

An Understated Dominance Novel Free Chapter 2641 - chapter 2641 (English Translation)

Chapter 2641 Nathaniel's fleet was caught in the deadly stretch of sea and was tossed by raging waves. Gigantic swells slammed onto the deck one after another, and each impact was deafening. The ship rocked violently, threatening to come apart. Every groan of the wooden deck echoed the impending destruction. A soldier was swept into the air by a giant wave. He flailed his arms in despair, but the wind swallowed his scream. He plunged into the sea and was swallowed by the whirlpool without much of a splash. Nathaniel gripped the railing with all his strength.

His knuckles turned white, his nails digging deep into the wood. His bloodshot eyes stayed fixed on the chaos. Seawater mixed with sweat slid down his face and traced the hard line of his jaw. "Quick, tie down the ropes," he shouted, his voice raw. A young soldier nearby fumbled for the rope with trembling hands. Fear was written across his face, his lips quivering as he stammered, "Your Highness, I... I can't hold it." No sooner had he spoken than a stronger gust hit. The whirlpool pulled him in, and the rope snapped. His scream ended abruptly as he vanished into the vortex.

Nathaniel could only watch in horror. Shock hit him, but he had no time to grieve. "Hold on tight, everyone! As long as we get through this whirlpool zone, we'll be fine!" shouted a commander from one of the escort ships. As soon as he finished speaking, a giant wave slammed into their ship and flipped it over. In just a few seconds, the entire ship was swallowed by the vortex, and their fate was unknown. The situation of the other escort ships wasn't much better. The soldiers on board were screaming and pulling at each other, but it was useless.

One of them reached out toward the main ship, with desperation in his eyes. He opened his mouth, but no sound came. Soon, another escort ship was sucked under, leaving only ripples on the sea surface as if nothing had happened. Time passed by slowly, and each second felt like torture. When the storm eased slightly, Nathaniel looked around, and his heart sank. What had once been an orderly fleet was reduced to a few battered ships. The deck was covered with bloodstains and broken wooden planks. The surviving soldiers were pale with fear, their eyes vacant.

Some slumped to the floor, clutching their heads and sobbing quietly. Nathaniel took a deep breath and shouted, "Pull yourselves together! We're still alive, and being alive means there's hope!" Suddenly, the ship lurched downward, and a huge force was pulling from the bottom of the ship. Nathaniel looked down and saw a pitch-black whirlpool forming beneath the ship. The pull was so strong that the vessel was already sinking into its grip. "Damn it!" he cursed under his breath. He wanted to give the order to steer clear, but it was already too late.

An Understated Dominance Novel Free Chapter 2642 - chapter 2642 (English Translation)

Chapter 2642 Nathaniel's eyes widened, his expression caught between shock and despair. His hands instinctively clenched tighter. As the ship was dragged into the whirlpool. Darkness swallowed everything, and the only sound left was the roar of rushing water. The world spun around him, and his whole body felt like it was being torn in two. He squeezed his eyes shut and clenched his teeth, the veins on his forehead bulging. Nathaniel had no idea how much time had passed. Suddenly, his body felt lighter, and the ship seemed to settle somewhere.

His eyes opened slowly, confusion lingering for a moment before doubt crossed his face. They were no longer surrounded by the pitch-black sea. Everything around them was bathed in light. Startled, he pushed himself to his feet. His legs were still wobbling as he made his way to the rail. He looked out, and the sight before him left him frozen in astonishment. Nathaniel's jaw dropped, and his eyes widened. The shock on his face gave way to disbelief, and at last to unbridled joy. "This... This is..." the nearby general stammered as he stepped forward.

His previously exhausted face brightened instantly, and his weary eyes glimmered. Before them lay a massive island that stretched beyond the horizon. The island was covered in dense, vibrant trees of every shape and size. Some trees had trunks so thick that it would take several people to wrap their arms around them. Their branches spread outward like enormous green umbrellas. Other trees were slender with straight trunks, topped with vibrant, colorful blooms-red, purple, and yellow-that gave off a sweet fragrance. A young soldier took a deep breath.

A look of bliss spread across his face as he murmured, "It smells incredible... I've never smelled anything like this before." The island's ground was covered in thick green moss, soft like a carpet underfoot. Among the moss grew many small, unidentified plants. Some had dewdrops at their tips that glimmered in the sunlight. One soldier cautiously stepped onto it and shouted with delight, "This moss feels so soft. It's like walking on a cloud." Fresh chapters posted on FindNovel.net Not far ahead, a clear lake stretched out, and the deep blue water shimmered in the light.

Occasionally, several colorful fish leaped into the air before slipping back into the water, sending gentle ripples spreading outward. Aquatic plants grew along the shore, and their green leaves floated on the surface. Several brightly colored birds perched on the plants, preening their feathers. They called out occasionally with sharp, musical notes. Deeper inland, mountains stretched in endless waves, with thick forests covering every slope. Mist coiled around the peaks, wrapping the mountains in mystery. Waterfalls poured down the cliffs, crashing onto the rocks below.

The spray caught the sunlight, forming bright little rainbows. The island's wildlife was equally remarkable. Several fluffy creatures darted through the forest. They had snow-white fur, long ears, and eyes that gleamed like rubies. Above, a flock of vividly colored birds flew past. Their feathers caught the sunlight, and their calls were sweet and melodic. The soldiers stared in wonder. Their earlier fear and exhaustion were gone, replaced by curiosity. Looking at the paradise-like scene before him, Nathaniel trembled with excitement.

His lips quivered as his voice filled with long-suppressed joy and elation. "It's Elysium Isle. We finally found it."

An Understated Dominance Novel Free Chapter 2643 - chapter 2643 (English Translation)

Chapter 2643 Nathaniel stood at the edge of the ship, staring at the paradise-like island before him. He found himself holding his breath. The source of this content is FindN()vel.net Sunlight filtered through the towering, ancient trees, scattering dappled patches of light across the mossy ground. The air was filled with an exotic floral fragrance, sweet as honey yet tinged with a subtle freshness. Behind him, the soldiers could barely contain their excitement. They set down their weapons and reached out to touch the hanging vines.

Crystalline fruits hung like clusters of amethyst and shimmered in the sunlight with an enchanting radiance. "Your Highness, look at that tree," one of his guards exclaimed, pointing at a giant tree not far away. Its trunk was covered in spiral patterns that looked like natural stairways. Glowing mushrooms grew inside its hollow, which illuminated the surroundings like daylight. Several winged squirrels leaped from the treetop, and their wings stirred up tiny glowing particles. When the specks landed on the soldiers' armor, they instantly transformed into twinkling stars.

As Nathaniel carefully stepped down from the gangplank, the moss rustled softly beneath his feet. He bent down to pick up a palm-sized leaf with golden edges. The veins were so clear they looked almost carved. Just as he was about to hand it to the general beside him, a sharp scream came from the back of the group. "What happened?" Nathaniel asked, spinning around. He saw a young soldier crouched before a flowering bush. Each blossom was as wide as a saucer, its layers of pink petals surrounding golden stamens. The flowers looked so vibrant. The soldier reached out to pluck a bloom.

His fingertips hovered just above the petal when it shuddered violently. The once delicate petals suddenly snapped open, revealing a dense set of white, razor-sharp teeth inside. Before he could react, the flower lunged forward. Its teeth snapped shut with a crack, swallowing his head whole. Blood spurted from his neck onto the pink petals, which the flower absorbed almost instantly. The petals became even more

vibrant while the golden stamens were tinged with an eerie red glow. "It's a carnivorous plant," another soldier screamed.

Nathaniel's eyes widened, and he instantly drew the sword at his waist. With a swing, he slices the cluster of demonic plants in half. Dark green sap gushed onto the moss below, sizzling as it ate through the ground. The once vibrant green moss withered instantly and turned to ash. But that was just the beginning of their nightmare. Countless white tendrils suddenly sprouted from the severed roots of the demonic plant. They coiled toward the nearest soldiers like venomous snakes. At the same time, the surrounding trees shook violently.

The hanging vines stiffened like steel, while the tips sprouted barbs and struck toward the group. One soldier couldn't dodge fast enough. A vine wrapped around his neck, squeezing until his eyes bulged and his tongue stuck out. His body was dragged into the forest, leaving only a trail of desperate cries behind. "Stand guard! Everyone, stay alert!" Nathaniel shouted. His voice carried unprecedented menace. He swung his sword to cut through the attacking vines. But as soon as they snapped, new buds sprouted from the severed ends.

The buds grew into full vines before his eyes, relentless and unyielding. On the left side of their formation, a patch of grass suddenly sprang up. Dozens of ferns, about three feet tall, slowly stood upright. Their roots had turned into thick, sturdy legs, and the edges of their leaves sprouted razor-sharp teeth as they advanced toward the soldiers. An experienced general swung his fist at one of the ferns. The moment his fist touched its leaves, the serrated edge tore several bone-deep gashes. As the dark green sap seeped into his wounds, he let out a heart-wrenching scream.

His arm swelled and blackened before his eyes, then turned into charred, purple-black flesh in seconds. "Set them on fire!" Nathaniel commanded. The soldiers frantically pulled out their firebrands. Before they could light them, the air around them thickened. Countless tiny holes split open in the century-old tree trunks, releasing pale green mist. When the mist came in contact with the sparks from their firebrand, it exploded into blue flames that raced up the soldiers' arms and engulfed them completely. Screams rang out one after another.

The isle that had once seemed like a sanctuary for immortals had turned into a living hell. Nathaniel swung his sword relentlessly. Flashes of his blade wove a protective net through the dense forest, but it couldn't stop the attacks coming from every direction. He watched helplessly as a personal guard was impaled by a tree root that suddenly burst from underground. The root tendrils acted like greedy straws, frantically sucking the guard's blood until the originally gray-brown roots gradually turned bright red. "Fall back to the lake!" Nathaniel ordered, clearing a path with his sword.

The surviving soldiers helped each other retreat toward the lake while stepping over their fallen comrades' bodies. But after just a few steps, the moss underfoot became slippery. Upon closer inspection, they realized the moss had transformed into countless tiny insects that wriggled and crawled up through gaps in their boots. The soldiers who had been bitten collapsed immediately. They rolled on the ground and frantically clawed inside their boots before their bodies shriveled into lifeless husks.

An Understated Dominance Novel Free Chapter 2644 - chapter 2644 (English Translation)

Chapter 2644 Nathaniel's expression turned grim. He didn't dare linger and quickly led his men to safer ground. Only after they'd gotten far away from that strange area did everyone finally breathe a sigh of relief. It was a perfect example of how a single spark can start a wildfire. One soldier's touch on a flower had triggered a violent chain reaction, and the consequences were terrifying. Now Nathaniel and his men finally understood that this seemingly dazzling, beautiful landscape was actually full of deadly traps.

"Take a moment to rest, but stay alert," he ordered, leaning on his sword as he gasped for breath. Sweat seeped into the wound on his back, and the pain was so intense that he was on the verge of passing out. He signaled two of his personal guards to keep watch while he rested against a tree trunk. This update is available on findnovel.net In just a few minutes, he had lost over a dozen skilled soldiers. The weight of their deaths pressed heavily on him. The medical team worked quickly to bandage the wounded.

As soon as the medicinal powder was applied to the wounds scratched by the vines, white smoke hissed up, and the injured grimaced in pain. A soldier suddenly pointed ahead and said, "Your Highness, look over there." Everyone followed his finger and saw a wisp of bluish-gray smoke rising from deep within the fog-shrouded valley. It rose steadily through the damp air. The smoke didn't swirl like ordinary household smoke. Instead, it moved with a quiet, measured rhythm, as if it had lingered there for centuries. "Smoke?" Nathaniel asked, snapping upright and forgetting the pain from his wounds.

Since Elysium Isle was a sanctuary for immortals, finding one here made sense. That smoke had to be coming from one of their homes. Nathaniel's eyes lit up with joy. All their losses up to this point suddenly felt worthwhile. "Everyone, fall in," he commanded, drawing his sword and pointing toward where the smoke was rising. "Stay alert and follow me. We'll pay our respects to the immortal." The soldiers gripped their weapons once more. Exhaustion melted away, replaced by excitement. After all, what did a few injuries matter if they could obtain the elixir of immortality?

As the group followed a winding stream forward, the plants around them grew calmer. The ferns that had been moving shrank back to the edges of the path, and the vines

hung down like ordinary branches, as if afraid of something. They passed through a thicket of bushes bearing purple fruits and suddenly reached a grove of tall, lush trees. The trunks stretched at least 30 feet high, each branch catching a faint golden light. The leaves brushed against one another, producing a soft, clear rustling. At the far end of the grove, a gray-blue roof came into view.

That was where the smoke had been rising from. "Slow down," Nathaniel said, motioning for the others to move quietly. He then straightened his blood-stained battle robe to maintain a respectful posture. They followed a narrow path through the grove of tall, lush trees and soon came upon a yard enclosed by a wooden fence. Pale blue morning glories climbed the fence, and their petals were still dotted with dew. There was a swing in the center of the yard with the ropes tied to two sturdy tree branches. A young child in a plain outfit sat on it, gently swaying back and forth.

The child looked no older than five, with hair tied into two small buns. His skin was fair, and his bare feet pressed against the swing's footboard. Dark, glossy eyes stared at the sky while he hummed a tuneless nursery rhyme. Several homespun clothes hung drying in the yard, and half a basket of freshly picked wild fruit sat in one corner. Everything seemed so ordinary, yet there was an indescribable sense of tranquility about it. A spark of realization hit Nathaniel. Perhaps that child in this sanctuary might be the apprentice of an immortal.

So, he stepped forward quietly and spoke gently with a respectful gesture. "Greetings. I am Nathaniel Linsor. I've accidentally wandered onto this Elysium Isle. Pardon me, young sir, could you tell me if this is the abode of the immortals?" The child kept swinging. His eyes fixed on the sky, and he seemed not to hear a word. Nathaniel patiently asked again. He spoke with even greater deference. "If you know where the immortals are, please tell us. We would sincerely like to pay our respects and greet them." This time, the child finally reacted.

He let out a snort, but was still staring at the drifting clouds above. Leander Grimsby, the commander standing behind Nathaniel, could no longer hold back his anger. His left arm had been scalded by the carnivorous plant's sap and was still throbbing painfully. Seeing the child's rudeness, he stepped forward and shouted, "How dare you ignore His Highness' question?" Before Nathaniel could stop him, Leander had already strode toward the swing. He grabbed the child by the back of his collar and yanked him up. The child's feet lifted off the ground, but his expression remained unreadable.

Only his sharp dark eyes slowly turned toward Leander. "You're just a puny brat, and yet you dare show an attitude be-" Before Leander could finish speaking, he suddenly let out an agonizing scream. Everyone saw the child raise his small fist and deliver what looked like a light punch toward Leander's chest. Leander's massive frame flew backward like a ragdoll, slamming hard into the wooden fence. The crisp sound of breaking ribs could be heard from a distance. He curled up on the ground, with black blood spilling from the corner of his mouth.

A section of his chest had caved in, and it didn't look like he could survive. The place fell into dead silence as all the soldiers stared in shock. No one had expected this seemingly harmless child to possess such terrifying strength. The child returned to the swing. He kicked his feet lazily, as if the earlier chaos had never happened. He finally spoke, and his voice was clear, yet carried undeniable authority. "Intruders, you're disturbing my rest."

An Understated Dominance Novel Free Chapter 2645 - chapter 2645 (English Translation)

Chapter 2645 Leander was sent flying, and for a heartbeat, everyone in the yard stood in stunned silence. Weapons slipped from soldiers' hands and clattered to the ground, and their eyes widened in terror. Many instinctively stepped back and bumped against the wooden fence, but no one dared look down. Nathaniel's sword gave a sharp, buzzing tremor. He tightened his grip on the hilt, holding it so hard that the red marks of his fingertips were left on the scabbard. The child's earlier punch had been nothing but a blur.

The small, chubby fist seemed harmless, yet when it struck Leander's chest, it landed like a meteor. Nathaniel saw Leander's black armor cave in. He heard the sharp crack of ribs breaking, the grinding of bone scraping against bone. "Captain Grimsby..." A guard trembled as he tried to step forward and help Leander, but he froze after only two steps. Leander, curled up beneath the fence, choked as black blood bubbled from his throat. Each breath was more ragged than the last, and his sunken chest writhed as if something were crawling beneath the skin. The most terrifying part was his eyes.

They bulged as though ready to pop out from their sockets, but his eyes were still fixed on the child on the swing. Even in death, his pupils were frozen in fear. The child pumped his legs as the swing rose to its peak. His short jacket lifted in the wind, showing his chubby arm with soft rolls. He casually glanced at the corpse on the ground. The dark shine of his eyes reflected the morning glories on the wooden fence. Suddenly, he pointed at one half-opened bud and said, "That one's about to wither." The remark sounded casual, but it hit everyone like a punch to the gut.

Nathaniel broke out in a cold sweat. His battle robe clung to his wounds, and the wet fabric biting into him with sharp pain. Only then did he realize he had made a terrible mistake. On this island where immortals and demons were indistinguishable, how could a child wandering so freely in the hidden yard be an ordinary kid? That seemingly casual punch contained earth-shaking power. It was probably more terrifying than the Dreadkraken they'd encountered earlier. "We didn't mean to disturb you. Please forgive us," he said, dropping to one knee. He was unable to hide the tremor in his voice.

"We're just ordinary people who wandered into this Elysium Isle by mistake. We mean no disrespect." The soldiers behind him snapped out of their daze and dropped to their knees. The armor clattered loudly and sharply in the stillness of the yard. If Leander, one of their best fighters, couldn't even withstand a single punch from this child, what kind of being were they dealing with on this island? The swing rose higher, and the sturdy branches creaked softly. The child seemed oblivious to Nathaniel's apology, or perhaps simply didn't bother to respond.

He tilted his head back to watch the drifting clouds while humming that tuneless nursery rhyme again. Strange as it was, the sound carried a lulling cadence, and more than one soldier felt their eyelids grow heavy. Nathaniel gritted his teeth and looked up. "Young sir..." he began. He was about to say something when he saw the child suddenly raise his small hand and gaze casually toward the gate. In an instant, a violent wind swept from deep within the grove. It carried countless leaves that sliced across their faces like sharp blades. Nathaniel felt a tremendous force slam into his chest.

He was thrown backward and collided with the soldiers behind him. Screams rose one after another as everyone was swept away like dust before an invisible broom. They tumbled outside the fence. Some crashed into the tree trunks, splitting their heads open instantly. Others tripped over vines and rolled down the slope into the underbrush. Nathaniel landed on the outer edge. His forehead struck a blue stone, and his vision went black. He struggled to lift his head just in time to see the wooden gate creak shut.

The swing still swayed gently, but the child had disappeared into the shadows of the grove, as if he had never been there. The gust of wind came and went in an instant, leaving a mess of mud and leaves scattered across the ground. The soldiers helped each other to their feet. Their armor was coated in dirt and debris. Some groaned while clutching their broken ribs. Others glared at the closed fence through gritted teeth. Yet no one dared move forward because that wind carried a force more terrifying than a thousand charging troops. "Your Highness, this-" one guard began.

He pressed a hand to his bleeding forehead, but Nathaniel shot him a glare before he could finish. Nathaniel used his sword to prop himself up, then got on his feet. As he wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth, he gazed at the tranquil grove with complex emotions. That child's power was unfathomable, and it was clearly beyond their ability to challenge. Yet that only confirmed there were true masters hidden somewhere on this island. The smoke, the swing, and even the nursery rhyme the child hummed seemed ordinary, yet it clearly felt like some kind of test.

"Don't make a sound." Nathaniel lowered his voice as his gaze swept over his soldiers. "From now on, we'll camp outside this place. No one is to go within half a step of that fence." Chapters first released on [find●novel.net](http://findnovel.net) He paused, then looked at the curling smoke in the grove. A flicker of stubborn resolve crossed his eyes as he said, "We'll wait here."

An Understated Dominance Novel Free Chapter 2646 - chapter 2646 (English Translation)

Chapter 2646 Nathaniel and his men waited for three days and three nights. The days and nights on Elysium Isle shifted at an unsettling speed. Blazing summer heat scorched them during the day, while snow fell from the sky at midnight. The soldiers took turns keeping watch outside the yard. They watched the morning glories on the fence bloom and wither repeatedly. The baskets of wild fruit inside the yard emptied and filled again. However, they never saw the child again, nor did they find any sign of the immortals.

Some began whispering among themselves, claiming this was nothing but an empty island where the child was merely a spirit guardian. Others secretly threw stones into the grove, only to have them rebound off an invisible barrier, hitting their own heads and leaving bloody welts. Nathaniel hadn't spoken a word at all. Every morning, he would straighten his battle robes and stand respectfully before the closed gate. Then, he would sit on a stone with his eyes closed, as if certain someone would eventually come out.

Latest content published on Find-Novel.net On the evening of the third day, the last rays of sunlight filtered through the trees and dappled the ground. Then came the crunch of footsteps from deep within the grove. Every soldier tensed up, hands tightening on their weapons. An elderly man in plain gray robes slowly stepped forward. He was leaning on a wooden staff with a simple cloud pattern carved into its tip. His white hair and beard contrasted with a surprisingly rosy, youthful face.

His eyes crinkled slightly, and a faint smile played at his lips as he walked along the leaf-strewn path without making a sound. The most unusual thing was the energy waves around him. Even though he stood right before them, he seemed almost unreal, as if he could dissolve into mist at any moment. "Oh? How rare to see new faces on the island. What brings you here?" he asked. His voice was calm, yet carried unmistakable authority. Nathaniel's eyes lit up as he jumped to his feet.

After straightening his wrinkled battle robe, he hurried forward and showed even more reverence than he had toward the child. "I'm Nathaniel Linsor and have led my troops to this Elysium Isle. Sir, I humbly ask you to grant me the elixir of immortality to heal the elder in my family, " he said. He stressed the words "elixir of immortality" while staring intently at the elderly man, afraid of missing even the faintest expression. Upon hearing that, the elderly man burst out laughing. The wrinkles around his eyes deepened. "Elixir of immortality?" he asked.

He tapped his wooden staff against the ground, and several withered yellow leaves instantly sprouted into green shoots. "People speak of Elysium Isle as a sanctuary of

immortals, and they possess the elixir of immortality. Few realize that this so-called sanctuary is, in truth, a place where life and death cycle endlessly," he explained. Nathaniel's heart sank after hearing that. "Sir, what do you mean? I've read in ancient manuscripts that this island had the elixir of immortality," he stated.

The elderly man raised his hand to interrupt him, "What's written in the ancient manuscripts isn't always true." A sudden sharpness glinted in his eyes as he continued, "There have never been immortals on this island, nor any elixir of immortality. I'm afraid your hopes are in vain." "Impossible!" Nathaniel blurted, then immediately realized his rudeness and quickly apologized. "Please forgive my outburst. It's just that my beloved family member was gravely ill, and only the elixir can save him.

Sir, please show us the way." He sank to his knees with a thud and added earnestly, "I will risk my life if it means finding a cure." Upon seeing that, the soldiers behind him also dropped to their knees and pleaded together. The elderly man looked at the kneeling group in silence for a moment, then let out a sigh. "While there's no so-called elixir of immortality on the island, there is a Greenheart Valley. Some are spiritual herbs that can prolong life and may help you," he said. "That's great!" Nathaniel's eyes lit up. Where is this Greenheart Valley that you mentioned earlier?

Could you point us in the right direction?" 11 "It is located at the heart of the island," the elderly man replied, raising a finger toward the distance. "However, I must warn you that the valley contains not only carnivorous vines but also strange beasts that guard the spiritual herbs. Throughout history, no one has ever returned from the valley. You'd better think this through carefully." "Thank you for the warning. No matter what dangers await, we will not give up," Nathaniel replied solemnly.

After enduring such hardships to finally reach Elysium Isle, how could they possibly abandon their mission now? The elderly man shook his head and gestured his wooden staff toward the mist-shrouded peaks deep within the island. "If you have made up your mind, follow that stream. But remember-do not be greedy. Coming out alive would already be a blessing," he reminded them. With that, he turned and walked back into the grove. His figure gradually disappeared behind the gray-green buildings as if he had never been there at all. Nathaniel wasted no time.

After receiving the direction, he immediately led his remaining soldiers straight toward the heart of the island.

An Understated Dominance Novel Free Chapter 2647 - chapter 2647 (English Translation)

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Chapter 2647 Storm clouds still hung heavy over the Surgebreaker's sails when shards of ice rode the waves and struck the hull with a sharp crunch. Matthias held onto the rail, chilled by the sea wind, and stared ahead. The outline of an island had suddenly

appeared on the horizon, and joy flickered in his eyes. After they had survived the Brineclaw's attack and struggled through the mist-shrouded depths, they had finally found Elysium Isle. But as their ship drew closer to shore, everyone was shocked.

The island before them was nothing like the ancient manuscripts had described, with their promises of endless spring and white blossoms that never withered. Instead, it lay buried beneath a heavy sheet of ice. The land and sky blurred together in a single field of white. Even the wind carried a biting chill that stung like blades against the skin. Jagged rocks along the shore had turned into dark, bluish-black ice spires. Each wave that crashed against them froze solid on impact, leaving behind frost blossoms that hardened in place.

Layer by layer, they built up until the shoreline stretched into a snowy plain without end. Standing beside Matthias, the elderly helmsman asked, "Your Highness, this... Is this really Elysium Isle?" He pulled his thin cotton coat tighter as his teeth chattered from the cold. "It's ten times colder than our worst northern winters." Matthias frowned at that. On his black battle robe, a layer of frost had formed. He pulled his collar higher to cover half his face. "The chart is definitely pointing here. This is the place, but I don't know why it looks like this," he replied.

He turned to the soldiers behind him. Ice crusted their armor, and every breath formed white clouds in the air. Many of them rubbed their reddened hands together for warmth. "Send word to the men. Find a sheltered spot to set up camp and build a fire," he ordered. His voice cut through the gale with unquestionable authority. The soldiers wasted no time. They leaped from the ship and trudged through deep snow that reached up to their knees. Each step was a struggle, and the soles of their boots scraped against ice with sharp crunches. One slip threatened to send them tumbling.

They carried tent poles and bundles of firewood to a hollow at the island's edge—a spot backed by a sheer ice wall that offered some shelter from the wind. Setting up the tents was grueling work since the ropes had frozen stiff and wouldn't tie. The soldiers had to breathe on them to thaw the ice, and the ropes left red welts on their hands that froze over almost immediately. Neville, wrapped in a heavy cloak, leaned on his sword shaft with his one arm while giving orders. The wound across his back hadn't healed, and every gust made him break out in cold sweat.

Still, he gritted his teeth and pushed through. "Quick! Get me some tinder," one soldier shouted, clutching an armful of dry wood. But the howling wind killed every spark before it could catch. He tried several pieces, watching them flare weakly and die out instantly. Seeing that, Matthias reached into his coat and pulled out a fire crystal. He channeled his true energy into it, and the crystal burst into bright orange flame. He held it against the dry wood, and fire spread rapidly through the pile. The sharp crackling echoed clearly across the silent, snowy plain.

The soldiers huddled close, stretching their numb fingers toward the flames. Finally, some warmth reached their faces. Just then, one soldier pointed toward the distant ice field and exclaimed, "Your Highness, look over there!" 1 All eyes turned to see a white shape moving slowly across the plain. It was a spiritual stag, pure white from head to hoof, with antlers that glimmered as if carved from ice. Each step left behind delicate snowflakes that vanished as quickly as they appeared. The creature's eyes were like pale blue gemstones, gleaming softly in the snowy landscape.

Its movements were so graceful that it seemed like a spirit of snow and ice itself. Find the newest release on [find\[n\]ovel.net](http://find[n]ovel.net) "An omen! This must be a sign from Elysium Isle," Matthias exclaimed, his eyes blazing with excitement. He leaped to his feet, drew his sword, and said, "We have to capture it. If I can present this to Father, it'll prove I've found the island." The soldiers stirred with excitement, drawing their weapons and surrounding the spiritual stag from all directions. The creature seemed to sense danger.

It stopped and turned its head, looking at the approaching crowd with pale blue eyes that showed no fear. "Don't hurt it. Capture it alive," Matthias shouted as he charged forward. The ice cracked sharply beneath his boots as he channeled his inner energy to form a barrier around the stag. But just as the men approached, the stag lifted its head and opened its mouth, releasing a blast of icy white mist. The mist spread instantly, rolling over the soldiers like a tidal wave. The men at the front had no time to react and were directly enveloped by the mist, their bodies frozen solid.

Startled, Matthias quickly retreated, but couldn't escape the white mist as it touched his arm. Bone-chilling cold spread through his entire body instantly, and his arm went numb. He looked down and saw that the soldiers covered by the white mist had turned into lifelike ice sculptures. Their expressions were still frozen in their charging poses. Even their bodies were wrapped in thick ice, and every strand of hair was visible. "What... What kind of monster is this?" one soldier screamed in terror, dropping his weapon with a clatter.

Everyone was terrified by the scene before them and backed away. They no longer dared to approach the spiritual stag. Matthias stared at the frozen figures, and his back was instantly drenched in cold sweat. All the elation he'd felt moments before vanished as he finally realized this seemingly gentle creature possessed such terrifying power. The spiritual stag glanced at the terrified crowd, then turned and walked slowly toward the depths of the snowy plain. It left behind a trail of hoof prints made of snowflakes before disappearing into the vast expanse.