

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

### **#Chapter 141: 150 Ambush - Read From Secret Clan to the Divine Dynasty Chapter 141: 135 Ambush**

Chapter 141: Chapter 135 Ambush

“The twelve priests of the Sea God Cult all adopt ‘Blue’ as part of their names.”

“No matter what their original names were, once they dedicated their fates to the ocean and became servants of the majestic and vast Sea God, their names all had to change to some shade of blue.”

“These twelve individuals are significant figures within the Sea God Cult, rulers who have long held sway over the life and death of hundreds of thousands of island dwellers, even possessing the tremendous power to command certain sea tribes.”

“On the pursuing ship was a major figure of the Sea God Cult, Priest Azure Blue, endowed with the strong high-level Bloodline power ‘Formless Sea Monster.’”

“High-level Transmutation!”

“Appearing to be in his forties, Priest Azure Blue had blue patterns on his face and wore a blue-and-white priest’s robe, holding a long white staff and standing on the deck, gazing out at the island not far ahead.”

“It’s a pity that I can’t do more to alleviate the burdens of the vast Sea God, and am only able to kill some small fish to offer as His sacrifice.”

“His expression was very grim as he muttered to himself:”

“That damn fool, Sage Dark Blue, actually said I have strength but no wisdom, looking down on me... Once I recover my strength, I will undoubtedly prove myself.”

“Azure Blue had been bravely slaughtering enemies in sea wars, causing the Cyart people to loathe and fear him greatly. But in the last great defeat of the Sea God Cult, he used a powerful Forbidden relic to save more of his people, which led to a great decline in his own power.”

“Now, he was much weakened, having only the strength at the threshold of high-level Transmutation,”

“One could say that in a one-on-one encounter with any strong opponent of the same level, Azure Blue had almost no chance of victory.”

“Thus, when assigning the task of pursuing the escapees, Sage Dark Blue only arranged this route for him, and the targets he was tracking were all individuals of rather average ability. Sage Dark Blue didn’t even assign him any other Level 2 strong helpers.”

“Those sea tribesmen, almost the size of fingers, looking like swimming fish, constantly reported the whereabouts of the escapees, and Azure Blue easily caught up.”

“He looked towards the distant coast and discovered that there were actually two Cyart wind sail boats on the island, not just the one he was tracking—an unexpected surprise.”

“Two boats? There’s an unexpected bonus.”

“You all see it, don’t you? Those dirty, mud-covered Cyarts on the seashore, repairing their blood-soaked vessels. Let’s plunder those ships!”

“Azure Blue’s tone grew increasingly angry, culminating in a roar!”

“Then, use your lives and souls to compensate for the pain you caused the children of the Sea God! Shameless, despicable Cyarts!”

“The believers of the Sea God Cult on the ship also started shouting one after another! The blue facial markings on their faces grew even more fierce with their anger!”

“On the island.”

“The unconscious Byrne arrived in a dream as if he had returned to the snowy forest once again, even feeling the chill around him.”

“Byrne...”

“Byrne.”

“He heard his father Lucius’s voice constantly emerging near his ear.”

“Byrne, you’ve done well!”

“Byrne suddenly turned his head, looking behind him in bewildered delight. There stood Lucius, smiling at him.”

“Byrne, from today, you no longer need me. Walk the path that is yours alone.”

“Byrne started to reach out to grab Lucius but then stopped and lowered his hand.”

“Byrne nodded lightly.”

“As Lucius’s figure gradually faded away, Byrne calmly continued walking in the snow until, after a long while, he finally reached the edge of the snowy land and the forest, greeting the brilliant sunlight sprinkling down from the sky.”

“Byrne!”

“Suddenly, the dream shattered, and he opened his eyes abruptly, quickly seeing Irene, Chris, Erik, and Archibald all surrounding him with concern as he lay on the ground.”

“Irene smiled and said, ‘You’re awake! I saw you mumbling in your dream just now! I knew you’d be waking up soon!’”

“She had been smiling less lately, but the joy in her heart overflowed upon seeing Byrne awaken from his unconscious state.”

“Um...”

“Byrne gradually came completely out of his confusion and nodded, sitting up with Erik’s support.”

“What’s happening, what’s the situation, where are we?”

“He found that the people of the Fischer family had all gathered atop a hill on an island, a point from which they could oversee the beach at the foot of the mountain.”

“This was just a small hill on the island, with no more than a couple hundred meters of difference in elevation between the hilltop and the beach.”

“On the beach, there were also two boats; one of which was the vessel they had chartered from the Lion clan, and as for the other boat, he noticed that not only were the Fischers up on the hilltop, but another family was present as well.”

“Byrne’s mind was filled with questions, but at least he was reassured that the Fischer family had not been wiped out the previous night.”

“Irene took a deep breath and calmly said:”

“Byrne, you don’t need to be alarmed. Let me explain everything that happened.”

“Then, she laid out all that had occurred after Byrne had fallen unconscious, and Byrne, upon hearing that a possible extra-powerful Transmutation-level enemy was approaching, stood up in shock.”

“It couldn’t be, there are only so many Transmutation-level powerhouses in the Sea God Cult. The odds of us encountering them aren’t great!”

“While he said this, he understood in his heart that there are always exceptions.”

“Erik, who was supporting Byrne, suddenly spoke up confidently:”

“

“We are ready for the ambush, Mr. Byrne,” according to the military theory you’ve shared with us before, it’s advantageous to fight from higher ground, and now, we who occupy the high ground stand a better chance of winning.”

“And you were right, it is quite likely that the enemy who comes won’t be high-level Transmutation experts; the probability of that is actually very small.”

The people of the Vaughn family lay in ambush on the other side of the mountain, where they could provide cross-support to each other during the fight.

This battle had a good chance of success, and it was also a fight that they must win.

Byrne nodded, but still, he had no confidence at heart because no one could predict the true strength of high-level Transmutation experts.

He could only hope the opponents were not high-level Transmutation experts from the Sea God Cult.

Both ships had suffered heavy damages; the Fischer family had no escape and could only fight the enemy here!

Irene, dressed in a black robe, stood out calmly, looking towards the more than a hundred people ambushed on the mountain—all were from the Fischer family.

Her gaze swept over the Extraordinary Exponents and ordinary family soldiers as she spoke loudly:

“I think everyone actually knows that for years our Fischer family has been the laughingstock of people all along the East Coast! The slander! The disgust!”

“They call us cowards, good-for-nothings, disgusting wretches, but you all know that isn’t true! You are the heroes who can kill the enemy on the battlefield; you are brave and powerful Cyart people!”

“Now that the formidable enemy is about to arrive, and the Vaughn family is over there, let’s show them right here! Let them witness our courage and strength!”

Byrne and Chris remained silent, both deeply aware of one thing.

She was ready.

If the enemy truly were high-level Transmutation adversaries, the most sensible choice would be for Irene to use the sacred object with immense power to sacrifice the rest of her life to take away the life of the powerful enemy.

Chris finally couldn't help but pray, Great Lord of the Lost, please don't take away my sister Irene.

Byrne murmured to himself, "She has always been loyal to You, extremely devout, deserving of a better ending!"

Every person tensed up, their palms sweating.

Eventually, the people from the Sea God Cult landed.

Atop the mountain, the Fischers held their breath, using the vegetation to conceal themselves, each one filled with tension, insanity, and fear from the previous night not yet fading from their hearts.

Chris, utilizing his "Trap Master" abilities, had laid numerous alchemical explosives and paraffin in precision-hidden chain traps along the beach road leading up to the mountain.

The moment those people started to search in this direction, the numerous traps on the slope would be immediately triggered, and the enemy would be devastated!

They saw the Sea God Cult followers disembark cautiously without touching the two ships at first, slowly searching upon the beach.

A half-hour passed before they began to make their way towards the mountain, and just as the Cult's followers began to ascend the slopes,

Suddenly, the traps were triggered!

"Boom boom boom!"

A series of explosions in rapid succession echoed across the entire island, followed by horrific wails and screams of despair; the Sea God Cult followers suffered heavy casualties!

"It worked!"

"Yes!"

The people of the Fischer family, along with those from the Vaughn family who saw this scene, couldn't help but cheer!

Everyone breathed a sigh of relief; had the enemy been cautious enough not to trigger the chain traps, the ensuing battle would have been much more difficult.

At the same time, Patriarch Vaughn, Baron Vaughn, showcasing his powerful “Sunrise Roaring Tiger” Bloodline power, unleashed a massive heat-filled orb of light that exploded in the distance, causing another large-scale explosion!

“Boom!”

On the flaming hillside, the already heavily injured followers of the Sea God Cult were hit hard once more, nearly being annihilated.

Byrne was also very pleased; the ambush was very successful, and they were close to winning. As long as there were no high-level Transmutation experts among the enemy, victory was within reach!

[Disaster has arrived]

Without sorrow or joy, a voice that emerged from deep within froze all the Fischers in place.

It was the voice of the Great Lord of the Lost, and undoubtedly, it meant the battle was far from over; in fact, it had just begun.

Furthermore, a being that could be called a disaster for the Fischer family could only be, at the very least, a high-level Transmutation Extraordinary powerful expert!

“What’s wrong with all of you? Don’t be afraid!”

Elder Aaron, who had not heard the warning, stepped out, seeing the Fischers’ weird expressions, drew his sword to take the lead and charge forth with bravery.

“Don’t be cowards anymore! Give the order, annihilate those bastards from the Sea God Cult!”

A pure stream of water shot out from the mountain at an incredibly high speed, covering a hundred meters in the blink of an eye, and smoothly slicing Elder Aaron’s waist in an unstoppable force!

“How is this possible, it simply can’t be!”

Aaron could hardly believe it, his eyes bulging, fresh red blood crazily pouring from his mouth, Byrne, Irene and the others were also filled with astonishment at the scene.

Byrne looked at Aaron’s death somewhat blankly, and a profound sense of terror suddenly surged within him, making his entire body shiver uncontrollably.

He, carrying the ideals of saving the silver descendants, with many ambitions yet to be achieved, died so easily and unremarkably, without even a hint of warning.

“

Chapter 142: Chapter 136: Gruesome

Aaron's body, bisected by the monochromatic water light, collapsed on the ground, bleeding profusely with his entrails strewn about, his eyes gradually losing the look of disbelief.

The reality of the battlefield is such, death can occur at any moment, and aside from Irene, everyone from the Fischer family turned pale.

One after another, monochromatic water lights shot from the hillside to the top of the mountain, skimming past everyone, and then, like wheat being harvested, person after person fell to the ground.

Their bodies were instantly split apart, whether it was armor, weapons, or shields, none could withstand the force of that monochromatic water light.

Any object touched by the monochromatic water light would be cleaved in two, with no exceptions as far as the eye could see.

“Transcend!”

Byrne was frantic, the purple-red stone yielding no response. Even though his Spiritual Power hadn't fully recovered, he immediately activated the rune power of “transcend.”

He fixated on each monochromatic water light that came his way, his mind racing with analysis, and soon he shouted out his thoughts:

“Keep moving, never stay in one place, neither seeking cover nor hiding will help!”

Hiding proved fruitless because even the trees and rocks on the mountain top couldn't block the monochromatic water lights; anything they touched would be split in two.

On the hillside, everyone could see a figure composed entirely of water, the water being floated calmly mid-air, continually shooting out monochromatic water lights.

They were like the merciless reapers of death, crazy plunderers, killing and destroying everything they touched over a hundred meters away!

The followers of the Sea God Cult were almost completely annihilated, but the remaining one was extremely troublesome; the recent violent explosions and Baron Vaughn's attack had no effect whatsoever!

What should they do?

Every member of the Fischer family was considering their options. On the other side of the mountain top, Baron Vaughn had already charged out, bellowing.

He covered himself in radiant armor at breakneck speed, heading straight for the water being.

“Trash of the Sea God Cult!”

However, the water being floating on the hillside suddenly raised its hand and shot out several water lights in an instant.

The first one seemed to be deflected by some Mysterious rare artifact, shooting off in a different direction, while the other water lights ripped through Baron Vaughn’s radiant armor in a flash, severely wounding him until he bled profusely.

“Help me!”

Chris suddenly shouted, bursting through the crowd, daggers in his hands gleaming with a silver radiance!

At that moment, Verne, in a state of panic, fell to the ground; half of his head had been sliced off by the monochromatic water light at some point, and Byrne saw dozens of family soldiers dead around him.

“Great Lord of the Lost, you...ah!”

Irene had collapsed to the ground, muttering to herself, not hesitating to sacrifice herself, but just then, she felt a severe pain in her head, as if a red-hot iron spike was being driven deep into her brain, burning, tearing!

“Aaaaahhhh!”

She trembled and wailed, clutching her head and convulsing on the spot; it was the automatic activation of a Mysterious rare artifact meant for defense that Priest Azure Blue carried.

People from the Fischer family were stunned, having never anticipated that Irene’s prayer could be interrupted!

“Huh, amongst this group of insignificant weaklings, there’s actually someone who can pose a lethal threat to me? Just now, my ‘Reverse Stab’ artifact was forced to activate.”

Priest Azure Blue looked at Baron Vaughn, who had almost become a bloodied figure before him, with disdain, yet there was a hint of confusion in his tone.



The next moment, he saw a thin man wearing gold-rimmed glasses, slowly approaching his position.

“The tactic of long-distance combat was your choice, and now you must struggle to get close to me, hahaha!”

Priest Azure Blue laughed aloud, raising his hand to shoot a monochromatic water light, which the thin man narrowly dodged with an instant shift in position.

“Huh, interesting. Are you a Spellcaster with shape-shifting abilities, or do you possess a similar power of Bloodline, or is there a powerful Mysterious rare artifact on you?”

He paused, his interest piqued.

“Bang!”

An unexpected gunshot rang out, and a flintlock bullet precisely passed through the water being’s body.

It was futile; neither flame nor bullet could inflict even a scratch on a body that had highly developed the Formless Water Demon Bloodline.

Priest Azure Blue was filled with scorn.

However, in the next instant, the thin man who had just switched places with the bullet appeared behind Priest Azure Blue.

Priest Azure Blue didn’t look back but instead shot two monochromatic water lights from behind him at high speed, piercing through the body of the gold-glasses-wearing thin man.

“Byrne” wore a look of astonishment and horror, then his damaged body dispersed into vapor.

It was a Body Double!

Priest Azure Blue paused for a moment, scanning his surroundings to locate his opponent, but soon saw a tremendously frightening figure!

The Tempest Bishop, the Thunderous Monarch!

He had unexpectedly appeared, standing at the top of the mountain, looking down with angry eyes upon him!

“Absolutely impossible!”

Priest Azure Blue was momentarily terrified and instinctively stepped back, then realized it was something entirely impossible!

It wasn't him!

It was a fake!

Theo, using a fake-spirit card, stood in the most conspicuous spot on the mountaintop, posing as the Tempest Bishop "Thunderous Monarch," staring angrily and vulnerably at Azure Blue.

He was sweat-drenched, aware that if his opponent launched a frantic attack in his direction, he was as good as dead.

“

“To sacrifice my life for the Fischer family is my mission!”

Theo took a deep breath, snapping his fingers with the determination of a man ready to die.

“Snap!”

Today, through the Extraordinary trait “bestow”, he had acquired the ability “Shape-shifting”!

The next moment, the “Thunderous Monarch” suddenly appeared beside Priest Azure Blue, with a cold gaze that made him cry out in shock.

“Ah!”

Azure Blue was horrified and instinctively tried to launch a full assault on the “Thunderous Monarch” before him but quickly realized it was futile—this was a fake, not the real enemy he should be guarding against!

Theo immediately took the opportunity to snap his fingers.

“Snap!”

Meanwhile, Byrne had already reached Azure Blue's back—and the next moment, he snapped his fingers to swap places with Chris.

“So that's it, there are actually two people who can move through space in an instant!”

In the face of life and death, Azure Blue quickly calmed down and suddenly swung his arm, releasing two streams of deathly plain-colored water light.

One stream of plain-colored water light was about to hit Theo, but in the next instant, Theo had swapped places with a distant stone, while the other stream directly hit Chris, who had swapped places with Byrne!

His right arm and leg were instantly severed, blood crazily spraying into the air, drenching the sky. Chris, expressionless, clutched the only remaining dagger in his left hand and precisely stabbed towards the nearly invincible powerful water being in front of him.

Ignore defense! Hit the weak spot!

His silver gleaming dagger pierced the core hidden inside the water being's body, assembling everyone's strength and finally dealing a serious blow to Priest Azure Blue!

Nevertheless, it wasn't enough.

A true powerhouse who had reached the high-level Transmutation echelon was ultimately not a being they could kill.

"You are all going to die!"

Azure Blue, though heavily wounded, was still alive and more furious than ever.

He was about to release another plain-colored water light, aiming to completely kill Chris before him.

Azure Blue was so consumed by anger that he completely failed to consider that a few insignificant people had managed to seriously injure him!

How could it be, am I really that weak?

Chris lay on the ground with severe blood loss and a mutilated body, unable to move and completely incapable of dodging the impending lethal attack.

"Chris!"

Byrne yelled, his eyes bulging as he did not hesitate to snap his fingers, wanting to swap with Chris and be ready to take the lethal blow in his stead!

The next moment, the plain-colored water light shot straight towards Chris's head.

Then, Byrne swapped places with him, also feeling the cool sensation above his head.

It was the deathly plain-colored water light that reaped all life.

I am going to die.

He had that realization in an instant.

In the moment Byrne was about to be hit by the deadly attack, the emerald hexagonal box on his body suddenly erupted with an intense black light, and a black mirror shard flew out and hovered motionless in front of Priest Azure Blue.

It was the Mysterious rare artifact bestowed by Viscount Bast!

The plain-colored water light suddenly dissolved, and Byrne, still alive, stood shocked, disbelieving.

Soon they all saw Priest Azure Blue staring dumbfounded at the mirror, frozen for a long time as if trapped in some vast confusion.

“Yes!”

Byrne bellowed, not giving up the only chance and immediately snapped his fingers to use “Shape-shifting” to swap with the dying Chris.

Chris, gravely injured and expressionless, wielded his weapon several times with his last bit of willpower, piercing the core of Priest Azure Blue, finally feeling the latter’s death.

Afterward, he completely passed out.

The powerful Priest Azure Blue had finally died, the ruler of tens of thousands across the White Sea, a high-ranking figure of the Sea God Cult, had carelessly perished at the hands of a small family.

He hadn’t even had the chance to use his last resort, a powerful Forbidden relic.

However, the Fischer and Vaughn families had also suffered heavy casualties, with nearly half of all family soldiers dead, and the Vaughn family had even lost its head of the family.

With Irene unconscious, Byrne could only use high-grade medicine to treat Chris, barely managing to save him. Afterward, Byrne received unbelievable news from Theo who was tallying.

Aaron was dead, Verne was dead, the Abbott siblings were both dead, and even Erik was dead.

“Erik, Erik...”

Theo shook his head. Not far away, an obvious gash had been cut across Erik’s chest, his upper body stained red with blood.

The bloodline of Old Ramon was thus severed!

Byrne's eyes widened, feeling profound sadness welling up from deep within, his shoulders trembling slightly with each heavy breath, tears streaming uncontrollably.

He had come to view Erik almost as family.

Staring at the boy's corpse, the pain in his heart grew sharper, as if a sharp knife were cutting through the depths of his soul.

Suddenly, Byrne understood Bast's words: years of warfare had changed many, and some would never forget the madness they experienced overseas.

Chapter 143: Chapter 137: The Third Seal!

The Fischer family suffered heavy casualties, yet the loot they acquired was unprecedentedly enormous.

Two treasure-class mysterious rare artifacts, one forbidden-class mysterious rare artifact, as well as a Tempest Church's sailboat, two servings of Class 3 Extraordinary Material, five servings of Class 2 Extraordinary Material, seventeen servings of Class 1 Extraordinary Material, and lastly, a considerable amount of Gold Coins and banknotes!

The excruciating pain disappeared, and Irene gradually regained consciousness, sitting in place very confused and disoriented.

She had always wanted to sacrifice herself and had prepared herself for it early on.

When the family faced a crisis, she was certainly the one who should have died, but why, why had she not died yet?

"Could it be, Lord of the Lost, that this is also your arrangement for me?"

Irene felt very lost, and it took her a long time to come to her senses.

Suddenly, she heard a malicious whisper in the depths of her heart.

[Their family possesses very special power, which may be related to the heretical cult. Should I report it to the Salvation Church's teacher for an investigation...]

[If I don't get that forbidden relic, my father died in vain, in which case, I will definitely report them to the teacher! Even if I guessed wrong, I still want to disgust them!]

Byrne finally controlled his grief and soon saw Baron Vaughn's daughter step forward, asking for a share of the Sea God priest's spoils of war.

“My father, the head of our household, died in battle, making the ultimate sacrifice! That powerful forbidden rare artifact should be handed over to the Vaughn family!”

Baron Vaughn’s daughter’s eyes were red, tears streaming down her face, and she demanded boldly without hesitation.

Who doesn’t lose people in their family?

Byrne wanted to curse, but his generous nature also made him understand the other party’s feelings, and after all they were allies in battle, so he just shook his head and said as calmly as possible:

“I’m sorry, Miss Vaughn, we can divide everything else with you, but that forbidden relic must be obtained by our family.”

Suddenly, Irene shouted sternly, “She’s going to report us! We can’t leave her alive!”

Byrne was stunned for a moment, looking at Baron Vaughn’s daughter in front of him, whose face quickly showed surprise and fear.

Irene possessed the ability of Listening for Malice, so what she said was absolutely true.

He suddenly felt a voice cheering loudly from the depths of his oppressive and angry heart!

It was as if it was saying, great, fortunately that woman from the Vaughn family thought this way!

What to do?

There was only one option—to kill!

“Wait!”

The atmosphere instantly turned tense, and Baron Vaughn’s daughter shouted nervously, just about to negotiate further when she felt engulfed in blazing fire, her body wrapped in orange flames, screaming in terror and pain.

“Ah!”

Before she could counterattack, Byrne’s icy voice was heard again.

“The night has come.”

Then a black light flew out from Byrne’s body, and in the next moment, “Nightfall” swept across her neck, severing her head.

The Vaughn family soldiers were terrified, instinctively grabbing their flintlocks to fire, while the Fischer family soldiers also opened fire.

Members from both sides fell.

The very next moment, the Vaughn family soldiers were enveloped in raging fire, screaming as they fell to the ground, and those who tried to surrender had no chance.

Byrne's eyes were bloodshot, his expressionless face controlling the roaring flames, easily taking the lives of the people around him.

All the people from the Vaughn family were killed, not a single one was spared.

Irene busily treated Chris's injuries, then the rest of the family members, mourning for Erik's death as well.

Byrne sat exhausted on the beach, staring blankly at the horizon, without moving for a long time.

He was tired.

The Fischer family's spoils of war increased once more, and after confiscating the Vaughn family's spoils of war, they obtained another treasure-class mysterious rare artifact and two collectible-class mysterious rare artifacts.

Finally, a revived Chris found a letter on the Sea God Cult's ship, hidden extremely secretly, preserved in a desk's hidden compartment in a blank letter.

Byrne deciphered the letter's material, then soaked it in seawater, as the words gradually revealed themselves on the paper.

After reading the letter, his expression changed.

It was a letter from "Priest Azure Blue" to "Sage Dark Blue," and the most useful part read like this.

"Those witch worshippers and the bastards who like to look at stars make me sick, but I've already sent them what they want. I hope that after this matter, we no longer have any dealings with those people!"

Suddenly, everything connected!

"So that's how it is, the three heretical cults were secretly in cahoots, and Madam Spirit Essence is also one of them. Hmm, there might even be people from within the Tempest Church involved in this transaction, resulting in the near-annihilation of the Cyart people."

Byrne gazed far at Erik's collected corpse, the anger swelling irresistibly in the depths of his heart!

Last Blood! Stars Embrace Order! Sea God Cult! Traitors from the Tempest Church!

They were all enemies of the Cyart people, and moreover, enemies of the Fischer family! They were all man-eating demons, and the Fischer family would eventually send them to hell!

The family's soldiers continued to repair the ships on the beach, while the core members of the Fischer family gathered on the mountaintop, deciding to immediately offer the sacrifices they had just obtained.

Chris's severed arm and leg were once again strenuously healed by Irene, and after his recovery, he remained silent.

Byrne, Irene, Chris, Theo, and Archibald's emotions were all extremely complex, filled with both sadness and anger, feeling an overwhelming torrent of emotions that they were unable to vent.

Of the eleven extraordinary individuals who set out to sea, they thought they were catching the victorious end of a war, yet now only five of them had the chance to return alive.

Even Archibald, the most talkative among them, had trembling lips and couldn't utter a single word.

Eric and he were from the Daybreak Orphanage, and according to Yeager, both of them were "Daybreakers." In the past, he did not feel any form of collective identity, but now his heart was filled with grief and indignation.

"Oh great Lord of the Lost,"

After Irene began speaking while kneeling on the ground, she paused, simply not knowing how to communicate with the great Him.

Now her emotions were incredibly complex, her inner reliance on God growing even greater, the sorrow already uncontrollably surging forth.

"Please, pay more attention to us. The Fischer family is weak and powerless, the world is so cruel and unforgiving, like a terrifying beast, always ready to devour everyone."

"If we cannot gain more power, we will eventually become just dust in history."

The new four Mysterious rare artifacts, one Forbidden rare artifact, and three Treasure class rare artifacts were all sacrificed by the Fischer family to the great Lord of the Lost.



Karl gazed at Eric's soul rising into the highest whirlpool in the sky and realized that he also had a "connection" with it. It appeared that not only the devout, but the souls of all Blood Receivers had some association with him.

However, he still could not understand what use that "connection" of souls might have.

The offering had been presented!

One Forbidden rare artifact, "Fallen Meteor," and three Treasure class rare artifacts, "Reverse Stab," "Core Ring," and "Enchanted Canvas"!

Karl felt an overwhelming amount of Spiritual Power rushing towards him, a vast and unprecedented amount, the intense sensation of fulfillment almost instinctually surging forth.

He couldn't help but be filled with joy!

The third Seal!

Breakthrough!

Suddenly, Karl experienced an excruciating headache as vast memories emerged, seemingly a combined amount larger than the previous two times, an insane torrent gushing forth!

He even wanted to buffer it a bit, but was completely unable to suppress the deluge of memories!

The Fischer family kneeling at the mountaintop were stunned!

"The sky has been torn apart!"

They widened their eyes, looking up to see the azure sky gradually being ripped open, while the vast expanse of dark space beyond the clouds, and the many stars that filled them with unease and horror, were revealed.

The black cross inside the transparent bottle was rising into the midair, emitting intense black light. On the island, aside from the core members of the Fischer family, everyone else fell into unconsciousness instantaneously.

It was a black light that seemed to herald the destruction of all things, filling people with the feeling that they too would vanish in the collapse.

Meanwhile, strange signs were occurring almost everywhere in the world.

On the other side of the world, a giant ice glacier that divided the world was shaking violently, with large chunks of ice falling off as if some terrifying thing was about to burst out from within.

Countless people living near the great glacier were filled with terror, desperately kneeling down, praying to the great deities, hoping that the ancient gods would not awaken from within the glacier!

Only a few powerful experts could sense that the “Untouchable existence” within the great glacier seemed to be trembling.

Across the Claud World, all the Heavenly Enlightenment powerful experts felt a terrifying threat.

They were filled with immense fear, as if the entire world could crumble and dissolve at any moment.

Every Heavenly Enlightenment expert understood that the source of this aura spelled destruction, demise, the end of everything, and that everything would cease to exist with His arrival!

“What in the world is that? It’s full of fear, despair, destruction...”

“Something truly incomprehensible has appeared!”

“It is an element of world destruction! The world is moving closer to complete annihilation! We must find His believers!”

“Is it Him mentioned in the last oracle of the Lord of Salvation?”

A genius strong enough to break through to the Heavenly Enlightenment Level in the Spirit Realm, who was at a critical juncture after the family’s effort of hundreds of years, also felt the dread, was significantly affected, and his soul dissipated into nothingness.

As Karl’s transformation affected everything in the world, above the island, he finally gradually absorbed all newly formed memories and suddenly gazed ahead!

Karl gradually saw invisible threads connecting each person.

Destiny’s Trajectory!

And now, he was capable of pulling on destiny, even changing it!

[I have received the offering!]

[Destiny, thus, is pulled once more!]

[The Fischer family will surely gain even greater power!]

As the sky was torn and the earth trembled, he stared at the Fischer family kneeling at the mountaintop and suddenly found that most people had no special Destiny's Trajectory. Only Byrne was different from the others.

"Treasure Key."

It was a destiny that could be "utilized," the bearers of which were more likely to break through various "gates." However, it required the holders to willingly sacrifice their lifespan to fully unleash its greatest strength.

"So that's it."

He suddenly understood why that fellow named Bast was so concerned about Byrne, even lending him parts of the Forbidden rare artifact he possessed.

Chapter 144: Chapter 138 Destiny's Trajectory

Viscount Bast must have found out, through some means or experienced some sort of strange adventure, that Byrne possessed the odd destiny of the "Treasure Key".

To unlock some sort of gate or palace, Seal, or other similar things, he desperately needed Byrne to willingly sacrifice his life to activate the destiny's trajectory of the "Treasure Key" to help him.

Therefore, Viscount Bast had always been very good to Byrne, playing one emotion card after another without holding back.

Because he understood very well how much Byrne valued emotions!

The invisible threads of the "Treasure Key" destiny's trajectory were different from other ordinary destinies; they faintly emitted a golden glow, and after staring at them for a long time, a golden key's mystical illusion would appear.

"Unfortunately, the parts that Bast lent to the Fischer family did not possess Spirituality; even if they did, Byrne and the others would never dare to sacrifice Bast's belongings to me."

After the third Seal was lifted, he recalled many memories, mainly of destiny and the mystical knowledge of Consecution. Beyond that, he was also able to confirm one thing.

The beings that Sealed him were definitely not the gods of Claud World!

Karl noticed that when the Lord of Salvation appeared in his memories, they just watched him from afar, never approaching.

“Who exactly am I? And who Sealed me?”

Still, he could not remember.

Yet even so, he wasn't overly discouraged; after all, the time he had was limitless. As long as the Fischer family didn't completely perish, he would always have a chance.

“It doesn't matter, as long as I keep breaking through the Seals, one day I will remember everything!”

Karl suddenly realized that he could now consume Spiritual Power to pluck the strings of destiny and change people's destiny's trajectory.

However, just like rune power, the power of “changing destiny” only worked on the members of his own favored clan, the Fischers.

“The so-called changing of destiny's trajectory is merely able to make them experience special things due to special destinies at certain moments – it's not truly possible to completely determine the future of the entire Fischer clan.”

After each plucking of the strings of destiny, the new destiny's trajectory was completely random. It could be good or bad, but each plucking absolutely consumed Spiritual Power.

He gazed at the people kneeling before him.

“The Fischer family is too weak, the current East Coast environment is quite chaotic, and they must have stronger power to avoid being annihilated at any moment.”

“I mustn't touch the destiny's trajectory on Byrne, otherwise Bast would be furious. Irene has always been the most devout, so let's start with her destiny's trajectory.”

He gently moved the invisible threads with his invisible will, changing the destiny's trajectory on Irene.

The first pluck!

The invisible strings of destiny then trembled, and no one could observe it, but some causality in the world had already subtly changed.

A new destiny's trajectory emerged.

“Gourmet”

With the destiny's trajectory of a "Gourmet", Irene's life would often be graced with a variety of delicious foods, her tongue sensitive, capable of discerning the most subtle and special flavors.

Seemingly useless in a chaotic world, Karl fell silent for a moment before manipulating the strings of destiny again.

He quickly found that plucking the strings of destiny twice on the same person increased the consumption of Spiritual Power, and the more times he plucked, the greater the consumption would likely be.

"Narcissus"

Those with the destiny's trajectory of a "Narcissus" would easily be liked by others who are similar to themselves and also easily develop a liking for people with similar personalities.

"Boring thing, another one!"

On the third pluck of the destiny's trajectory, Karl was surprised to find that the consumption of Spiritual Power had increased even more.

The destiny's trajectory changed once again.

"Holy Grail"

Those with the destiny of the "Holy Grail" could help the people around them, meaning that those who surrounded her would more easily realize their own ideals and dreams.

The invisible threads gradually evolved into a golden cup floating on the water, then returned to become invisible threads emitting a great deal of golden light.

Finally, something useful!

Karl appreciated the principle of quitting while ahead and did not waste any more Spiritual Power on Irene.

The next person was Chris.

"The small baby of those days has now become a reliable strong figure in the family that can stand on its own."

Karl plucked his destiny's trajectory for the first time.

"Child of Death"

This thing...

A person who has the destiny's trajectory of the "Child of Death" would find it easier to improve their strength, yet their relatives and friends would continuously encounter misfortune, even dying one after another.

Karl could actually feel that the destiny power possessed by "Child of Death" was very powerful, but it was not at all suitable for Chris and the Fischer family. Better to find another one.

He plucked the strings of destiny again, and the second time "Explosive Sharp Blade" appeared.

Those who possess the destiny trajectory of the "Explosive Sharp Blade" will become increasingly adept at destruction; both people and things will be more easily shattered by them.

Its mystical apparition looks like a sharp red blade!

Not bad, Karl seemed to smile, joy in his heart.

Chris, with the powerful rune power "Blade of Silver Radiance," and the destiny trajectory of the "Explosive Sharp Blade," has a true strength equal to that of a Mid-level Transmutation Bloodline Knight; in theory, even more powerful than Byrne.

"This maritime voyage resulted in heavy casualties for the Fischer family, but at the same time, we reaped huge benefits. Perhaps it is the prospect of such gains that drives people to war," he thought.

The next task was to allocate the rune power from the newly acquired mysterious rare artifacts.

These included one Forbidden rare artifact "Fallen Meteor" and three collectible-class rare artefacts: "Reverse Stab," "Core Ring," and "Enchanted Canvas."

Karl could confirm one important thing: the use of Forbidden rare artifacts came at a cost.

However, once the Forbidden rare artifacts had been transformed into rune power, the cost on the host would no longer exist, or rather, the original cost had been "optimized" away.

Irene's "healing" rune power came from one such Forbidden rare artifact.

However, activating her "healing" rune power only consumed her physical strength—she never truly paid any other price.

“Fallen Meteor” was a four-digit coded Forbidden rare artifact, its exact number unknown.

Its initial cost of use was enormous, permanently reducing the user’s level of extraordinary power, but now, the cost was merely a substantial consumption of the user’s Spiritual Power.

The Spiritual Power gained from “Fallen Meteor” was quite delectable, both in quality and quantity, which greatly pleased Karl’s heart.

Its extraordinary effect was simple to understand: it summoned a meteor with a diameter of several tens of meters from the sky, crashing it down onto a designated location!

Even an extraordinary exponent at the high-level Transmutation would not dare to confront it head-on, under normal circumstances.

And with the “Fallen Meteor,” the Fischer family finally had the potential to kill extraordinary exponents at the high-level Transmutation stage!

However, even Byrne, with the strongest spirituality, could only release a “Fallen Meteor” once, and its descent was not very fast, making it quite easy for an opponent to escape the attack range in advance.

“Reverse Stab” activated automatically, creating mental spikes to attack the enemy, provided that the opponent was about to cause a fatal threat.

The effect of “Core Ring” was to create the power core of a steel golem, around which a steel golem of undefined shape could be constructed, with completely undetermined combat power.

“Enchanted Canvas” was a collectible-class rare artefact without direct combat ability. Its power was to create a special space the size of a villa garden within the canvas, and anyone invited could voluntarily enter it.

Karl couldn’t help but fall into contemplation.

“Chris and Irene’s rune powers suit them well. Should I swap out ‘transcend’?”

While ‘transcend’ was a useful rune power, its foundation was too low, merely the most common Collectible class artefact “accelerate.”

It wasn’t that it couldn’t keep up with the times; it was just that the straightforward and powerful “Fallen Meteor” was stronger!

After some thought, Karl chose to swap out “transcend” anyway.

“Once the members of the Fischer family have stronger souls, they will be able to hold more rune power. It will be soon, as long as someone reaches the 4th Rank.”

Karl then bestowed the powerful Forbidden rune “Fallen Meteor” upon Byrne.

In the depths of his soul, it appeared as a stone burning with flame.

He then infused the essence of the runes from the three collectible-class rare artifacts and “transcend” into “healing” and “Fallen Meteor.”

“Healing” finally evolved into a spirit rune, while “Fallen Meteor” was just short of evolving.

As the “healing” rune evolved, the original green grass-shaped light of the rune grew robustly into a tall green tree, filled with the breath of life and spirituality.

In Byrne’s eyes appeared the images of meteorites and flames, and in Irene’s, the image of trees.

They both felt a very powerful new force!

Byrne was incredibly shocked, hardly believing it possible, and whispered to himself:

“How can this be? How is it possible? To truly achieve this, the great Lord of the Lost has managed to reduce the costs within a Forbidden rare artifact to such an extent!”

He trembled with excitement. The sheer power of “Fallen Meteor” was intimidating!

And now he could use it, expending only his Spiritual Power!

Currently, Byrne still couldn’t win against the fast-moving William Garcia, but if he had to face off against Baron Leander, whose power was to transform into a giant, it would only take one strike to finish him!

Irene’s face was filled with undisguised joy!

She felt the evolution of “healing’s” rune power and also gained the mysterious knowledge about “Destiny.” The pain in her mind was dizzying, yet it couldn’t overshadow her immense excitement.

Upon learning of the existence of “Destiny’s Trajectory,” Irene felt the Fischer family had stepped into a brand new realm, believing that the vast majority of extraordinary beings on the East Coast had no concept of it!

“Praise You! Great Lord of the Lost!”



The “healing” rune power had completely evolved, its therapeutic effect becoming more effective while also activating from a distance without the need for physical contact.

It not only healed physical injuries and sickness but could now repair defects and problems in the spirit and soul just as well!

Spirit rune “Spirit-returning Tree”!

Chapter 145: Chapter 139: The Hero’s Family! (Vote for Monthly Tickets!)

On board, Byrne gazed at the purple-red stone in his hand.

“Why can’t it be used, what exactly is its purpose?”

In fact, he had considered using the purple-red stone in battle, but he didn’t expect it to be completely ineffective. Instead, it began to quiver unstably, as if it were about to unleash some power, when he learned about Erik’s death and the massacre of the Vaughn family. It wasn’t until much later that it finally calmed down.

Byrne recalled the president of the Alchemy Council, and according to his description and introduction, the activation of the purple-red stone required a combination with emotional power. Could it be that it wasn’t something that could be actively used?

Only when the most extreme emotions fused with the purple-red stone could its true power be unleashed!

“If I really succeeded in using it, I might be detected by ‘Spirit Essence,’ after all, I too can sense her use of the stone from afar. Conversely, if she still has a purple-red stone, she would be able to sense me.”

The identities of those from the Alchemy Council were mysterious and unfathomable, and deep in his heart, Byrne knew very well that it was best not to reveal his true identity.

Their ship left the island, gradually drawing closer and closer to Nasir Town.

Fortunately, the Fischer family didn’t encounter any more enemies pursuing them.

On board, the feelings of the Fischer family members were complicated; they all fell into a long silence. The entire family had sent out over a hundred people to the campaign, yet less than half had returned.

The sailboat was laden with the bodies of Fischer family members. Whether they were Extraordinary Exponents or ordinary family soldiers, not a single body had been left behind except for those who had fallen into the water that night.

Without a doubt, they had suffered the largest setback the family had known in over a decade.

At the helm, Theo stared at the distant sky and suddenly began to sing loudly, his deep and resonant voice spreading throughout the ship.

“Cyart sailors, through storm or tranquil night, we shall stand firm on our course.”

“Never abandoning our aspirations, Cyart sailors, fear not the path ahead.”

“Let the wind of the gods guide us, as we stand firm on this vast expanse of blue, steering towards a beautiful home.”

Everyone listened silently, and gradually, others joined in the song.

While some wept bitterly, crying out until they were hoarse.

Many would never return to their homeland or families.

---

In the town of Nasir Town, within the newly rebuilt mansion estate of Baron Hovern.

The newly appointed town chief, Andes, who was growing increasingly obese with despair, stared blankly at the crowd gathered within Baron Hovern’s estate.

A true viscount and three barons seldom visited here, but it was rare for so many distinguished guests to come.

Some of the Cyart people who had escaped at sea had chosen this route. They were headed to Nasir Port, not Phelps Port.

The viscount family that had come to Nasir Town was none other than the Sunrise clan, which recently had conflicts with the Lion clan because of water pollution.

The head of the Sunrise clan was Viscount Geros, a man brimming with a heroic spirit, always the first to charge into battle, the epitome of a strong man in many people’s eyes.

The Sunrise clan had lived by Sunrise Lake for over five hundred years, holding significant estates. When the Cyart people arrived a hundred years ago, after failing to resist, they eventually chose to join the Cyart, remaining vassals but still owning the vast lands around Sunrise Lake.

Originally, the Sunrise clan had a friendly relationship with the Lion clan, but ever since the establishment of an industrial area in the southern part of Fein City, the situation had gradually changed.

Massive factory pollution followed the river flow, eventually pouring into Sunrise Lake, which the Sunrise clan valued greatly, causing increasingly severe water pollution that affected agricultural production.

The Sunrise clan had negotiated with the Lion clan over this, but Viscount Bast could not go against the interests of other families for their sake, leading to discord between the two clans.

“I don’t know how many people have managed to escape back, the bishop must be dead, and now it falls to Earl Hovern, the governor, to organize forces from all sides, to muster troops as soon as possible to withstand the very possible counterattack from the Sea God Cult.”

Viscount Geros, along with the three barons and a few dozen loyal knights in tow, was in the banquet hall of the mansion, everyone’s expression grim as they exchanged ongoing discussions.

“The crisis is not over yet, three Monarch powerful experts... how could so many suddenly appear?” sighed a baron, still feeling tremendous fear.

They had entered Baron Hovern’s estate of their own accord, and their armies were encamped in the town to rest. Viscount Geros commanded the largest force, with over a thousand men, and he had strictly ordered them not to plunder the townspeople, otherwise, they would face immediate military discipline.

In Nasir Town, the old priest of the Tempest Church, who was close to retirement, had now arrived slowly, leaning on his cane.

“Is it true? The bishop is dead?”

The old priest trembled, his eyes filled with disbelief, but the solemn attitudes around him left little room for doubt.

“No! Impossible! How could this be! O vast Tempest Overlord!”

The old priest cried out in agitation, nearly fainting on the spot, and was quickly taken away by servants to rest.

“I wonder if the Fischer family will manage to escape back to Nasir Port.”

Suddenly someone asked this question, and after a long silence, Viscount Geros spoke gravely, “Those cowards would be better off dead!”

He was in his forties, dressed in blue and white, with the most peculiar feature being his pale hands with only seven fingers; on the index finger of his right hand was a black-red ring that exuded a sense of sharpness.

Viscount Sunrise was disabled, but his disability could not be healed, or perhaps it was an incurable one.

Everyone was slightly startled, remembering that the Sunrise clan was clearly an ally of the Lion clan. Why would he speak ill of the Fischer family, who were also allies of the Lion clan?

Could it be that Viscount Geros and the Sunrise family behind him had decided to switch sides?

Every baron was keenly sensitive to the issue of allegiance and instantly followed Viscount Geros in vilifying the Fischer family.

“Indeed, those trash, cowards, they never should have survived on the battlefield!”

“So many brave people have died, if those parasites survive instead, the gods would grieve and rage!”

“The shame of our Cyart people is the Fischer family.”

As they railed against them, Viscount Geros from the Sunrise family fell deep into thought, then suddenly hurled an even greater accusation in public!

“This overseas battle is fraught with oddities; it could be that there’s a traitor among us, which led to our near-total annihilation. And the Lion clan was the first to flee...”

Everyone was stunned upon hearing this, and no one dared to speak.

Viscount Geros continued:

“I suspect the Lion clan is most likely the traitor, and the Fischer family has always been along the coast, making it easy for them to communicate and collaborate with the Sea God Cult.”

Just as he was about to go on, a subordinate suddenly came in to report.

“The Fischer family’s ship has arrived at the port!”

Upon hearing the news, many sneered, determined to berate the worthless wretches of the Fischer family and vent the frustration pent up in their hearts from days of fleeing.

Then another message came: the Fischer family had killed a priest of the Sea God Cult at sea.

The hall fell into a silence as profound as death; everyone was stunned for a long while.

“Impossible!”

Viscount Geros coldly said, “The priests of the Sea God Cult are extraordinary existences who have undergone Transmutation to become powerful experts. The Fischer family could never defeat any of them.”

The crowd quickly realized this could not happen—the Fischers must be fabricating lies and exaggerating facts, and deep inside they felt even more disdain.

Byrne walked into the banquet hall with a grim expression, accompanied by Irene and Chris.

“Welcome to Nasir Town, but the onslaught from the Sea God Cult might be coming soon, so we should quickly think about how to organize our defense.”

“Does anyone have contact with the governor, Viscount Bast, and Zayne, the Assistant Priest of the Tempest Church?”

“Wait a moment!”

Viscount Geros suddenly interrupted him, sneering, “Your Excellency Byrne, I heard that you killed a priest of the Sea God Cult. Is it true or false?”

Byrne frowned and looked around, quickly noticing the contempt, disdain, and ridicule on the faces of the people. A wave of nameless anger rose from the depths of his heart.

The Fischer family had indeed killed a priest of the Sea God Cult! And Erik had died because of it! Many of them had died in the war!

And after finally returning to Nasir, were the Fischer family going to be questioned by those damn fools?

The purple stone trembled slightly in anger.

He nodded expressionlessly, stared into Viscount Geros’s eyes, and said coldly, “True, and beyond that, we have intercepted their ship and important letters!”

Byrne then commanded the troops of his family to display the captured weapons, corpses, and the Sea God Cult’s insignias all before the crowd, and finally presented the letter that had been found, revealing it to everyone.

All who saw these things became more and more convinced, and the corpse that was brought out corresponded closely in appearance to Priest Azure Blue of the Sea God Cult.

“Highly important information! Stars Embrace Order! Last Blood! They have openly become the enemies of us Cyart people! And they are also a great enemy of the Tempest Church!”

He raised the letter high, his voice growing louder in front of the astonished eyes of the crowd.

“The heretics have joined forces, wanting to devour the flesh and blood of Cyart people, and to use our children as sacrifices. What are our people doing?”

“Our people are still doubting their kin! Slandering warriors! I know what you think, but your thoughts bring shame and anger to the gods! Now you know! The Fischer family is not a bunch of cowards, but heroes!”

They finally all understood one thing.

The Fischer family had indeed successfully killed Priest Azure Blue, the evidence all present, and in addition, they had brought back key intelligence about the coalition of the heretics, which would cause the great churches to take the battle on the East Coast more seriously!

They were indeed the heroes of Cyart!

Everyone was silent, many refrained from praising them because Viscount Geros was present, yet deep down they couldn't help but admire the courage of the Fischer family.

Even Viscount Geros could only wear a troubled look, slowly nodding in the midst of the silence, grudgingly admitting:

“It seems I was mistaken. I apologize to you, the brave ones, for the Fischer family is indeed the hero that defeated the priest of the Sea God Cult and found important intelligence. They are the wartime heroes of the Cyart people!”

Chapter 146: Chapter 140: A Lose-Lose Situation (Vote for monthly ticket!)

“

Nasir Town.

As night fell, dark and profound, Chris, whose face bore no expression, had just left Baron Hovern's manor. Without any hesitation, he and Archibald headed straight for the estate, eager to find Vanessa.

He had never felt this way before, but after the recent events, Chris desperately wanted to see Vanessa and hold her tightly in his arms.

On their way back to Fischer Manor, an elderly couple with their daughter stopped him and Archibald.

The daughter's eyes were full of adoration as she looked at Chris. In his years of growing up, the handsome Chris was no stranger to such gazes, having encountered many insinuations from numerous girls, though he had never paid much attention to any of it.

The old couple stood by, somewhat afraid, but still managed a respectful smile and humbly asked,

"Respected Mr. Chris! Do you happen to know where our son Angus is?"

"He heard that your family was recruiting, so he signed up to join the ship. That darn kid just wanted to be a hero in front of his little sister. She always says that Mr. Chris is the greatest hero, unmatched by anyone."

"Had it not been for the news that the war was about to be won, we would never have agreed to let him go to sea. But he always said that he believed the Fischer family would surely be the victors of the war. He told us not to worry about any danger."

The couple was perplexed and couldn't help but ask, "Mr. Chris, we didn't see him among those who disembarked. Is Angus still on the ship working?"

"He, he..."

Archibald, usually talkative, blushed crimson after hearing this and didn't know what to say.

They had some recollection of the name Angus, a young man with a baby face, whose bisected head had been difficult to piece together when the Fischer family was checking the identities of the deceased.

Chris remained expressionless—a man who on ordinary days found little to say, even considering language to be ugly and stupid.

But at this moment today, even though he wanted to speak, he found himself at a loss for words.

The old couple still waited with respect and confusion, while adoration filled the girl's eyes.

The sky darkened even further.

In truth, he had nothing to say.

---

At Phelps Port, the Spirit Deer clan was currently under siege by two priests of the Sea God Cult and their numerous subordinates.

Six of the Sea God Cult's seven priests had mobilized to pursue the fleeing soldiers, with a clear division of labor. Excluding Priest Azure Blue, who was tasked with capturing the small fry, the other five were pursuing members of the viscount families.

"We Cyart people, along with the Lord of Salvation and Tempest Overlord, will not spare you!"

The Spirit Deer clan's matriarch, a woman, summoned a phantom beast in the shape of a spirit deer with the power of her bloodline, constantly reaping the lives of her enemies.

"Wool!"

A towering Spawn of the Abyss swooped down with a scream, finally sinking the flagship of the Spirit Deer clan, plunging the matriarch herself into the water.

After another half hour of battle, the Spirit Deer clan was annihilated. The infuriated matriarch unleashed the mighty power of a forbidden rare artifact, instantly combining forces with the phantom beast to kill a priest of the Sea God Cult!

She then fell in battle, her body consumed by the sea tribe, leaving only her head to be trampled underfoot by Priestess Cyan Blue.

The surviving Priestess Cyan Blue gazed silently at her dead colleague for a long time. Their relationship within the cult hadn't been a good one, so she was not particularly heartbroken.

Cyan Blue murmured to herself, "If she had targeted me at the end, I would have been the one to die. Guess I'm still lucky."

Suddenly, a sea tribe member emerged at the surface, babbling a lot.

"What did you say?"

Priestess Cyan Blue was utterly shocked and trembling slightly as she said,

"Sage Dark Blue is dead?"

"He and two other priests were surrounding Viscount Bast's Lion clan when he himself was killed by Bast! And the other two priests fled outright?"



“And the illegal band of Extraordinary Exponents led by Priest Sapphire Blue, who was chasing the Donnerklaue clan, failed to kill Viscount Donnerklaue and was almost ambushed and killed by Viscount Zavier?”

Apart from High Priest Sky Blue, who had ascended to Monarch Level, Sage Dark Blue held the highest position in the Sea God Cult, responsible for all military operations.

He was an extremely smart, intelligent young man with a frail body. Still, he could usually see through people’s thoughts at a mere glance and possessed vast power of spells.

It was largely through his efforts that the Stars Embrace Order and the Last Blood had agreed to cooperate with the Sea God Cult in the war. Certain individuals within the Tempest Church had also been willing to reveal a powerful legacy that could more reliably facilitate ascension to Monarch Level, providing substantial resources, because Sage Dark Blue held deadly leverage over them.

But now, he was dead!

After hearing the battle report, Cyan Blue fell into a deep silence.

Now, with the High Priest Sky Blue rendered unconscious by the Tempest Bishop’s forbidden rare artifact, and the deeply strategic Sage Dark Blue suddenly killed in battle, the Sea God Cult no longer had a core leader.

As such, an immediate counterattack on the East Coast was probably not the best choice.

Fortunately, among everyone, only her brother, Priest Azure Blue, would be safe, since he was only responsible for some small fry, with absolutely no risk of capsizing their plans.

“It’s just that we also can’t rely on that guy’s strength now.”

She suddenly felt an overwhelming sadness and regret. Since many years ago, when they started to provoke the Tempest Church and directed followers to attack everywhere on the East Coast, the cool and profound Sage Dark Blue had been planning for today.

Eventually, both the Tempest Church and Cyart’s army suffered a major defeat at the prearranged location, even collapsing as Sage Dark Blue had anticipated, leading to the successful elimination of the murderous, deranged Thunderous Monarch.

But in the pursuit that followed, their own casualties were severe. Years of war had left the islanders exhausted and in pain, utterly unable to capitalize on their victory.

“If it weren’t for the Stars Embrace Order and Last Blood suddenly holding back in that battle, the High Priest Sky Blue wouldn’t be unconscious until now, and everything would be completely different!”

She sadly realized that the Sea God Cult had ultimately just become a blade used to kill the Tempest Bishop.

In fact, Sage Dark Blue had said from the beginning that Cyart and the Tempest Church had deep foundations. Even if they succeeded in killing a Tempest Overlord, the overall situation would not change.

However, following this battle, the future of the East Coast would become even more chaotic, and it was unclear who would ultimately reap the benefits.

Cyan Blue really couldn’t understand it. The Lion clan only had two Extraordinary Exponents of high-level Transmutation, while Sage Dark Blue was an Extraordinary Exponent in the Metamorphosis Phase, even stronger than the ordinary ones, and he might have had the chance to advance to the Monarch Level in a dozen years or so.

Why?

With high morale, a three-to-two advantage, fighting at sea, and the mighty Spawn of the Abyss to rally them, how could the extremely clever Sage Dark Blue still be defeated by Viscount Bast?

Cyan Blue couldn’t help but talk to herself, murmuring:

“Bast, what kind of monster are you? No wonder Sage Dark Blue once said, ‘You are not a fox leading lions but a demon disguised as a lion.’”

—

Nasir Town had been fortified with defenses by the Sunrise clan and several baronial families’ armies, with everyone on high alert, ready for the Sea God Cult’s next offensive.

But the outcome was beyond everyone’s expectations.

Days passed, yet the strong counterattack that was supposed to come from the Sea God Cult never materialized.

Finally, some extremely important news came: Viscount Bast, showing great valor in the naval battle, had killed Sage Dark Blue, the number one enemy of the Cyart people, at the cost of being severely wounded!

Everyone was extremely exhilarated, and the news that the Fischer family had killed the priest of the Sea God Cult, Priest Azure Blue, gradually spread throughout the entire East Coast.

Everyone who heard was shocked!

The one who had previously been labeled as a coward, a vampire, the great squirrel of the East Coast, the Fischers who never went to the front lines, had suddenly become the heroes of the war!

Intelligence about the Stars Embrace Order and Last Blood also reached the headquarters of the Tempest Church all the way in Carnia, and the regional Cardinal of the Eastern Tempest Church immediately convened a joint meeting with the Salvation Church and the Silver Moon Church.

They ultimately decided to dispatch more manpower to suppress the heretical groups, although the internal fragmentation and chaos within the True Gods Church never ceased.

After more than ten days, all the nobles received a definite piece of news.

The war had ended!

Although the Tempest Church did not negotiate peace with the Sea God Cult on paper, both sides, having been mutually devastated, tacitly ceased hostilities, picking up the pieces and refraining from striking again.

The Sunrise clan and the baronial families also withdrew their troops from Nasir Town.

The Lion clan leading the flight, causing a collective collapse of the army, was originally unforgivable. But for some reason, Zayne, who had previously been the most vehement critic, suddenly stood on Bast's side.

The most powerful Romann family in Cyart also informed everyone that Viscount Bast's retreat was strategic, luring the enemy to pursue them deeply and succeeding in the tactics that killed Sage Dark Blue, the Sea God Cult's de facto leader.

Not only did he bear no guilt, but he had earned great merit!

And with the Cyart Royal Family not opposing Duke Romann's view, no one in the country had any doubts anymore.

The devastating war was over.

The Sea God Cult, at the cost of tens of thousands of islander lives and the death of seven priests, had successfully killed the Thunderous Monarch of the Tempest Church

and torn the fragile order of the East Coast Province to shreds. The only advantage they gained was the promotion of the High Priest Sky Blue to a new Monarch.

Half of the priests of the Tempest Church had died, along with their most important Tempest Overlord, the Thunderous Monarch. Of the Cyart people, five baronial families and the viscount family of the Spirit Deer clan were completely destroyed, with the other families also largely decimated, especially the Donnerklaue clan during the pursuit, leaving almost no adult family member alive except for the family head.

Neither side had a true victor, and the common people were just relieved, weeping in the belief that peaceful days might finally be ahead.

Chapter 147: Chapter 141: Twins and the “Thunder Attendant” Consecution (Vote for Monthly Ticket!)

In the basement of the Fischer family manor, Byrne, Irene, Chris, Theo, Vanessa, and Archibald gathered together.

Moore and the other Blood Receivers all had their own matters to attend to, and they were not usually included in the family meetings.

In the familiar corner where Erik’s figure was not seen, Byrne was silent for a long time before he began to speak:

“Let’s review according to the family rules, if you were the Thunderous Monarch, what would be the best course of action?”

Theo shook his head seriously and said:

“Starting war from the beginning was the wrong choice. The White Sea is even larger than Cyart, and the tens of thousands of members of the Sea God Cult are scattered across countless islands, with many sea tribes ready to assist. They can hide in the sea at any time.”

“The cost of this war is too enormous. Even if the entire power of the Tempest Church in the east were invested, they would not be able to completely annihilate the Sea God Cult in a few years.”

Archibald nodded in agreement, exclaiming as if he had an epiphany, “I think Mr. Theo’s point makes sense!”

Byrne remained silent for a long time before stating calmly, “On the contrary, I think this war must be fought.”

“At that time, attacks struck all over Cyart. People’s desire for revenge and their anger were extremely high, so both the Cyart people and the Tempest Church had to strike back.”

“Although we all know that the Sea God Cult will not give up in the future, the ones who have been hurt right now will not invade for a long period.”

“If we had let the Sea God Cult be from the beginning, they would likely continue to invade the coastal areas. Only by making them feel pain and fear can we gain a short peace.”

He paused for a moment before finally saying hoarsely, “Without war, there would be no peace.”

Archibald nodded repeatedly, convinced, and sincerely added, “The head of the family is absolutely right!”

“In fact, there might not be only one way to solve it through war.”

Irene suddenly offered a different opinion.

She calmly stretched out her hand, silently gazing at the sacred object.

“Regardless of whether a war is launched or not, it won’t fully resolve the problem of the Sea God Cult. Perhaps we might find a better path in the future to remove this persistent issue.”

“That would be the third method.”

Byrne and the others looked towards the sacred object following her gaze, each harboring a thought deep within their hearts.

The strong foundation of the Sea God Cult is the Sea God, as well as the steadfast belief in the hearts of every devotee.

It is their unshakeable faith that has supported them over the years as they, the underdogs, challenged the powerful Tempest Church.

“Now I see, I understand what you mean,” Byrne said with a slight nod.

Archibald kept nodding, genuinely feeling that Hospital Director Irene’s words made a lot of sense.

“That’s exactly what I think too!”

After the family meeting concluded and the others had left the basement, Irene and Vanessa remained behind, while Chris waited outside in silence.

Vanessa excitedly undressed, waiting for Irene's next treatment.

Irene attempted to heal Vanessa's withered leg, streaked with black spots, shadows of trees appearing in her eyes as she infused powerful energy from the "Spirit-returning Tree" runes.

In the end, the treatment failed.

No matter how much power she channeled, she could not reverse the special nature of Vanessa's body, only to relieve her pain.

Vanessa was silent for a long while before smiling slightly, "It's okay. I've been used to this for a long time. It's really not a big deal."

In the past, they had even attempted amputating the leg to regenerate a limb, but it had no effect either, with the new leg growing back the same. This fail was therefore expected.

Despite this, deep down Vanessa felt a touch of disappointment.

Even though Chris didn't mind at all, she wanted to offer her best side to him and always tried not to let that leg touch Chris's near-perfect body.

Irene, with an urgent look and a deep frown, said, "No, that's not right, strange, it's not an issue with the soul! I thought it was just some curse, but it seems that the problem within that leg is more complex than I thought!"

Through the runes of the "Spirit-returning Tree," she could vaguely sense an even more unsettling presence deep within Vanessa's soul.

What exactly was it?

Irene could not comprehend it, and when she prayed to the Lord of the Lost, the only response she received was that there was no need to worry.

Vanessa calmly stroked her bulging abdomen, a tender smile on her face.

"I've gotten used to it. It's alright, Irene, don't worry about it," she said.

At that moment, her only wish was for the children to be born healthy.

More than half a year later, Vanessa finally gave birth to twins.

“Wah!”

Cries of a baby echoed from a room in the manor, and the Fischer family outside were momentarily stunned, then filled with immense joy!

However, upon entering the room, they found Irene silently gazing at them, as if about to speak but then shutting her mouth.

“What’s the matter?”

Chris’s brow was deeply furrowed as he asked anxiously.

With his sister there, it should be theoretically impossible for anything to go wrong with the birth, so why was she still silent?

He walked forward slowly, and soon saw Vanessa holding the twins, smiling, yet her eyes also held a heavy shade.

“Chris, the children...” she seemed on the verge of tears, holding back the rest of her words.

Chris looked at the newborns that had just come into the world, took a deep breath, and his body began to tremble slightly.

One boy, one girl.

They had the same strange deformities as Vanessa!

The boy’s right arm was withered and covered with black spots, while the girl’s legs were completely withered and covered with black spots, as if they were under some ghastly and terrifying mad curse!

Chris’s breathing quivered, his eyes filled with disbelief, but he still gently touched his two children.

No matter how strange and deformed they were, as their father, Chris would love them.

But deep inside, the usually reticent man also felt sad for his children’s misfortune.

High above, Karl watched the Fischer family’s silence calmly.

Months ago, he had sensed the oddities in Vanessa’s unborn children.

“It’s just that unlike Vanessa’s condition, the anomalies in her children’s bodies and souls might not all be bad, so it would be better to observe them a little longer,” he thought vaguely.

Karl could now subtly and vaguely see certain destinies of those in the future, silently speculating.

“The ultimate outcome should not be in this generation, but with the next, after the twins, yet that future is not certain; if the two of them die too early, then that generation will never appear, and the ultimate outcome will never present itself in the Fischer family.”

Then Byrne, the most knowledgeable and also the head of the family, at Vanessa and Chris’s request, named each of the Fischer twins.

The girl was named Christine, which means “follower of God.”

The boy was named Karno, meaning “intelligent and brave.”

Both of them had bright red, complex brands on their hands, and although they were deformed from birth, they were both adorable and had inherited Chris’s silver-white hair.

Seeing the sleeping children, Byrne couldn’t help but smile, saying,

“What a coincidence that all my kids have black hair, while Chris’s children all have silver-white hair; they’ll be easy to tell apart in the future.”

Vanessa and Chris were just about to nod when they suddenly felt as if some invisible shackles had been placed on them!

It was a very real sensation they could not ignore, as if it was a law hidden in every corner of the world.

So that was it. Chris silently gazed at his wife and nodded slightly, indicating that he too felt the power of the world’s laws.

Vanessa sighed and said, “The limit of procreation, I didn’t expect we’d reach it so soon.”

They had touched the laws set by the gods, reaching the limit of procreation for the Extraordinary in the Claud World, and from then on, they could no longer bear more children.

She actually felt relieved.

If she knew that she was going to give birth to disabled children and still had to keep having them for the family’s sake, it would undoubtedly be filled with sin!

Vanessa would never be able to do such a thing!



Darren and Lilian entered the room, both extremely curious about the two newborns.

“They’re my brother and sister too, right? I will definitely protect them.”

After Darren clenched his fist and finished speaking, Lilian nodded along.

She thought the two children were really cute, just like little helpless animals, nothing like her silly older brother.

Three months later, Archibald finally digested the “Gale Protector” Magic Potion of the 1st Rank, successfully stepping onto a new level of the Path of Calamity.

He had acquired the new Power of Consecution, “Thunder Attendant”!

In the Spirit Realm “constellation,” an angry blue figure roared, hurling white lightning!

Archibald was thrilled to discover that he had gained two new Extraordinary traits, “Lightning Empowerment” and “Electric Power Accumulation”!

In addition, the intensity of the Gale Protector’s “Storm Armor” had also greatly increased, and he was now not only able to leap great distances but could also fly for a few seconds at a time.

“Lightning Empowerment” allowed for attaching the power of thunderous lightning to objects, which could be used as melee weapons or thrown as consumable weapons!

“Electric Power Accumulation” allowed him to continuously consume Spiritual Power and physical strength, storing the lightning power in his body, and then release it all at once when close to the limit.

The released accumulated lightning would consume a vast amount of Spiritual Power and physical strength, but the destructive power was enormous, even posing a death threat to Bloodline Knights at the Transmutation Level.

He took a deep breath, and electric light flickered between his fingertips.

The comprehensive improvement brought by the 2nd Rank was still 25, and the “Thunder Attendant” provided a 15-point increase in physical prowess and a 10-point increase in Spiritual Power.

After recording, Byrne could hazard a guess in his heart.

“If we look at the sheer burst power alone, the Path of Calamity might be the strongest among all the ranks of the God Pantheon stairway. I hope Archibald can go even further.”

Chapter 148: Chapter 142: Development and Consecution “Employee” (Vote for monthly ticket!)

Fein City’s Patrol Bureau was officially renamed Fein City Police Department, and all the members of the patrols were also renamed and henceforth became the police officers of Fein City.

The newly established Police Department had just arrested a group of smugglers who had been illegally trading in valuable contraband goods without ever paying taxes. After being reported by their peers, they were severely beaten by the police and thrown into jail.

“Police Chief, sir, good day! The most stubborn one among them has been beaten to death, and there’s only one woman left. What would you like us to do with her?”

In the gloomy and dim cells of Fein City Police Department, two officers saluted the newly appointed Police Chief Mormir, feeling somewhat guilty about the death caused by their actions.

“I understand,” Mormir said.

Dressed in his police uniform, Mormir nodded calmly. He didn’t care about his subordinates killing a prisoner and walked into the cell with an expressionless face.

He gestured for the two officers to leave and immediately heard the furious cursing of a woman.

“Trash! Lapdogs! You scum bred by nobles know nothing but to bully us, the poor! You have no sense of morality or shame!”

“I despise the gods! Because they shelter you filthy swine, you are all so stupid and nauseating!”

This was a woman in her thirties, not at all beautiful, but her eyes were full of fiery anger.

Mormir, not at all angry, squatted down in front of her and slowly reached out to grab the woman’s chin, looking down at her from above.

“I know your name is Susan. You hate the gods?”

The woman named Susan was stunned for a moment and finally said coldly, “Yes, I loathe those disgusting deities!”

Mormir smiled faintly, knowing she wasn’t deceiving him, and said slowly,

“I can free you from jail, but you must work for me. What do you say, Miss Susan? This is an important opportunity. You can make a choice.”

“But I can’t give you much time to consider, only ten seconds, ten, nine...”

In the dimly lit jail, Mormir’s voice had a peculiar magnetism, giving the impression that he could control everything in his hands.

This ruthless Police Chief had cruelly killed many prisoners, and all who knew him feared him greatly. The woman, who had just been calm and angry, trembled as she looked to the other side.

In the corner hung a smuggler who had been beaten to death. She took a deep breath and finally nodded her head.

“I agree, Mr. Police Chief, I am willing to serve you!”

“Very well,” Mormir said with a light nod, then he took out a dose of medication from his chest and forced it into Susan’s mouth.

“Cough cough, cough!”

Susan felt as if flames were bursting from inside her, coughing for a long time until tears came out.

She heard Police Chief Mormir say calmly,

“From now on, you belong to me, but you must remember, never inquire about things you shouldn’t.”

After saying that, Mormir turned around and left.

The second generation Daybreakers had left the Fischer family for several years, and among them, Yeager, who had the best affinity with the God Pantheon stairway, had successfully reached the “Duelist” rank.

Over the years, the four Daybreakers received new instructions from the Fischer family again and again.

His Excellency Byrne remotely commanded them to further infiltrate and even recruit new subordinates in their respective domains.

The subordinates were unaware of the existence of the Dawn Church and the Fischer family, knowing only their immediate superiors, the Daybreakers. Even if discovered by the church and official forces, it would not directly expose the whole organization.

The East Coast Province currently had poor public security, with a surge in numbers of heretics. However, this extremely chaotic environment provided many opportunities for the Fischer family.

Mormir, having left the dark prison and returned to his office at the Police Department, took out the purple medication from his chest and pondered deeply.

This was a drug known as “Deep Purple,” the result of His Excellency Bain’s research on chronic poisons combined with Class 1 Extraordinary Material, the “Non-living Flower,” which could permanently affect ordinary humans.

The user’s physical abilities would permanently increase each time they digested “Deep Purple,” effective up to three times, enough to enhance an ordinary person’s physical abilities to a low-level Beginning stage.

However, those who consumed “Deep Purple” needed to obtain a special antidote once a year to suppress the poison in their bodies from acting up, or else they would die instantly.

Over the years, Mormir could clearly feel that the head of the house, like a very greedy sponge, grew more and more voracious as he aged, his mind maturing further with each year.

They said that in his youth, he was a shy and timid child who knew nothing, but as he became an adult, the head of the house grew continuously, becoming more rational and composed after each crisis.

At thirty-five, the head of the Fischer family had become entirely different, his eyes filled with wisdom and depth.

Mormir was very aware that now very few people could discern what the scholarly man was really thinking.

“His Excellency Bain once said that it doesn’t matter how low the beginning of a life or family is. The most important ability is to keep learning and growing. That’s the key to the Path of Knowledge.”

---

In the room of Fein City Hall, a wealthy businessman sat respectfully in front of Yeager, presenting him with an expensive gift.

“Mr. Yeager, I’ll trouble you with this matter. This is a token of our sincerity,” he said.

Yeager, still as handsome as ever, dressed in white and squinting his eyes, smiled faintly, gently shook his head, and then pushed the presented gift back to the man.

“No need for a gift, consider it a favor from me. I hope we can become closer friends in the future,”

Upon hearing the word “friends,” a splendid smile spread across the merchant’s face.

“Friends! I understand, we are friends now! Hahaha!”

After a while, Yeager soon learned that another merchant was coming to see him.

His name was Colin.

“Colin, that little rascal, heh heh.”

Yeager let out another smile because, with the vast financial support of the Fischer family, he had become a low-ranking official in Fein City Hall, responsible for dealing with commercial disputes.

He valued every person from the Daybreak Orphanage, always calling them “Daybreakers,” and gradually became their leader, with his status in the Dawn Church rising steadily.

Deep in Yeager’s heart was an ambition to climb to the position of mayor by using the power of the Dawn Church and then to exchange his public status for an important position within the Church.

“Colin, long time no see.”

The door closed tightly, and Yeager looked at the slim, bespectacled young man with short hair sitting before him with a chuckle.

That young man was Colin, who despite being only in his twenties, already had a receding hairline and was very excited to see Yeager.

He hugged Yeager and whispered, “My brother, it’s all for the lost dawn.”

Yeager nodded with a smile and repeated, “For the lost dawn.”

As insecurity on the East Coast grew, the Fischer family established two new orphanages in the four towns, and among the Daybreakers who were from the two original orphanages, three more stepped on the paths of “Forging,” “World Order,” and “Contract.”

The most outstanding of the third generation Daybreakers was Colin.

He was born in the Daybreak Orphanage of Fein City, his father died in the first year of a naval war, he was twenty years old this year, with a silver tongue adept at bargaining and very sensitive to changes in commodity prices.

Colin's path was the "Path of Contract," and the power of consecution he received was "Employee."

His physical strength increased by 2, spirituality power by 8, and the extraordinary trait he obtained was "Focused on Work."

The ability "Focused on Work" was simple, allowing Colin to concentrate on a task for a long time without his attention being distracted.

Colin looked at Yeager, the trusted elder Daybreaker, with joy in his heart.

He smiled and said, "Big brother Yeager, a batch of goods produced by the factories in Nasir Town seems to have been detained by your people, suspecting the goods contain heretic objects."

"Of course, the goods are actually very normal. I think those people probably just want to extort more money, so I hope big brother Yeager can help us sort this out."

Strange.

Yeager narrowed his eyes, acutely aware that something was amiss, but still nodded with a smile:

"Dare to detain the goods of the Fischer family? I've never heard of such a thing, hehe, don't they understand the relationship between Fischer and the Lion clan?"

He slowly stood up and said seriously:

"Hmm, I will personally look into this matter; don't worry."

---

On a main road, the soldiers of the Fischer family and the Dagger Brotherhood were escorting a batch of the Fischer family's goods out of the area of the four towns.

The gang's leader, Moore, was riding at the front of the procession, constantly vigilant, his actions very strict and disciplined, even to the point of discomforting his subordinates.

He had already reached the 2nd Rank on the Path of World Order, becoming a "Sheriff."

In recent years, Moore's two younger brothers had also joined the Dawn Church, becoming new Blood Receivers, and both with volatile temperaments, had taken the Path of Calamity.

When the caravan stopped for a rest en route, the cautious Moore personally inspected the goods and suddenly screamed:

"Trouble!"

His brothers rushed over, each asking in surprise, "What happened, big brother?"

"What's the matter? Is there a problem with the goods?"

Moore nodded, picked up a red bag from the goods with a calm demeanor; no one had seen the existence of this item before.

With a steady voice he said, "Take a look at this. It was mixed into the batch of medicine being sent to Fein City along the way by someone we don't know."

Moore opened the bag with caution, and his eyes gradually widened, and he swore a rare curse!

"Damn it, this stuff is from those bastards of the Stars Embrace Order!"

"They consume this to fall into an odd state to see and worship 'that' thing!"

After hearing this, everyone was stunned, instinctively stepping back, as Moore shook his head, his eyes sharp as he said:

"It certainly wasn't tampered with in town, more likely on the road outside. The situation is severe; we must go back immediately and report to the family head!"

Chapter 149: Chapter 143: Framing and the "Butler" Consecration (Vote for Monthly Ticket!)

The goods were temporarily left in a nearby village, and Moore immediately hurried back to Nasir Town, arriving at Fischer Manor to report.

The family steward, Theo, came to the hall and saw the anxious look in Moore's eyes.

Theo nodded calmly to his old friend, who also served the family, and continued, "The head of the household has gone to Black Mountain Town for a banquet hosted by the Arwen family, whose new head, Baron Adrian Arwen, has just achieved mid-level Transmutation. As for Madam Irene, she is at the orphanage in the town. You should wait a bit, Moore," he said.

Moore sighed, took off his hat, and said, "This is a matter that can't wait. Other families might just find it a nuisance, but the Fischer family can't afford a thorough investigation by the Church."

Theo frowned slightly, sensing that the issue seemed more serious than he thought.

Over the years, he too had successfully reached the 2nd Rank "Steward" on the Path of Authority.

The Consecution Power of "Steward," in the constellation, takes the image of a polite elderly man in a black tailcoat amidst a burst of white light.

It possesses just one Extraordinary trait, "household management."

And a "Steward" with the Extraordinary trait of "household management" can select no more than ten people as "family members" ahead of time, constantly aware of and in control of the members' current physical and Spiritual Power states, without any distance limitations.

Should a family member encounter an issue, the "Steward" can even remotely transfer his own life force and Spiritual Power to them.

To advance further on the Path of Authority, Theo handed over his position as Guards Captain to Archibald and truly became the old steward of the Fischer family.

Archibald no longer held the position of Guards Captain; he was now the Fischer family's Soldier Leader, with the private military forcefully expanded to over five hundred.

The Hovern family's viscount originally set for Nasir Town stayed back home due to a mole incident within the family, fully committing to protect the breakthrough of Earl Hovern to Monarch and did not come to the East Coast Province.

Nasir Town was still firmly in the hands of the Fischer family.

The town's third and fourth factories were built one after another, still chemical and food processing plants, where the Fischer family held a huge advantage. They sold their products across the whole East Coast Province through the Lion clan's business channels.

Due to the factories, the population of Nasir Town increased rapidly, gradually reaching over twenty thousand, and it was only a matter of time before the town's population exceeded thirty thousand.

Theo, knowing Moore to be a serious person who would not exaggerate matters, immediately asked, "What exactly is the matter?"



Upon learning that contraband from a heretical cult was found in the medications intended for Fein City, Theo's complexion changed, and he sent Moore straight to the orphanage in town to find Madam Irene.

Moore put on his hat, left the manor with gravity, rode to the Daybreak Orphanage in town, and saw over a hundred neatly dressed orphans in the yard.

Most of them came from the years following the maritime wars, many bearing grudges, all adopted by the Fischer family, and each child received a certain level of education.

Moore noticed the workers strictly ordering the orphans to line up as Madam Irene, dressed in black, calmly walked out of a room, her presence weaving through the children's gazes.

In the eyes of the children, Madam Irene was like a Proxy of the divine, born into the world to save them.

Knowing the importance of protocol, Moore did not rudely approach her.

In recent years, the Fischer family learned to emulate the Lion clan by formulating a complete set of family rules, while Madam Irene's management of the orphanage became stricter and more formal.

He waited until Irene had checked on all the children, then approached her steadily, took off his hat, and said:

"Madam Irene, I have something very important to tell you!"

Irene looked at Moore calmly, nodded, and led him to a room alone.

"Explain," she said.

"Yes, Madam Irene," replied Moore.

Moore respectfully bowed and, with furrowed brows, whispered:

"Here's the situation. In a batch of medicine to be sent to Fein City, we found forbidden items from a heretical cult, the kind used by members of the Stars Embrace Order for rituals. I suspect someone is trying to frame us," he explained, presenting the bag used to plant the evidence.

"I was not in charge of the previous shipment; it was Archibald. And it's very likely that it had problems, even possibly already delivered to Fein City."

Although he didn't spell it out, Moore felt what he could detect, the careless Archibald might have overlooked.

Irene stared at the items in the bag calmly, nodded slowly, and said, "I am aware of the situation now, thank you, Moore. But there's no need for you to worry about this matter anymore."

Moore was momentarily startled, then nodded, "I see, I understand."

In fact, Moore was not the first to bring the news.

Yeager had already found the issue with the first batch of medicine and dealt with it promptly.

He then located Inna at the newspaper office and used his Bard ability "Bardic Narrative" to convey the message remotely, informing Irene of the detailed situation at the Fischer family side instantly.

Upon receiving the news, Irene immediately sent Vanessa from Nasir Town to Black Mountain Town to inform Byrne about the entire incident.

Suddenly, she asked, "By the way, Moore, I hear your wife is about to give birth, is that right?"

Moore nodded respectfully and said, "Yes, it's true. She is a very honest and kind woman who knows nothing about the matters concerning the Dawn Church."

Irene said slowly, "Your child will descend from Blood Receivers and will be a natural-born Blood Receiver. If anything occurs, you must inform me, understand?"

Moore, fully aware of Madam Irene's meaning, responded, "Yes, I understand."

Irene paused, then with a smile added, "When the time comes, I will help with the delivery. There will be no accidents; rest assured, Moore."

Joy instantly flooded Moore's eyes; childbirth always carried a significant mortality risk for ordinary women, but with Madam Irene's help, there would be no problem!

"Madam Irene, I am grateful for your continued help to the Shelby family, and thank you for your kindness!"

---

"Open the boxes! Inspect the cargo!"

In Fein City, a shipment from Nasir Town had been intercepted all night.

The Tempest Church and Salvation Church had formed a joint inspection team. They had solid and reliable intelligence indicating that this shipment contained heretical items needed by members of the Stars Embrace Order!

The merchant Colin's expression was ugly as he said coldly, "Have you gone mad? This shipment belongs to the Fischer family. Don't you know our relationship with the Lions?"

The expressionless inspection team captain said without any compassion, "So what if you are dogs of those Lions? We are the church's people! We are not afraid of them at all!"

Colin continued coldly, "Very well, you're the church's people, but are you not afraid of Priest Zayne's fury?"

Upon hearing the name of Zayne, the captain of the inspection team suddenly became furious and shouted,

"Get out of the way! We must inspect this shipment. You lot have delayed the inspection long enough! Move aside now, or we'll take you all away!"

Colin could only silently step aside, as the inspection team captain revealed a smile.

However, after inspecting for a long time, scrutinizing every item closely, they found nothing amiss.

Not to mention contraband, the Fischer family hadn't even failed to pay a penny of taxes over the years.

Looking at the disarrayed goods, Colin couldn't help but sigh,

"Sigh, you're really accusing the wrong people. Who in the world could be cleaner than the Fischer family?"

The face of the inspection team captain turned red with anger, like someone forced to swallow excrement, so furious that he couldn't speak.

At this moment, one of his subordinates ran over to report.

"Something's wrong, Captain. It seems the intelligence was inaccurate. It's not the Fischer family's fault. Instead, we found contraband in the goods belonging to the Arwen family!"

The Arwen family, like the Fischer family, was famous on the East Coast for manufacturing medicines.

However, their insistence on an outdated handmade workshop industry was far inferior to that of the modern-day Fischer family.

The inspection team captain was furious, bellowing, "What the hell is going on! Why is the intelligence inaccurate, damn it!"

Colin smiled and bowed slightly, saying cheerfully,

"Sorry about that, but we will definitely contact Priest Zayne, and by then, you must give an explanation to the Fischer family!"

The inspection team captain looked embarrassed and his hands trembled slightly, but he still didn't want to concede and could only snort coldly as he led his team away.

Black Mountain Town, the racetrack.

Byrne, dressed in splendid black clothes, sat calmly in the VIP area, flanked by two young personal servants who were orphan brothers from the Daybreak Orphanage.

His demeanor was steady, his beard slightly grown in, making him look more mature and rational than before, and his deepest gaze held aggressiveness.

After attending a banquet hosted by the Arwen family, Byrne had accepted Baron Adrian Arwen's invitation to come to the racetrack to watch the newest Shield Cup race and to participate in exciting horse betting.

"Start!"

The horses began to run, and the crowd cheered wildly!

A pure white dove flew in from the sky!

It had soared high above, then descended gradually, weaving freely among the many racehorses, zigzagging before swiftly gliding past the lead horse and soaring back into the sky.

Byrne raised his hand, and the obedient dove gently landed on his pale hand. He took a piece of paper from the pigeon's claws, seemingly blank but actually containing neat writing by Vanessa, which would become visible when heated.

"It's the Arwen family."

The man was expressionless as the paper was ignited by a flame, the ashes scattering in the wind.

He stood up, gazing at the racetrack, nodding calmly, then turned to leave,

“We won.”

The horse betting was over, and the horse the Fischer family had bet on won first place.

Byrne left the VIP room with composure, only to see Baron Adrian Arwen coming out of another room, walking over with a smile.

His clothes were luxurious, his temples gray but his skin very delicate—a middle-aged man who took great care of himself, laughing as he stretched out his hands towards Byrne.

“Hahaha, I heard you won while I lost badly, Your Excellency Byrne! Now I might have to borrow money from you!”

The two men laughed as they embraced.

Byrne’s face was full of smiles as if embracing an old friend, with no trace of dissatisfaction.

Adrian sighed and said, “His Excellency Byrne Fischer, you are indeed lucky. It’s your first time at horse betting and you already won! Maybe it’s true what they say, that newcomers are always lucky.”

Byrne smiled and nodded calmly, his tone light as he said, “Perhaps, but it may be more than just luck.”

“It might be that the deities are protecting the destiny of the Fischer family.”

Chapter 150: Chapter 144 Intimidation (Vote for monthly tickets!)

The Arwen family’s territory was also located within the four towns. Originally, they were vassals to the viscount-level Spirit Deer clan, but now that the Spirit Deer clan had been annihilated by the Sea God Cult, even the territories under their command had been seized and divided between the Roarer clan and the Lion clan.

In the days that followed, anyone who saw the territory of the Arwen family saw it as a huge piece of fat meat.

They had to choose a new strong entity to rely on, and ultimately decided to affiliate themselves with the nearby Roarer clan. However, Viscount Garcia had also given the Arwen family an important task.

That was to take over the task originally performed by the Kesse family, which was to suppress the fishermen of Nasir Town.

After losing a bet on horse racing, Baron Adrian returned to his family's territory with an unsightly expression.

In the grand hall of the manor estate, he looked around at the numerous main and collateral relatives of the Arwen family. Dozens of family members gathered to hold a new family meeting.

The family meeting officially began, and he nodded seriously, saying, "Regarding the establishment of the factory, does anyone still have objections?"

Everyone remained silent. An elder of the family sighed and said, "No, we've all thought it through. Only by establishing a factory can we keep up with the new era."

Adrian shook his head and said, "However, if we were to establish a factory now, it would already be a bit late, because much of the pharmaceutical market share has already been occupied by the Fischer family."

After the family meeting ended, Adrian's uncle and his two brothers, who were all extraordinary exponents that had reached the Transmutation Level within the Arwen family, remained.

If it weren't for the fact that they lacked a strong transcendent at the high-level Transmutation rank, the Arwen family would have long been able to sit on an equal footing with those six viscount families. Unfortunately, reaching the high-level Transmutation was not an easy task.

Until recently, Adrian had been the first in the family to break through to the mid-level Transmutation in decades.

He gazed at his uncle and asked sternly, "Uncle, have you completed the task you were given?"

Adrian's uncle nodded and said solemnly, "Yes, that matter has been taken care of, and I've also passed the message to friends within the Church. I believe the Fischer family will soon be investigated by the Church and will be in big trouble."

"That's good. It also means we've completed Viscount Garcia's task," Adrian nodded and then sighed deeply.

"Ah," he exhaled.

If it weren't for Viscount Garcia's instruction, he really wouldn't have wanted to offend the Fischer family of Nasir Town.

The Fischer family was a heroic family on the East Coast, and also a family with a terrifying reputation in the shadows.

Over the years, the families that had offended them had mysteriously encountered trouble one after another. At the very least, the family head himself died, and in the worst cases, entire families were decimated.

Although the Church had certified that these incidents were the work of despicable heretics, Adrian intuitively felt something was very wrong.

How could there be so many coincidences?

Even Viscount Garcia had mentioned that it was very likely the work of the Fischer family, who fabricated scenes and framed the heretics.

Adrian recalled the sharp look in Viscount Garcia's eyes and frowned slightly, muttering to himself,

"Killing and then planting evidence to blame heretics; maybe Viscount Garcia himself has done similar things."

He still remembered that during the period when the Sea God Cult invaded, several baronial families on the East Coast inexplicably vanished, with the blame all directed at the Sea God Cult.

"Perhaps one day, that guy Byrne might actually be assassinated by Garcia."

Adrian was well aware that compared to Viscount Xavier of the Eagle clan, known for his unpredictable power as the "Black Hawk," Viscount Garcia was an even more belligerent and ruthless thug.

"Fischer family, that plot should stop your factories from producing, right?"

Of course, he wasn't aware of the real situation of the Fischer family and didn't think such a setup would cause them much trouble.

The Arwen family had placed illicit goods in the factories belonging to the Fischer family. If the Church could find the forbidden items used by heretics in the factories of Nasir Town, they would definitely suspend the factories' operations immediately and take away all the workers for a lengthy investigation.

By the time the investigation ended, the Fischer family's industries would surely face a massive blow.

"It's bad, the Church's people have arrived!"

Just as he was contemplating the Fischer family's situation, he suddenly learned from his subordinates that the Church's people had arrived!

Adrian was stunned for a moment, and then, once he learned that the illicit goods had been discovered among his own merchandise, he was extremely shocked!

“Impossible, how could this be!”

Sweat streamed down his back, and he quickly realized that the Fischer family must have detected his methods.

Teams from the Tempest Church and the Salvation Church had arrived within the Arwen family’s territory and, with stony faces, began to search. Soon after, they actually found illicit goods in their workshops and were set to take everyone away for an investigation.

“Byrne!”

Adrian clenched his fists, glared, and couldn’t help but roar loudly, so furious he nearly passed out.

Ten days later, thanks to the guarantee of friends within the Church and the fact that no other evidence could be found, the members of the Arwen family returned to their territory, albeit now under the watchful eye of the Church.

Unbeknownst to them, a young man with silver hair had been standing outside the Arwen family’s manor, staying put for a long time. He had been observing for several days now.

In Fein City, once Yeager noticed a problem, he replaced the illicit goods with those of the Arwen family, while the forbidden items on this end were quietly placed by Chris.

“ ... ”

Chris stared at the other family’s territory, deep in thought, recalling the words Byrne had said to him.

With an expressionless face, he tore up the fake-spirit card and then his figure underwent a sudden change.

Chris turned into a frequently seen elderly kitchen maid to enter the grounds of the Arwen family estate, then kept changing his appearance. Now, his acting skills were so superb that even those close to him could hardly distinguish him from the real person in a short period of time.

Dressed as a servant, Chris infiltrated the great hall of the Arwen family estate and soon saw the members of the Arwen family, who were discussing countermeasures angrily.

“Damn that Byrne! We were played by those fishermen!”



“Otherwise, should we just assassinate some members of the Fischer family? Even if we can’t kill that crafty Byrne, the rest are definitely doable!”

“Don’t do it. Once we start a full-scale war, we will also suffer heavy casualties!”

“How about we kill Byrne’s cousin Chris instead? That would be a powerful counterattack!”

Chris silently listened, then blended into the team of Arwen family servants, carrying out endless tasks just like a real servant.

When he got to the kitchen, he stared at the food, knowing it wasn’t time to poison it yet.

After spending a certain amount of time, Chris observed the patterns of the people’s lives, figuring out which areas of the estate certain individuals would be in at certain times.

So when the butler of the Arwen family left, he found a secluded corner to use the fake-spirit card to transform again, becoming the Arwen family butler and calmly walked into every room.

Once transformed into the butler, his every move was extremely graceful and fitting, he treated the servants very seriously, yet was full of respect for the members of the Arwen family.

No one could see any flaws.

Chris left notes in room after room, knowing that the nobles’ servants would clean in the morning and were bound to discover at least one of them and then all of them.

If the plan went well, they would probably find the notes that evening.

“Mr. Butler, have you seen my dog?”

In the corridor of the second floor of the estate, a freckled little girl came over with a ball, smiling at Chris.

She was Evangeline, Baron Adrian’s youngest daughter, who inherited the power of the high-level magic beast “Lightning Spirit Steed,” and could even qualify to become the patriarch of the Arwen family in the future.

Smiling, Chris felt lucky to have found an important target so quickly.

He knelt on one knee, affectionately took the little girl’s hand, and said,

“Oh, Miss Evangeline, I have seen your cute little dog, he’s frolicking outside. Please come with me!”

“Okay!”

Evangeline nodded repeatedly, trusting Mr. Butler completely.

Chris then led the little girl out of the Arwen family estate with great aplomb, covered her nose with a handkerchief laced with sleeping drugs, and took her away after she fell unconscious.

Some time later, everyone in the Arwen family was on the verge of exploding!

Miss Evangeline was gone!

Everyone was filled with shock and bewilderment, and many had seen the butler taking Miss Evangeline away, but the butler himself was completely puzzled.

“No, that’s not right, I wasn’t even in the estate at that time!”

They searched all night without finding her. Baron Adrian was so anxious that his eyes turned bloodshot, almost crying, until he suddenly learned the next morning that his little daughter Evangeline had come back!

“What on earth happened?!”

Baron Adrian asked the butler excitedly, barely restraining himself from grabbing the butler by the collar, soon hearing the butler say with a very strange expression,

“It was the Fischer family who sent her back...”

“They say Miss Evangeline accidentally made her way to Nasir Town, then, His Excellency Bain from the Fischer family personally played with her for a while. Miss Evangeline is still sleeping now; we have checked her, and she has not suffered any harm.”

Byrne, huh?

Cold sweat streamed down Adrian’s face, he took a deep breath trying to calm his fear, but still couldn’t control it, then he learned another piece of shocking news!

Sometime unknown, someone had placed many notes in various rooms of the family, and on each note was written the name of a member of the Arwen family, not sparing even those working secretly for their family.

Adrian was about to collapse, knowing internally that the Arwen family had come to a delicate position.

Betraying Viscount Garcia was undeniably suicidal, but now they were about to go to war with the Fischer family. Even though the family's paper strength was stronger, Adrian realized that winning was impossible!

And what if they really won? They would still be serving as a tool for Viscount Garcia.

In the end, it would be their family who died, it would be Arwen blood that was spilled, yet the majority of the benefits would still be taken by the Roarer clan; it was simply the worst possible outcome.

After pondering for a long time, Adrian finally made a decision.

"Lock down the information. Absolutely do not tell Viscount Garcia about the incidents that happened today. Whoever dares to leak the news, prepare your whole family to meet God!"

Then he lowered his head, squinting his eyes and muttered to himself,

"I need to meet with His Excellency Bain. Their actions weren't too excessive, suggesting they might be interested in negotiating."

That evening, he took valuable gifts and secretly went to meet with the Fischer family in Nasir Town.