

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

### **#Chapter 91: 100 Private Gathering (3rd update, more at noon!) - Read From Secret Clan to the Divine Dynasty Chapter 91: 87 Private Gathering (3rd update, more at noon!)**

Chapter 91: Chapter 87 Private Gathering (3rd update, more at noon!)

Vanessa, with her short green hair and dressed in a white hunting outfit, walked along the road, commanding great respect from the townsfolk around her.

On one hand, this was because she was a spellcaster, and people naturally revered those with extraordinary powers, and on the other hand, it was because Vanessa was a trusted member of the Fischer family.

A female servant also followed her, responsible for carrying things.

In reality, Vanessa's position within the Fischer family was akin to that of a housekeeper, a bit higher than Archibald and Erik.

After years of training by Irene, Vanessa handled various matters in an orderly and well-cultured manner, being elegant without losing dignity.

Even with a noticeable limp in one leg, Vanessa never felt dejected or ashamed of her disability, and anyone could see the composure and confidence in her eyes.

People still held the young lady, who was always gentle and smiling, in great affection and respect.

Upon arriving at the church, Vanessa sought out the old priest to inform him of the family head's arrival at Level 2.

"Are you serious? He has actually reached Level 2!"

The old priest, who was praying, had a dramatic change in expression and quickly rose from in front of the statue.

With her hands behind her back, Vanessa nodded lightly and smiled as she said,

"That's the situation. The Lord Baron hopes that you could write a letter to the bishop, requesting the church to dispatch someone for the verification of his extraordinary power."

“Ah, definitely, rest assured on that.”

The old priest nodded his head and after pondering for a moment, said:

“I will go with you to the Fischer household to personally congratulate Lord Baron Byrne, oh, Mr. Byrne.”

Vanessa calmly smiled and continued, “There’s no hurry for that. In time, after the family head becomes the lord, he will host a banquet and will surely invite you.”

The old priest shook his head and waved his hand with a smile.

“It’s different. I will still go then, but today I must go as well, to have a private exchange.”

Vanessa paused for a moment, then quickly understood the old priest’s thoughts.

Attending the banquet was a formal affair, but offering congratulations in person at the first opportunity would foster closer relations.

By the time the old priest and Vanessa arrived at the Fischer family, they found they were not the only ones there. The drawing room could almost be described as a full gathering.

Elder Aaron of the silver descendants clan was the first to arrive.

Then came sea merchant John, followed by Verne from the Verne family, Moore, the leader of the East City Dagger Brotherhood, and the sheriff of Nasir Town.

Having received the news, everyone had made it to the Fischer family more or less immediately.

In the drawing room, apart from Byrne, the old priest held the highest status, hence despite being a latecomer, he was seated closest to Byrne.

Byrne had anticipated the current situation and waited with everyone for the evening banquet with a smile.

This banquet was not the official celebration for “achieving Transmutation” and “becoming a baron,” but a private gathering of their circle, different in nature.

At the banquet, Byrne smiled as he looked at the people around him, noting that some were excited, and others appeared uneasy. Everyone realized the Fischer family would henceforth be different.

“All my old friends gathered together; I’m very pleased, it has been a long time since we’ve had such an occasion.”

The white-haired sea merchant John laughed, let out a sigh, and with open arms said,

“It’s easier to conduct business being around the Fischer family. In the future, there will be many more such occasions, Lord Byrne.”

He usually addressed Byrne as Mr. Byrne, but now he addressed him straightforwardly as “Lord,” even though Byrne had not yet become a formal baron. However, the way everyone looked at him had changed.

Now, Byrne’s status was incomparable to before; everyone was careful with even the smallest details, showing him respect in every move they made.

Sea merchant John was not the only one ready with gifts, but he brought forth a Class 2 Extraordinary Material.

The others were surprised. Over the years, the prices of mysterious rare artifacts and extraordinary materials had skyrocketed, yet John had readily produced a Class 2 Extraordinary Material.

Could he possibly bring out an even more valuable gift for the official banquet?

Instantly, several people felt uneasy, thinking that their gifts paled in comparison and did not sufficiently respect the Fischer family’s face.

A mere commoner, what status could he possess to dare bring a gift more precious than ours?

The silver descendant elder, Aaron, with a calm look and straight and respectful tone, said,

“Nasir has already become a possession of the Fischer family, and with Mr. Byrne arriving at Level 2, the lands of the four towns on the East Coast, all the major families, and the extraordinary exponents will thoroughly remember the name Fischer.”

Due to Aaron’s blunt nature, even his flattery seemed a lot more sincere, but Byrne merely smiled and did not respond.

The old priest smiled, looking at Byrne seated beside him, and said, “Mr. Byrne, I haven’t said this before, but now is the right time to tell you.”

“After becoming a true noble, the social circles you engage with will be completely different, and perhaps you could try to become better acquainted with the bishop’s assistant priest.”

“He never paid much attention to a minor knight clan before, but now it’s entirely different.”

The old priest paused a moment, hinting, "It would definitely benefit the Fischer family's future."

Byrne nodded repeatedly, assuring that he would remember the old priest's words and would take good care of the assistant priest when he comes to Nasir.

The private gathering lasted until late at night, where much was discussed. Sea merchant John and Moore, the leader of the Brotherhood, being commoners and not extraordinary exponents, had the lowest status; they barely spoke a few words of their own and were primarily bystanders at the gathering.

After everyone else had left, sea merchant John stayed behind alone.

"John, do you have something else to discuss?"

John nodded and immediately said, "It's about the factory that the Fischer family is about to set up. I also want to invest a sum of money in it, Lord Byrne."

"Hmm, it's not that it's impossible," Byrne nodded.

Even if the Fischer family wanted to bear the investment of two factories, it would be very straining, and inviting others to join was something he and Irene had considered.

After hesitating for a long time, sea merchant John still spoke up:

"Ah, actually, I have another matter I wish to ask you. Have you heard of the existence of the Spirit Realm?"

The Spirit Realm!

The keyword made Byrne cautious, and he nodded and said carefully,

"I indeed heard about it in Fein City, but I don't know much about the Spirit Realm."

Sea merchant John chuckled and said:

"Not knowing is just right, hehe. The Spirit Realm is a place of mystical convergence, the most secretive and extraordinary place in the world."

"They say that some people in the world have obtained unprecedented knowledge and power from the Spirit Realm, and the entire world will change because of it!"

Sea merchant John showed a secretive expression and said in a lowered voice:

"I know that some people on the East Coast have really reached the Spirit Realm and can even go there frequently!"

“Really?”

Byrne pretended to be shocked as if finding it hard to believe, and said:

“I’ve heard that only occasionally do people accidentally enter the Spirit Realm from their dreams. Can people really enter there reliably? That seems unlikely!”

In his heart, he also found it interesting. If it weren’t for the Lord of the Lost, the Fischer family would find it difficult to enter the Spirit Realm.

All sorts of mystical knowledge and intelligence about the Spirit Realm are extremely precious and rare among the Extraordinary nobility circles; in places like the black market or the Alchemy Council, selling them could bring considerable profit.

Because of caution and the principle of confidentiality, the Fischer family had always refrained from selling the intelligence they knew, fearing it might provoke queries from potent forces about how they came to know of it.

Although the black market and the Alchemy Council both claim to keep the seller’s identity confidential, the Fischer family doesn’t trust them completely.

Sea merchant John sighed and, squinting his eyes, revealed his innermost thoughts:

“I plan to make a desperate gamble and buy a method that allows stable entry into the Spirit Realm!”

“They say there’s every miracle and wonder in the Spirit Realm, and even a mortal might become Extraordinary there!”

This seemed too risky.

Byrne maintained an extremely solemn expression but felt inside that John’s choice was a path to his own doom.

Indeed, the Spirit Realm has every miracle and wonder, and there lies infinite possibility.

It even includes the chance for a mortal to ascend to Extraordinary status!

However, the myriad mysterious and eerie beings in the Spirit Realm outnumber those in the real world by dozens of times, making it dangerous even for Extraordinary Exponents.

He, a mere mortal, entering, would be like a plump lamb entering the midst of a pack of tigers.

Sea merchant John said through clenched teeth: "Yes! I want to go to the Spirit Realm, I want to explore the method by which a mortal ascends to becoming an Extraordinary!"

"I'm already over sixty, and I've lived my life just as a normal merchant. I'm not content with that, and even if there's only the slightest chance, I want to take the gamble!"

"Hm, God will protect you, John."

Byrne nodded, but deep inside he recalled how Irene had tested John two years ago.

At that time, Irene tested John on his attitude towards the gods, not knowing if it was pretense or simple caution, John immediately acted as a devout believer of the Storm.

So, at the family council meeting, Byrne had cast a dissenting vote on the scale of faith.

He refused to make John a Blood Receiver like he had once drawn Grandma Narda, even against the appeal of sea merchant John.

Irene, however, had voted in favor on the scale of faith.

She said she could feel that deep within John's heart, there was actually no belief in the True Gods.

Additionally, he had maintained a very good relationship with the Fischer family for over a decade and being astute, he would be unlikely to act rashly even after receiving the blood.

Maybe it's time to hold another family council meeting, Byrne thought to himself after John left.

He had just presented the most valuable gift, overshadowing everyone present, and he was sure it would make some feel discontent.

But John, in an attempt to please the Fischer family, had really gone all out.

It was evident that in John's heart, he was deeply tied to the Fischer family.

"John is full of desire for Extraordinary power, and at the same time, he is a savvy person who understands the rules well. If he becomes even more closely connected to the family, it would definitely be beneficial."

"Moreover, the matter of doing business has taken up too much of my energy..."

Chapter 92: Chapter 88 The Baronial Family

Ten full days had passed before the Assistant Priest of the Tempest Church finally arrived in Nasir.

He met with Byrne and the old priest inside the church.

“It’s you again?”

Assistant Priest Zayne still remembered Byrne, having met him once years ago because of the Spawn of the Abyss incident.

He sat in the chair, squinting as he sized up Byrne, sensing that the man had become much more composed.

“Years ago you told me that you were a Bloodline Knight, as well as a Transmutation-type spellcaster. Back then it didn’t matter whether you concealed anything, but now that you have reached the Level of Transmutation, you must demonstrate and clarify everything in detail with me.”

As an auditor, he too had a corresponding responsibility. If the auditee did not meet the qualifications and still became a baron, then Zayne would also be punished once the matter was exposed.

Byrne found it strange; shouldn’t it be the “Transmutation Level”? Why did the other person say “Level of Transmutation”?

In the common language of the Ouden Continent, Transmutation and Level of Transmutation are two completely different terms, so he could easily make out the difference.

But Byrne wasn’t foolish enough to remind the Assistant Priest of his mistake, he simply began showcasing the spells he had mastered.

What he needed to pretend to be was a Transmutation-type spellcaster who had reached Level 2.

Spellcasters who reached the Level of Transmutation through training inheritance and Magic Potions would see their mental power increase several-fold, improving both output and recovery efficiency.

At the same time, the number of spell models one could remember in their mind would increase from three to five.

The biggest difference was that with more acute control over mental power, Level 2 spellcasters could master several universal spellcraft techniques.

The five universal spellcasting techniques were “Proclamation,” “Silent Casting,” “Expansion,” “Twin,” and “Strengthen.”

They could use several times more mental power to make their next spell gain entirely different new effects.

It could be by pre-emptively “proclaiming” the effect of their spell to increase the chance of hitting, or by increasing the range of the spell effect through “Expansion,” or releasing the same spell twice simultaneously with “Twin,” casting spells without uttering a sound with “Silent Casting,” and the most straightforward act of amplifying the spell’s power, “Strengthen.”

The spell Byrne was to showcase was “Speed Sketching,” the one he was most adept at using daily.

He didn’t show his “Pre-made Drawing,” but drew on the spot instead, while pretending to chant a spell under his breath.

By then, the debilitating effect caused by his “Speed Sketching” had improved a lot, to the point where even steel could become as fragile as old clothes.

“Indeed, this is not an effect that a Beginning Level spellcaster could attain. It’s even a great threat to Extraordinary Exponents at the Transmutation Level,” the Assistant Priest noted as he watched a suit of iron armor easily torn to shreds, nodding thoughtfully.

“Speaking of which, what do you think about the term ‘Level of Transmutation’? Don’t you think it’s much better than ‘Transmutation’?”

Byrne paused for a moment, then quickly responded:

“Indeed, describing the transition from Level 1 to Level 2 as qualitative change triggered by quantitative change makes it sound more fitting than a simple transition of matter.”

“Good, that’s what I think too,” the Assistant Priest said with a smile, nodding happily.

“Now, the church is considering renaming Level 2.”

A name change?

Byrne fell into contemplation, feeling that there must be more to it than simply changing a name.

The Assistant Priest got up from his seat and slowly said, hands behind his back:



“The main issue is that some old fellows disagree. In fact, many of the rules set hundreds of years ago, or even earlier, should also be changed.”

“Do you think I’m right?”

Without hesitation, Byrne nodded and smiled: “It’s true. Knowledge and rules need to progress to keep up with the changing times.”

Assistant Priest Zayne burst into laughter and said, “Hahaha, very well, Baron Byrne. It seems your thoughts coincide with ours.”

“The times have changed, and the church needs a bit of change internally!”

The old priest stood to one side, silent, a wry smile on his face.

Byrne nodded with a smile, but inside, his heart was hit by a storm of shock.

He had long heard that the situation within the major churches was unstable. Had the internal split and strife within the Tempest Church reached such a point that it was now being openly revealed to outsiders?

The Fischer family had accurately predicted the time when the Assistant Priest would arrive, and their celebration banquet had been scheduled for this very day.

Any delay of even a day was undesirable for the busy Assistant Priest, who did not wish to stay any longer than necessary.

However, seeing that the timing was just right, and Byrne’s response had satisfied him, Zayne ultimately decided to attend the celebration banquet.

The turnout for this celebration banquet was quite substantial, with well over a hundred guests.

It was not just the wealthy and powerful from Nasir Town, but also knightly families and influential families from many surrounding villages had sent representatives.

Upon seeing Zayne, the Deputy of the Tempest Bishop, everyone was extremely surprised, and they all tried ways to ingratiate themselves with this truly important figure.

Zayne maintained an indifferent demeanor throughout, only speaking proactively to Byrne and the old priest.

His status was extremely high, second only to the Tempest Bishop and the East Coast Governor.

In the East Coast Province with millions of people, only the “Fox” of the Lion clan, Viscount Bast, and the ‘Black Hawk’ of the Eagle clan, Viscount Xavier, could speak with Zayne as equals.

And compared to the intimidating Tempest Bishop, the perpetually busy Assistant Priest seemed more like the one wielding actual power.

Thus, for ordinary knights and the wealthy, Zayne had no energy or inclination to bother with them, and eventually, he left the banquet early to rest as he was somewhat tired.

Byrne could distinctly feel a collective sigh of relief from everyone once the influential figure had left, and the tension noticeably eased.

However, their gaze toward him and other members of the Fischer family, like Irene, was now filled with even more respect.

This was particularly true for those from knight families not based in Nasir Town.

They had long heard of the formidable reputation of the Fischer family of Nasir Town but had never known the true extent of it until they met in person and realized that this family was indeed impressive and even had connections with influential figures in the Tempest Church.

At that moment, Vanessa ran over and whispered in Irene’s ear, “Madame Director, more important guests have arrived.”

“Who?” Irene immediately asked.

Vanessa replied calmly, “People from two baronial families from around Nasir Town have come together.”

It wasn’t unexpected.

Irene nodded her head; it was quite normal for neighboring families to visit, participate in the celebration banquet, and foster good relations with the future baronial family.

But one thing did surprise her.

How did two baronial families, which were known to be fiercely antagonistic toward each other, come together?

To the west and south of Nasir Town, there were two baronial families: the Kesse family and the Leander family.

The Kesse family's knightly Bloodline "Blackstone Iron Dragon" possessed the power of bodily draconic transformation, thus they were also known as the "Dragon Scale clan." Their family estate was west of Nasir Town, controlling three knight families.

The Leander family, located to the south of Nasir Town, had the Bloodline power of the "Forest Dragon Mammoth" which allowed control over plants; they held sway over two knight families.

These two families had always been at odds with each other, frequently involved in disputes and even violent altercations, having even killed members of the rival family.

Soon, Byrne and others like Irene saw the representatives from the two baronial families, which were the heads of their respective families.

The head of the Kesse family was a middle-aged man in very neat and splendid clothing, tall and with slightly dark skin, features sharp as though cut by a knife, and broad shoulders.

The most noteworthy aspect was his orange-yellow eyes, slitted like a snake's, giving off a demonic vibe.

The head of the Leander family was an elderly man with a kind and benevolent appearance, over sixty years old and slightly corpulent.

He squinted as he eyed Byrne and the others, pondering something all the while.

Byrne smiled outwardly while inwardly knowing that both families were uninvited guests.

In recent months, Baron Hovern's mental instability had become common knowledge across the four towns of the East Coast.

After receiving accurate information, the Kesse and Leander families had not hesitated to probe the nearly leaderless Nasir Town.

Chapter 93: Chapter 89: Civilization and Barbarism (5th update!)

As the head of the Fischer family, Byrne still adhered to the necessary formalities on the surface.

He greeted the two with composure and grace.

"Baron Kesse, Baron Leander, I have long heard your names and have thought about visiting," Byrne said.

“However, the Fischer family has been so preoccupied with its own affairs that I, as the head, have been constantly busy and had no chance to make the trip, for which I apologize.”

The orange-hued dragon eyes of Baron Kesse shifted slightly, and his gaze on Byrne was clearly hostile.

“Well, it’s fine. It’s now our turn to visit you, Baron Byrne,” said Baron Kesse, his voice deep and unsettling.

“I didn’t expect you to actually become a baron. I just wonder which lands the Royal Family will bestow upon you. I do hope it’s not one of those.”

Byrne smiled faintly and said, “Whatever the Royal Family’s choice may be, the Fischer family will accept it.”

His understanding of history and law, of course, made clear the source of the other’s hostility.

The reason was simple: according to Cyart tradition, the Royal Family was most likely to choose a village surrounding Nasir as the territory for the Fischer family.

From those “unclaimed Royal lands,” one village would be selected to grant to the Fischer family.

However, the three masterless villages around Nasir Town had already fallen under the control of either the Kesse family or the Leander family.

The Fischer family was likely to be thrown a “meaty bone” from the jaws of one of these families.

Byrne, still smiling, knew he would feel the same hostility if he were the one being asked to slice off his own flesh.

The evident hostility from Baron Kesse and the lack thereof from Baron Leander suggested that the latter might be the more calculating of the two.

The two barons took their seats one after the other. Both men were Transmutation-level powerhouses with ill intentions, and the atmosphere of the gathering became tense and uncomfortable.

The mood at the banquet grew increasingly oppressive, and the portly Baron Leander squinted his eyes, expressing his desire for a private conversation with Byrne in the drawing-room.

Byrne agreed and accompanied Baron Leander to the drawing-room.

Baron Leander, ever jovial, took a seat and made a proposal.

“I have a suggestion, and I’m not sure what you’ll make of it, but if the Fischer family’s territory happens to fall within land controlled by our Leander family...”

“Then, we are willing to pay a rent to maintain control over that village. You won’t have to bother managing it, and the Fischer family will simply collect the money,” he offered.

Byrne, considering the proposal, asked, “What kind of figures are we talking about?”

After a moment of contemplation, Baron Leander stated seriously, “Fifty Gold Coins, annually, how about that?”

Byrne was silent for a while before shaking his head. The price offered was far too low; it was nothing more than a polite form of plundering.

The interests of the Fischer family came first, and he could not agree to such a deal.

“Well, let’s wait for the Royal Family’s decree, then we can negotiate,” he said.

Baron Leander wasn’t offended and continued with a smile, “You should hope the territory comes from Leander, we’re not like the domineering Kesse family. We’re civilized people who negotiate.”

Byrne smiled noncommittally.

Fifty Gold Coins a year to wrest control of an entire village—that was their idea of civilized robbery?

“However, I truly do not hope the lands granted to you fall under Leander territory. I sincerely wish to avoid any conflict with you.”

Byrne could see that the other’s temperament bore some resemblance to sea merchant John.

They both had the manner of businessmen, reluctant to fight unless absolutely necessary, but if there was a chance for exploitation, they certainly wouldn’t hold back.

“You needn’t worry about that, Baron Leander,” replied Byrne calmly.

He waved his hand nonchalantly and Vanessa walked in from outside, pouring tea for both of them before standing at a discreet distance.

Baron Leander was somewhat surprised to see that the steward of their family was a disabled person, which hardly seemed fitting.

Byrne had already noticed the other's gaze on Vanessa's leg, full of discrimination and disrespect.

Vanessa smiled calmly, hands clasped behind her back, seemingly indifferent to it all.

Byrne took a sip of black tea and said very indifferently,

"Our Fischer family originally lived just outside Nasir Town, a stone's throw from the jungle. It wouldn't be wrong to call us barbarians."

He continued jokingly,

"Decency and elegance are but a façade for the Fischer family. Should any domineering family dare to bully us, they would find that beneath our veneer lies barbarity and ferocity, ready to bite the oppressor full of wounds."

After hearing these statements "self-proclaiming as barbarians," Baron Leander gave a cold, mocking laugh, apparently unconcerned by the veiled threats in Byrne's words.

"Then, farewell, Baron Byrne. I still hope that the next time we meet, we are not enemies."

Once Baron Leander had left the drawing room, Byrne rose calmly from his seat. Beneath the savage ferocity, the Fischer family harbored an even more terrifying aspect.

Secretive, cautious, silent, unforgiving.

All their power stemmed from the great Lord of the Lost.

Irene, looking at the hundreds of guests attending the banquet, felt a deep sense of satisfaction. The Fischer family had finally found its firm footing.

By the time Byrne returned to the banquet hall, the entire event had already reached its conclusion.

He approached Irene and the two exchanged a few words in private.

After listening, Irene's expression turned subtle, and she laughed,

"They clearly want to snatch away Fischer land, yet they're willing to symbolically offer fifty Gold Coins. The man is quite nice, haha."

She understood why the Leander family was willing to pay this sum.

They were both greedy by nature and afraid to risk a desperate fight with the Fischer family.

Thirteen-year-old Chris now had the qualifications to attend formal banquets.

He suddenly noticed a gaze and furrowed his brow.

Baron Kesse sat in his seat, silently staring at him, with eyes like those of a snake or lizard, which sent chills down the spine, as if he had set his sights on prey.

At that moment, Assistant Priest Zayne, who had retired early from the banquet to rest, entered the hall.

Both Baron Kesse and Baron Leander could no longer sit still.

The seven viscounts and twelve barons of the East Coast Province, of course, all recognized Zayne.

The Tempest Bishop rarely handled matters personally; almost all significant issues involving the Tempest Church were usually attended to by Zayne, his right hand.

Why was Assistant Priest Zayne here?

The two, who had appeared composed at the banquet, immediately became respectful and hastened to greet Zayne.

Zayne wasn't particularly close with them, merely nodding calmly and politely as they interacted.

As the banquet concluded, Byrne, accompanied by a dozen servants, personally escorted Assistant Priest Zayne and the two barons out of Nasir Town.

No sooner had they walked out of the estate than they saw hundreds of townsfolk gathered outside the main gate, blocking it so completely that not even water could pass through.

The two barons exchanged looks. Could it be that Fischer's peasantry had rebelled?

Rebellions by the peasantry were rare indeed, given the overwhelming power held by the Extraordinary overlords.

No matter how desperate ordinary people were, it was futile; even with flintlocks, they struggled to contend with true powerhouses.

Zayne fell silent for a long while before asking, "What's going on? Why have they all gathered here? Has the Fischer family gone too far in some matter?"

Burning houses, massacring, looting, and torturing commoners were all too common among nobles.

As long as there were no mass casualties, the Tempest Church wouldn't concern itself with such trivial matters.

And why be concerned about mass casualties? Of course, because a high number of deaths might involve heretical sacrificial activities.

Since becoming a true noble, Byrne had also seen that the ordinary people who respected him also instinctively carried a hint of fear in their eyes.

He had heard of the evil deeds Baron Hovern had once committed in Nasir Town, such as tying a family to horses and dragging them through the streets without reason, or suddenly taking a daughter from a family.

That man, who was courteous and gentle in front of knights and the wealthy, was in fact a nightmare to the common people.

The Extraordinary overlords were lambs of the gods, and the common folk were nothing but grass meant for their sustenance, utterly bereft of any means to resist.

Chapter 94: Chapter 90: Hope (Vote for monthly pass!)

Byrne looked at the people surrounding the manor outside the gate and always felt that it must not be anything bad—after all, the relationship between the Fischer family and the Nasir townsfolk was extremely cordial.

“Let's go take a look and find out.”

However, when a few of them arrived at the door, they discovered that the townsfolk were not there to protest or rebel; instead, everyone had brought gifts, eagerly vying to present them to the Fischer family.

Zayne laughed and said, “I really didn't expect that your reputation here would be so high.”

Before departing in the carriage, Zayne looked down at Byrne who was sending them off and said indifferently,

“Take my advice, compared to winning over the hearts of mortals, the true power you wield is fundamental, and the existence of ordinary people will become increasingly meaningless to your family.”

“I understand!”



Byrne immediately nodded, grateful for Zayne's advice.

Initially, when the Fischer family was very weak, the connections with ordinary people indeed played a significant role; it was true that they needed to change their mindset going forward.

After all, the vast majority of the world's resources were in the hands of Extraordinary Exponents.

Three months later, the first factory the Fischer family had decided to establish officially began construction.

The various families and individuals surrounding the Fischer family had almost all invested in the factory, securing their interests more firmly together.

The construction of the pharmaceutical factory attracted a lot of labor. Some were from Nasir Town, while others were from the surrounding villages.

The Fischer family had high expectations for the first factory they established in Nasir Town and planned to build a second one, a food processing plant.

Both factories were expected to bring extremely high profits to the Fischer family.

In the span of three years, including the Collectible-class rare artifact once obtained from Emil, the Fischer family had consecutively sacrificed five Collectible-class mysterious artifacts to the Lord of the Lost.

However, Karl discovered that their effects were getting worse and worse.

It seemed that to break through higher seals, he needed not just more quantity of Spirituality but also higher quality.

In other words, to truly break through the third Seal, he still needed better-quality offerings.

So he issued a divine oracle to inform Irene that the Fischer family no longer needed to sacrifice Collectible-class rare artifacts.

Unfortunately, whether it was the slightly stronger Treasure-class rare artifacts or the Class 4 Extraordinary Materials, none could be bought on the black market or from the Alchemy Council.

Having money alone was not enough; many coveted resources could not be purchased with money, as various families and secretive organizations treasured and hid them.

For instance, you couldn't buy Forbidden-class rare artifacts with money, even a four-digit numbered Forbidden rare artifact would still cause a frenzy among families on the East Coast.

Finally, an envoy from the Cyart Royal Family arrived.

The Fischer family treated them carefully, and afterward, they learned of the territory allocated to them by the Cyart Royal Family.

"Ourde Village."

It was close, right on the edge of Nasir Town. You wouldn't have to go far west to find Ourde Village, which had a population of about a thousand people.

Irene remained silent for a while before saying,

"Ourde is an area that the Kesse family has controlled for decades, surrounded by a forest that yields mysterious creatures, yielding several Class 2 and even Class 3 Extraordinary Materials each year."

"They won't sit idly by as we take Ourde from them. It's one of the Kesse family's most crucial lands."

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Building an entire factory was a large-scale construction project, and Byrne specifically invited experienced individuals from Fein City to guide them to ensure nothing went wrong during the construction process.

In the nearly completed factory, a group of workers was taking a lunch break. Although they were tired, they remained cheerful and energetically chatted among themselves.

They were willing to work for the Fischer family because the Fischer family never defaulted on wages and even provided a hearty lunch.

The lunch consisted of bread, cabbage, potatoes, cheese, a small amount of beer, and various kinds of fish, and occasionally, salt pork was added.

People on the East Coast had long grown tired of fish, but salt pork had great appeal, as the Cyart people's reserves of meat were relatively low.

A worker, while eating his bread, said in conversation,

"I saw Miss Vanessa in East City the other day, she's really kind, smiling as she distributed food to the elderly without caring that her boots were getting dirty in the mud."

Another worker beside him shook his head and said, "It's a pity about her leg..."

The worker biting his bread said, "Even with a limp, she's still beautiful. Such an elegant person—if my future wife could also be that elegant, that would be wonderful."

Everyone burst into laughter, thinking his idea was far-fetched.

"Hahaha, don't dream on!"

"Go pee on the ground and take a look at your own face to see how much mud is on it!"

Madam Vanessa, the prospective housekeeper of the Fischer family, was a big shot in Nasir Town, and these poor souls were simply not on the same level as her.

Even Madam Vanessa's attendants were not people they could easily pursue.

Suddenly an old worker said, "I've seen Miss Vanessa beating someone in secret."

What?

Everyone was stunned, surprised that the always graceful and gentle lady would hit someone?

The old worker paused and then said, "But she was hitting a hooligan who was harassing the elderly, thinking he was tough because he had joined the Dagger Brotherhood."

The Dagger Brotherhood!

Everyone felt an inexplicable dread at the name, and the atmosphere suddenly became tense.

The group controlled the order in East City, and their leader, Moore, along with the peace officer, even had a good relationship with the Fischer family. The matters that the patrol team would not handle, they would handle, and any acts of violence would be intervened in by the Brotherhood.

"That thug was crazy, actually trying to attack Miss Vanessa, but all attacks were dodged, her hands behind her back, Miss Vanessa moved like a nimble butterfly, I really can't imagine her as a disabled person."

Everyone was completely incredulous, thinking that the old worker must be exaggerating. How could a young lady so delicate and with a disability do such a thing?

The worker biting on the bread had urgency in his eyes and immediately asked with concern,

“What about that thug later, did he take people to retaliate? Miss Vanessa won’t be in trouble, will she? I know those thugs don’t care about the identity and status of the other party when they go mad!”

The old worker sneered continuously and mockingly said,

“What are you thinking? He didn’t dare mention the incident after he went back, but the word got out, and then... Moore publicly cut off one of his fingers!”

Everyone’s face showed shock, then it seemed to make sense, as after all, Madam Vanessa was from the Fischer family, and even the Dagger Brotherhood couldn’t afford to offend them.

Furthermore, the Dagger Brotherhood had strict rules, being even harsher on their own people than outsiders, and the rules set by that thin and short Moore evoked respect from everyone.

Even when his own brother broke the rules, Moore chopped off one of his fingers.

“The rules that have been set are things that must be obeyed; the rules are our foundation for existence.” Moore publicly shared this view with everyone.

Even once when a young knight from the Verne family wanted to kill a kid who dirtied his clothes, Moore stopped him with his men.

“According to the rules, he just needs to compensate you with money, or at most get a beating from you, please show mercy and don’t kill him.”

“Your ordinary people’s rules, they also apply to me?”

At that moment, Moore even made the knight burst into laughter before suddenly slapping out two of his teeth.

Moore still firmly withstood the pressure, not handing over the child but rather drew flintlocks with his subordinates and aimed at the knight, causing Verne’s expression to turn gloomy as he left.

The old worker continued on, with a gaze full of reverence for the Fischer family,

“Nasir Town is the Fischer family’s property; anyone who dares to provoke the Fischer family is looking for their own death!”

As he said this, he slowly stood up, shook his head and said, “I’m off to shake the weasel, relax a bit, drank too much just now.”

“Hahaha, you old thing, off to the restroom again?”

“Completely useless now, eh!”

The workers all laughed at him, and the old worker chuckled, not minding the teasing, turned around, and moved out of everyone’s sight to a corner.

In his heart, he held great respect for Madam Vanessa and the Fischer family.

The old worker used to be a fisherman from Nasir, and since a decade ago, he had been living only with his young granddaughter.

During a winter fishing trip, by accident, the old man was pulled into the water by a fish and then got a high fever. He barely survived but was left with a chronic cough and a progressively weaker body.

Seeing that he was about to lose the ability to live completely, he was in agony. Without his fishing, his granddaughter had no chance of survival!

That was when Madam Irene appeared, and effortlessly relieved him of his constant suffering.

That gentleness and strength were undoubtedly a miracle, something the old man would never forget!

Over the years, he also received food relief from Madam Vanessa, and just a few days ago, Madam Vanessa had introduced him to factory work.

Now everything was moving in a good direction. He had work in the factory, no longer needed to risk going out to sea, and his granddaughter was growing up, even having two reliable suitors vying for her affection.

Life finally had hope.

He was sincerely grateful for the changes the Fischer family had brought to Nasir.

Having finally finished peeing, the old worker took out a piece of bread wrapped in paper from his pocket, which he had not had the heart to eat and planned to take back for his granddaughter.

His granddaughter’s birthday was coming up, and the old worker decided to use the wages he had saved up over this period to buy something girls liked, but he was still unsure what to buy.

A new dress?

Or a pair of pretty shoes?

“Maybe I should find a chance to ask Madam Vanessa, surely she knows the best answer.”

Just then, a tall man dressed in black passed by the old worker,

His eyes were like serpent’s pupils, chilling the old worker to the bone, causing goosebumps all over and his fingers to tremble involuntarily.

He watched the figure growing distant, couldn’t help but stare and ponder.

Who was that guy?

Just at that moment, a hand suddenly grasped the old worker’s neck from behind.

—

Fischer Household.

Having just seen Margaret off, Byrne returned to the family’s hall, when the limping Vanessa quickly approached him, looking very anxious.

“What’s wrong?”

Byrne frowned slightly, sensing something must have happened.

“Master, there’s been an incident at the factory,”

Vanessa paused, biting her lip, and then managed to compose herself before saying,

“We found... dismembered corpses.”

Chapter 95: Chapter 91: Capture (Vote for Monthly Tickets!)

The sky was covered with thick dark clouds, and the rumbling of thunder came from among them. The rain poured down like a deluge, as if a lake were being emptied from the heavens onto the ground.

“The patriarch of the Fischer family has arrived!”

Upon hearing that Lord Baron Byrne had come, the workers got up one after another and headed over, with the leading few workers excitedly crowding around him.

The family guards quickly blocked off the people from Byrne’s proximity, but the leaders of the workers kept talking loudly, following Byrne’s footsteps.

Vanessa and Captain Theo were by his side, with Theo holding an umbrella over Byrne.

Byrne could see the Guards Captain, with his hair graying at the temples, remaining silent, while Vanessa's face was covered with rain, quickly recounting the situation amidst the sound of the rain.

"The deceased is an old man named Abutte. Upon counting the number of people, they discovered Old Abutte was missing, and it's very possible that the remains of the body belong to him."

Byrne stepped over the puddles with an expressionless face, listening to what Vanessa was saying in his ear.

The impact of a mangled corpse was far greater than that of a simple death. People at the construction factory were now panicking, hesitant to continue the construction for a while.

Some said the existence of the factory had provoked some mysterious entity, filling the whole affair with bad omens, and if it continued, more people would die.

Finally, Byrne and his party arrived at the spot where the dismembered body was found. He personally went forward to inspect the remains that had been covered and not washed away by the rain.

Activating his Extraordinary ability "Deconstructive Perspective," Byrne's eyes revealed faint blue circles, allowing him to easily determine that the flesh indeed belonged to a human body.

"..."

He was silent for a long moment. The matter could be the work of a serial killer in Nasir Town, or it could be retaliation by the Sea God Cult, or perhaps a warning from the Kesse family.

If the latter was the case, then in time the Kesse family would let them know who the murderer was; otherwise, the killing would be meaningless.

A warning had to be made known to the parties concerned.

"Vanessa, go call Chris."

No matter who the murderer was, Byrne felt that the Fischer family needed to take the initiative.

If they allowed someone to kill indiscriminately on their own turf, that would spell trouble. Not only would the Fischer family be put into a passive situation, their reputation would also be severely damaged, and everyone would feel insecure.

The connections among the lower levels were still very important.

He had already thought through Zayne's words.

Originally, it was almost impossible for ordinary people without the right bloodline and gifts to become Extraordinary Exponents. Having seen Exponents capable of destroying armies on their own, Zayne naturally adopted an indifferent attitude towards the connections among commoners.

In fact, most Extraordinary Exponents felt the same way and from their point of view, it was entirely correct.

But the situation for the Fischer family was completely different.

The Fischer family possessed the formula for the Magic Potion of the Power of Consecution. This enormous potential lay in the fact that theoretically, as long as they had enough resources, they could turn everyone into Extraordinary Exponents.

Thus, they needed to pay attention to the elite among the common people, much like Vanessa, Erik, and Archibald.

Vanessa nodded and then went to call Chris.

On their way from Fischer Manor to the site of the incident, Vanessa told Chris everything that had happened, narrating logically even amidst the torrential rain.

The silver-haired youth simply listened in silence, not saying a word from beginning to end.

"Chris."

Suddenly, Vanessa's tone changed a bit, not saying "young master" but calling him directly by his name.

He looked at the girl.

She stopped as well.

Chris gazed at the short-haired, beautiful girl and noticed a pure anger in her expression—an emotion seldom seen in the core members of the Fischer family for outsiders anymore.

She was angry for the innocent, sad for the weak, and pained and resolute for the stifled hopes.



“Find that damned bastard, Chris, I’m begging you, please,” the girl’s body trembled slightly as she earnestly requested in the pouring rain.

He did not speak, merely nodding.

Of course.

Chris felt a surge of joy, realizing that the deepest part of Vanessa’s heart hadn’t changed; she was still the girl from back then.

He smiled faintly.

Upon their arrival at the scene, the family guards cleared the way for them.

Byrne patted Chris on the shoulder and said calmly, “Vanessa must have told you everything. From now on, it’s up to you, Chris.”

Chris’s hair was sodden by the rain, and he calmly lowered his gaze to look at the remains, finally nodding.

He activated his Extraordinary trait “Tracking Senses,” and myriad hues of auras emerged before him.

Although they were diluted by the rain, Chris still identified the particular trail he needed to lock onto.

“Found it,” Chris said calmly.

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“They’ll never find us.”

Inside an inn in Nasir Town, a man and a woman sat silently drinking tea.

The man was a black-haired half-orc with wolf ears and a tail, a wild look about him, dressed in civilian clothes.

The woman, with brown hair, wore a choker around her neck and bracelets on her wrists and ankles, looking like a young woman Spellcaster in her twenties.

Both were Extraordinary Exponents affiliated with the Kesse family, coming from two different knight clans, each at a high-level Beginning.

A few days ago, they had received orders from the Kesse family to cause some trouble for the Fischer family.

They had done similar things when the Kesse family and the Leander family were in conflict, so they picked out an old worker to kill, shattered his body, and then tossed it somewhere it would be easily found.

The Wolf Knight exhaled as if he was still somewhat nervous about such tasks and continued speaking:

“

“We’ve already investigated in advance, and there is no Spellcaster among the Fischer family and their vassals capable of manipulating corpses, nor is there anyone from the prophecy-type.”

Today, in the magical system, to recreate a crime scene, in most cases, the intact body of the victim is required.

Only a handful of people on the Monarch Level can recreate the initial scene without the body.

The Wolf Knight continued, “According to the plan, we’ll kill a few more people in the next ten days.”

“Then we’ll suggest to the Fischer family that if they do not give up control of that village, it will mean complete enmity with the Kesse family.”

“By that time, it won’t just be a few insignificant commoners dying.”

The Kesse family took some time to confirm that the sudden appearance of the Assistant Priest was an accident and finally decided to take action.

The brown-haired female Spellcaster nodded and said, “Actually, we should have taken action a long time ago. Now that the Fischer family has become a true baronial family, it’s not so easy to move against them.”

The Wolf Knight shook his head and said, “There’s no choice. Before, we didn’t know about Baron Hovern’s complete mental breakdown, nor were we clear about the specific situation of the Hovern family. How could Baron Kesse dare to meddle with the governor’s stuff?”

The situation of the Hovern family?

The brown-haired Spellcaster fell into thought. Indeed, according to reason, after Baron Hovern lost his mind, the Hovern family would not just abandon their estates; they should have sent someone to take care of it.

Why is it that the Hovern family has completely ignored this enclave on the East Coast?

She found it very strange, but when she asked, the Wolf Knight only chuckled and refused to say anything about the Hovern family, leaving the brown-haired Spellcaster utterly speechless.

Just then, the Wolf Knight's nose twitched!

"Hmm, someone is approaching, and there are quite a few of them. We've been discovered, run!"

The brown-haired Spellcaster panicked and shouted, "How is that possible? They shouldn't be able to find us!"

However, further hesitation would be life-threatening, and although the two of them didn't understand the situation, they immediately slipped out through the back door of the inn.

Having run to another street, just as they were about to take a moment to rest, the Wolf Knight noticed several commoners with daggers watching them from a distance, who ran away as soon as their eyes met.

The Wolf Knight immediately said, "Wrong, there are Fischer family pawns here too!"

They moved again, planning to escape Nasir Town as quickly as possible and head into the wilderness outside.

But soon, both stood still in the pouring rain, looking in terror at the man not far away.

Byrne was dressed in black, standing expressionlessly in the torrential rain, while Guards Captain Theo held an umbrella over his head.

It was the Extraordinary exponent of the Fischer family, Baron Byrne, who had reached Level 2!

Damn!

The Wolf Knight's sweat mingled with the rain as he trembled and said,

"According to the information given by that Lord, the head of the Fischer family is not good at fighting. Let's fight him!"

The brown-haired Spellcaster shook her head vigorously, advising with eyes full of fear,

"Just the two of us can never beat him. We should surrender. He shouldn't kill us — after all, we only killed a commoner."

The Wolf Knight's expression was torn and he struggled internally, still frantically debating whether to surrender or flee immediately.

He couldn't surrender because his family was deeply tied to the Kesse family. If he surrendered, his entire clan would be implicated.

The Wolf Knight charged at them with a roar, getting closer.

In the raging storm, Byrne simply extended his hand calmly and snapped his fingers.

"Flame."

In an instant, the Wolf Knight's body burst into hellish orange flames, and the immense pain went straight to his soul, forcing him to roll in agony on the rain-soaked ground.

"Aaaaah!"

Luckily, the heavy rain had caused the streets to fill with water, which quickly extinguished the flames on his body.

Byrne didn't look at him, just staring ahead emotionlessly, and although Flame Manipulation didn't require him to speak incantations, he still decided to say the word "flame" in front of others.

Over time, many would come to believe that he had to chant in order to release fire, which might lead them to use a Silence Spell or other such magic against him.

Then, to their shock, they would find out that he didn't need to utter a single word to unleash roaring fire.

"I surrender!"

Seeing this scene, the female Spellcaster kneeled on the ground in fright, not daring to resist. Soon, numerous guards from the Fischer family surrounded them.

The badly burnt Wolf Knight was powerless to resist, and the female Spellcaster was easily captured. While the family guards were initially fearful of the Extraordinary opponents, they gritted their teeth and moved in to tie them both up.

Captain Theo immediately asked, "Lord Baron, how should we handle them?"

Byrne considered, and before he could speak, Vanessa came forward holding an umbrella over Irene.

Irene's gaze was icy as she said,

“Interrogate them first for any important information, then tie the pair up in the center of Nasir Town and let the townspeople watch and punish them.”

Byrne had no objections, but asked, “What is the purpose of this?”

He felt Irene wasn’t one to vent her emotions recklessly.

Irene explained, “This way the townspeople will be more grateful to us, and on the other hand, it will publicly humiliate whoever is behind these two.”

As for the mastermind, the female Spellcaster soon confessed.

Unsurprisingly, it was the Kesse family.

Their objective was simple and clear, to intimidate and warn, hoping to make the Fischer family “voluntarily” give up control over the territory of Ourde Village.

Now that the culprit behind the scenes had been identified and the evidence was complete, what to do next?

Because the victim was just a commoner, both the church and the East Coast Governor would find the event ultimately unimportant and not worthy of concern.

They wouldn’t punish an Extraordinary overlord over such a trivial matter, as there was still a fundamental social gap between Extraordinaries and commoners.

So having evidence of who ordered the two to kill the elderly worker didn’t fundamentally matter.

If the Fischer family wanted retaliation, they would have to figure it out for themselves.

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Chapter 96: Chapter 92: Pointing the Way (Vote for us with your monthly ticket!)

“Dad!”

Byrne, who was concentrating on controlling the flames on the lawn, suddenly heard his son’s voice beside his ear.

The seven-year-old chubby Darren came running over, pitter-pattering, with his servant jogging behind him.

Chubby Darren chuckled and reached out his hand, eager to touch the flames that Byrne had created and that floated in the air, his plump face full of curiosity.

Byrne manipulated the flames away from his son's hand and immediately warned, "Don't touch them, fire can hurt you."

Chubby Darren looked puzzled and, still looking displeased, lowered his hand, asking in wonderment, "Aren't those flames controlled by you, Dad? Can they still hurt me?"

Byrne nodded and explained, "Of course, they are weapons."

"And the purpose of weapons is to harm people; anyone who approaches them carelessly will get injured."

Darren nodded, his young mind still unfettered; he suddenly asked another question.

"Dad, why did Mom go back to Fein City, and why won't she take me and my sister with her?"

Byrne fell silent for a while, then carefully formulated his words:

"Because your mother was not happy here, there are no friends for her in Nasir Town."

And there was another important reason, the education of both you and Lilian had been forcefully handed over to Irene instead of her.

Byrne could understand Margaret's pain; she had hardly any friends here and the living environment was not as good as in Fein, and most importantly, she couldn't educate the children herself.

Over the years, Margaret had argued with him several times about this, insisting that at least she should raise Lilian, hoping to share the faith in the Moon Lady with her daughter.

However, Byrne finally revealed an uncompromising and ungentle side.

"No."

Thus, she finally felt like a complete outsider in this town, as if her sole purpose was to bear children for the Fischer family.

On countless nights, Margaret became increasingly aware that the man who was once so familiar to her was becoming a stranger, with too many things being kept secret within the family.

So, she hoped to have a frank and earnest talk with Byrne.

However, the communication between them was not smooth.

Many questions Byrne simply couldn't answer, unable to be truly sincere with his family.

Therefore, when the Fischer family held a family lunch a year ago, Margaret publicly proposed to go back to Fein City to see the Hoffman family—Byrne was silent for a moment, still reluctantly agreeing with a forced smile.

Chris had quietly gone to Fein City to investigate Margaret and came back to inform him that she hadn't had an affair and had not uncovered any secrets of the Fischer's.

Of course, Byrne knew of his wife's loyalty; she was just very tired and disappointed.

At only seven years old, Darren still couldn't understand the situation with his parents at all.

He just thought it was strange that even though his mother loved him and Lilian very much, she still left this place.

Vanessa walked over with her hands behind her back, and calmly said beside Byrne:

"My lord, people from the Kesse family have come to negotiate, wanting to trade back those two Extraordinary Exponents from the knight clans."

The two murderers from the knight families were tied up in the town center for days and nights, almost tortured beyond recognition by the enraged townsfolk, barely clinging to life.

If it weren't for Irene, even their last breath wouldn't have been preserved.

The Fischer family's official statement was that they were illegal Extraordinary Exponents who suddenly invaded Nasir Town and attacked the Fischer family; they were arrested, and the town chief and the sheriff conducted the trial—everything was legal and compliant.

After hearing this, Byrne nodded calmly and waved his hand for the servants to take Darren away.

"Who has come to negotiate?"

Vanessa answered, "It's someone from the Leander family, Baron Leander."

"Oh?"

The identity of the visitor greatly surprised Byrne, and astonishment was clear in his eyes.

He had long known that the Kesse family had a history of conflict with the Leander family, and even members of the Leander family lost their lives in those clashes.

Why would Baron Leander be the one negotiating?

Byrne felt there must be a reason.

“Hmm, let me meet him.”

Byrne quickly arrived in the parlor and saw the slightly chubby and smiling Baron Leander sitting on the sofa.

He exuded a merchant’s aura from head to toe; if he stood next to sea merchant John, strangers guessing who the real merchant was would probably unanimously declare Baron Leander as such.

Baron Leander looked happy, as if seeing Byrne in the parlor was a joyous affair.

“Baron Byrne, we meet again at last—it’s a relief that we are not enemies!”

He continued with a frown and a touch of schadenfreude, shaking his head:

“Alas, but for you, the situation is not good, for being an enemy of the Kesse family indeed spells great misfortune.”

“In fact, you might not be fully aware that the Kesse family can be considered a vassal of Viscount Garcia.”

When Baron Leander mentioned this family name, Byrne immediately furrowed his brow, deep in thought.

The Garcia family is one of the seven viscount families on the East Coast, possessing two towns in a territory comprising four, and over a dozen villages in the vicinity, with a population counting tens of thousands and a private army of over a thousand men.

Their family head, Viscount Garcia, is a high-level Transmutant, possessing the Bloodline power “Crystal Scorpion Beast” with extremely high defensive power, capable of easily handling many low-level Transmutant Extraordinary Exponents.

Within the Garcia family and through their allied Extraordinary Exponents, there are over a hundred, and even the number of Level 2 Extraordinary Exponents within the family itself amounts to five, ranking their overall strength firmly within the top four of the many viscount families, vying for third place.

For the current Fischer family, their existence is like an enormous behemoth, capable of crushing the Fischer family without breaking a sweat.



Since the Kesse family is dependent on such a powerful viscount family, it would be impossible for the Fischer family to stand against them!

Baron Leander chuckled and continued:

“In fact, your crisis is considerable, because it’s not just the Kesse family that wants Ourde Village, but the real trigger for the conflict is Viscount Garcia behind them, hoping to acquire Nasir Town!”

“The Garcia family doesn’t want to intervene personally, with the Kesse family acting as their agent.”

Byrne felt a little dizzy; the Kesse family might be manageable, but the immensely powerful Garcia family was absolutely beyond their ability to confront.

The total military power of Viscount Garcia’s family alone was even capable of defeating the Rhea army they faced before, not to mention that in other respects they far exceeded them.

He looked at the smirking Baron Leander, seeing him as a shrewd old fox.

So, what was this man doing here? Was it really just to communicate this information?

Having dealt with many businessmen over the years, Byrne instinctively sensed that the other party was deliberately frightening him to achieve his next persuasive goal.

After some thought, Byrne asked directly, “Baron Leander, so why are you the one here to negotiate today?”

He posed a crucial question, “I heard that the Leander and Kesse families were enemies, so why have they now become allies?”

The smile on Baron Leander’s face disappeared, replaced by quite apparent irritation:

“Allies? There’s no such thing, I’m just temporarily pretending to yield, hey, but Baron Kesse truly believes that the Leander family has become their dog.”

“I came here today because I want to join forces with you, the Fischer family, to turn the tables on the Kesse family!”

So that was it.

Byrne immediately understood the meaning behind Baron Leander’s earlier words.

It was to thoroughly frighten him, making him eager to ally with the Leander family, and ultimately using the Fischer family to inflict mutual destruction with the Kesse family.

Byrne feigned hesitation, then asked further, “Even if you join forces with us, it won’t be possible to confront Viscount Garcia behind Baron Kesse, right?”

His face feigned sincerity, as if pleading, “Baron Leander, please show the Fischer family a way to survive.”

Baron Leander’s face broke into a smile as he said loudly:

“They can have a backer, but doesn’t your Fischer family also have a supporter on the East Coast? It’s just that this person isn’t truly your backer yet, but rather a business collaborator... You need to be more proactive.”

Byrne quickly realized who the other party was referring to.

In fact, he had just thought of it himself.

Indeed, as Assistant Priest Zayne had said, the Fischer family needs to focus on connections among Extraordinary overlords.

If they wish to survive in the East Coast Province, they must have a backer with real strength.

There are only a few reliable families and individuals in the East Coast Province they can rely on.

For themselves, the easiest to form a deep bond with is the Lion clan, the first viscount family of the East Coast who possess Fein City, including their head “The Fox Leading the pride” Viscount Bast.

Although they have been conducting business for Viscount Bast all this time, at best they are business partners and are far from a deeply bound dependent relationship.

Just like Leander said, at present, the situation between their two families is not sufficient for Viscount Bast to stand up for the Fischer family.

As for the Romann family, although they provided the Fischer family with knight clan credentials, that was merely the duke’s recognition of the father’s valiant deeds.

In truth, the Romann family has never considered the Fischer family a vassal, and their influence is not on the East Coast at all.

Waiting for a powerful figure to take initiative is not possible; they are the ones who need to be more proactive.

“Thank you, Baron Leander, I understand,” Byrne said.

Baron Leander smiled, nodding as he replied, "Good, when you find a way, let's talk again about other matters of cooperation."

Since the Leander family is currently feigning submission to the Kesse family, Baron Leander still had to redeem the two murderers to ensure the Kesse family wouldn't be suspicious.

Byrne accompanied Baron Leander to the center of Nasir Town.

They saw the two wretched murderers, stripped of their clothes by the townspeople, covered in wounds, and even splashed with excrement.

Their pitiful state startled the old man, and Baron Leander couldn't help saying:

"You're too barbaric, to actually treat these two members of the knight clan like this?"

Byrne calmly responded, "They slaughtered the people of this town."

After listening, Baron Leander still shook his head, a hint of noticeable dissatisfaction in his gaze towards Byrne.

"They only killed an ordinary person; your Fischer family's reaction seems a bit excessive, and I fear that if this gets out, it could negatively impact your image."

Byrne was silent for a long time, not immediately responding.

Having possessed extraordinary power for only about a decade, he could still easily empathize with ordinary people, and if someone committed crimes in Nasir Town, they had to pay the price.

"Our Fischer family is indeed such a barbaric lot."

Chapter 97: Chapter 93: Surrender (Vote for Monthly Tickets!)

Before leaving Nasir Town, Byrne went specifically to the basement to explain the situation to Irene and Chris.

"While I'm gone, the Fischer family must be cautious. The Kesse family is likely to seek revenge, as our actions have clearly humiliated them."

He knew the Kesse family's domineering style well, and with the Garcia family backing them, they were certain they could completely overpower the Fischer family.

Thus, having been fiercely slapped in the face by the Fischer family, they must brace for the possibility of retaliation.

Irene nodded with her arms crossed, her expression serious as she said, "Mm, we will keep as low a profile as possible and not leave Nasir Town. Even if we must leave, we will do so with caution and secrecy."

Chris also nodded silently.

He considered whether to assassinate key figures on the Kesse family's territory, but since Byrne and Irene had decided to act with discretion and subtlety, that plan would have to wait.

When Byrne left Nasir Town, he only brought Guard Captain Theo with him and did not take anyone else on the road.

After departing Nasir Town by carriage, he did not head directly to Fein City but first made a detour to the nearby Ourde Village toward the west.

Although it was originally a Royal Family enclave, its distance from the Cyart Royal Capital made it effectively impossible for the Royal Family to control, leading to the Kesse family taking charge of the area.

While the Cyart Royal Family still collected taxes and knew they could not manage such distant territories, they had no choice but to let this situation persist.

The village appeared unremarkable, with just over a thousand inhabitants living in relative poverty but managing to survive.

Its true value, in fact, lay in the dense and vast jungle outside the village.

This area, adjacent to the endless jungle north of Nasir Town, was dozens of times larger than the village itself. The mysterious creatures within steadily produced Class 2 and occasionally even Class 3 Extraordinary Material.

Even for various baronial families, Class 3 Extraordinary Material was undeniably of great importance.

Whether breaking through from high-level Beginning to low-level Transmutation, or from low-level to mid-level Transmutation, one needed Magic Potion made from Class 3 Extraordinary Material as an aid.

Without a doubt, the Fischer family had suddenly snatched the fattest piece of meat from the mouths of the Kesse family.

Byrne could understand their hostility; anyone from any family would grind their teeth in anger upon hearing such news, unable to sleep all night.

"Theo, let's go."

The two set off by carriage on the road to Fein City.

Along the way, Byrne, inside the carriage, was reading books about tea while contemplating whether to bestow the Power of Consecution on Theo.

“Theo.”

“Yes?”

Theo, who was driving the carriage with graying temples and nearing fifty, was a bit puzzled and replied immediately:

“Lord, what’s the matter?”

Byrne inside the carriage closed the book about tea with a smile and asked calmly:

“I realize I’ve never asked you before, do you believe in any deity?”

After hesitating a bit, Theo answered honestly, “Actually, I’ve discussed this with Mr. Lucius before, and Madam Irene has also asked me.”

“Truth be told, I’m not particularly interested in religion or deities. To me, practical things are most important—the things you can see.”

He contemplated and finally added, “Like money, family, friends, weapons... I’m too simple, Lord, I just can’t grasp things I can’t see with my eyes.”

So that was it. Byrne smiled and nodded, a very down-to-earth view that indeed perfectly suited Theo’s serious and earnest nature.

Good.

Compared to the invisible and intangible gods, the existence and the powers bestowed by the great Lord of the Lost were undoubtedly very real and unquestionable.

Theo had been with the Fischer family since Byrne’s father’s time; back then, he was even Byrne’s swordsmanship teacher, and now he served as the Captain of the Guards.

Theo’s loyalty was beyond question; otherwise, they would never entrust him with such an important role.

Now, perhaps it was time to give him a chance.

Byrne guessed that the Path of Conquest would suit Theo best because he was, without a doubt, a true warrior.

Yes, they would decide whether to offer Theo the Power of Consecution during the next discussion about bestowing powers on John.

Finally, they reached the distant Fein City, a place Byrne had frequented over the past few years, witnessing firsthand its transformation.

In just a few years, the population of Fein City, the only city in the East Coast Province, had exploded significantly.

However, with the sharp increase in population, Fein City was now plagued by unstable law and order, chaotic construction, and infectious diseases, leaving the city hall officials frantically overwhelmed.

The Leone family of Viscount Bast had several manors, but the most commonly used was Herbstblatt Manor, situated at the foot of the mountains some distance from Fein City.

It was an extremely vast area, with three huge and luxurious mansions connected together, surrounded by lush greenery and shallow green ponds, looking poetic from afar.

As soon as Byrne arrived at Herbstblatt Manor, he noticed there were many people waiting in line here.

They had come from all over the East Coast Province, without exception seeking the urgent counsel of the Lion Leone family, many with looks of extreme tension and anxiety.

It was not only Byrne who thought his matters were important; everyone in line here felt the same.

In fact, with millions of people in the East Coast Province, those wanting to see Viscount Bast every day were too many, and many who didn't qualify for an audience were not even allowed into the manor.

There was no other way, so he decided to wait a little while.

Byrne was very aware that his status didn't amount to much within the Lion clan, thus he sat patiently in the lounge waiting.

Suddenly a female servant in a tailcoat caught his eye, she was a young woman with flames flickering at the edges of her hair, her eyes sharp and bright, exuding a graceful temperament.

Flame descendant, like the silver descendant, was one of the four main sub-human groups.

The flame descendant maid said politely, "Mr. Byrne, please follow me, Viscount Bast wishes to meet with you first."

"Alright, I understand!" Byrne stood up immediately.

All eyes turned towards Byrne, speculating whether he was actually the offspring of some high-ranking figure, otherwise why would the viscount choose to meet with him first?

Following the female flame descendant servant, Byrne could also feel the heat emanating from her.

This was his first time encountering a flame descendant in the East Coast Province, where the silver descendants and stone descendants were the majority, and seeing those of the Flame Tribe, naturally capable of producing flames, was rare.

Byrne walked through the mansion for quite some time, almost having the illusion that he was in some provincial palace.

He felt if someone hadn't been leading him, he might have gotten lost during his first time inside the mansion.

Along the way, he saw many servants, each one showing subservience, wearing smiles, and being very polite.

Then, he didn't see even one of the family's guards, and he quickly realized that anyone daring to attack the manor wouldn't be stopped by ordinary guards.

Therefore, the Bast family's guards were probably not ordinary people. The few Extraordinary Exponents acting as guards were likely living in rooms he couldn't see.

Finally, the maid stopped and said with a smile, "Lord Byrne, Lord Viscount is in this drawing room, please come in."

So Herbstblatt Manor had more than one drawing room. Byrne silently took note of all the information about Herbstblatt Manor, and then met Viscount Bast, who was quietly drinking tea in the drawing room.

Viscount Bast was obviously a man who valued his appearance greatly at home.

He had several young and handsome male and female servants around him, some responsible for brewing tea, some for holding clothes, and others for offering pastries.

Each servant in the Leone family was responsible for one task only.

In a noble family with deep roots, servants followed the principle of “one person, one duty.”

“You’ve finally arrived, Byrne, I was wondering just which day you would come,” he said.

“Sit, have some tea.”

Viscount Bast sat calmly on the sofa, sipping fragrant black tea.

Byrne knew that it was quite normal for the other party to have guessed that he would come.

After all, the Fischer family’s foundation in East Coast Province was not solid, and it was only a matter of time before they had to seek a reliable patron, with Viscount Bast being the most familiar and manageable option.

Byrne tried not to let himself get nervous and sat calmly opposite Viscount Bast.

They drank tea.

For a long while, neither of them said anything, they just drank their tea. The few servants standing by were immobile, their eyes fixed straight ahead.

Suddenly, Viscount Bast asked, “What do you think about the tea you just had?”

That was the right question indeed. Byrne instantly recalled all the knowledge he had seen in the carriage and smiled as he replied:

“The quality is very good. The books I’ve read mentioned tea leaves and only very good leaves can produce such aroma. The taste is rich and mellow, with a certain bitterness and sweetness.”

Viscount Bast nodded with a smile and said:

“Hmm, you’re a person who likes reading, I can see that.”

He suddenly sighed and said, “Alright, let’s get down to business.”

The servants swiftly and skillfully cleared away the tea, the whole process fluid like water, and Viscount Bast leaned on the sofa, gazing at Byrne calmly.

Byrne nodded, then took a contract out from his bosom and handed it over.

Viscount Bast took the contract, glanced at it calmly—it was a declaration of the transfer of a significant share of two factories. After looking at it, he didn’t speak and casually placed the contract to one side.



Byrne took a deep breath and inquired, "Lord Viscount, I wish to have your protection. Is there anything else you require me to do?"

He had long been psychologically prepared, knowing that he would likely have to proactively divulge his vulnerabilities or do certain things as a "Proof of Loyalty" to demonstrate his allegiance to Viscount Bast.

He just didn't know what exactly were the inner demands of Viscount Bast.

However, Viscount Bast shook his head, his voice low as if he were recalling something.

"I don't need you to do anything more to show your loyalty because, as I said, I can see a person's character from birth, and you are the kind that values relationships and righteousness," he said.

"Byrne, I know you will never betray me."

He slowly stood up, turned towards the window, and watched as the red leaves continuously fell outside.

Winter was coming.

"You've come at just the right time, I wasn't wrong after all, otherwise, it couldn't have been such a coincidence."

With his back to Byrne, Viscount Bast continued, "Come with me to a place, Byrne, you will be exposed to another entirely different world."

Chapter 98: Chapter 94 Going up the Mountain (Request for Monthly Tickets!)

Coming into contact with a completely different world?

Byrne was slightly stunned, having no idea what specifically Viscount Bast meant by a "completely different world." Could it be that he was about to take him to the Spirit Realm?

Viscount Bast waved his hand casually, and the surrounding servants immediately retreated in unison. The servants of the Lion clan were mostly loyal and well-trained, having served them for generations.

Viscount Bast slowly rose from the sofa and approached a full-length mirror in the room, starting to mutter incantations.

Before long, the full-length mirror began to emit a variety of strange lights, as if it had a peculiar hallucinogenic effect. Byrne's mind was instantly filled with an irresistible obsession, and it took him a long time to break free from it.

He realized that he was now standing in front of the mirror, and what was reflected in the mirror was not his own figure but a vast expanse of stark white, like a field of snow.

The mirror?

Suddenly, Byrne felt a chilling sensation!

Because he remembered that when Mr. Gold had died, there were many shattered mirrors on the ground, and the subsequent deaths of the two Lion clan's supporters had the same scene!

If Viscount Bast had wanted to kill him just now, he would have already been lured in front of the mirror and died in confusion!

Byrne considered himself very composed, his expression revealing none of his inner thoughts.

But he still heard Viscount Bast, expressionless beside him, nod in acknowledgment and speak with a very indifferent tone,

"You guessed correctly, Mr. Gold was indeed killed by my own hands."

Byrne was silent, not knowing how to respond, and could only listen as Viscount Bast continued.

The middle-aged man's voice sounded very cold as he said,

"He was the one who first betrayed me, as well as my family, and the other two were also betrayers of the Lion clan. To outsiders, it seems like the people of the Lion clan are succumbing one after another, but only the Eagle clan is very clear about what actually happened."

"I understand now, traitors naturally deserve death, Lord Viscount Bast, you did nothing wrong."

Byrne nodded his head, sincerely uttering these words.

In fact, if it had been him, he would certainly not have been able to forgive a traitor, let alone someone who betrayed the family.

However, he also felt a bit of discomfort deep inside.

Though he didn't know what Mr. Gold thought of him, Byrne had regarded him as a half-friend and had not expected Mr. Gold's end to be that of a traitor being disposed of.

"Let's go, come up the mountain with me."

Viscount Bast did not want to talk more about the matter and suddenly took out a pure white mask from the ring he was wearing and handed it to Byrne.

“Up the mountain?”

Confused, Byrne took it into his hand, and the part that touched his skin felt an immediate sensation, making him realize its material was very similar to the masks created by the Alchemy Council’s alchemy, also possessing a “concealment” effect.

However, it was very different from the Alchemy Council’s dark gold mask. This was a pure white mask with even stronger fluctuations of magic power.

Without a doubt, this mask was a more powerful alchemical product. Byrne was even astonished by its perfection, feeling that from every angle it looked flawless.

Even if it were to be sold purely as a work of art, it would certainly be of great value. Its designer must have been a perfectionist.

Viscount Bast said no more, put on a pure white mask himself, and leaned into the mirror.

His figure disappeared in an instant.

Upon seeing this, Byrne recalled the wall that could only be passed through by wearing a mask, took a deep breath, and then, wearing the pure white mask, he walked towards the mirror in front of him.

He believed that if Viscount Bast had wanted to harm him, he would have no need for any tricks, so there was no need for him to worry too much.

In an instant, everything around him changed, and Byrne seemed to come to an entirely new and different world.

The next moment, he was so shocked that he couldn’t speak!

Countless towering peaks soared into the clouds, covered with crystal clear snow, seemingly connected to the sky and separated from the ground.

Standing at the foot of the snow mountain, Byrne felt a solemn and reverent awe. The snow-covered mountains extended towards the heavens like crystal-clear jade, appearing like infinite steps to climb to the sky.

Atop the white snow mountain, there was a majestic palace, all of white, and the light from the sky reflected off the top of the palace as if it were a sacred and pure flame of the soul.

“Up the mountain,” said Lord Viscount Bast.

Byrne followed behind the viscount, utterly astonished, as they slowly climbed the white, sacred snow mountain. He had expected a long journey, only to be surprised that the seemingly endless and arduous mountain took them just a few minutes to ascend to the peak.

What in the world was going on?

He really couldn't comprehend the underlying principle but could only sense a tremendous authority enveloping the area, leaving him completely unable to utter even a single word.

“You've come at quite the fortunate time; perhaps this is what they call destiny.”

There was a hint of emotion in Lord Viscount Bast's voice as he continued to climb the snow-covered steps to heaven.

The two gradually drew closer to the snow-white Sacred Palace.

Lord Viscount Bast, who had always been frivolous and nonchalant, became extremely serious and solemn as they approached the palace.

“This is the real Alchemy Council.”

The real Alchemy Council—Byrne silently memorized everything about this place.

Viscount Bast continued, “Do not speak carelessly once inside, and definitely do not reveal your true identity, because the members of the Alchemy Council come not only from all over Cyart but even from other countries of the Eastern Four Kingdoms.”

“Here, we do not fight among ourselves, but if there is any combat or conflict outside, the president will absolutely not intervene.”

Could it be that even the Rhea People are here?

Byrne frowned slightly, never having expected that the real Alchemy Council was a secret organization spanning across the Eastern Four Kingdoms.

He felt uneasy and extremely curious, why would Viscount Bast bring him here?

His only wish was for the Fischer family to become one among the many vassals of the Lion clan, as a counterbalance to the threat from the Garcia viscount family. Could it be that every vassal was brought here by Bast?

He had a vague feeling that it was not the case. In fact, upon their first meeting, Viscount Bast had seemed unusually cordial, and it appeared as if he had always been waiting for Byrne's arrival.

Why?

Byrne knew there must be some reason that made Viscount Bast value him so much.

The two entered the towering, majestic Sacred Palace, which was in a state of utter disrepair, with collapsed walls and stone pillars everywhere.

He soon saw in the center of the palace a long table made of some mysterious white metal that he didn't recognize, pristine white and exquisitely crafted.

Around the white table sat six people dressed differently, each wearing a pure white mask on their face.

Although the five individuals surrounding looked dissimilar in their attire, their seats suggested no obvious difference in status. Byrne noticed that it was really just the person seated at the head of the table who was more prominent and distinct.

Because of the effect of the pure white masks, Byrne couldn't make out his face at all.

The man was dressed in a purple robe, like a cloud of pure wisdom in the fog, knowing all the knowledge in the world. It seemed that anyone who came into contact with him, receiving even a bit of guidance, might have their fate completely changed.

Before taking his seat, Viscount Bast bowed deeply to the mysterious person at the head, speaking with utmost respect.

"Chairman, this is the newcomer I wish to introduce into the council. I have already paid the price in advance at our last gathering."

His tone was extremely reverent, even bordering on obsequious.

Paid the price in advance?

Byrne was inwardly amazed and increasingly perplexed. It meant that Viscount Bast had intended to recruit him into the council for some time, but why?

The man at the head nodded slightly and uttered one term.

"Mithril."

His voice was very cold, devoid of any human emotion.

Turning to Byrne, Viscount Bast said:

“Very well, from now on your codename in the Alchemy Council will be ‘Mithril.’ Remember it, as you cannot reveal it outside.”

After he finished, he paused and then added: “My codename is Dragon Crystal, as for the others...”

“I’ll tell him,” the mysterious chairman interjected with a slight wave of his hand. Instantly, information surfaced in Byrne’s mind, and within moments he knew all the codenames of those present.

Their codenames were all metals or minerals with mystical powers, precious materials needed in many alchemy recipes.

“Mithril,” “Dragon Crystal,” “Time Stasis Stone,” “Moon River Stone,” “Spirit Essence,” “Star Metal,” “Solar Gold.”

Byrne was astounded, information unexpectedly infused into his brain without warning, instinctively making him feel awe towards the mysterious chairman.

Who exactly was this person?

Byrne took a deep breath and bowed with great politeness, respectfully saying, “Good day, Mr. Chairman; I am very grateful for your acceptance of me.”

The chairman did not respond to Byrne’s polite words, his tone indifferent and unemotional: “As usual, you all should proceed with the exchange.”

The first to speak in the Alchemy Council was “Solar Gold.”

His voice boomed with an impressive magnitude, like the weight of a great mountain: “It has been three whole years since we last met, very good. It seems every member of the council is still alive.”

Meet only once in three years?

Byrne found it unbelievable; no wonder Viscount Bast kept saying it was such a coincidence, it was too much of a coincidence that he would encounter an opportunity that came only once in three years.

He even had a strange feeling, as if some invisible force was propelling him to join the Alchemy Council.

Byrne quickly realized something; the towering “Solar Gold” was sitting in the second seat from the bottom. He was likely the second highest-ranking person in the council after the chairman.

If this was indeed the case, Byrne felt his status was undoubtedly the lowest, while Viscount Bast’s was second from the bottom.

This discovery was utterly astonishing. Viscount Bast was undeniably a major figure on the East Coast who could make things happen, If the rest of the council members held even higher positions...

Who on earth were these people?

Viscount Bast spoke up: “The Sea God Cult is stirring. They will further test the Tempest Church, and it won’t be long before war breaks out on the East Coast.”

The Sea God Cult! War!

Byrne furrowed his brow tightly; if Viscount Bast’s words held true, the entire East Coast was unquestionably the prime conflict zone.

“Moon River Stone,” dressed in elaborate and intricate black garb, his voice that of a very young man or even a youth, said:

“The Rhea people are showing signs of internal conflict again. If the Rhea people burst into civil war once more, they likely won’t have the capacity to go to war with the Cyart people for the next few years.”

Each piece of information exchanged by those present was of great importance. Byrne listened in silence, not daring to speak, feeling completely out of place.

The information from the next person gave him chills, absolutely hair-raising.

“Star Metal,” a woman in a light blue robe, spoke slowly:

“The information about the followers of the Lord of the Lost within the Eastern Four Kingdoms that I have been seeking for three years—do you have any news?”

Chapter 99: Chapter 95 The Purple-Red Stone

Followers of the Lord of the Lost!

Byrne was glad he was nearly thirty, for if it had been himself from a few years ago, he might have been so frightened as to tremble.

Now he was sufficiently composed. Upon hearing “followers of the Lord of the Lost,” he was inwardly shocked, yet he still maintained his calm and listened silently.

“There’s no information about them. Numerous people have come to search in the Eastern Four Kingdoms of the continent over the past decade or so, yet no clues about this ‘Lord of the Lost’ have been found.”

The person who answered her was “Time Stasis Stone,” whose voice was that of an elderly man.

“Time Stasis Stone” appeared tall and thin, clad in a gray robe, his voice full of wisdom brought by experience.

Having said that, “Time Stasis Stone” added with great perplexity, “It’s strange, logically deducing, this ‘Lord of the Lost’ who is given great attention by the True Gods must be a very powerful Evil God. His followers should be numerous.”

“Yet, his followers have managed to keep such a secret that not a whisper escaped for over a decade, which is truly hard to believe.”

It seemed that the Fischer family’s principle was quite correct; caution and secrecy were of the utmost importance. Byrne pondered silently about why the Lord of the Lost was targeted by the True Gods Church.

He could not comprehend the reason and could only attribute it to the great power of the gods; they somehow became aware of the existence of the Lord of the Lost through some unimaginable method and even locked the location down to the east of the continent.

It was then that “Dragon Crystal,” known as Viscount Bast, interjected:

“It could be that there’s some extraordinary method that ensures the secrecy of the followers, like the betrayers are granted death the moment they think of betrayal.”

Byrne smiled and glanced at Viscount Bast. If he hadn’t known the other party was just speculating, he might have even thought his cover was blown.

“I too haven’t sensed their presence and agree with the conjecture of Dragon Crystal.”

“Solar Gold” shook his head as well.

Byrne had noticed that “Spirit Essence” had remained silent throughout the meeting.

She seemed to be a petite female; although she had not spoken from the start, her position in the Alchemy Council was second only to “Solar Gold,” and Byrne dared not ignore her presence.



“It is indeed very strange.”

“Star Metal” shook his head and continued, “Anyway, I hope to obtain information about the followers of the Lord of the Lost, and when the time comes, I’m willing to exchange a Class 4 Extraordinary Material for it.”

Class 4 Extraordinary Material, those were significant items that couldn’t even be bought on the black market.

Extraordinary Exponents who had reached mid-level Transmutation and wished to progress further, or those who had reached upper-level Transmutation and wanted a stronger bloodline, all needed Class 4 Extraordinary Materials.

Similarly, some extremely powerful spells also required the use of Class 4 Extraordinary Materials.

For the Fischer family, even Class 3 Extraordinary Materials were extremely important, and they had no idea where to find Class 4 Extraordinary Materials!

Byrne felt like selling himself on the spot, but he could only remain silent.

Since no one had the slightest news about the followers of the Lord of the Lost, the topic was eventually shelved.

“Solar Gold,” who was quite tall and had a deep voice, spoke to everyone:

“The Lorne citizens have gotten some crucial Forbidden Knowledge in the Spirit Realm, though it’s still unclear what it is, it’s likely to change the existing world order.”

“I’ve got some information about the Spirit Realm. If you can pay a hundred Gold Coins, I’m willing to share it with you.”

Byrne knew the Fischer family was truly broke, so he shook his head.

“Sorry, I’m not participating in this trade.”

Bast chuckled casually and said, “Mr. Solar Gold, you’ll have to give us an idea of what kind of information it is before we’re willing to spend money.”

“Solar Gold” paused, then continued, “It’s about the various vortexes, or rather, the names of the Spiritual Gateways.”

Huh?

To Byrne's surprise, he found that the important knowledge mentioned by "Solar Gold" was actually the mysterious knowledge that the Fischer family had already obtained from the Lord of the Lost.

What astonished him even more was that aside from himself, everyone present seemed interested.

Aside from the chairman's silence, members of the Alchemy Council expressed their willingness to pay for the true names of the Spiritual Gateways.

Byrne quickly understood the most important reason for the trade.

The true names of mystical items often had a significant connection to their actual effects, and knowing the true names of the Spiritual Gateways would make their exploration of the Spirit Realm much easier.

He sharply sensed an important information advantage that the Fischer family held.

With the knowledge of the Spirit Realm bestowed by the Lord of the Lost, the Fischers would be essentially walking into the Spirit Realm with a guidebook.

For other Extraordinary beings, however, every step into the Spirit Realm was filled with the unknown and mystical, almost every moment was unsettling, and every choice was fraught with tension and fear.

"Alright, the deal is set."

"Solar Gold" clapped his hands lightly, and without a sign, sheets of gleaming paper appeared from thin air, automatically flying to all those who contributed to purchasing the true names of the Spiritual Gateways.

As everyone received the sheet of paper from "Solar Gold," they then saw the true names of thirteen Spiritual Gateways.

Gate of Shadow, Gate of Conquest, Gate of Knowledge, Gate of Divine Sacrifice...

Viscount Bast squinted his eyes, contemplatively, showing great interest in the "Gate of Revelation" and "Gate of Knowledge".

Byrne had not received the paper bearing the true name of the Spiritual Gateway, but he could guess what was written on it – the corresponding thirteen Spiritual Gateways of the thirteen steps of the God Pantheon stairway.

"Alright, let's stop here,"

Suddenly, the president who sat at the head of the table spoke up, and his emotionless voice made Byrne feel uneasy, almost instinctively doubting whether the president was truly human.

“Alchemy is the greatest of all types of magic, and it will eventually change the Ouden Continent, even the Claud World, completely.”

“My alchemy had already reached a bottleneck, but fortunately, the Forbidden knowledge from the Spirit Realm provided me with a whole new perspective.”

After finishing his speech, the president waved his hand, and a series of purple-red stones appeared out of nowhere, landing in front of everyone present.

Although Byrne did not understand what exactly it was, he could sense both magic power and spiritual power emanating from the purple-red stones!

It seemed like a mysterious rare artifact, yet also like an alchemical tool.

Or perhaps, it was both a mysterious rare artifact and an alchemical tool!

In the past, such a thing did not exist in the world; alchemical tools contained only magic power and not spiritual power.

Back then, the people of Claud World had almost no understanding of the soul and spiritual power, only a handful of necromancers researching the most superficial knowledge.

However, the emergence of the Spirit Realm brought in many fresh pieces of knowledge, and new applications of magic were also expanded, such as breakthroughs in alchemy over the past decade.

The president continued to speak.

“Through the Forbidden knowledge granted by the Spirit Realm, I created this new substance. As an alchemical tool, it has special properties similar to mysterious rare artifacts, hmm, and the spiritual power it contains is probably of collectible class,” the president said.

Indeed, Byrne thought to himself, the purple-red mysterious stones in front of him were the new products created by the president through Forbidden knowledge from the Spirit Realm with alchemy.

The president had not yet finished, continuing to introduce them in a tone devoid of sorrow or joy.

“Although the spiritual power contained is only of collectible class, it is a one-time consumable that can unleash its final power, comparable to the very top treasure-class rare artifacts, when resonated with emotional power,” he explained.

The very top treasure-class rare artifacts!

After hearing this, Byrne felt a surge of immense surprise; top treasure-class rare artifacts commanded prices of thousands or even tens of thousands of Gold Coins.

Even though this purple-red stone had only a one-time effect, it was still extremely valuable.

Nevertheless, the president couldn't help but sigh a breath of regret, and for the first time, an evident sense of loss emerged in his usually impassive voice.

“Unfortunately, it is still an imitation, still far from the ‘truth’ I seek.”

“Reject it, or present the price you are willing to pay,” he said.

As expected, the purple-red stone was not something given for free but required a corresponding price to be paid.

Byrne decided not to respond immediately, waiting to see what prices others from the Alchemy Council would be willing to pay.

“Solar Gold” first put forth a sample of “the purest of pitch-darkness” brought from the Aphotic Sea – a mysterious substance that was contained in a pitch-black flask, where no color other than black could be seen.

“Spirit Essence” put forward a meteor shard that continuously radiated starlight, which had been collected from a fallen meteor.

“I pay three months of my lifespan.”

The person willing to exchange lifespan for the purple-red stone was “Star Metal”, the one searching for followers of the Lord of the Lost.

Soon, each member of the Alchemy Council had paid their price, and when it was Viscount Bast's turn, he spoke respectfully.

“I am willing to trade a piece of very important intelligence for it, Mr. President. The item that you have been searching for over the past decade is very likely in the hands of the Sea God Cult,” he proposed.

“Agreed,”

The president nodded his head and said calmly:

“Any one of you who finds that diamond fragment radiating sunlight, I will grant him a wish.”

Byrne silently noted the “diamond fragment radiating sunlight”, hoping that the Fischer family would encounter it indeed.

Finally, it was Byrne’s turn to pay the price.

The resources of the Fischer family were practically non-existent for a transaction of this caliber.

After much contemplation, the only two things he could offer were his lifespan and various pieces of intelligence about the Spirit Realm.

But if he offered the intelligence about the Spirit Realm, and Viscount Bast later asked him how he obtained it, Byrne would be completely unable to answer.

Viscount Bast had mentioned that killing was not permitted within the Alchemy Council, but the president would not care about anything that happened outside.

He initially thought to refuse the purple-red stone, yet considering the imminent dangers his family was about to face, he utterly did not want to give up such a powerful trump card.

Chapter 100: Chapter 96 Prelude to Chaos

“I can exchange information related to the Spirit Realm as payment.”

Byrne finally decided to use knowledge of the Spirit Realm as payment for the exchange, having already thought of an explanation for afterwards.

“It is possible, but it might not be enough.”

The Chairman faced the newcomer “Mithril” and, without hesitation, simply gave a calm response.

Byrne nodded slightly and continued, “If the price is not enough, I can add more. If the other people also want to know this information, it will be one hundred Gold Coins per person.”

Clearly, for everyone present, a mere one hundred Gold Coins was not a problem at all; soon Byrne collected banknotes worth six hundred Gold Coins.

He noticed that the banknotes everyone took out were from Lorne Bank, basically exchangeable in any country, without revealing one's true identity.

Unsure of their origins, the curious Byrne suddenly thought of something. Why would Viscount Bast be willing to share important matters about the Sea God Cult for free?

Could it be that Viscount Bast wanted to attract the participants of the Alchemy Council to the Sea God Cult?

It was like a fisherman who had deliberately scattered bait with forethought.

He pondered silently, put away the banknotes, and continued, "I have obtained knowledge related to the Spirit Realm from a heretic."

When everyone heard he had contact with a heretic, they showed no reaction, and Byrne immediately understood that these people's standards in this regard were not high.

The Chairman suddenly interrupted him, saying, "In the future, there is no need to inform us of the source of the information."

Byrne nodded again, indicating his understanding.

He actually also knew that there was no need to explain to others; his previous explanation was actually for Viscount Bast to hear.

"There are four layers to the Spirit Realm, and the closer one gets to the inward islands of Spirituality, the more accurate and immense are the historical rifts they project."

"It is said that the level of realism in the innermost layer is almost indistinguishable from the real world."

"Moon River Stone" was the first to express doubt with a youthful voice, "There are four layers to the Spirit Realm? Are you sure what you're saying is correct?"

Everyone felt surprised, as they had all entered the Spirit Realm, but until now, they had been unaware of the existence of a second layer.

"It's true, he's not lying."

The Chairman nodded, and the rest of them stopped doubting.

Byrne had already guessed that the Chairman possessed a mysterious power to detect lies, and now it seemed he was right.

And what he had just said about obtaining knowledge of the Spirit Realm “from a heretic” meant Irene, so there was no lie at all.

“Your payment is enough.”

After hearing this, Byrne put away the purple-red stone, feeling the instability of the Spiritual Power within it.

The Chairman nodded slightly, then very calmly extended a hand and waved gently in the air.

“Dismissed.”

The next moment, everything before the eyes of those present changed; all things seemed to be reconstructing.

By the time everyone had disappeared, the Chairman gazed at a purple-red stone floating in mid-air, behind the Fog, his Black Eyes flickered with intense desire and reluctance.

He muttered to himself:

“Is it the content of knowledge provided by the Spirit Realm that’s flawed, or is it my crafting methods that are incorrect? Could the souls of three thousand six hundred people still be insufficient?”

---

When Byrne came to his senses, he realized that he and Viscount Bast were already standing in front of a floor-length mirror, as if what had just transpired were nothing but a dream.

He couldn’t help but ask, “Lord Viscount, could you tell me why you value me so highly?”

Viscount Bast removed his mask and said very calmly:

“You are very clever, Byrne. Indeed, there are reasons for my heavy reliance on you, but I cannot reveal the real reasons now. You will find out in the future.”

Despite the intense unease in his heart, Byrne had no choice but to accept Viscount Bast’s answer.

It was impossible for him to force the other party to reveal the true reasons, and after what had just happened, he could not refuse to become deeply tied with the Lion clan.

In short, he had some sort of special value that made him highly regarded by Viscount Bast.

Actually, upon reflection, Byrne considered it to be very good news for the Fischer family, at least!

Subsequently, Viscount Bast took out a red box from the ring on his hand, inside of which were several black Crystal Stones emanating Magic Power.

“Nasir Town still doesn’t have a barrier and would be hard pressed to defend against outsiders’ attacks. By placing them at the four corners of the town, you can form a basic defensive barrier to help you improve your ability to resist enemies.”

“Great, thank you for your care, Lord Viscount.”

Since Viscount Bast had made it clear he was valued for some utility, Byrne was even more at ease accepting the gift.

Nevertheless, Byrne couldn’t help but ask a question that had been weighing on his mind for a long time, almost the most important question of recent times.

“Is it true that the Sea God Cult is about to start a war on the East Coast?”

Upon hearing this question, a cold smirk appeared on Viscount Bast’s face, and there was a certain madness in his tone that made Byrne shudder:

“Heh heh, with several of the churches under the gods split and in turmoil, those heretics naturally jump out, and this is just a beginning.”

“You should know that a most dark and chaotic era is about to come, before the rise of the great churches, the Ouden Continent was nothing but a dark age filled with slaughter and madness. Most people perished in the killings among those with extraordinary powers.”

“Since the churches and Their constraints would no longer exist, many of the former orders would soon become meaningless, the suppressed contradictions for years would erupt thoroughly. In the next few decades, death and chaos would continue to spread across this land until despair makes everyone crave for order again.”

Viscount Bast spoke lightly of a terribly frightening future, yet Byrne shuddered from head to toe.

His heart almost surged with shock and horror—if what Bast had said was true, then the coming world would be filled with strife and chaos!

The future was even more desperate than the most terrifying scenario he could imagine!



If the Salvation Church had not mediated and restrained them in the past, perhaps the Rhea People and Cyart people might have fought until one was completely wiped out!

What exactly had caused the chaos and splitting of the churches?

He could hardly fathom that possibility, yet everything seemed to point to those high above—the gods.

They might have a problem.

The middle-aged man suddenly looked sternly at Byrne, his words carrying a terrible implication:

“The church and the Royal Family are too preoccupied to care much for other matters. If you’re clever enough, perhaps you can overdo the retaliation against the Kesse family a bit.”

“I understand.”

Just as Byrne took a deep breath and was about to leave, Viscount Bast mentioned another important matter.

“Right, whether it’s news about the Lost followers or clues about that diamond-shaped fragment, for the sake of your safety, you’d better inform me if you discover anything.”

“Yes, I understand, Lord Viscount.”

Byrne pretended to answer sincerely, but his heart was perfunctory.

Finding clues about the Lost followers and reporting them to Bast of course was utterly out of the question.

As for that diamond-shaped fragment, if the Fischer family had the power to monopolize it, they would certainly act on their own interest.

He was actually quite curious, what exactly was that diamond-shaped fragment that even the chairman wanted to obtain?

Could it be something the Lord of the Lost also needed?

Byrne mused silently. Perhaps, if he offered it to the great Lord of the Lost, the Fischer family might receive even more divine favor.

When Byrne, with complex emotions, departed, Viscount Bast sat alone and silently on the sofa. The sky was gradually darkening, and the man was lost in deep thought in the shadows.

One of his hands was gently placed on the side table, continuously tapping his fingers.

The tapping was forceful and grew faster, revealing impatience and excitement!

“Finally, you’ve come!”

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To the west of Nasir Town, in the estate of the Kesse family.

In the study, Baron Kesse, who was tall with slightly dark skin and extremely distinct features, was talking with his uncle.

Baron Kesse’s uncle also had a pair of orange serpent-like pupils, was similarly tall and dark-skinned. The difference lay in his age, being older, with white at his temples and a gentler face.

They were both Level 2 Bloodline Knights, carrying the bloodline of the “Blackstone Iron Dragon,” and they were in fact pure humans, not dragon descendants among the sub-humans.

Baron Kesse’s uncle, Arsh, spoke with an irritated tone, “You really went too far with that matter.”

Baron Kesse appeared calm and indifferent, “Which matter? Are you referring to my men killing a commoner? Or is it something else?”

Arsh shook his head gravely, “What I mean, of course, isn’t the former. That’s an insignificant trifle. I know the Fischer family made you lose face, so you leaked information to the heretical cult.”

Baron Kesse nodded, his voice cold, “Indeed, the Fischer family must pay the price.”

Arsh sighed before continuing, “But if he is caught, it might serve as evidence for the Fischer family to report us, and things could become quite troublesome once the Church gets involved.”

Baron Kesse, however, smiled, his eyes snake-like as they radiated a cold light.

“He won’t get caught. The information I leaked was that Fischer patriarch Byrne has already left, and those remaining in Nasir Town won’t be able to stop him.”

“Besides, I relayed the information through the secret organization ‘Black Eyes’ and not personally. That heretic doesn’t know anything about me.”

“That’s good to hear.”

Being told that it was through “Black Eyes” that the information was leaked without exposing his identity, Arsh finally breathed a sigh of relief.

In that case, it didn’t matter what happened to the heretic; it could not be traced back to the Kesse family.

After a moment of thought, he added, “You said the head of the Fischer family has already left Nasir Town. With the Sea God Cult’s people going there, no one in town would be able to overpower him, and the casualties might be severe.”

Arsh fell silent for a while, then hesitantly said, “Are we being too cruel?”

However, Baron Kesse just shook his head, utterly indifferent to his uncle’s words.

“Don’t worry, Viscount Garcia has already informed me that both the Royal Family and the Church are engulfed in chaos, their control over the localities has greatly weakened.”

Baron Kesse continued with a smile, “In this affair, we can afford to go a bit overboard!”