s spirit were about to die; he, a low-level Beginning Bloodline Knight, felt he didn’t even have the right to fight to the death.

“Bang bang bang bang bang bang bang!”

Many had already reloaded their bullets, and a flurry of flintlocks fired one after another, hitting the blood-soaked cloaked figure with the mask.

However, a shocking twist occurred that stunned everyone!

The body of the cloaked figure, made fragile by the effect of “Speed Sketching,” was once again elevated by the extraordinary effect of “Tainted Blood.”

Though the dense flintlock bullets continuously caused new abrasions, making his strong body bleed profusely, they could never deal a fatal blow!

His cloak, soaked with the blood of himself and others, was almost like a blood-red robe, appearing extremely terrifying.

The blood all over him suddenly boiled, interweaving and coalescing before everyone’s eyes as if enchanted, granting the cloaked figure tremendous power!

“Ahh!”

A beast-like roar erupted from beneath the mask, filled with pain and despair!

He felt a bullet containing black light within his body, which was gradually corroding and devouring the soul deep within, and he couldn’t shake it off.

What in the world was that?

In his despair, he madly lunged at the crowd, hysterically initiating his final slaughter; with mere swings of his hand, several guards who were close by were smashed to pieces like clumps of mud.

“Run for it!”

“Monster!”

The guards who had already started to flee didn’t hesitate to turn and run; casualty rates had reached the extreme, and the final volley hadn’t killed the enemy, their morale completely collapsing.

The incredible strength that erupted from the enemy was impossible to contend with; Byrne didn’t think twice before turning to run.

The numerous Extraordinary Exponents also scattered in every direction in retreat, those too slow were outright killed by the cloaked figure, and everyone at the pier was pursued with utter fear.

“Jump into the sea! Quick, jump into the sea! Jump, for God’s sake!”

Byrne shouted loudly, struck by a sudden inspiration.

He could see that the severely wounded and enraged cloaked figure had nearly lost all reason and would prioritize attacking those on shore instead of making an effort to attack in the black waters.

The people from the Fischer family hurriedly jumped into the sea, and many others followed suit, desperately swimming towards the distance, hoping to evade the monster's pursuit.

Just as Byrne was about to jump into the sea, the cloaked figure with the mask suddenly appeared in front of him, blocking him from the sea.

In an instant, his breath almost ceased, his blood running ice cold.

The mysterious figure, monster-like, with boiling blood all over, stood before Byrne like a malevolent bloodflower, menacingly barring his way.

The distance between him and the water, although only a few steps away, now seemed insurmountable!

A fist too quick to be seen shot towards him in a deadly blur!

The lethal force it contained was enough to completely destroy the fragile human body and take away what should have been a most precious life.

"Accelerate!"

Blue light burst forth from his eyes!

Byrne's figure suddenly sped up, instinctively sidestepping the dark blur, his rational gaze meeting the madness beneath the mask for a moment.

He then dashed past the cloaked figure's side, leaping into the pitch-dark sea, splashing water, and continuously swimming away.

The cloaked figure on shore hesitated for a moment, not rashly entering the water to pursue; the boiling blood around him seemed to fear the seawater.

People from the East Coast could all swim; Byrne, Irene, and the guards of the Fischer family hid in the water for a long time.

Fear gripped everyone; they waited until almost certain of safety before finally swimming back.

When they resurfaced, all they could hear were continuous wails and cries; the pier was littered with bodies, and the number of injured was beyond count.

Byrne quickly observed the black-robed, masked person, drenched in blood and kneeling on the ground; it seemed he had no signs of life left, and Byrne finally let out a deep breath.

“He must be dead.”

After climbing out of the water, he fired another shot at the enemy. Seeing the body fall in response, he confirmed the black-robed, masked person was completely dead before he truly relaxed.

He sat down wearily on the ground, panting heavily, feeling completely drained, unable to even lift his fingers.

So Extraordinary Exponents are that powerful, even if they are just at low-level Transmutation.

“The books say that the gap between each small level starting from Transmutation is very apparent, and Extraordinary Exponents with greater strength are probably invincible even to armies, right?”

Byrne fully understood now that Level 2 Extraordinary Exponents really were at a transformative level.

The “monster-like” evil cultist’s final madness lasted only a brief three minutes, but the pressure of his near mid-level Transmutation strength left a deep imprint of intense fear in the hearts of all present.

Byrne took a deep breath, frowning, as he looked towards the silent old priest.

As the leader, the old priest’s misjudgment of the battlefield was the main cause of this bloody massacre.

He found he had been over optimistic in his expectations of the fringe members of the Tempest Church.

Of course, the sudden strong wind was also a critical point; he really didn’t understand why the dignified Tempest Overlord couldn’t control the sea breeze?

“After all, if it wasn’t for my ‘Speed Sketching’ causing the evil cultist to accumulate injuries rapidly, the consequences would be unimaginable.”

Relying solely on the remaining people to encircle and kill, it was likely that the outcome would have been the enemy killing many before desperately fleeing.

Irene, having climbed out of the water, took deep breaths and turned her gaze to the young knight of the Verne family, whom she had just treated. Although he lay unconscious on the ground, the injury on his neck was essentially stabilized and no longer affected normal breathing.

“He survived.”

But soon everyone realized that the older knight from the Verne family had died.

After the strike pierced his heart, Irene jumped into the water to save her own life, and with no one treating him, the old knight soon died a restless death.

The father, seeking revenge for his son, died completely before his son could be revived. When the awoken son would eventually come to, who knew what thoughts would lie in the depths of his heart.

Irene, without hesitation, approached the corpse of the black-robed, masked person covered in blood, and from it, she extracted a gemstone as dazzling as a crimson rose and tucked it into her bosom.

“What are you doing?”

Emil, a silver descendant, came over; he was holding his thigh where Lady Isaac had just stabbed him, looking at Irene with confusion and greed.

“Woman of the Fischer family, are you hiding something?”

Irene stood up and responded coldly, “No, I was just making sure that he was really dead.”

Emil wanted to argue, but then he saw Byrne and Aaron standing beside Irene, all three of them silently gazing at him with meaningful looks, and he was suddenly at a loss for words.

A strong sense of fear suddenly surged through him, and he swallowed nervously, then quickly went to find the old priest, who looked utterly exhausted.

Emil expressed his inability to continue fighting and looking for Lady Isaac, stating he would leave first.

“Go ahead.”

The old priest was also aware of his insufficient command abilities and, combined with the damn weather, led to heavy losses among the guards trying to kill the evil cultist, including the death of a knight.

Damn it, the weather, of all things, should be under the control of the Tempest Overlord!

He remembered how a decade ago, the East Coast's sea breeze was relatively stable due to the grand power of the Tempest Overlord, allowing people to live and work in peace.

For some reason, the marine environment had deteriorated over recent years, and there had been frequent disputes and changes within the Tempest Church as well.

The old priest had met with the high-ranking members of the Tempest Church several years ago; they all had anxious expressions but refused to explain the reasons.

Moreover, he had heard that other major churches were also suddenly plunged into severe chaos and infighting.

He had a vague feeling something terrifying, perhaps even world-altering, had happened, which could have an unimaginable impact on the future of all living beings.

Byrne watched coldly as Emil left with his men. Good, tonight was finally the time to settle accounts with them.

He then confirmed that the person whom Irene had killed was indeed the brother of Lady Isaac and finally nodded.

He discussed with the Mayor of Nasir and the old priest; the mayor and sheriff were in charge of staying to treat the injured, while the rest of the Extraordinary Exponents, along with guards and escorts, searched for traces of Lady Isaac; she could not be allowed to escape Nasir.

Mayor Andes asked, "Well, in that case, isn't Madam Irene staying to heal the injured?"

Irene shook her head and continued, "During the capture and killing of Lady Isaac, there may also be severely injured parties; I must follow them."

Mayor Andes nodded, indicating his agreement and then watched as the people of the Fischer family left, falling into deep silence.

He couldn't help but sneak a peek at the neck of the young Verne knight, where there wasn't even a mark to be seen.

After becoming the Mayor of Nasir, Andes had long heard about the healing powers Irene possessed, originally thinking she was a high-level Beginning healer type spellcaster, but recently he felt something was amiss.

Because the healing effects seemed too powerful, and it was clear that Irene herself couldn't be a Transmutation-level Extraordinary Exponent, which was strange.

The townspeople, not having seen other healers, would never suspect anything, but Andes, who came from the Hovern family, had seen other healing Exponents and knew there was something unusual about it.

He silently took note of this matter, not following up with his questions.

Chapter 78: Chapter 76: Settling Accounts

Emil brought a total of fifteen silver descendants to this battle, and now, only eight survived, each wearing an unsettling expression.

On the way back, he had felt something was terribly wrong.

Aaron had apparently fully reconciled with him.

Recently, he had even become somewhat weak, following Emil's arrangements on many matters within the clan, and continually ceding benefits to him.

Yet, today, Aaron stood together with those two from the Fischer family, preventing Emil from asking further questions.

"Has that bastard lost his patience and wants to break with me again?"

As Emil pondered, he led the eight silver descendants through a route that was an essential path back to their clan, an area extremely quiet and uninhabited.

Suddenly, a group of more than twenty people swiftly emerged from both sides of the road.

Emil and the other silver descendants were shocked, and before they could even question the newcomers, a row of flintlocks was raised, followed by a volley of orderly shots.

"Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!"

Dammit, an ambush!

Emil hurriedly activated a mysterious rare artifact he carried, creating an invisible whirlwind shield around him to block the attacks.

His fellow clan members weren't so lucky; they were gunned down in an instant, their eyes wide open as they fell to the ground.

"Damn it! Who are you?" Emil shouted in desperation.

"Do you still think provoking the Fischer family was a good choice?"

Irene walked out calmly from among the Fischer family's guards, her companions tense beside her—this was their first time collectively committing a crime.

Irene had previously hinted at and tested the loyalty of the family's guards, and those not loyal enough were dismissed, leaving only those who were willing to follow orders.

Emil hesitated for a moment, his injured thigh negating any possibility of escape, so he knelt down and began to desperately beg for mercy, sobbing uncontrollably.

However, the vilest thoughts in his heart were laid bare for all to see.

Irene stood in the shadows, expressionless, and then spoke.

"It's not impossible to let you live."

"I'm willing to do anything, really!" Emil said ecstatically, knocking his head on the ground repeatedly.

"Do you know of any weaknesses Aaron might have?"

Emil's joy increased as he responded loudly,

"I knew you didn't like Aaron; he's an arrogant man who looks down on women. I do know, he indeed has a significant weakness."

Irene nodded expressionlessly.

"Go ahead."

"Hahaha! If I reveal Aaron's secret, you'll just kill me right away, won't you? Do you really think I'm that stupid?"

Emil sneered, planning to find a way to stall for more time.

"But I already know."

Irene tilted her head slightly, giving him a subtle look with a pleased smile emerging on her lips.

"Ah?"

Emil was completely stunned.

I've already heard the secret from the depths of your heart, along with the intense malice that came with it.

Although the initial stages of the Path of Divine Sacrifice offer no direct combat capabilities, its various functional extraordinary powers can be effective.

There was a frightening, desperate smile in Irene's eyes that chilled one to the bone. Emil opened his mouth to argue and stall for time but suddenly found himself too terrified to speak.

A flintlock was pressed into his mouth, reaching inside, and with fear and despair, he could only reach out, attempting to stop the eerily menacing woman.

"Bang!"

After killing Emil, Irene calmly looked at the guards around her.

"Even if you betray me, you will not gain the appreciation of the silver descendants, only the wrathful vengeance of those unstable in spirit."

She paused for a moment, then continued coldly and mercilessly:

"And I guarantee you one thing, those who betray the Fischer family, both he and his family, will surely receive the punishment of death."

Even if someone were to leak the carnage of this night, no one among the silver descendants would be able to stand up for Emil, for he and his confidants have all died here.

Without a doubt, the silver descendants clan in Nasir is now firmly in the hands of Elder Aaron and the Fischer family behind him.

The guards expressed their loyalty one after another, their hearts changed by the shared crime, binding them more tightly to the Fischer family.

In fact, many illegal organizations or heretical cults would engage in similar "Proofs of Loyalty" activities, performing a certain act or proactively providing important collateral or leverage to demonstrate their faithfulness.

Irene stood in the shadows, watching the guards clean up the messy scene, her thoughts preoccupied with Byrne and Lady Isaac.

She wondered if he had found any trace of Lady Isaac.

When she had parted from Byrne earlier, she had asked him to search for Chris, to use the "Tracking Senses" extraordinary trait to locate Lady Isaac.

In the Isaac family's manor, a black figure took advantage of the distracted patrol guards to sneak back inside.

No one could have guessed that the fleeing Lady Isaac would return.

She opened the concealed stone door, entering the family estate's underground room.

The room was filled with a damp smell, dark and almost entirely void of light, save for a lantern hanging on a pillar, flickering with a dim blue flame.

An altar, a deity statue, and various tools for worship – everything needed for the Sea God Cult to perform various rituals.

Lady Isaac's face was marked with heavy exhaustion and profound despair, as if she had aged decades overnight, her whole being devoid of any life force or hope.

She knelt before the altar, gazing at the statue of the Sea God.

He was a large male figure with a mix of human and fish traits, looking very strange with a head that bore four eyes watching in different directions; instead of arms on his shoulders, there were eight arms growing from his back, each holding different weapons.

"Oh Sea God, who possesses the power of all the oceans, I finally understand Your creed. We must never be gentle with the enemies on land; only the most primitive cruelty and destruction can thoroughly enslave them."

In the altar lay a dark blue stone that continuously radiated a faint glow, almost as if the mysterious rare artifact could breathe.

That was the object the Sea God Cult had secretly brought to the East Coast, the target the Isaac family sought to awaken!

"The preparations for the ritual are all complete, only the final sacrifice is left. My brother hopes to use Margaret from the Fischer family because a 'dual-souled' sacrifice always produces a stronger effect in the offering, but I was thinking, if she was lucky enough not to have taken the potion, we could change to another sacrifice, hehehe..."

Her words were laced with despair. The loss of her brother, who had been her only support for over thirty years, had caused Lady Isaac to lose all thought of flight.

At this moment, what Lady Isaac wanted was nothing but revenge against the Fischer family, revenge against all citizens of Nasir, to offer the most horrifying funeral to Irene, whom she once greatly revered!

Although she knew very well that the Fischer family was not to blame, there was no longer any need to speak of right and wrong, as the person who had failed to recognize the cruel nature of the world from the start, who had ultimately caused the death of her family, was herself!

“While I am not a ‘dual-souled’ pregnant woman, as someone with a water-type Bloodline and devotion, I am naturally a suitable sacrifice. Even if it’s not the most perfect time, there’s still a thirty percent chance of success.”

The success of many ritual spells depends on whether they meet the tedious and complex conditions, and belief and timing are important variables in the field of the occult.

If conducted at the perfect time and place, completing all steps of the entire ritual, the success rate would approach a hundred percent.

She silently consumed a vial of dark blue potion, calmly sensing the changes within her body, then prayed fervently to the bizarre and terrifying idol of the Sea God.

Only a thirty percent chance of success, but she was willing to gamble her soul in a desperate wager!

Throughout the process of prayer and sacrifice, Lady Isaac’s body painfully transformed, her words became more devout, and her eyes gradually brightened.

“Oh sovereign of all oceanic power, send forth Your child of destruction, its vast and surging strength will shatter all those who disrespect the ocean!”

On the altar, something that contained spirituality, a weird and terrifying dark blue force gradually converged. The dark blue stone suddenly liquefied into water, covering the entire altar, and from the darkness, the deepest monster from the abyss was about to emerge, devouring the myriad life of the entire town!

Chapter 79: Chapter 77 Destruction of the Spawn of the Abyss

In the dead of night on the deserted streets, Byrne, Chris, and the members of the patrol were tense.

The silver-haired youth squatted on the ground, staring at the colorful aura that appeared in the air, as well as the complex web of footprints on the ground.

The trails of aura intertwined like threads in an extremely complicated manner, and the multitude of footprints overlapped one another, making it seem impossible to discern their specific differences.

He smelled the feather pen used by Lady Isaac and his "Tracking Senses" extraordinary trait had activated.

Thus, among the many auras and footprints, those belonging to Lady Isaac became clearer, while the rest faded away.

"Isaac Manor."

The youth stood up calmly and named a location.

"Are you sure?"

Byrne was a bit surprised; he had thought that Lady Isaac would flee into the jungle, not that she would run back to the manor.

Could it be that she thought the most dangerous place was the safest?

Chris's usefulness was astonishing, and Byrne regretted not having brought him along, as it might have greatly influenced the entire battle.

He had made up his mind that even if Irene might be dissatisfied, he would involve young Chris in future battles.

The importance of "enemy seeking" in this battle was extremely evident, and the victory or defeat in war did not necessarily relate to strength; Byrne was gradually understanding this.

"Go quickly, no matter what she is planning to do or is actually doing, kill that woman immediately!"

Byrne could not tolerate Lady Isaac giving such a potion to his wife and harbored deep hatred for her within his heart.

On their way to Isaac Manor, Byrne suddenly felt a warning in his heart!

It was a reminder from the great Lord of the Lost!

What had happened?

Lady Isaac was clearly at the end of her tether, but what kind of waves could she, a high-level Beginning bloodline knight, possibly stir up?

As they arrived in the North City District, they suddenly saw a massive amount of water pouring out from the direction of Isaac Manor, rushing towards all sides like a tsunami and quickly submerging many buildings and structures!

Within those seas, there were huge eyes, as large as human figures, staring in all directions at the fleeing creatures as if controlling the flow of the tide.

The vast waters quickly overwhelmed the entire street outside Isaac Manor, and the bodies of mortals once caught in them would fall prey to the “eyes,” which tore them apart with their terrifyingly sharp beaks, completely shredding the living and drinking the blood that spilled from their flesh.

Everyone was shocked, and Byrne decisively ordered, “Everyone, run towards South City! The terrain is higher there!”

Byrne knew that it was only a matter of time before those waters flooded the entire North City District.

But they had only run a short distance when Byrne realized a terrifying fact with bone-chilling fear.

Because it was not natural tide, it did not follow the normal physical laws at all. It not only surged towards the lower terrains but also climbed towards the higher terrain of South City.

Byrne remembered the prohibited books he had read, which mentioned this type of mysterious existence!

That was the Sea Demon!

A powerful favored member under the Sea God!

It was born from the concept of a “tsunami,” and the people of the sea tribe and the Sea God Cult reverently referred to it as “Spawn of the Abyss.”

Only the top Monarch Level powerhouses of the continent were qualified to fight against it and completely eradicate this extremely powerful mysterious existence!

They were too weak compared to this mighty entity, as insignificant as ants.

Nasir, like an ant’s nest, was going to be destroyed by the tide!

Many people in the town, awakened by the sound of the waters, ran out of their homes and then scrambled towards the South City District, while many who were slow were directly devoured by the rising waters.

The cold and merciless Spawn of the Abyss coldly devoured every creature, and any land creature could not escape, instantly turning into thick blood in the dark waters under their sharp teeth.

“Byrne!”

Suddenly, Byrne and Chris saw Irene’s figure appearing in a corner, accompanied by numerous guards from the Fischer family.

Emil’s issue must have been resolved, but Byrne had no mood to think about such things anymore.

“The bottle, the sacred object, give it to me, Irene!”

He shouted forcibly, pressuring Irene like never before.

North City District was already half-submerged, and it was clear to anyone, the doom of Nasir was merely a matter of time.

At this point, all they could do was beg for a miracle.

However, Irene shook her head, took out the transparent bottle, and still planned to sacrifice herself, not wanting her family to suffer any losses.

Byrne suddenly sped up and rushed forward, snatching the transparent bottle, took a deep breath, and silently prayed under the gaze of Irene and Chris.

“Oh great Lord of the Lost! I am willing to offer up my soul, humbly hoping that You could bring down a miracle to save the Fischer family, to save Nasir!”

Take my life instead, great Lord of the Lost, Irene, she should still witness Chris’s coming of age, the future of the Fischer family, I can no longer let her make sacrifices alone.

Byrne was silent for a long moment but found it hard to believe that nothing happened.

What exactly was going on?

The key lay in faith.

Karl had thought that all favored members could trigger their own power, but now realized it was not so.

In fact, when Irene first triggered the miracle, she was not yet a favored member.

Faith is an extremely important element in mysticism; without sufficient faith, naturally, some rituals cannot be completed.

And the inherently skeptical Lucius, the intellectually inclined Byrne, they simply couldn’t compete with Irene in the realm of faith.

Even though Byrne had truly been willing to offer everything during his silent prayer to save his family, deep down, there was still a hint of reservation.

In his mind, there lingered the faint thought, "It would be nice if the Lord of the Lost didn't take my soul but could still bring down the miracle."

Thus, the sacrifice failed.

"How could this be?"

Byrne's expression was filled with disbelief, completely unable to understand the current situation.

Which step did he make a mistake in?

Could it be that the Lord of the Lost would only respond to Irene's calls, was she of special constitution or soul?

The girl showed a relieved smile and walked over, Chris wanted to pull on his sister's sleeve, but still couldn't reach out.

"Let me do it, Byrne. Everyone has their own destiny."

"And my destiny is to save you all, to sacrifice for the Fischer family, it is the great fate bestowed upon me by our Lord, and it is the only hope I can hold in my hands."

As a matter of fact, I am grateful that I am capable of doing this.

Irene calmly took the sacred object from the man's hand, calmly looked towards the nearly half-devoured North City District, closed her eyes, and silently prayed to the great Lord of the Lost.

Most of the family's guards had fled, leaving only a few quivering figures standing around, yet they were extremely tense.

The girl's whisper was very soft, so soft that the terrified guards couldn't hear at all, thinking she was praying to the great Lord of Salvation.

"Oh great Lord of the Lost."

"I ask You to bring down Your grand power, have mercy on us who are humble."

"We are Your most humble and devout followers, Your most faithful subjects, also Proxies spreading Your faith on this earth."

“The Fischer family needs Your mercy, I am willing to offer my past, present, and future for it.”

...

Karl once again felt that intense faith.

A pale blue light shone from the girl's chest, surrounded by pure white representing life, pink denoting emotions, cyan blue representing memories, deep red for the senses, and orange-yellow denoting wisdom.

His intangible will loomed high above, overlooking the entire town and the mystical presence roaring through North City, everything seemed so insignificant.

Nasir, indeed, was like an anthill being submerged by a flood.

Suddenly, Karl deeply felt the intense fear emanating from that Sea Demon, while a kind of hunger erupted from the deepest part of his own soul.

In that moment, he understood something.

Why, in the Spirit Realm, he instinctively longed for “communication” with those mystical entities, and why all the mystical entities kept as far from him as possible.

Chapter 80: Chapter 78: The Divine Punishment of the Lord of the Lost

Irene's lifespan was running out; she had already given up half of it up to now.

And if she was to kill the mysterious entity before her, it would clearly require even more of her lifespan, which meant she wouldn't be able to survive.

As Karl pondered whether to take the girl's life again, he suddenly felt a shattered piece of information emerge from the depths of his soul, eventually manifesting into an understandable concept.

All “weapons” were different, and a weapon made of white light would have no effect on the mysterious entity before him.

He could only choose between “emotion” and “sensation”.

To deplete nearly all of the girl's emotions or senses would be enough to create a “weapon” capable of annihilating the Sea Demon, but the choice of which to utilize had far-reaching implications.

So that was it. Karl ultimately decided to take away part of Irene's emotions and senses, cautiously avoiding the most important part of her heart.

Irene felt she had lost something, but she couldn't figure out what.

She just looked up again, wanting to see the white Dawn in the sky.

Pink and dark red lights intertwined in the sky, eventually converging into a blood-red, scorching flame!

It swelled larger and larger, rolling and expanding until it hung alongside the two suns in the sky.

It was as if three suns hung in the sky, shining upon each other.

The Spawn of the Abyss exhibited intense fear and even seemed to beg for mercy. Unlike mortals, it could see that astonishing scene and felt the earth-shattering might.

However, Karl had no intention of stopping.

He was incredibly thirsty; he could feel the allure emanating from that mysterious presence, as enticing as those Mysterious rare artifacts!

Byrne and Irene, along with Chris, members of the Fischer family, watched the spectacle devoutly, all kneeling on the ground.

Karl's intangible will, carrying the blood-red scorching flames, descended from the sky. Those flames turned into streams of blood-red radiance, each one accurately falling into the many huge, ferocious eyes within the sea.

The Spawn of the Abyss let out a pitiful wail, and Karl could almost feel its extreme fear.

The people of Nasir Town didn't see the blood-red, scorching flames but witnessed the terrifyingly monstrous waves that seemed poised to swallow the entire town suddenly freeze over, as if time had stopped.

The next moment, it began to crumble as if shattering ice, gradually breaking apart and dissipating like smoke over Nasir Town.

Karl felt a surge of Spiritual Power escaping and didn't hesitate to devour and absorb it, much like how he would take in various Mysterious rare artifacts.

Delicious.

It was a truly unique taste that filled Karl's soul with joy, like savoring an exquisite seafood dish, tasting irresistibly fresh and sweet.

Compared to it, those "collectible-grade" Mysterious rare artifacts were mere boiled vegetables—edible, yes, but decidedly bland.

He gradually remembered that when he was at his most thirsty and devoured the Spiritual Power from the transparent bottle, he had tasted a flavor that was utterly delicious, but at the time, his consciousness wasn't clear enough, so he hadn't noticed.

All the people in Nasir Town watched this scene in utter astonishment, with only a few understanding what had happened.

They all knelt down, praying to and thanking the great True Gods.

"A divine miracle, a miracle that saved Nasir!"

"Thank goodness, we're saved!"

Their cheers were incessant, ecstatic, feeling that the great True Gods had rescued the people of Nasir!

Everyone was excited, the joy of witnessing a miracle immense, and they revered the great gods more than ever!

Only the people of the Fischer family calmly looked at the sacred object in Irene's arms.

Byrne gazed at Irene in silence, his fingers trembling slightly. The situation had definitely cost her a lot of her life, and another of his relatives was likely to leave him.

He was a bit frightened, afraid that Irene, who was kneeling on the ground, would suddenly turn completely white-haired and then fall.

"Irene?"

Byrne recalled that sad dream he often had, where he failed to protect his family, every member of the Fischer family died, and his father asked him in stern disappointment, full of disdain.

"You failed to protect them, Byrne. I was wrong about you."

The Fischer family was simply too weak. If they had more power, they wouldn't have let Lady Isaac escape back, and even without relying on the Tempest Priest, could have made a preemptive strike before the other side became alert.

All instances of helplessness in the world ultimately stemmed from the lack of strength of those involved.

He yearned for power like never before, with even more intense emotions than at any other time, even if it meant being unscrupulous, for the Fischer family had to be strong enough to stand on this brutally harsh continent!

There were only twelve years left, just a scant twelve years before the Rhea People and the Cyart people would almost certainly erupt into a fierce war, faced with external pressure and a level of cruelty that would only escalate.

There was simply no time for slow development, every opportunity must be seized to grow stronger, the Fischer family needed to grasp more power.

Byrne was unlike the others in the Fischer family, absorbing experiences like a sponge soaking up water, and then he would grow and change time and time again.

Karl bestowed upon each family member a God Pantheon stairway that matched their personality.

The essence of the Path of Knowledge was that learning never ends.

“Byrne.”

Irene suddenly turned back and looked at her brother, whose heart was filled with complex struggles, her expression calm.

“I think I understand now, what I’ve lost this time isn’t ‘life’, but rather other things deep inside.”

Not life? Byrne was slightly taken aback, and asked subconsciously,

“If not life, then what is it?”

Irene shook her head and continued indifferently, “It’s the emotion of ‘fear’, as well as the senses of ‘taste’ and ‘smell’.”

“I feel very calm now. This feeling is actually not bad... Hmm, some of the anxiety deep inside me has disappeared.”

After she spoke, she revealed an ethereal smile, though it did not seem quite joyful.

Not losing life, but losing “fear”, “taste”, “smell”?

Byrne was deep in thought, compared to other emotions and senses humans possessed, the ones she had sacrificed were of the least importance.

He could vaguely sense one thing: the great Lord of the Lost indeed provided Irene with protection, and bore the most basic goodwill towards the Fischer family.

If it were a god with no feelings, who fundamentally only used the family, They would not take away “fear”, “taste”, “smell” so precisely, and might have taken away extremely important senses like “joy”, “sight”, “hearing”.

Byrne was deeply grateful to the great Lord of the Lost from the bottom of his heart.

“Although, although I still don’t understand why I am unable to get a response, deep down I hope that next time it will be me making the sacrifice.”

“No, that’s not right...”

He suddenly shook his head, his eyes resolute as he said, “I don’t want any more sacrifices, the Fischer family must grasp stronger power to deal with the crisis that may come!”

Byrne stood up, patted Irene’s shoulder, and said calmly,

“Irene, rest. I’m going to Isaac Manor in North City to confirm the situation.”

Irene didn’t respond, just smiled faintly. She indeed felt extremely tired, but her mind was clearer than it ever had been.

With all fear and anxiety lost, she experienced an unprecedented level of relaxation.

Although Irene also vaguely realized that losing “fear” was definitely not “truly a good thing”.

“Chris, take good care of your sister.”

He looked at Chris calmly, who nodded.

When Byrne arrived in the North City District with the family guards, the calamity he witnessed was heart-wrenching.

Half of the North City District was engulfed by the water, many crumbling walls had fallen, the surviving people were utterly lost, some even knelt on the ground, weeping inconsolably.

North City District was Nasir Town’s least populous but most affluent area, he estimated subconsciously in his heart that about a thousand people had perished in the recent disaster.

Upon arriving at Isaac Manor, Byrne was shocked to see inside the gate Lady Isaac, collapsed on the ground, emitting white smoke, her body shriveled, utterly devoid of vitality.

Without a soul, she was slowly dying.

Lady Isaac gazed at the wary Byrne and spoke slowly in a hoarse voice,

“Just now my soul merged with it, I saw, I saw... So it turns out you also are... I see how it is.”

Her shriveled face suddenly contorted into a demonic expression, full of malice and resentment, as she screamed in anguish!

“How very alike, I curse you, one day you will end up like us siblings! Fischer family, you too will eventually go to hell!”

To prevent her from spewing more nonsensical words, Byrne pulled out his flintlock decisively and shot a whistling bullet, piercing Lady Isaac’s forehead.

He looked around at the ravaged surroundings and fell into thought.

“The Fischer family won’t fall into hell, for we are already within it.”