

From Secret Clan to the Divine Dynasty

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Chapter 81: Chapter 79: Tallying Up the Gains (Vote for Monthly Tickets!)

The North City District of Nasir Town suffered heavy casualties, and many of the deceased were wealthy individuals.

The old priest from the Tempest Church bore a heavy responsibility, as the rituals for the Sea God Cult required at least several months to prepare, and he had no inkling of them whatsoever.

However, the old priest was not afraid of any punishment; he was already a marginal figure within the church, and at his age, still stuck at the Beginning Level, there was no possibility of advancement.

Furthermore, the strength of the enemy was beyond his capabilities, and as a seasoned priest, he would not face severe punishment.

Moreover, there was an unspoken truth within the Tempest Church: incidents of evil cults causing heavy casualties among mere civilians were not considered significant affairs within the church.

In the end, the existence of civilians was nothing more than fodder needed by the major churches, not even worthy of being called the lambs of God.

Their lives were often of little consequence.

In the fight against the evil cultists, the Verne family lost an Extraordinary Exponent on the spot, suffering the heaviest losses. The young Knight Verne was extremely grieved, but he was also very grateful to the Fischer family for saving him.

A matter of great concern for the Fischer family was that Mayor Andes's family also suffered severe misfortune; his wife and children were all in the North City District at the time and failed to escape, completely disintegrating after being devoured by the Spawn of the Abyss.

Upon learning this, the mayor was nearly on the verge of collapse, cooped up in his utterly ruined home, refusing to venture out and communicate with the outside world, completely neglecting various reconstruction efforts in Nasir Town.

What's worse was that many town officials also perished in the disaster, so Nasir found itself in a brief state of a power vacuum.

The Fischer family stepped forward at this time, controlling order and stabilizing the situation in the name of assisting the Tempest Church, leading the peace officers and patrol teams. They quickly gained significant reputation and authority.

A few days later, Byrne took the initiative to find the old priest, and the two conversed in the church's reception room.

He offered to take charge of the reconstruction of Nasir's North City District but wanted to buy some of the uninhabited properties and land at a cheap price since the disaster.

"By the way, I know the Isaac family's estate should technically be confiscated by the church after this event for a detailed inspection and then auctioned off, right?"

The estate's land area was very large, several times the size of the current residence of the Fischer family, and it occupied nearly the best location in Nasir Town.

But it likely won't be sold for several years.

"That is the case," the old priest nodded while sipping his tea.

Byrne revealed a gentle smile and said,

"Obviously, few people would buy the lair of an evil cultist, notorious for ill fortune, especially since all its neighbors are dead. So, I was thinking of purchasing it for one-fifth of its market value."

The old priest fell silent for a while, then slowly said, "Is that so? But isn't one-fifth a little too low?"

Byrne shook his head, his expression serious, and continued,

"To express gratitude for the significant role the Tempest Church played in this incident, the Fischer family is willing to donate a portion of money for the repair of the church and another portion for disaster relief."

"Hmm, then it's a deal." This time the old priest had no further questions.

"By the way,"

he suddenly remembered something, his weary voice filled with exhaustion,

“In two days, the Assistant Priest to the Tempest Bishop should arrive in Nasir. You should come to the church then; that personage will have some questions for you.”

“Hmm, got it,” Byrne nodded his head.

He was aware that the Assistant Priest to the Tempest Bishop essentially held the position of the bishop’s deputy and was a high-ranking church dignitary far beyond the old priest.

After leaving the church, Byrne, with a solemn expression, went to the Daybreak Orphanage.

There were some new children in the orphanage, but of particular interest to the Fischer family was a ten-year-old boy named Erik Ramon.

He was Hugh’s son, Old Ramon’s grandson, a boy with lifeless, vacant eyes and brown short hair, appearing dim-witted, always biting his fingers.

Hugh had died, the inarticulate and robust-blacksmith, who had been drinking at a merchant’s house in the North City District that night, having no chance to escape when the event occurred. No one knew what he was thinking in his last moments.

Once the Fischer family learned of Erik’s circumstances, they immediately brought him to the orphanage.

The blacksmiths, who were also known to be utterly trustworthy, agreed to entrust Hugh’s son to the care of the Fischer family, while they would temporarily take over the blacksmith shop.

With Irene acting as the notary, once Erik grew up, the blacksmiths would hand over the entire shop back to him.

However, they soon realized that Erik, who was a little slow to begin with, became somewhat dull-witted upon learning of his father’s death, a great shock to him.

It wasn’t a physical illness, and even Irene was unable to cure him.

In the basement of the Fischer family estate, Byrne, Irene, and Chris were discussing the gains and losses of the whole affair and the mistakes made.

Byrne took a deep breath and said,

“We should have brought Chris with us. If Chris had been there from the start, perhaps things wouldn’t have escalated to this point.”

Irene nodded without any objection to the hope of bringing Chris, and continued,

“Moreover, it might have been better if I had shot that low-level Transmutation enemy with the first bullet.”

The silent Chris couldn’t help but glance at his sister.

He fully sensed the subtle changes in his sister; Irene still loved the Fischer family, but she was no longer afraid of the possibility of losing a family member.

Byrne thought back to the chaotic level of the entire battle and felt that if his father Lucius had been commanding on the scene, the outcome might have been different.

Also, the combat readiness of the patrolling guards was simply too poor, and the Fischers’ own guards weren’t much better, nowhere near comparable to the soldiers of the Rhea People.

After some reflection, he suddenly said, “If I have the chance, I want to go to Fein City’s academy to further my military studies, for about a year, to systematically learn about combat command and military training.”

“Perhaps I will also find an opportunity to ascend to the 3rd Rank.”

“Mm, I support your decision,” Irene nodded, feeling it was a good idea.

“I have something extremely important to say,” Byrne said with a very solemn expression, continuing, “Regarding the plan to create new ‘Blood Receivers,’ I think we must start scheduling it from now on.”

“According to the original rules, as long as three people from the Fischer family agree, we can permit someone to join Dawn. Now that Chris’s mind is mature, he naturally can participate in the decision making.”

Irene was silent for a moment, offering no rebuttal.

Although caution and secrecy were the most important tenets of the Fischer family, maintaining the current number of Extraordinary Exponents would unquestionably keep them in constant difficulty.

She nodded in strong agreement and added,

“Then, the most important thing is the selection. The price of Extraordinary materials is getting more and more expensive, and many specific materials aren’t available for purchase whenever one wishes. Choosing which capable and sufficiently loyal children to pick is something we must consider.”

Money, undoubtedly, was the most objective problem.

Class 2 Extraordinary Material costed tens of Gold Coins, and after this year's sundry expenses, the Fischer family's total remaining assets could at most afford one more batch of Class 2 Extraordinary Material.

In conclusion, Byrne said, "The Blood Receivers the Fischer family needs are a few loyal elites; we can't create too many, or it will definitely attract the attention of outsiders."

A small family from a remote area suddenly possessing dozens of Extraordinary Exponents would certainly attract the scrutiny of various countries and several major churches, and when that happens, it will bring unimaginable risks.

After the review and planning were complete, the Fischer family began today's sacrifice.

Irene calmly sacrificed the blood-red rose Mysterious rare artifact "Tainted Blood" to the Lord of the Lost.

It was a Treasure class Mysterious rare artifact that contained several times more Spirituality than Collectible class ones.

When Karl absorbed the Spirituality, he immediately felt a sensation akin to chewing on beef.

Though he was without a tongue, he was still able to taste the deliciousness, which was quite good news.

After continuously devouring the Spawn of the Abyss and the Mysterious rare artifact "Tainted Blood," the third Seal began to show signs of loosening, and Karl was overjoyed deep within his heart.

Immediately, he broke down the blood-red runes deep within his soul into many rune essences.

Karl realized that those rune essences were not enough to let the "heal" rune evolve, nor were they enough for the already spirit rune "Iron Wall" to evolve again.

So he decided to imbue most of the collected rune essences into "accelerate," keeping a small remainder for the time being.

The next moment, the originally blue rune "accelerate" suddenly flared with light!

It evolved!

Spirit rune "transcend"!

When activating the spirit rune “transcend,” not only does it provide a speed increase for up to three minutes, but it can also instantly amplify the speed of one’s thoughts.

However, its cost was a greater consumption of Spirituality than the “accelerate” rune.

Byrne’s eyes flickered with blue sparks as he felt that some kind of restraint in his mind was suddenly shattered!

“I feel the blessing of the Lord of the Lost, it is a new power, and it is so much stronger than the rune power I had before!”

Chapter 82: Chapter 80: The Path of Knowledge’s Promotion Direction (Seeking Monthly Passes!)

The reconstruction work of Nasir Town was underway under the direction of the Fischer family. Despite the bustle of people working for several days, the rebuild was still not completely finished.

Everyone realized that re-establishing Nasir North City would be a long-term endeavor.

At night, in the potion workshop of the Fischer family,

Byrne sat at his desk, supporting his wire-rimmed glasses, as his feather pen continuously wrote words that flowed with force and fluidity across the paper.

“In Extraordinary Realm combat, the six most important elements are ‘intelligence, cooperation, timing, distance, relationships of restraint, and mobility.’

“The most critical intelligence includes, but is not limited to, the enemy’s abilities, item status, ally’s abilities, item status, and even various detailed information about the terrain and weather.”

As he wrote this, he reminisced about the various teachings of his father and thought about the few battles he had experienced himself.

“Cooperation is also crucial; the sum of Extraordinary powers often exceeds the additive combination where one plus one is greater than two. Outstanding cooperation can create miracles, while poor cooperation can drag each other down.”

Byrne, illuminated by the oil lamp, penned down the experience he had summarized.

He deeply hoped to compile a general combat guide for the later members of the Fischer family, rather than them having to grasp it through lessons of blood and tears.

From the bottom of his heart, Byrne felt that the ability to learn and inherit knowledge was extremely important, perhaps even the most important ability humans could have.

Just after he finished writing everything, he suddenly felt his Spirituality boiling over, although it only lasted for a brief few seconds, it was extremely noticeable!

He had found it!

“Great, I finally found the direction for the promotion ritual!”

Byrne was overjoyed; it was such a relief. Although there were multiple paths to ascend to the 3rd Rank, as a forerunner, he could only grope in the darkness for the way forward.

Having only received hints about “knowledge” and “mysterious,” he had done many things related to both, yet there had been no sign of promotion.

“So that’s it, I have finally found a way.”

Byrne stood up with a joyful expression and mumbled as he paced, “Hmm, as long as I ‘create a certain number of complete Mysterious Knowledge Inheritances, accompanied by the corresponding Magic Potion,’ I can ascend to a higher rank and master the Power of Consecution at the 3rd Rank of the Path of Knowledge!”

But he knew that creating Mysterious Knowledge Heritages was actually a difficult task.

It required the Extraordinary Exponent to possess enough insight and summarizing abilities, and the entire process had to be a genuine creation from the heart; any help from others would likely result in no effect from the ritual.

Byrne knew that the Consecution Extraordinary Exponent at the 1st Rank was roughly equivalent to a low-level Beginning, while those at the 2nd Rank were roughly equivalent to a high-level Beginning.

If he could reach the 3rd Rank, his strength would basically be comparable to a low-level Transmutation Bloodline Knight or Spellcaster!

Remembering the terror of the black-robed evil cultist, suddenly, he felt a tremendous sense of anticipation that he too could soon touch such powerful forces!

“As long as I can ascend to the 3rd Rank, many of the family’s difficulties will be easily resolved!”

Beginning and Transmutation, just like the knight clans dependent upon the nobles and the noble families with private soldiers over their lands, there was a fundamental difference between the two.

Byrne, filled with excitement, didn't sleep the whole night. Early in the morning, just as he was about to sleep, a servant respectfully informed him that a significant figure from the Tempest Church, the Deputy of the Great Priest, had arrived in Nasir.

One cannot neglect a big shot from the Tempest Church. Byrne quickly got dressed, tidied his appearance, and then headed to the church in Nasir.

At the church, Byrne saw the old priest standing next to a young man with respectful deference.

The young man had dark blue hair, his eyes filled with arrogance and disdain. He was tall and extremely thin, with his pale hands showing no sign of blood.

He seemed to be complaining, looking dissatisfied.

"The diocese of over a million people on the East Coast Province, I have to run for any minor or major issues. The Great Priest gets to enjoy his ease while I, the deputy, am running myself ragged."

Just approaching, from dozens of meters away, Byrne felt an incredibly intense and powerful presence!

It was an unstoppable force, like a deep-sea vortex that could destroy everything, swirling around the man and causing immense shock in people's hearts! Absolutely impossible to ignore or resist!

Byrne and the old priest were sweating profusely, unable to speak where they stood, and hardly able to look directly at the young man who had reached a high-level Transmutation.

Why was that presence so terrifyingly manifested?

He had attended several feasts in Fein City, where those big shots were like ordinary people, their presence never bursting out like this in terror.

Viscount Bast had even behaved very warmly toward Byrne during a crime incident, speaking in an easygoing tone.

If Byrne hadn't already known the identity of the other, he never would have guessed he was a great overlord who stood above hundreds of thousands of people.

Only now did he finally understand how vast the difference between himself and those big shots was, like an insect that could be crushed at any moment.

Suddenly, that strong presence vanished as if it had never existed, and the young Assistant Priest shook his head, saying,

"I am in a 'Metamorphosis Phase,' and occasionally, I can't suppress the outward spread of my presence."

He wasn't apologizing, just explaining the reason, as he saw no need to apologize to such minor characters.

Byrne finally breathed a sigh of relief; facing that human-shaped deep-sea vortex had almost made it difficult for him to breathe normally.

"Byrne of the Fischer family?" the Assistant Priest asked, raising his eyebrows.

"Assistant sir, I am Byrne."

Byrne remained sufficiently respectful, but the other's next words left him unsure how to respond.

The Assistant Priest calmly continued to ask, "Does your family worship the Tempest Overlord?"

"The Lord of Salvation..." Byrne could only reply through gritted teeth.

"Haha, you don't seem that hypocritical. Sooner or later, you will clash with the people of the Salvation Church."

The Assistant Priest's sneer persisted, clearly harboring a great prejudice against the Salvation Church.

"Alright, regarding the matter of the evil cultist, you just answer whatever I ask you next."

The Assistant Priest waved his hand and began to ask questions one by one, and Byrne answered fluently. Of course, what he recounted was not the truth but another version of the "facts."

"Right, you initially said that the guy had a Treasure-class Mysterious rare artifact on him. Was it taken by your Fischer family afterward?"

He suddenly gazed at the other with a playful look in his eyes.

Byrne's face changed slightly.

Could it be that the Assistant Priest wanted to force him to hand over the item? But that Mysterious rare artifact had become a sacrificial offering to the Lord of the Lost.

"Logically, I have the right to confiscate the possessions of evil cultists, but since your family has contributed to fighting against the evil cultists, consider it a reward for you."

He looked at Byrne, who was stunned, and sneered coldly, "Don't put on that face. Humph, a Treasure-class Mysterious rare artifact is not significant enough to make me shameless."

"However, if it were a Forbidden rare artifact, even one with a three-digit number, I would definitely snatch it up."

He suddenly stretched out his hand and said, "Give me your flintlock."

Byrne, without refusing, handed over the gun and saw the Assistant Priest aim the flintlock at his own head and fire without hesitation.

"Bang!"

The next moment, the Assistant Priest caught the bullet that flew out with his other hand.

"How could such a toy possibly shake the status of an Extraordinary Exponent? That evil cultist actually suffered severe injuries from so many bullets. Was it caused by your power?"

Byrne nodded in acknowledgment, appearing sincere as he said, "In fact, I am not only a knight but also have the talent of a transformation-type Spellcaster. At that time, I weakened the opponent's defense with a Spell."

"Then you really are one in a million, a lucky fellow."

The Assistant Priest only chuckled in response to the explanation and nodded, not commenting further but merely acknowledging.

"That will be all for now, as the Church has many other matters that require my attention."

The old Priest, puzzled, looked up and asked, "So, Great Priest Assistant, what about my punishment from the Church?"

"Punishment? Why should I punish you?"

Upon hearing the old Priest's query, the Assistant Priest shook his head expressionlessly and then said calmly,

"You are just a fringe figure of the Tempest Church, and the final situation has long exceeded your capabilities. Since the main culprits haven't escaped, why should I punish you?"

The old Priest bowed his head and let out a long sigh, sinking into deep silence and self-blame.

Byrne could feel that, despite the Assistant Priest's disregard for others' feelings when speaking, he seemed to be a decent person.

After leaving the church, the Assistant Priest, surrounded by servants, furrowed his brow, feeling the need to pay closer attention to this town called Nasir in the future.

The Child of the Abyss had ultimately been destroyed abruptly, most likely by the secret intervention of a Monarch-level power.

A so-called miracle? Hmph, what a strange expression, it's utterly impossible.

The several major churches are all very clear. Decades ago, the gods became increasingly silent. The last divine decree on the Ouden Continent even dated back to ten years ago. How could there be a miracle now?

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Months later, Byrne and Margaret's second child was born.

It was a girl.

She looked just like Chris and Darren had years ago, very fragile and delicate, with a complex red brand on her hand.

The entire family gathered around the baby, each one of them looking very happy.

Byrne had already discussed with his wife about the child's name; since it was a daughter, they would call her Lilian.

Lilian, meaning "The Oath with the Gods."

The townspeople came to congratulate them one after another. Because the Fischer family had presided over the reconstruction efforts, their reputation had climbed another rung with several hundred townspeople bringing gifts.

Many of those who brought gifts were even people made homeless by the disaster, offering their few remaining treasured possessions, hoping to repay the Fischer family.

At night, the chubby little Darren bit his finger, seemingly entranced as he looked at his sister in the cradle, then smiled and handed over a piece of hidden candy.

"Eat candy, eat candy! Sister, eat candy!"

The small baby's hand instinctively clutched the candy, utterly oblivious to what was happening in the outside world.

Chapter 83: Chapter 81: An Eye for an Eye (Seeking Monthly Votes!)

Several months later.

The sea area to the east of the Ouden Continent is called the Sea of Stars, also known as the White Sea, due to the existence of tens of thousands of islands.

To its south lies the Aphotic Sea, where darkness prevails day and night. Although the Sea of Stars is the smallest among the Nine Seas of the Claud World, its area still surpasses that of the Eastern Four Kingdoms.

Suddenly, over an island that appeared uninhabited and tranquil, a massive number of storm clouds materialized, gathering rapidly within minutes.

The sky turned pitch-black in an instant, as gale-force winds howled ceaselessly, with lightning flickering within the dark storm clouds. The wind's roar, resembling an angry shout, echoed through the air.

On the formerly deserted island, a semi-transparent barrier materialized, covering more than half of the island. It was crystal clear and contained immense energy to withstand the crazy storm from beyond the sky.

Within the boundless black storm stood a man dressed in a robe of blue and purple, his body flashing with electric light.

He was the Tempest Bishop of the East Coast, completely forgoing his usual image of a drunkard, riding the colossal thundercloud storm as it swept in.

The Tempest Bishop's facial skin twitched continuously as he looked down with a mocking smile at the numerous evil cultists in panic below.

Some were kneeling, begging for mercy, while others were extremely angry, but to him, all the actions of these ants were utterly insignificant.

The Sea God Cult on this island had not managed to evacuate to the sea floor in time, and now, there was no chance they could escape any longer.

His voice thundered like rolling thunder, covering the entire island overhead, resonating in everyone's ears.

"I know the old freaks of the Sea God Cult think that since the major churches are in chaos, it's a good time for those disgusting sea tribes to strike at the coasts, so you chose to test the Tempest Church's response with this method first," he said.

“So I want you to understand, the cost of testing is tremendous, and you will never be able to touch the East Coast of the Ouden Continent!”

The price he paid for the Forbidden class Mysterious rare artifact made him reek of alcohol, but everyone still remembered the title held by this Tempest Bishop.

“Thunderous Monarch!”

The clouds were dense, covering the entire sky, turning day into night-like darkness. The booming sound of thunder was so powerful it seemed to tear the air asunder, causing extreme tremors among the people.

Suddenly, bolts of lightning slashed through the darkness, striking heavily upon the barrier.

Lightning and thunder appeared frequently in the storm, like the Blazing Fire of the heavens and the pounding of giant drums, continuously striking until finally they completely shattered the barrier.

Finally, all the lightning poured down upon the heads of the evil cultists, reducing the weak to charred corpses in an instant, without even a chance to cry out in agony. The heavy and desperate disaster destroyed life destructively.

After more than ten minutes of thunderous bombardment, the entire island fell into complete silence, devoid of any signs of life.

The Tempest Bishop knew that his words would certainly reach the ears of the old monsters of the Sea God Cult, so he continued with his thunder-like voice.

“Remember this! This is the response you desired from the Tempest Church, forever etched into your souls! Do not attempt to provoke the authority of the Tempest Overlord again!”

The rolling thundercloud storm then dispersed, and the figure of the Tempest Bishop vanished. All that was left on the originally peaceful island was devastation.

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Time, like a kite’s string that’s snapped, passed in the blink of an eye, and more than three years went by.

In the northeastern region of the East Coast, there were four adjacent towns, hence named the Land of the Four Towns, occupying about a third of the East Coast Province.

In the town of Chevron to the south of Nasir, a fat man, round as a ball, sat on the big bed inside a luxury villa at the edge of the town.

Because he never slept well after moving and fleeing, he was always eating, piling on weight like a domestic pig, his weight now nearing three hundred pounds – beyond the limits of most people.

“Ah, this life is pretty boring,” he said.

The severely overweight middle-aged man was the former town chief of Nasir. When the Rhea People invaded, he had seized the opportunity to flee and never returned to Nasir Town.

He was well aware that many in the town harbored dissatisfaction towards him, especially the people from the Fischer family, whose gazes were chilling.

What unsettled him most was that his greatest supporter, Baron Hovern, had completely fallen!

Few knew the true situation of Baron Hovern, the actual owner of Nasir Town, but the former town chief knew all too well the current plight of that man.

During the crackdown on the jungle natives, Baron Hovern had encountered the Mighty Bloody Demon face-to-face and suffered a mental breakdown, from which he still had not recovered.

“He got what he deserved, hehe, after all, he was a person who was more than ten times worse than me,” the former town chief mused.

The obese former town chief, assisted by two beautiful maids, left the villa, intending to stroll around Chevron Town.

This town was established on the back of a gold mine and was even more prosperous than Nasir.

In fact, he was aware of one thing.

Without the chaos brought by the Sea God Cult and pirates, Nasir, as a port town, would have had much better prospects.

The former town chief had heard that Nasir was now completely under the control of the Fischer family.

Since both Baron Hovern and Mayor Andes had problems managing Nasir Town, the Fischer family took the chance to bribe priests and lower-ranking officials, ruling the town of tens of thousands like their own household.

Most baronial families could not own a town, making the Fischer family’s exceptional status in Nasir the envy of several families in the Land of the Four Towns.

“Lucky I left. The Fischer family is truly a terrifying one. That Lucius was always so... terrifying to me,” he thought.

As the former town chief mused while passing a quiet, deserted alley, suddenly a tall masked figure emerged from the alley and mercilessly kicked down the maids without hesitation.

“What are you doing!” he exclaimed.

Afterward, he violently grabbed the former town chief and dragged the squealing man into the alley.

The former town chief’s obese body desperately tried to struggle and flee but it was utterly useless.

This masked man has such great strength!

As he was dragged further away, he reached increasingly secluded places, continuously howling and begging for mercy, hoping money would settle everything.

“Who are you? If it’s robbery, I’ll give you all my money, ten, no, twenty Gold Coins!”

“I don’t want your filthy money!”

The masked man’s voice was still somewhat youthful, filled with anger and hostility, extremely agitated.

“I just want you dead!”

The former town chief suddenly realized the other party was a youth and quickly said:

“Stop, think about the consequences of what you’re doing, your parents and family will suffer too! The big shots in town are all my acquaintances, they will surely investigate and find out what happened!”

“You have the nerve to mention my parents!”

The tall masked youth suddenly became extremely agitated, furiously throwing the former town chief to the ground and swinging his fists down viciously on the man’s disgusting face.

Thud, thud, thud, his fists pounded down, again and again, on the swollen and fat face, the already huge head quickly became even more swollen.

After a while, the former town chief’s breathing became very weak.

He lay on the ground, unable to move, knowing he would not survive, his only wish was to know who his opponent was.

“Damn it, who, who are you?”

Was it a knight who bore a grudge against him or a merchant sent by someone, or, could it be the relatives of those who were killed in the fire at Nasir Town?

The masked youth knelt on the ground, tears streaming down his face, his eyes filled with an unstoppable fury!

“Do you remember? Back in Nasir Town, you framed my father for colluding with the jungle natives, saying he opened the gates of Nasir and even kidnapped your granddaughter!”

“Ridiculous, my father was so loyal to you, he always spoke so highly of you to me...”

“He was hanged in front of everyone, and my mother couldn’t bear the townsfolk’s bullying, and killed herself in front of me!”

Was there really such a thing?

The former town chief was dumbfounded. It was just a pretext he had made up on the spot, and he had truly forgotten about it!

Damn it! The one killing him was just an insignificant servant’s son, why would it be this foolish boy!

His obese body trembling continually, the former town chief’s eyes bulged, feeling extremely resentful deep inside.

He had contemplated being killed by some wealthy and influential enemy, and even dreamt of being killed by the Fischer family, but had long forgotten such a petty figure!

“I am that servant’s son! Remember it in hell! My name is Archibald!”

Archibald stood up in fury, the sixteen-year-old almost reaching 1.8 meters tall, and in the former town chief’s view, he appeared as imposing and terrifying as a giant!

He pulled out a sharp blade from his bosom and viciously stabbed it into the former town chief’s fleshy neck, blood gushed out in torrents from the wound.

“Huff, huff... huff, huff!”

Seeing his long-desired enemy finally dying, he suddenly felt an intense sense of release and emptiness.

After skillfully disposing of the corpse and finishing everything, Archibald went to an inn in town. Surrounded by customers boisterously drinking alcohol, he didn't care about them and entered a quieter room by himself.

Another silver-haired youth was silently waiting for him in the room.

The young man was extraordinarily handsome, his eyes ethereal, his features under the silver hair so fine that they might make one believe an apostle of god had descended to the mortal realm.

"I, I've finally done it, young master."

He bowed his head to report to the silver-haired youth, who didn't seem at all interested in replying.

Chris just nodded his head, slowly stood up, and gently patted Archibald on the shoulder.

Archibald understood that since the task was successfully completed, they could leave for Nasir immediately.

He looked at Chris with eyes full of admiration, immensely grateful to the Fischer family, even willing to sacrifice his life for Chris and his siblings!

If it weren't for Hospital Director Irene's adoption and Lord Byrne's training, he would not have had the chance to take revenge with his own hands!

On the ride back to Nasir in the carriage overnight, Archibald remained silent, his eyes empty as if he had suddenly lost direction in life.

Although he knew his future was to give everything for the Fischer family, he still felt an emptiness inside him.

Chris looked up at the star-filled night sky and calmly spoke a single sentence.

"Cry it all out."

The boy who had completely lost his parents could no longer hold back and burst into tears.

Chapter 84: Chapter 82: Execution (Vote for us!)

In the three years, North City of Nasir had been completely rebuilt, but many of the sufferers would not forget the tragedy. People's hatred for the Sea God Cult was immense, and at the same time, more and more people were going to the church to pray.

The strength of the Fischer family continued to expand, and they had now moved to what once was Isaac Manor in North City, now renamed Fischer Manor.

People thought that the manor was an ominous place, and only under the divine protection of Madam Irene could the lingering evil spirits be subdued.

The rebuilt Fischer Manor was several times larger in area than the original estate, with a five-story structure that had three floors above and two below, and it boasted more than a hundred rooms inside.

Byrne, Irene, and the others all lived on the third floor of the manor, which had secret doors leading directly to every level.

The second floor contained guest rooms, a lounge, a study, a smoking room, a dressing room, and rooms permanently assigned to several trusted family members.

The first floor featured a hall with numerous crystal chandeliers, a grand and respectable banquet hall, and a small library filled with books on shelf after shelf.

The floor below ground housed the kitchens and the rooms of servants and guards. As their numbers grew, a new residence was eventually built nearby to accommodate some of the servants and guards.

Even further down, beneath the next level, lay a vast underground room even larger than the original basement, spanning hundreds of square meters. After reconstruction and renovation, it had been completely transformed into a shrine for worshipping the Lord of the Lost.

Madam Irene had also specially added a hidden door in the underground room, leading to a secret chamber of ten square meters, fully equipped with supplies. In times of emergency, important members of the family could take refuge there.

The number of family guards had grown to more than seventy, and compared to the newly recruited guards, those old guards who had been through many events received better treatment.

Irene promised the new family guards that, with enough effort and experience, they too could receive the same treatment as the old guards.

The old guards all understood tacitly what this “effort” meant. It was doing risky tasks for the Fischer family and delivering a “Proof of Loyalty.”

In the years of consolidating the power in Nasir Town, it was natural for some to become discontented, and that was when the family guards would need to go and give a warning.

The selection process for the Fischer family guards was now very strict, and with the family's reputation being exceedingly high, it was easy to attract nearby people with combat experience.

If you don't want to work, there are plenty of others who will!

Since the baron was often absent from the town, seafarers used to visit the town chief when they came to Nasir, but now they all knew they had to visit Byrne, the patriarch of the Fischer family.

The port town of Nasir sat in the northeast of the East Coast Province.

To the north was an endless jungle, to the east the vast and boundless sea, to the south two towns near Fein City, and to the west a town adjacent to a military fortress.

Surrounding the four towns were more than thirty villages, some of which belonged to various baronial families, and others were Royal Family lands not yet granted as fiefs.

Now the people in the surrounding areas of the four towns had all heard of the Fischer family, and many believed that it was only a matter of time before they became a new baronial family.

At the same time, certain families in the region of the four towns also had designs on Nasir Town.

Out of the twelve towns in the East Coast Province, eleven were in the hands of the major viscount families, with only Baron Hovern holding an entire town thanks to the governor.

They had once refrained from aspirations due to the strength of the Hovern family, but now felt that Nasir Town was up for grabs and that they might well replace the trivial Fischer family.

Night fell, and the refreshing evening breeze blew through the streets and alleys of Nasir Town.

In a noisy tavern, an elderly old man was drinking his sorrows away.

He was an aged servant who had once served Byrne but was now completely out of favor, unable to meddle in any personal affairs and marginalized within the Fischer family.

When he first came to the tavern, as long as people heard that the old servant was close to Knight Byrne, they showed him considerable respect, even the thieves from the sleazy street in East City District nodded to him in acknowledgment.

People in the tavern were willing to buy him drinks just to hear a bit of news about the Fischer family. Enduring and keeping secrets, he only shared insignificant matters, which made him the center of attention.

There was even a red-nosed fisherman who eagerly wanted to marry his green daughter to the old servant's son.

How ridiculous! What do you think you are, not even seeing if you're worthy enough?

However, one day when an old guard from the Fischer family publicly revealed his current situation, the people in the tavern gradually lost their respect for him.

The old servant became increasingly depressed, accompanying his nights with alcohol and unable to find joy.

I know that secret; I am closer to the Fischer family than others, I am different...

Damn it, why push me away? Those who enjoy divine grace are utterly detestable!

A tremendous jealousy and dissatisfaction exploded within the heart of the inebriated old servant; it was all the fault of the Fischer family, those people were preventing him from getting close to the master!

If only I could get rid of them, then I could enjoy the great divine favor all by myself!

Staggering out of the tavern, he stumbled, unaware, to the front of the church, gazing at the large bell in the bell tower for a long while.

"If, if I go in and denounce them, wouldn't that be..."

A sudden and terrible thought emerged, startling the old servant himself!

Upon reflection, for the great god, it doesn't really matter who serves as the proxy, then...

He swallowed hard, suddenly feeling an overwhelmingly vast and irresistible will, like an unending gray eroding the night, nearly crushing his meager and feeble soul.

"Mercy! Mercy! I was just thinking, just envying the Fischer family! I have never been disloyal to my lord!"

The old servant knelt on the ground in extreme fear, frantically pleading for mercy.

Finally, that great will that had appeared for just a moment vanished from his mind, covered in sweat, hardly standing, he hastily left.

On his way home, the old servant suddenly saw a familiar black figure.

It was Madam Irene!

The mysterious Madam Irene, clothed in an exquisitely made black dress, stood silently in the shadows.

Her face expressionless, her charming eyes harboring an inextinguishable darkness, almost all members of the Fischer family feared her.

“Ah, ah-ah-ah-ah-ah!”

The old servant suddenly realized something and screamed out, turning to run away, only to be grabbed by the arm by a man behind him.

Byrne, under the moonlight with golden-rimmed glasses and dressed in a dark brown coat with a vest, looked more composed and restrained than he had more than three years earlier.

“Mercy, mercy, please spare me!”

Byrne just shook his head, adjusted his glasses, and said indifferently, “Come with me, don’t worry, it’s alright.”

The young man’s words seemed to have a strange power, and the old servant inexplicably calmed down.

He was very aware that Byrne was a person who valued past relationships and was deeply sentimental, and he immediately felt he might survive this.

Captain Theo, the Guards Captain, had been waiting in a carriage on the other side of the street, not giving the old servant even a glance.

Once the two men took him onto the carriage, the old servant began to feel uneasy again, and when he realized they had stopped in the northern forest, he immediately fell to his knees in fear, begging and clinging to Byrne’s legs.

“No, please, no, I have a son and a daughter, Patriarch Byrne, Young Master Byrne, don’t kill me, I served you for several years in the past!”

“Hmm, I’ll take good care of your children, don’t worry.”

After ensuring calmly, Byrne freed himself from the old servant’s grip and returned to the carriage.

The old servant ran towards the forest like a madman, internally cursing the Fischer family, wishing that wretched lot would all go to hell!

“Theo, you and Byrne wait for me here.”

Irene said casually, and then calmly made her way into the forest, carrying the same shovel she had used in earlier years.

Captain Theo nodded, silently waiting for Madam Irene to reemerge from the woods, looking as pristine and composed as ever.

The problem was completely resolved.

Back in the carriage, Irene looked at Byrne, who seemed a bit uncomfortable.

Irene spoke very calmly, “This is the first time for something like this, but it won’t be the last, if you ever feel too upset about it, let me take care of it all.”

Byrne shook his head and smiled slightly, saying, “There’s really no need for that, Irene, I’m certainly not like a child who needs protecting.”

“Even the Blood Receivers may not be entirely loyal, we must absolutely remember what happened today.”

He paused before continuing, “Tomorrow night, we will witness the first batch of Blood Receivers cultivated from children, they will become an aid to the Fischer family.”

“Currently, several families in the region of the four towns have their sights set on our Nasir, and the situation of the Fischer family is anything but safe.”

The two baronial families closest to Nasir are the Kesse family in the west and the Leander family in the south.

Their territories, lying between Nasir and the three other towns of the region of the four towns.

The Kesse family has two Extraordinary Exponents who’ve reached Transmutation, possessing three villages and effectively controlling five surrounding villages.

The Leander family has only one Transmutation-ranked Extraordinary Exponent, owning two villages and effectively controlling three.

Since the power vacuum in Nasir, the Kesse family has been particularly interested in the resources of Nasir as a harbor, and they are filled with envy towards the Fischer family ruling over the entire town.

Byrne's gaze was piercing, his voice full of determination and belief:

"And I have touched the 3rd Rank, soon stepping into an even higher position, and then everything will be entirely different."

Chapter 85: Chapter 83 Blood Receiver (Vote for Monthly Tickets!)

Chris and Archibald returned to Fischer Manor. He didn't tell anyone about his return and went alone to his room to take a bath.

The silver-haired youth standing in the tub had an ancient sculptural beauty and elegance.

After he had cleaned himself, he silently dressed and went to his sister Irene's room.

At the door, Chris saw Vanessa for the first time in a long while, now fifteen years old.

Today's Vanessa wore a white hunting outfit that outlined a fine figure with her shirt, pants, and riding boots, her light green eyes shining like the brightest gems.

She stood at the door with her hands behind her back, smiling, composed, and graceful.

The nearly perfect short-haired girl had only one flaw: Vanessa still limped when she walked.

However, some people in the world still exude grace and poise even with a disability.

Vanessa of today was such a person.

She looked at Chris, curtsied slightly with a smile, and said, "Young Master Chris, you've returned."

"Please come in, the headmistress has been waiting for you."

Chris remained silent, feeling as though a profound barrier stood between them.

He had spent most of the past year in Fein City with Byrne, only now finally returning for good, so he had barely seen Vanessa.

The girl's haughty and meddling personality seemed to have truly vanished.

In the end, he said nothing and went into the room to see his sister Irene, bringing out the report Archibald had written for him.

After leaving the room, Chris went to the alchemy workshop built by the family outside the manor two years ago, looking for Byrne.

The almost half-enclosed alchemy workshop was filled with various transparent apparatus and plants that emitted strange odors, with test tubes bubbling in different colors.

Byrne and his assistant, Erik, were often busy there all night long.

Erik was Ramon's grandson, who fell into mental illness after his father Hugh died, and although he finally managed to converse normally with people, he would still fall into comas from time to time.

Because Erik had a good memory and learning ability, and he was one of the few literates, the overworked Byrne took him as an apprentice and assistant.

The new alchemy workshop covered more than fifty square meters, several times larger than the original one, and Byrne and the thin Erik were busy inside.

"You've finally returned, Chris. Has Archibald's matter been resolved?"

Byrne smiled upon seeing the returning Chris.

Chris nodded slightly but did not respond verbally.

He thought for a moment and finally couldn't help but ask, "Tonight?"

Byrne hesitated for a moment before finally replying, "Yes, it is tonight."

Tonight was an important day for the Fischer family, as they would add three new Blood Receivers, granting them the Power of Consecution.

They were Vanessa, who was Irene's personal attendant; Archibald, Chris's deputy; and Erik, Byrne's apprentice and assistant.

Irene, with her ability to "Listen for Malice," could easily pick out those with suitable natures, and then select the capable ones to nurture.

The first batch of finalists from the orphanage were them, the three.

After years of nurturing, all three had developed an extreme degree of loyalty to the Fischer family, even seeing the core members of the family as their own.

So, it was time to grant them Fischer's Blood and the power of the gods.

But Chris had long known of a matter discussed within the family and felt uneasy at heart.

If they chose not to accept “Fischer’s Blood” and the “Lost Ritual,” they would be dealt with immediately; the family could not leave such a significant threat.

The three, including Vanessa, had all done “overstepping” acts for the family, only that Irene had Vanessa kill a villain.

Chris suddenly felt a fear, though Vanessa had become extremely loyal to the Fischer family over the past few years.

If she had always been disguising herself and refused the Lost Ritual at the last moment, or showed disloyalty after receiving the blood.

In any case, he didn’t want Vanessa to be killed by his family.

That would simply be an unimaginable nightmare.

“Chris, come here.”

Byrne suddenly smiled and beckoned Chris over; the youth hesitated for a moment before walking over.

The steady-eyed Byrne slowly stood up, as if seeing through the youth’s thoughts, placed his hand on his cousin’s nape and calmly said from up close:

“Don’t worry, Irene and I are absolutely sure, Vanessa and the others will not reject the ritual, nor will they betray us, at least not at this point in time.”

“Trust our judgment, Chris.”

He left Chris’s side, patting the youth’s shoulder.

Chris remained silent, just nodding calmly.

At this point, he also had to watch the whole matter unfold.

Finally, night fell.

Vanessa, Archibald, and Erik came to the family’s underground chamber for the first time and saw the idol, altar, and sacred objects belonging to the Lord of the Lost.

Irene requested everyone to kneel, and then she, Byrne, and Chris also knelt down.

Over the years, the three of them had been subtly influenced by Irene. Although they had no attachment to the faith of the True Gods, they were still filled with shock at the grandeur of the Lord of the Lost!

“So that’s how it is, so it is...” Vanessa murmured to herself, “It was You who saved the Fischer family. I always thought it was the Lord of Salvation or some powerful Extraordinary Exponent.”

Archibald’s expression was extremely solemn as he said, “The Fischer family saved my fate, and I wouldn’t mind giving my soul to You.”

Erik stared dumbfounded at the idol and sacred object, speechless for a long time.

Suddenly, they all felt a terrifying power emanating from the black light within the sacred object, as if it could destroy everything in the world, irresistible to mere mortals.

That power was so overwhelming, it left them breathless. All three couldn’t help but shiver and bow their heads, not daring to look directly at the black light in the sacred object.

Karl had long been aware of their presence, calmly observing the three kneeling before him, effortlessly discerning the God Pantheon stairway that best suited each of them.

However, before He would truly bestow power upon them, they needed to undertake another part of the Lost Ritual. They would have to enter the Spirit Realm, pass through the Gate of Shadow, and then use a special potion made from Fischer’s Blood.

Irene calmly narrated the various greatness of the Lord of the Lost and the teachings of Dawn.

All three agreed to undergo the Lost Ritual. Thus, they entered the Spirit Realm with the Fischer siblings, arriving directly in front of the Gate of Shadow this time.

“This is the Spirit Realm!”

All three were extremely shocked. Although they had heard of the existence of the Spirit Realm, they merely knew it as an extremely mysterious and bizarre world.

All secrets related to the Spirit Realm were highly valuable, and even those large nobles and churches knew very little about it!

After completing the Lost Ritual, they felt that terribly frightening presence.

The Lord of the Lost was gazing upon them!

Irene and Byrne exchanged a glance and nodded.

The next step was to pray for the grace of the gods, to enable them to step onto the God Pantheon stairway and grasp the mysterious power of Consecution.

Irene began to pray again for the grace of the Lord of the Lost, offering three different Class 1 Extraordinary Materials that had been prepared in advance.

They were the “phantom flower” with transparent petals that change color with the moonlight as if made of pure light.

There was also the “Fantasy Wisteria” with small purple flowers covering its vines that emitted gentle, breathing-like sounds, inducing deep sleep.

And the “Crystal Coral Polyps,” which slept deep in the ocean like transparent crystal sculptures.

“Great Lord of the Lost...”

Another sacrifice began, and finally, the three Blood Receivers successively obtained differing Consecution powers, embarking upon three brand new God Pantheon stairways.

Vanessa embarked on the “Path of World Order,” with her first Consecution power being “Guardian.”

“Guardian” possessed two Extraordinary traits: “Protection” and “Lethal Counterattack.”

“Protection” allowed for advance marking of a person with a spell symbol so that the guardian could actively take on half of the damage inflicted on the marked individual.

“Lethal Counterattack” meant that if attacked, the chance to hit the source of the damage would be greatly increased on the next strike, provided the target was within range.

Her physical condition improved greatly, while her Spiritual Power increased less so, although Vanessa was a Spellcaster herself.

Archibald embarked on the “Path of Calamity,” with his first Consecution power being “Gale Protector.”

“Gale Protector” only had one Extraordinary trait: “Storm Armor.”

“Storm Armor” allowed an Exponent of Consecution power to automatically generate swirling winds around them; the more Spiritual Power consumed, the larger the range.

Even “Storm Armor” could grow to form a massive storm as the Exponent steps onto the higher ranks of the Path of Calamity, a trait that would grow with him.

Archibald’s physical and Spiritual Power improved fifty-fifty.

Erik embarked on the “Path of Forging,” with his first Consecution power being “Craftsman.”

“Craftsman” had two Extraordinary traits: “Deft Hands” and “Heavy Strike.”

“Deft Hands” allowed an Exponent to automatically master most craftsmanship skills, instantly possessing the experience of a craftsman of decades.

“Heavy Strike” meant that when using a weapon to attack, the damage carried an impact effect, allowing the force to penetrate armor.

Erik’s physical condition improved minimally, with a greater increase in his Spiritual Power.

Irene looked at the three new Extraordinary Exponents, each of them appearing joyful, confused, and lost.

Vanessa seemed to be able to accept this more than the other two; it was too astonishing for them to suddenly gain Extraordinary Power.

She approached them slowly and said in an even tone:

“You must remember, this Extraordinary Power belongs to the great Lord of the Lost and the Fischer family; from now on, you will be members of Dawn and also loyal servants of the Lord of the Lost.”

“The Fischer family are favored members of the gods and will convey His grand oracles.”

“Our Lord gazes upon you. If you harbor thoughts of betrayal, you will surely face an unimaginable end, sinking into despair.”

From Secret Clan to the Divine Dynasty

#Chapter 86: 84 Dagger Brotherhood (Thanks to the alliance leader for the reward! Seek monthly tickets!) - Read From Secret Clan to the Divine Dynasty Chapter 86: 84 Dagger Brotherhood (Thanks to the alliance leader for the reward! Seek monthly tickets!)

Chapter 86: Chapter 84 Dagger Brotherhood (Thanks to the alliance leader for the reward! Seek monthly tickets!)

“I have come to see you, Grandma Narda.”

Irene approached with a calm demeanor, entering Grandma Narda’s room in East City District under the extremely respectful gazes of those present.

Grandma Narda lay motionless on the bed, her breathing incredibly faint, like a thin thread that could disappear at any moment.

She was not ill.

She was simply old.

“Irene, Madam Irene... I envy you so much...”

A look of longing and reluctance entirely filled Narda’s face, with only a few short years having passed since she had obtained extraordinary power.

She had not experienced enough of a new life, and now it was time for her to depart!

“I envy you, Madam Irene, you can still... live for several more decades...”

Irene smiled faintly. Although she no longer feared death, Narda’s words still left her feeling wistful and subtly sorrowful.

The side effects of losing taste and smell were all too apparent.

Over the years, she had gradually felt the disadvantages of losing fear, becoming more aggressive in her actions and finding it harder to feel joy and excitement.

“Rest assured, the Lord of the Lost will protect your soul.”

“Really, truly? After death, will I really meet the great Lord of the Lost?”

Narda suddenly stared at the ceiling, asking with an exaggerated tone, her hands trembling continuously.

Clearly, Irene’s response was of great importance.

“Yes, you will.”

In truth, Irene did not know the answer to the question, as the Lord of the Lost had never truly stated whether His followers would see Him after death.

But she had always chosen to believe.

“When you meet Him before I do, please convey my gratitude and reverence to Him.”

Grandma Narda was silent for a long, long time, finally closing her eyes and letting out a breath of relief:

“So I will meet Him, that’s good.”

“ ... ”

Irene sat quietly beside the elderly woman, confirming that she had no signs of life left.

Leaving the room, Narda’s three sons immediately looked over. Irene shook her head and they instantly burst into tears, unable to contain themselves.

Irene spoke indifferently, “Please accept my condolences. Our Lord will protect her soul.”

The eldest son, Moore Shelby, thin and short, bowed deeply with a face full of tears, saying with utmost respect:

“Thank you, Madam Irene. It’s because of your help and support that our Shelby family has been able to keep going.”

Over the years with the support of the Fischer family, Narda’s sons had fully integrated the thieves of East City, and the reputation of the Shelby family had grown greatly.

Narda’s funeral was a grand affair since several members of the Fischer family attended, making the entire town once again aware of the deep ties between the Shelby family and them.

As Narda’s funeral arrangements were being made, Moore sought out Byrne and Irene alone, still choking back sobs, but he pressed on.

“The nearly hundred thieves of East City are now completely under the control of the Shelby family, and we plan to establish a formal gang, just like the Grimm Gang in Fein City.”

The Grimm Gang had emerged in Fein City in recent years. East Coast Province had seen only bands of thieves before, and this was the first time a more tightly organized criminal gang had appeared.

Irene fell into thought, knowing that the existence of thieves in East City District was inevitable.

The poor of East City District had always been in an almost unmanaged state, and if the Shelby family helped control the frequent brawls and murders, the public security situation would be much better than it is now.

She nodded slightly, asking, "What is the name?"

Moore had already thought it over, replying, "Dagger Brotherhood, because the three of us brothers are used to using daggers, and we will also be a dagger for the Fischer family."

He took a deep breath, assuring Irene with confidence and respect:

"Not just in East City, I promise that there will be no more unresolved murders and assaults in Nasir in the future; we will definitely do better than those useless patrols!"

"As long as you and Mr. Byrne continue to support us."

Irene nodded again, mentioning something about the Fischer family.

"We also have something to discuss with you; perhaps Nasir Town could expand towards the south because the Fischer family is looking to establish factories."

"Factories?"

These days, anyone slightly informed knew about factories. It was not that Moore failed to understand, but rather he was somewhat surprised.

He couldn't help but ask curiously, "What kind of factory does the Fischer family plan to establish?"

Establishing a factory wasn't a secret, and Irene responded calmly:

"They'll be processing plants for pharmaceuticals and foods."

Moore wanted to ask where the money was coming from, but decidedly shut his mouth, not inquiring further.

Nowadays, the Fischer family held Nasir Town in the palm of their hand; it was natural that they wouldn't be short of money.

Irene continued to explain the reason behind the Fischer family's factory establishment:

"Byrne spent a year studying at the military academy in Fein City. He observed those factories on the outskirts of the city for a long time and believes that the Fischer family could establish something similar in Nasir."

Once the factories were successfully established, there was no doubt the Fischer family's income level would step onto a new stage.

"I see."

Moore suddenly understood and then pondered how the Shelby family should grasp the subsequent impact of this event.

In recent years, the population of Fein City had gradually increased, seemingly due to the emergence of factories.

Moore's mind worked quickly. Could it be that the population of Nasir Town would also increase more and more in the future?

The more people there are in a place, the more troubles there are, and the more there is a need for "mediators." Thinking of this, he revealed a satisfied smile.

At the end of the funeral, Irene fell into contemplation. In Grandma Narda's final moments, her spirituality showed signs of boiling, brief yet clear.

Very strange.

Irene pondered what could have caused this phenomenon to appear.

On the Path of Divine Sacrifice, the 3rd Rank's two key words were "proclamation" and "devotion."

She suddenly had a realization, understanding everything.

"So that's it. In her last moments, Grandma Narda truly became a person of complete devotion!"

To ascend the 3rd Rank of the Path of Divine Sacrifice, the discovered path was "to create devoted believers through the proclamation of the greatness of the gods."

Finally finding the path to ascend the next step, Irene was filled with joy deep inside her heart.

While she and Byrne were riding the carriage back home, she shared her newfound knowledge with him.

"So that's it. By proclaiming the deities, we create enough people of devotion to make spirituality boil over."

Byrne skillfully took out paper and recorded the extremely crucial information.

The God Pantheon stairway, long and even daunting, was particularly challenging for them as forerunners, but it would be much easier for those who followed!

"Hmm, only I feel that the standards for a person of devotion are very high, not easily met."

Irene stopped short, feeling deep inside that perhaps in the Fischer family, the only person who could be considered truly devoted was herself.

There was no doubt that ascending the next step would be difficult.

And for her to achieve ascension, the best targets would still be those who already had faith in the Lord of the Lost.

—

Karl's incorporeal consciousness stared at the huge white vortex in the sky.

The pale blue soul gently floated upwards, gradually to be taken by the white vortex. In this world, aside from the souls of the Fischer family which would return to themselves, the ultimate destination for all others who passed away was it.

What lay behind the white vortex, he was also not yet clear.

The soul ascending belonged to Narda, and Karl suddenly discovered his own mark appearing on the soul, seemingly a proof of a person of devotion.

Strange.

He knew that after the old servant died, there was no such mark.

Karl speculated the appearance of the mark had nothing to do with the blood of the Fischer family, but instead with the level of devotion.

He was unclear whether the soul in this world would eventually be reborn.

But if Narda's soul were to be reborn, because of the existence of that mark, Karl would naturally sense it.

He looked toward the already bewildered pale blue soul and said calmly:

"Irene did not deceive you, Narda, I truly do watch over the souls of the devoted."

Just then, Karl's consciousness suddenly sensed something.

Byrne's spirituality had completely boiled over!

The first member of the Fischer family to step onto the 3rd Rank of the God Pantheon stairway was about to emerge!

Chapter 87: On-Shelf Note: A New Year's Letter to Readers

“

2012-2018, the Confused phase.

The first time I uploaded a novel, the sentences weren't even divided into paragraphs, there were sentences that didn't flow everywhere, but the act of writing novels filled me, then a high-schooler, with joy.

I wrote tens of thousands of words in two consecutive books, and because no one read them and they only had single-digit collections, I cut them off. The third book I wrote, titled "The Greatest Demon Lord's Royal Chef," finally got me a contract.

My editor at that time, Sharp, told me a lot, like asking me to stabilize my updates.

"I'm a student, I can't stabilize"

"Alright."

High school was busy, and soon my book was discontinued. In my first year of college, I pursued a fulfilling life but found it meaningless and completely out of place.

I then started rewriting my old work. The editor had changed, and it was not easy to get the collection back to a thousand, but there was never a chance to be featured on the shelf.

And then, my book got banned during the first big purge.

A few months later, I went next door, my skills had greatly improved, and I could even write coherent sentences!

I wrote several books with promising beginnings, and finally, one got contracted. I was ecstatic, and in the end, I even managed to amass over three thousand collections in anticipation of being featured!

Wow, invincible!

I swore that as long as I got two hundred initial orders, I would write a million words!

Unfortunately, there were only about sixty initial orders, so I tearfully wrote an apology chapter and cut off the book.

I finally realized the most terrifying thing.

Compared to those geniuses who rose rapidly with just two or three books,

I did not have even the slightest bit of writing talent!

Later, I wrote another book and decided to aim for an explosive opening. The protagonist would start by punching Gaia to pieces and begin evolving a mythical civilization, garnering five hundred and five initial orders.

Because writing invincible characters is truly difficult, I started to subconsciously try group characterization.

The outline for the grand world view of all subsequent novels was thus determined. Back then, I sincerely felt satisfied with just over a thousand average orders.

Until one day, while studying novels in the author's group, I was suddenly humiliated by a big shot who kept asking me how many average orders I had and dared to research how to write novels, calling me an idiot!

At that moment, I was truly angry, but I dared not talk back because he had many fans and author friends.

I was a student and feared cyberbullying to the core.

After struggling for two years, this book was eventually completed, an occasion worth celebrating. Then I saw a book called "Low-Dimensional Game" with a concept and framework similar to my own.

Huh, at that moment, I suddenly felt that maybe I had a chance if I went back to the starting point.

2018-2020, the Learning phase.

I wanted to write a new book. At that time, a well-meaning author with tens of thousands of orders appeared in the authors' group. I shamelessly showed him the beginning of my new book several times. After his revisions, I published it.

Unexpectedly, the new book quickly gained over ten thousand collections!

Wow, invincible!

But the collections stopped growing there, and the initial orders were only one thousand two. After featuring, the subscriptions began to drop crazily, and I, not understanding why, could only write to the end with endurance, averaging one thousand five orders.

Why?

What exactly was the reason? The start of the novel performed very well, but then it steadily declined.

I began to diligently consider the fundamental reasons behind the good and bad performance.

The new start was going to be about the Fourth Disaster because I noticed these kinds of books performed well and not many people wrote them.

Let's write something relaxed and humorous!

This time, after much pain, I decided I must polish the opening and the early ideas thoroughly before publishing, so I shamelessly pestered the ten thousand order author for revisions.

"It's written too hastily," "It doesn't evoke the emotions," "It's not good enough"...

Rewrite, ask for help, revise, rewrite, ask for help, revise, rewrite, ask for help, revise, rewrite, ask for help, revise, rewrite, ask for help, revise...

Rewrite, rewrite, rewrite, rewrite, rewrite, rewrite...

Ten times!

For a long, drawn-out month, I repeatedly conceived and reconstructed, continuously transforming my understanding of web novels, and after rewriting ten times, I finally got the answer I wanted.

"Good, this will do."

I went for it!

Published.

Waiting for a contract.

Contract successful.

Waiting for a recommendation.

Barely made it through the trial.

Waiting to rush the charts...

Rushing the charts.

...

First place in seven charts! Eight thousand seven initial orders! Nine thousand readings!

Wow, invincible!

However, the readings began to drop continuously, and I couldn't hold on, so I simply gave up and kept writing for a month until I looked at the readings again.

It had fallen to three thousand.

The average orders kept sliding, from a ten thousand order book down to just over eight thousand. Thankfully, the recommendations slowly helped it recover. Because I received negative feedback daily, the comedy novel became less relaxed, and writing every day became dull.

Long-term sitting, lack of sunlight, absence of friends, no attention, frugal living, and daily acceptance of new declines...

My mental state also began to slide downhill.

Finally, after one hundred and fifty thousand words, I finished the book and breathed a sigh of relief.

I started trying to open a new book with joy and anticipation.

2020-2023, the Metamorphosis Phase

With a backlog of thirty thousand words, I published.

A flop.

Backlogged fifty thousand words, I tried publishing again.

Another flop.

Almost no social life, a monthly mortgage of over eight thousand, a sick family member, half a year of unemployment, the future uncertain, various thoughts in my mind, and nights and nights of insomnia.

I began to get irritable and angry, especially when the people around me urged me to find a job and said I was just playing games.

Anxiety, a mental illness common among full-time authors, crept up silently.

Finally, I found my groove again.

This time, I planned to write another invincible story. I saw a book about a little girl being sacrificed to the Evil God, so I decided to write a book where the protagonist, as the Evil God, is summoned by a little girl.

Chapter 88: On-Shelf Note: A New Year's Letter to Readers_2

Will I still succeed?

"A flash in the pan," "lucky," "coincidental," "newbie wall," "exhausted talent"... Authors who have written a single work that reached ten thousand subscriptions make up the vast majority of those who have achieved such numbers.

So-called ten thousand subscriptions,

are just the beginning.

Second on the new book rankings, the initial trend was good, but it's a pity that after more than twenty chapters the story began to drag, and the protagonist lacked agency, leading to a decline in following readers.

Four thousand initial subscriptions.

Damn, no... not invincible anymore, not invincible anymore.

I started to study the data feedback, carefully pondering and experimenting with various new plotlines based on the patterns provided by the backend, and finally stabilized the following readership, while the average subscriptions also gradually increased.

Ten thousand subscriptions again.

Then, a comic adaptation.

Subscription results improved again.

Unfortunately, the invincible genre framework really can't be sustained in the long run, and later performance couldn't be maintained, exacerbating my anxiety disorder, and I could only barely complete the story.

One night, as I was brushing my teeth and bleeding, I knelt on the ground and cried, thinking I had contracted a terminal illness.

From then on, I embarked on a path of health anxiety, with forty visits to the hospital in a year.

I knew I couldn't hold on much longer.

Went to see a psychologist.

It improved.

“If you take medication, you’ll feel drowsy and won’t be able to write your novel.”

Is that so.

Then I, refuse to take medicine!

For the new book, I wanted to lower the protagonist’s starting point and reduce the highlights, but the result was not good, until later I wanted to write a group portrait novel.

How about a protagonist playing games on a cell phone, controlling superheroes who continuously level up to save the world time after time?

As long as I write about the superheroes’ inner conflicts and struggles, creating information gaps should be interesting, right?

Alright, let’s get to work!

The new book started off well, until certain parts of the story began to drag, and then the following readership slipped, just like the previous book.

Truth be told, I basically lack a sense of language, needing to read my own work several times after finishing it to see the quality of the writing, and I can’t judge the quality of the plot either, needing the data to become clear.

If the plot doesn’t drag, I don’t know what good pacing is; if the plot isn’t bland, I don’t know what intensity is.

Late realization.

All this time, compared to those perceptive geniuses, my writing has always been akin to a blind man fencing, a slow bird taking flight.

No choice, now that it’s come to this, I can only accept my flaws.

Seven thousand initial subscriptions.

Very good, meets expectations.

The me of today has gradually transformed, through extensive note-taking and repeated reflection and deliberation, I have gradually come to understand what anticipation is, what structure is, and subsequent performance will surely not collapse.

Uh, my eyes seem to have a bit of an issue, could it be another health anxiety attack?

Go get it checked.

Retinal hole, laser repair, followed the doctor's advice to rest for half a month, spent that half a month in bed listening to stand-up comedy.

After returning, readers who left left, and those who scattered scattered, leaving only over three thousand average subscriptions.

After resuming updates, the average quickly rose to over five thousand, and now I'm tenth in the writing competition, with not much prize money from fourth to tenth, and much more starting from third.

I said in the author's group that I wanted to compete for third place.

Everyone burst into laughter.

Because the ranking was sorted by average subscriptions, at the time the author in third place had thirteen thousand.

I said that book's framework wasn't strong, all the highlights and anticipation were in the beginning; what followed was nothing more than a skeletal plot, unlikely to succeed.

As for me, now I can observe the backend data in real time, constantly reflect on new plots, and the later stages within the framework have plenty of highlights and anticipation, so the performance will gradually improve.

Of course, they didn't believe it.

The writing competition had a word count requirement. Because of half a month without updates, I had to release mass updates to have a chance, so I began to churn out chapters, reflecting and pouring my heart and soul into it like never before.

Months later, my average subscriptions rose to eleven thousand, while that book's average subscriptions dropped to ten thousand.

Won the competition prize money.

Finally, sixteen thousand average subscriptions.

...

Then, due to excessive stress, I had a mental breakdown, experienced daily palpitations, took several months off to recuperate, and only after recovery did I properly complete that book.

That year, Boxnovel's anti-piracy measures were very effective, income caps increased several times over, and people around me started achieving results on Boxnovel.

"Ascend to the path."

I want to become a Boxnovel great.

2023—Now, the Future, the Reshaping Period

I've fallen.

I deeply explored and studied the Starting Fire books, attempting to deconstruct their mysteries, and subsequently failed.

Not just once.

For an entire year, I started several books but couldn't find the direction to keep writing.

Why is that?

I began to reflect.

Even if I complain about being born at the wrong time or about social injustice, nothing will change.

One must understand the current situation and analyze it, taking action only after fully understanding the reasons.

While reflecting, I was also doing another thing.

I no longer let my life revolve solely around writing books.

Exercising the body, traveling, giving lectures back at school, controlling my diet, initiating social interactions.

I fully realized that a good mental and physical state is necessary to maintain a consistent work output.

I began to learn how to please myself and stopped being harsh on myself, immediately indulging in food, drink, and fun when feeling anxious, to avoid bottling up emotions.

It took half a year, but I reduced my weight from 178 to 137, breaking free from over two decades of obesity.

Goodbye to insomnia and palpitations!

For more than a decade, I've generously solved problems for those who sought advice and expressed gratitude to those who've helped me, completing every single paid book I started, even when illnesses caused my performance to plummet.

Unknowingly, numerous loyal readers, author friends, editor friends, and other friends have gathered around me...

Each one of them provided encouragement and support.

Finally, by controlling variables, I understood the reasons behind the success of my books.

Whether it was "The Fourth Calamity" or "Salvation Organizations," in reality, they all followed the framework of "detached protagonists with ensemble casts," which I am most skilled at writing.

Why didn't I write these genres when I first came to Starting Point?

Because, ah, ensemble stories are difficult to top the charts with, as they have a limited audience.

This makes it hard to become a legendary writer and reach the highest peaks.

The lifelong dream might thus be aborted, akin to forsaking the grand path in a world of cultivation in favor of minor techniques.

Most people are like those red minnows, slow to grow and unable to transform into golden fish, giving up in the face of initial setbacks and opting for easier tasks.

The few remaining realize their limited talents, destined to remain obscure all their lives, thus losing their fighting spirit.

I was somewhat unwilling to admit that I was a red minnow, even though I had long realized the fact that I lacked a sense of language and rhythm, with absolutely no talent for writing.

How can a blind person wielding a sword foresee the future and reach the highest realms without the ability to foresee, only reflecting after each injury?

Not until I saw a sentence in my completion note from a few years ago did I finally let go.

"Red minnows are destined not to become golden fish, but it's okay if they never do, as long as they are the best red minnows they can be!"

So, I poured all my experience, inspiration, and passion from the past decades into a new story outline, hoping to transmit it with a hundred percent accuracy.

Ensembles, sacrifice, inheritance, epic tales, tears, laughter, revolutions, the fate of bloodlines...

The outline has the design for generations of characters ready, with each generation succeeding the last.

Good.

After being unemployed for over a dozen months, I, wandering in the darkness, seemed to have grasped the sword in my heart.

Draw the sword! Publish the book!

The opening results were not bad, and the editor even commented with high EQ that the book had the potential to be a hit.

However, the plot in the past half month has become dragging again, with the old problem of “issues with pre-launch plot” reemerging, and because I couldn’t see real-time readership before launch, I could only wait a few days after finishing to adjust the follow-up.

I gradually realized that the “old problem” was partly due to my hindsight and partly due to the fact the beginning and framework were well done, but the story between the start and pre-launch wasn’t polished enough.

I felt from the start that this book was going to be a slow burner; it was the slowest to start of all my books, and I was already prepared for a few hundred initial subscribers and a later comeback.

Only by breaking away from the original framework could I reach a new realm.

The early performance of this book has already exceeded my expectations.

I cannot say for sure that the writing will get better after launch, I can only say I’ll do my best.

I’ll end the launch note here.

Thanks to “Dreamy Mirage,” “Flying Words” for the leader’s support, thanks to Editor Cannan, thanks to the operations officer, thanks to the kindergarten head, Non-Praying Ten Strings, Poor Xixi, Green Cabbage, and Unfallen Fish for their chapter recommendations.

Thanks to my family and friends who have always supported me.

Thanks to myself.

And finally, thank you all for your support along the way, and I wish you a Happy New Year in advance.

I hope you will continue to follow this book from here all the way to its completion note.

In this life, I tread on thin ice,

Do you think I can make it to the end?

Chapter 89: Chapter 85: 3rd Rank “Mysterious Scholar” (Seeking First Subscription! Seeking Monthly Tickets!)

In the Fischer family’s alchemy workshop, Byrne held a pen and paper in his hand, earnestly asking Vanessa in front of him.

“How have you been feeling recently, and how is the grasp of your newfound abilities?”

Vanessa nodded and respectfully answered:

“Very well, I’ve been feeling better than ever before. Although there’s still no sign of recovery in my legs, the improvement in my physical condition is obvious.”

She paused before continuing:

“Regarding the new abilities of the ‘Guardian’ Consecution, I’ve also done some research, and the principle of Pre-made Drawings you mentioned last time inspired me.”

“The combination of abilities, their development, and extension, can all significantly enhance the upper limit of combat performance.”

After finishing, Vanessa demonstrated the abilities development of the “Guardian” Consecution she had in mind.

She planned to pair it with her summoning spell.

Vanessa, now a mid-level Beginning Spellcaster, had a spellcasting talent type of “Summoning”.

Initially, Byrne had purchased the “Summoning-type Spellcaster’s Heritage” from the Alchemy Council, which included three spells: “Summoning Fireflies”, “Summoning Birds”, and “Summoning Vines”.

A low-level Beginning could memorize one spell model, a high-level Beginning three, and Vanessa, being a mid-level Beginning, could memorize two spell models.

Hence, she successfully learned and mastered “Summoning Fireflies” and “Summoning Birds”, but was somewhat less skilled with plant-type summoned creatures.

Vanessa began chanting a spell, and after a short time, she summoned a swarm of fireflies that fluttered and danced on the tips of her fingers.

The next moment, Vanessa controlled a firefly to gently bump against the back of her hand.

Watching this scene unfold, Byrne revealed a realized look and nodded with a smile.

“I see.”

Vanessa let the firefly fly to a spot behind her back, completely out of her sight, then she took out a throwing knife from her boot and tossed it high into the air.

The knife could have easily landed on her head, yet it unerringly struck the firefly.

Vanessa repeated the action, only this time, she let the firefly fly a hundred meters away.

“Lethal Counterattack” is an Extraordinary trait, significantly increasing the hit rate of the next attack within range against the source of the damage once attacked.

Suddenly, Vanessa drew a flintlock from her waist and fired a bullet.

To everyone’s astonishment, the bullet from the flintlock precisely hit the firefly a hundred meters away, which was flying and attempting to evade!

Of course, the momentum of the bullet did not diminish, but continued to fly out.

Had a person been standing behind the firefly, they would have surely been hit by the bullet.

Unable to contain his admiration, Byrne laughed and praised, “You are very clever, Vanessa, more so than Erik and Archibald!”

“Indeed, in terms of combat wit, you and Chris are on the same level.”

Vanessa smiled and gracefully curtsied, responding, “Thank you for the compliment, my lord.”

But once Vanessa had left the alchemy workshop, Archibald came in.

The tall sixteen-year-old boy had a flushed face and seemed very excited.

“My lord, I really am grateful to the family for bestowing me with such extraordinary power!”

“Alright, calm down. Now, tell me,”

With a smile, Byrne patted the boy’s shoulder and calmly asked, taking his pen and paper:

“How have you been feeling recently, and how is the grasp of your newfound abilities?”

Archibald looked puzzled and scratched his head awkwardly, saying:

“To be honest, I don’t quite understand; it feels just like when I was learning to read at the orphanage, with all sorts of confusion in my mind.”

“Those words and sentences are so difficult. Even though I recognize every letter, when they are strung together, I’m completely lost...”

Byrne’s expression became gradually more serious, and the previously talkative Archibald instantly shut up, not daring to utter another word of nonsense.

“I don’t understand mysteries and the extraordinary, so I just keep using it, over and over again, until my body remembers the pattern of the wind.”

Byrne raised an eyebrow, what does it mean for the body to remember the pattern of the wind?

He knew Archibald was an “instinctual type”, but that was the most incomprehensible kind.

Archibald, scratching his head, said, “I can’t demonstrate it in the workshop; it’s too small in here.”

“Alright, let’s go outside.”

Byrne nodded, then he and Archibald left the alchemy workshop to see Erik, who was waiting outside.

Erik was looking down but lifted his head to look at the two upon hearing the door open, opening his mouth as if he wanted to say something.

Byrne gently patted the boy’s shoulder with a calm smile, saying:

“Just wait for us for a moment, Erik, will you?”

“Yes.”

Erik nodded vigorously, his gaze filled with a childlike dependence on Byrne’s departing figure.

It wasn’t long before Archibald started to demonstrate how he remembered the pattern of the wind.

“My Spirituality is too weak to harm people with wind, so I can only use it to aid myself.”

As he spoke, he began to run, generating a brisk wind around him, increasing his speed further and further.

Then, Archibald jumped high, leaping more than three meters into the air.

“Phew, I’m almost out of Spiritual Power,” he said, sweating profusely.

Byrne nodded and smiled, saying, “Good, you pass. Just keep training to let your body remember the pattern of the wind even more.”

“Though your mind may be average, your physical instincts are on par with Chris’s.”

“Yes, my lord!”

Archibald walked away happily, and finally, it was the turn of the shy Erik to wait on the side.

“How have you been feeling lately, and how are you handling the new abilities?”

Byrne repeated his question with great patience once again.

“I feel... okay.”

Erik thought for a long time and finally mustered up the courage to say slowly:

“I don’t really understand extraordinary power; there are many things I haven’t figured out yet. I just feel that I need to understand it more carefully.”

He paused, then looked down and said, “Sorry.”

Seeing Erik’s nervousness and shyness, Byrne couldn’t help but remember himself when he was a child.

He comforted Erik and said with a smile:

"It's okay, Erik; I know you're the kind of person who delves into everything carefully and doesn't come to conclusions lightly. Indeed, you still need more time."

"Hmm."

Erik nodded, and his nervous expression seemed to relax a little.

Byrne put down his pen and paper and laughed heartily: "Actually, in terms of being meticulous, that boy Chris could also learn from you."

After the three of them left, Byrne returned to the alchemy workshop alone and sat down at his working spot calmly.

He drank coffee with an energy potion added to it, organized and recorded his own notes, and summarized more knowledge about the Extraordinary Realm.

It was essential to record the Fischer family's various research insights and feelings about extraordinary power.

The successors didn't need exceptional intelligence or animal-like instincts; they only needed to read the books directly to gain the skills and heritage from knowledge.

Byrne truly felt that this was the purpose of the existence of human books.

After recording the research insights of several people, he began to do another thing.

That was to record the enhancement of physical and Spiritual Power at every stage of the Power of Consecution in a more systematic and quantifiable way.

How much enhancement one would get after mastering the Power of Consecution was, in fact, an important question.

After many failed experiments, he began to hate words like "appropriate amount," "substantial," and "approximately," as well as vague data, deciding to record them with precise data completely.

With blue lightning flickering in his eyes and the speed of his thoughts greatly increased, Byrne tried to calculate the precise data from the various scenes in his memories.

"Assuming that the 1st Rank of the God Pantheon stairway brings a comprehensive enhancement of 10, two people with existing differences in qualities would still have varying improvements: the strong become stronger."

"Then, the 'Gladiator's' physical quality enhancement is 7.7, and Spiritual Power enhancement is 2.3."

“Conversely, the ‘Squire’s’ physical enhancement is 2.3, and Spiritual Power enhancement is 7.7.”

“As for the ‘Chronicler,’ the physical enhancement is 3.5, and Spiritual Power is 6.5.”

Byrne made his assessments based on the various scenarios in his memory, staring intently at the paper as he persistently wrote down one figure after another.

Memories of the Fischer family’s journey flooded back to him—their departure from the cart and wooden hut to securing a place in this town.

They repelled the attacks of the jungle natives and became heroes in the eyes of many.

“Hunter physical 6.8, Spiritual 3.2; Guardian physical 6, Spiritual 4; Gale Protector physical 5, Spiritual 5.”

Finally came the “Artisan” from the Path of Forging, whose physical quality enhancement was 2.9, and Spiritual Power enhancement was also 7.1.

After summarizing the known data of the 1st Rank, Byrne took a deep breath, closed his eyes, and recalled the various memories in his mind.

His father’s passing, the knight’s title, his first trip to the city, marriage and having children, the catastrophe caused by the Sea God Cult, and taking control of the port town Nasir.

All the memories were crystal clear, including the long-hidden sadness in his mind.

Then, he began summarizing the data for the 2nd Rank. After stepping onto the 2nd Rank, the Extraordinary Exponent received a comprehensive quality enhancement of 25.

The “Duelist’s” physical quality enhancement reached a high 17, while Spiritual Power’s enhancement was only 8.

“Listener” physical 6, Spiritual 19; Pharmacist, physical 9, Spiritual 16; Assassin, physical 13, Spiritual 12.”

Finally, having completely recorded all the data and organized it into a draft worthy of a book, a smile appeared on Byrne’s face.

With detailed data, the Fischer family would be able to research and explore extraordinary power more systematically in the future.

What he had done today would definitely become an important beginning for the Fischer family!

Just at that moment, his spirituality suddenly boiled!

And it showed no sign of stopping, the boiling persisted, and Byrne was stunned for a moment before he rushed out of the alchemy workshop to find Irene!

Dozens of minutes later, three core members of the Fischer family arrived at the second underground floor of the sacrificial chamber.

Irene took the lead and knelt down to offer a Class 3 Extraordinary Material, "Moonshadow Bearskin," then the great Lord of the Lost granted Spiritual Radiance once again.

Karl returned to the Spirit Realm, and in the "constellation" that he had newly entered, there existed a thoughtful old man in a black leather coat with deep eyes, surrounded by flames that danced incessantly.

He carried the Spiritual Radiance back to reality.

It was a light far more expansive and intriguing than the previous two times. Byrne swallowed hard, his excitement palpable as he extended his hand to touch the radiance.

In an instant, he felt an unprecedented power surging from the depths of his soul!

Such formidable power, enough to rival a strong person who had reached the level of Transmutation!

So that's how it was, whether stepping onto the 1st or 2nd Rank of the God Pantheon stairway, it was merely arriving at the "outpost."

Only beginning from the 3rd Rank, was he truly starting to climb the foothills of this high mountain!

Consecution "Mysterious Scholar"!

Apart from the new Extraordinary trait "Deconstructive Perspective," five brand-new Spells emerged in his mind.

They were "Flame Manipulation," "Mirror Deflection," "Sound Marker," "Body Double," "Shape-shifting"!

Chapter 90: Chapter 86 New Ability (2nd Update!)

"Congratulations!"

Irene couldn't help but reveal a smile and continued,

“You’ve finally reached the 3rd Rank, Byrne. The Fischer family can now stand firm!”

“Congratulations.” Even Chris’s face showed a faint trace of a smile.

The Mysterious Scholar of the 3rd Rank was indeed a very powerful step. Byrne took a deep breath, feeling the power he now held.

The first was “Deconstructive Perspective,” which seemed to be an upgraded version of “Drug Verification.”

“Drug Verification” could analyze the specific effects of various drugs.

But as long as one devoted enough spiritual power and time, “Deconstructive Perspective” could deconstruct the specific components of the target by gazing at it, not limited to drugs.

The more complex and mysterious the object, the more spiritual power and time it required.

Moreover, it was a dangerous ability; if the target of the deconstruction had its own consciousness, it could very well become aware of the existence of the spellcaster.

Byrne knew that if the target was unfathomably powerful, the very instant he attempted deconstruction, his mind might completely collapse.

“Flame Manipulation” was the Mysterious Scholar’s primary offensive ability. After many years of support work, Byrne finally had the power to directly harm his enemies.

The group arrived outside the manor in the open estate to test the ability of Flame Manipulation. Vanessa, Erik, Archibald, and Captain Theo also came to watch.

They clearly were very pleased, each of them offering congratulations to Byrne.

Everyone clearly understood one thing: the Fischer family was about to become a true noble family, and everything was about to undergo a transformation!

Vanessa, with her hands clasped behind her, glanced worriedly at the lawn and couldn’t help but remind him, “My lord, be careful not to ignite the grass here.”

Archibald immediately said, “Don’t worry about that, trust me, Lord Byrne will definitely control it with ease!”

Vanessa smiled slightly and did not argue with him.

Byrne chuckled and said, “Trust me, I feel like I can do it.”

He paused for a moment and then added, "If I really do burn the lawn, just deduct the cost from my personal savings."

The extraordinary ability of "Flame Manipulation" could create flames out of thin air around oneself. The more spiritual power consumed, the more flames could be created.

The longer they were controlled, the further and faster the flames could travel, and the more spiritual power was consumed.

Byrne slowly stretched out his clenched hand, loosened it slowly, and then a burst of orange-yellow flame blossomed.

The flames danced with his fingers, growing larger as he infused them with spirituality.

After several tests, he mused to himself,

"The spiritual power consumed by the flame within a five-meter radius around me is almost the same, but beyond five meters the consumption starts to surge, and at ten meters it's nearly doubled; I can only maintain it for a maximum of three minutes."

Byrne took a deep breath and raised his hands, suddenly a group of floating flames appeared in front of him, and then he controlled them to shoot towards the sky.

Numerous flames instantly soared into the sky, then plummeted towards the ground.

As the flames neared the lawn, ready to ignite it, he retracted his hands as if pulling on reins, and the flames were caught by an invisible force, floating gently upward.

The next moment, Byrne's eyes sparked with blue electric sparks.

"Transcend" granted his body and mind a dual acceleration, and he instantly found his control over the flames to be more precise.

His mind moved with his thoughts, and the many orange-yellow flames in the sky transformed into various animal shapes, even running and frolicking.

Everyone who saw this performance-like spectacle was stunned.

"Mirror Deflection" was a defensive ability that could form an invisible mirror within a three-meter radius in front of oneself. This was a protection made of spiritual power that could deflect attacks from near, medium, and long range.

However, maintaining the invisible mirror continuously consumed spiritual power, and the mirror had three modes: single-sided, semi-enclosed, and fully enclosed. Obviously, the larger the defensive area, the more consumption increased.

He also noticed an issue: If an invisible mirror was formed beyond three meters and a sudden attack occurred at close range, he would not be able to immediately withdraw the original mirror to form a new one.

“Sound Marker” allowed him to use spiritual power to leave a triangular mark, drawn on paper or written on walls.

Once the trigger method and desired sound were set, it would emit the sound once the conditions were met.

Hmm, another auxiliary type of ability, Byrne contemplated how to make perfect use of it.

“Body Double” was an ability that somewhat surprised Byrne.

He could expend Spiritual Power to create a “Byrne” identical to himself, with an appearance completely the same, and even the touch of the skin felt no different.

However, Body Double Byrne had no mind of its own; Byrne had to set its pattern of behavior in advance, and the farther the body double was from him, the more Spiritual Power it consumed.

Ultimately, the body double possessed no Extraordinary power, its physical strength was no different from an ordinary person's, and it would disappear at the slightest Heavy Strike.

“Shape-shifting”

An ability to exchange places with objects, and the targets for “Shape-shifting” could be anything within his line of sight.

But if he wanted to swap places with a being with a soul, the other party must harbor no subconscious hostility.

It was best to use a fixed gesture to make “Shape-shifting” easier to activate, otherwise, it would take nearly a second to initiate.

After contemplation, Byrne decided to consistently use “snapping fingers” to trigger Shape-shifting.

Of course, it did not mean he couldn't use “Shape-shifting” without snapping his fingers, but the conditioned reflex formed by snapping fingers made it much quicker.

Quick enough to advance the activation time by half a second, which he found very useful.

“It’s a pity, though, half a second is still too slow, it would be nice if it could be faster.”

After several days and nights of testing, Byrne accurately deduced that the improvements to his comprehensive quality from reaching the 3rd Rank were 70.

The physical enhancement from being a “Mysterious Scholar” was a full 20, even higher than the 2nd Rank “Duelist” of the Path of Conquest.

Keep in mind that “Duelist” was a purely close-combat oriented Consecution.

Meanwhile, his Spiritual Power surged crazily, more than three times as much as when he was a “Pharmacist,” confirmed to be around 50.

Byrne could clearly feel that the Spiritual Power he once possessed was extremely meager; he indeed had become much more powerful now!

Not only the new powers he acquired, but the effect of his former Extraordinary ability “Speed Sketching” also improved significantly.

“Now, I could easily defeat four or five of my past selves.”

He calmly remembered that robed man from the Sea God Cult, and the experiences from when he was involved in the encirclement still loomed large in his mind.

The current him could do better than that man, the Extraordinary Exponents of Consecution powers could not enhance themselves with battle skill nor spellcraft.

But their victory lay in obtaining sufficiently strong powers immediately upon ascension.

The three of them were filled with gratitude and admiration for the great Lord of the Lost and once again carried out a ritual to give thanks to the Lord of the Lost.

Subsequently, they discussed two rather important matters.

Byrne had read many books and was already well-versed in most laws of the Cyart Kingdom.

“According to the laws of the Cyart Kingdom, an Extraordinary from a knight clan who reaches the Transmutation level can pledge loyalty to the Royal Family and become a baron, then obtain territory and establish a private army,” he paused before continuing,

“Now that I have a level of power not inferior to a low-level Transmutation, it’s feasible for me to pretend to be an Extraordinary who advanced through the Spellcaster pathway.”

“All along, strength verification has been conducted by the major churches.”

“I’ve inquired before; because the East Coast Province falls mainly under the jurisdiction of the Tempest Church, we just need to pass the bishop’s inspection. However, usually, it would be the Assistant Priest of the Tempest Bishop who comes.”

It was that same Assistant Priest who had come to Nasir Town for the “Spawn of the Abyss” incident.

As a diligent person, Byrne had inquired about the real name of the Assistant Priest, Zayne Frosac, a member of the Frosac family, a great noble clan of Cyart.

Byrne thought for a moment and felt he should be able to handle the inspection, after which he could obtain a fief from the Royal Family.

“As for the second matter, often after an Extraordinary reaches the Transmutation level, they need to hold a suitably grand banquet, for people to come and congratulate.”

“And upon becoming a noble of Cyart, tradition also dictates a banquet. I propose to host both banquets together,” he added.

An Extraordinary noble family might have several Transmutation Extraordinaries, but there’s usually just one title; thus, becoming an Extraordinary overlord of Cyart is a cause for celebration once more.

Overjoyed, everyone agreed, and then Byrne dispatched Vanessa to the town’s Tempest Church, hoping the old priest could write a letter to His Grace the bishop.