

From Secret Clan to the Divine Dynasty

- Chapter 344 Dust of the Old Era

Chapter 344 Dust of the Old Era

The sky seemed to have cracked open a vast chasm, pouring down endless threads of silver, the rain falling like a mad drummer, hammering the earth with a deafening roar.

The entire world was enveloped by rain, murky and chaotic, the dense droplets merging into torrents that surged and leaped across the ground, whipping up layers of white spray.

Trees lining the streets of Cyart Royal Capital swayed in the storm, their branches and leaves clattering under the assault of the rain.

Within a villa in the wealthy district, in the master bedroom.

Marquis Vlad, "Volcano Dragon," adorned in black, held a glass of red wine in his hand as he calmly watched his old friend, Marquis Samuel, "White Spirit."

Vlad Castleton spoke serenely:

"It's quite marvelous, isn't it? We've just lived a bit longer."

"Yet within a few short years, the two of us have become the most powerful of the Extraordinary nobility in the country, as the two older fellows stronger than us have been taken by the Grim Reaper... Heh, time is merciless and terrifying, fate is elusive, and in the end, no one can escape death."

"Not even those two legendary founders of our nation."

He gazed into the shadows.

Marquis Samuel, "White Spirit," stood within the shadows, clad in a white robe, his face veiled by darkness.

The man in the shadows was like a solitary traveler, understated and mysterious, yet impossible to ignore.

He had yet to speak a word.

Marquis Vlad was well aware that his old friend was not fond of speaking. He chuckled softly and continued:

"The new King will most likely be chosen from either Prince Baine of the 'Boulder Sledge Hammer' or Prince Noah of the 'Sword of Salvation.' They of the Adley Royal Family possess the Blood of Salvation, and their ancestors are saints recognized by the Salvation Church. Even if the Adley Royal Family has weakened due to the demise of the old man, their status is not something we can easily shake."

Indeed.

One of the important reasons why the Adley Royal Family had the credentials to lead the Cyart people in their migration eastward and were protected by the Church was because their ancestors carried the bloodline of the Lord of Salvation and were also recognized as saints by the Salvation Church.

The "Blood of Salvation" had not only immensely powerful strength but also signified extraordinary importance!

The colossal Salvation Church naturally was the backstage supporter of the Cyart Royal Family.

Marquis Vlad began to analyze the situations of the two candidates.

"There are many differences between Prince Baine and Prince Noah. Prince Baine is an old man loyal to the Royal Family, with a strong sense of honor, and relatively conservative in his actions. If he ascends, it is highly likely that he will continue all the past policies."

"Prince Noah, however, is different. He is undoubtedly obsessed with becoming stronger. If he succeeds the throne, he is very likely to leave the central power hanging... More than anything related to the Cyart Kingdom, 'Sword of Salvation' Noah Adley longs to break through to higher levels sooner.

In fact, he truly is a genius; it's only a matter of time before he breaks through to the Middle Rank Monarch, and he might even have a chance at reaching the high-level Monarch."

High-level Monarch, ah.

That rank is what many Extraordinary Exponents desire to reach, yet to this day, there are only a handful of top-level powerhouses in the Eastern Four Kingdoms who have attained the high-level Monarch rank.

Marquis Vlad was quite clear in his heart that it was highly unlikely he would ever reach the high-level Monarch in his lifetime.

Especially since he'd entertained the thought, it had become even less likely, for anyone who could truly become a top-level power might not waver or doubt their path.

After a moment of silence, Marquis Vlad continued:

"Therefore, I think supporting Prince Noah is our best choice."

"Only when there's a vacuum in the central power of the Cyart Kingdom will there be a chance for your family and mine to become the supreme families."

The so-called "supreme families" are those on the Ouden Continent that become royal families.

To become a king!

That has been the ambition of many throughout history!

Almost all the great nobles harbor a deep-seated desire to become a supreme family!

Even though they never talk about it in public, those families who already bear the mantle of monarchs can see through the "loyalty" of their vassals and understand their yearning.

The torrential rain showed no sign of abating; it rampaged through heaven and earth like a fierce beast, engulfing everything under its domineering influence.

In the distance, the sky flickered with the light of lightning, illuminating the pitch-black night. The rolling thunder mingled with the pounding rain, creating a symphony that was heart-stopping and soul-stirring.

Marquis Vlad drained his glass of red wine and went on.

"The Romann family, the Frosac family, the Jones family, and that emerging Fisherman family—without question, they will become our foremost adversaries."

He paused.

A murderous intent gradually solidified in his eyes, and the glass in his hand began to fracture under the heat.

"In fact, so many power struggles weigh as naught!"

"Sooner or later, those beneath power must battle."

Marquis Samuel in the shadow remained silent, like an unfinished painting, profound and mysterious.

Enshrouded in the heavy curtains of the night, only a vague and resolute outline remained, flickering like a candle in the wind, its brightness waxing and waning, filled with uncertainty.

The face of the "White Spirit" was hidden in the shadows, revealing only a pair of profound eyes.

"Fischer."

Vlad was stunned for a moment, hearing his old friend mention Fischer alone immediately brought to mind Byrne and Chris whom he had encountered.

"We must especially watch over Fischer; they are the most troublesome existence."

The funeral began.

The heavy rain had ceased, and in the faint light of dawn, the grand funeral of the King slowly commenced as the entire Cyart Royal Capital was immersed in solemnity and sorrow.

The sky was covered with thick clouds, as if even the heavens were mourning the passing of this great Monarch.

A gentle breeze flowed, bringing with it a chill, rustling the flags and white banners at the funeral, sounding like lamentations between heaven and earth.

On the city streets, the crowd moved like a tide, almost every person dressed in black mourning clothing, faces heavy with grief. They silently walked in procession, holding flowers and candles to bid farewell to the King. On both sides of the street, tall buildings hung black elegiac couplets filled with words of mourning for the King.

In the palace square stood a huge coffin, draped with white silk and adorned with gold, stately and solemn.

Round the enormous coffin stood countless soldiers, nobility, and officials in rows, their faces mostly marked with sadness and respect.

Byrne, Chris, along with Darren also stood among the ranks.

They wore black mourning clothes and remained silent.

Byrne had already noticed Prince Baine and Prince Noah in the procession.

Prince Baine looked as grim as ever, a burly old man.

He clenched his hands tightly, tears flowing ceaselessly from his eyes, unable to suppress the immense grief deep within him.

Prince Noah, on the other hand, was a lean young man with golden hair, nearly two meters tall, with a very indifferent expression, as if devoid of human emotion in his eyes.

"The Sword of Salvation," Prince Noah?

If Aldrich's conjecture was not mistaken,

He would most likely be the new King of Cyart!

Just then, the golden-haired Noah suddenly turned his head, his expressionless face locking eyes with Byrne who was looking at him.

They nodded to each other and then looked away.

Above the coffin, a huge golden Holy Grail floated silently, representing the King's supreme power and dignity, now a testament to his departure.

As the ceremony began, the solemn sound of a mourning anthem filled the expanse of the square.

The soldiers of the Royal Capital sang the national anthem in unison, their voices loud and firm, as if to remind people of the King's greatness and his indelible contributions.

Meanwhile, a group of priests from the Salvation Church clad in white robes began to pray for the King.

One of the Cardinals of the Salvation Church, the hidden guardian deity of Cyart, the Silver Hermit, slowly approached the spirit pivot, speaking in a voice inaudible to others.

"Who would have thought, you ultimately went ahead of me."

"When you, I, and the Romann family came here, we busied ourselves day and night with affairs without ever considering how we would die."

"After I lost my power, I did nothing but silently watch the two of you lead this country forward."

After a long silence, the Silver Hermit murmured:

"Perhaps, this ending is, for you, a perfect closure."

"You ultimately did not go mad from the price of the Forbidden rare artifact, nor did you betray your initial aspirations."

"The great Lord of Salvation will shelter your soul..."

"I will help the Adley Royal Family move forward, selecting a suitable new king, not only because you possess the Blood of Salvation, but also because of the century-long friendship."

Among the crowd, some sobbed in low voices, others prayed silently, each person expressing their mourning and respect for the King in their own way.

Within the ranks, Byrne knew very well in his heart that this funeral was not just a farewell to a national Monarch; it was the end of an era and the beginning of another.

As the great Blazing Sun slowly rose and illuminated the entire square, the King's coffin was gradually lifted, carried by soldiers toward the distant mausoleum.

In that moment, the entire Royal Capital fell silent, with only the sounds of the mourning music and the soldiers' orderly footsteps echoing.

After the King's spirit pivot entered the mausoleum, the entire Cyart Royal Capital observed a long moment of silence.

Then, the many members of the Extraordinary nobility present lifted their heads, finally hearing the Silver Hermit's aged yet forceful voice.

"Guardians of the kingdom, proceed to the palace; there we will select a new King for Cyart!"

"The legends of the past have now been sealed within the tomb; from now on, Cyart will enter a new era!"

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 345 The Birth of a New King

"Choose the new king."

In the profound corridors of the palace, numerous Cyart nobles stood solemnly, their silhouettes casting long shadows beneath the resplendent murals and intricate chandeliers.

The air was tinged with a faint scent of sandalwood, accompanied by the deep, solemn tones of an organ from the distant music pond, creating an atmosphere of solemnity and authority.

Some Cyart nobles wore gem-encrusted magnificent armor with swords at their waists symbolizing their family's honor, while others donned elaborate formal attire, exuding both elegance and a hint of unapproachable pride.

They could hear the footsteps of court attendants treading lightly in the distance, and the occasional faint clink of metal, which sounded especially clear in the echoed chambers of the palace.

The venerable Silver Hermit looked upon the many nobles from the great families and nodded calmly.

"The second Cyart ruler of the Adley Royal Family will be chosen between two people."

"And as a Cardinal of the Salvation Church, I will bear witness to this kingship election."

"Prince Baine Adley, Prince Noah Adley—I presume everyone has an impression of these two. You may now express your opinions, and after everyone has shared their thoughts, we shall begin the vote."

The Silver Hermit paused briefly before continuing, "The voting will be anonymous, so rest assured, no one will know which way you've chosen, and you won't offend anyone, regardless of your choice."

"The Salvation Church has two votes, the Adley Royal Family has three, and the remaining seven great families each have one vote to cast."

"If the result is a tie, then only the votes of the Church and the Adley Royal Family will be counted, and a recalculation will occur."

She concluded, "I swear to the great Lord of Salvation that the method of election I've just described follows the will of the former Cyart King; I will witness the entire process to ensure impartiality!"

Byrne pondered for a moment. In other words, there were a total of twelve votes, with a possibility of a tie, but if a tie did occur, the new king's birth would be entirely in the hands of the Salvation Church and the Adley Royal Family.

He remained silent for a while, having already calculated the likely distribution of votes in his mind.

In fact, in the past few days, Aldrich, the "Dragon Taming Lord," had completely persuaded both the Frosac and the Jones families, asking that all four families support Prince Baine!

"Support Prince Baine, as it is more advantageous for our faction. Prince Baine is a traditionalist; he will likely continue most of the policies set by the former Cyart King."

"Choosing that ambitious Prince Noah, who is set on strengthening himself, could lead to him neglecting the nation. In that case, Marquis Vlad, that opportunist, will certainly seek more power. Internal conflicts may even intensify in the short term, which would be bad for us."

Aldrich analytically considered the potential outcomes.

"Since we have Byrne's strength, the longer we can delay, the more formidable individuals our families will have, which gives us an increasingly favorable situation."

"Vote for Prince Baine."

The lighting in the palace, filtered through the stained glass windows, cast the nobles' faces in shadow and light.

They conversed in hushed tones, stood silent, and in the exchange of glances, stories and secrets seemed to pass surreptitiously between them, creating a mysterious ambiance throughout the palace.

Byrne, Chris, and Darren also approached Aldrich and "Blazing Fire" Amos.

He observed the conversing nobles and shook his head slowly.

"Is there still a need for discussion? Haven't everyone already decided on their choice in the past few days, or even before arriving?"

Aldrich slowly shook his head, "Not necessarily, some may still be undecided, and they could be swayed."

"Remember what I said, we shall cast our vote for that person when the time comes."

Byrne nodded slightly, yet Aldrich shook his head again, "Unfortunately, from what I've gathered in the past few days, things may not go as smoothly as we hope."

He paused, then added, "However, the death of the former Cyart King is indeed a fact, something I was overly cautious about..."

"Hmm."

Byrne nodded again, "This country's legends really have been taken away by the Grim Reaper."

Aldrich's expression also turned contemplative.

Soon they entered a grand hall in the palace, where a majestic throne stood silently in the center, adorned with exquisite silks from distant lands, embroidered with the Holy Grail, a symbol of the gift to the Royal Family.

In front of the throne was a large wooden table, upon which a glittering golden voting box lay, silently awaiting the nobles' final decisions.

The nobles entered the hall, their steps firm and forceful, each gaze filled with anticipation for the future.

The assertive Marquis Vlad was the first to step forward and cast his vote.

"A new era, perhaps?"

In the hands of the nobles were two alchemically created golden spheres, representing two entirely different choices, known only to the holder whose name was enclosed within.

They then gathered around the table and in turn approached, each casting their golden voting sphere into the box; each sphere represented their chosen allegiance.

The crisp sound of metal spheres hitting the sides of the box echoed through the hall, intensifying the atmosphere with each vote, as the nobles held their breath in anticipation of the final revelation.

Ultimately, when the last noble had placed the golden sphere into the box, the old Silver Hermit slowly stepped forward and opened the golden voting box with tranquility.

Her movements were solemn and reverent, as if she were conducting a sacred sacrificial ceremony.

As the lid of the box opened, a series of golden balls tumbled out, bouncing in the vessel and emitting a pleasing sound.

The Silver Hermit began to count each ball, the name given by every golden ball tugging at the heartstrings of the nobility present.

Finally, she gazed at the crowd and nodded.

"It is Noah."

Byrne sighed, still remembering how Aldrich had put it these past few days.

Although they would try to choose Baine as much as possible, it was highly likely that the internal members of the Adley Royal Family and the Salvation Church would nominate Prince Noah as the new king.

Because Prince Baine's ascension could very well mean that everything would stay the same, which would not suit the interests of the Adley Royal Family members and the Salvation Church.

Marquis Vlad would probably also hope for Noah's accession.

Prince Baine, his expression tense, was silent as if he felt relieved and breathed a sigh of relief, yet appeared somewhat disappointed.

And the tall, thin Prince Noah with golden hair remained expressionless, even when chosen as the new Cyart King, his eyes betrayed no emotional fluctuation.

The final result was announced, and a fervent cheer burst forth in the hall!

The nobles bowed in succession, paying the highest respect to the new monarch. Although they did not know if the new king would lead the country to a new glory, they understood that they had become witnesses to a historic moment.

The "Sword of Salvation" Prince Noah was officially declared the new Cyart King!

He walked calmly to the throne and looked at the Silver Hermit, bowing his head slightly in deference to the representative of the divine authority.

"I swear to the great Lord of Salvation and all the gods, I will become the ruler of the Cyart people, their defender, their shepherd."

"From this day forth, I shall become the emissary of the divine, filling the world with the light of the gods!"

Golden sunlight streamed through the stained glass windows, casting mottled shadows on the smooth marble floor, and the air was filled with the scent of lavender and the smoke of candles.

The Silver Hermit stepped forward, holding the crown in both hands, her aged gaze filled with expectation.

She recited the ancient coronation oath in a low voice.

"The new king of Cyart."

"The great gods will protect your future, and you must also lead your nation to glory."

"You cannot deceive the gods, nor betray your own people, you must bear the responsibility of a king."

"Cyart will become your country, and also the source of your strength."

As the oath concluded, the Silver Hermit placed the crown on the new king's head with tranquil determination.

At that moment, the entire palace seemed to stand still, only the glittering gems of the crown twinkling slightly; the new king, Noah, bowed his head gently, allowing the crown to rest securely on his head.

When the new king Noah raised his head, his eyes sparkled with resolute light, a sign of confidence and determination for the future.

Aldrich and Byrne's gazes shifted subtly, suddenly feeling like they might have misjudged the person.

That new monarch...

Was extraordinary.

New King Noah looked around, expressing his gratitude to the nobles present with a voice that was loud and powerful, filled with confidence and authority.

"Thank you all for your choice."

"I will bear the responsibility of being a monarch. The Adley Royal Family possesses the Divine Blood of the Lord of Salvation, and we shall forever shine with the light of the Lord of Salvation!"

The nobles stepped forward to congratulate the new king, while the citizens cheered and celebrated outside the church. Byrne watched the scene with an insincere smile on his face.

Darren thought to himself: "Although not the best outcome, everything went relatively smoothly... At least this new king doesn't seem like a rash person."

At that moment, Chris suddenly looked towards the distance.

Inside the Royal Mausoleum.

The spirit pivot opened silently.

An asphyxiating aura slowly emanated from within.

Cold and heavy, like a frigid wind surging from the abyss, it carried the icy chill and silence of death.

It spread soundlessly through the air, causing an involuntary sense of oppression and panic. The air around seemed to congeal, and even time appeared to slow and weigh heavily.

The air around the spirit pivot began to twist slightly, as if eroded by this breath of death. Thick black miasma spilled from the cracks of the spirit pivot, coiling and interweaving in the air, eventually congealing into a vague and terrifying scene, as though countless souls were wailing and struggling, their faces twisted and ferocious, filled with despair and agony!

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 346 Tranquil Celebration

...

As the black miasma spread, the temperature around the Royal Mausoleum seemed to drop gradually, and more rapidly as time went by.

A chilling sensation rose from deep within the hearts of the guardians of the mausoleum, causing one to shiver despite the lack of cold, this breath of air crawling and spreading as if it were alive, eroding everything around it, making all things wither and decay.

"Ah..."

The guards surrounding the mausoleum were the first to be affected by the black miasma, many of them falling into intense agony as their life force drained away madly.

Their once strong bodies withered away rapidly, eventually becoming like dried up corpses.

Under the shroud of death, everything around the mausoleum seemed so fragile; the guards fell one by one, grass and trees withered completely, the originally smooth ground gradually shattered, and the spark of life was extinguished bit by bit under the

oppression of this breath, leaving only dead silence and desolation around the mausoleum.

And standing outside the spirit pivot was a terrifying shadow.

His eyes flickered with a cold and cruel light, as if he intended to bring the whole world under his control.

If Byrne and the others saw him, they would be shocked beyond measure.

The former Cyart King had not truly rested but had become the dreaded King of the Undead, silently waiting in the dark for an opportunity to be reborn!

The resurrected King of the Undead had not lost the dignity and power he had in life!

However, different from his life, the King of the Undead emanated a breath of death that made one's blood run cold; every movement was accompanied by bursts of chilling wind, as if blowing from the depths of hell.

His very presence made the surrounding air heavy and oppressive, as though even breathing became difficult.

The former Cyart King who had turned into the undead slowly said:

"From now on, I shall no longer be the King of Cyart."

"I will be the true guardian deity of Cyart!"

Even the Cardinal of the Salvation Church, Silver Hermit, and many Monarch powerful experts, including Aldrich and Byrne, were very certain that the former Cyart King had died.

In fact, they had not misjudged.

Only a few knew that the Tranquility Order, with the blessing of the Tranquility Songster, had the power to sing a very peculiar song that could temporarily transform someone into an undead.

It was the "Wordless Elder," the master of the Words of Tranquility, who had used that strange song to temporarily turn the former Cyart King into an undead.

"Aldrich, even though you are a wise man, a wise man can only analyze based on the information they have; you could never predict what extraordinary power can do, something you are completely unaware of," he said, his eyes gleaming with mirth as he chuckled coldly.

"Human wisdom has its limits, only extraordinary power is the true master of the world!"

The time for the transformation into an undead was limited, but the former Cyart King could not wait any longer.

He knew he had to start arranging the grand ceremony immediately.

At that moment, a female figure identical in appearance to "Silver Poet" Aphrodis appeared, though the real "Silver Poet" was at the palace witnessing the birth of a new king.

Her silver hair was very long, her expression serene as she took out a letter from her bosom and handed it to the former Cyart King.

The former Cyart King calmly looked at the letter as it quietly turned to flying ash, the ashes forming letters one after another.

"Haha, very good."

He nodded, fully aware of the situation with the "Wordless Elder".

"Wordless Elder, our plan is about to succeed."

"Let the grand ceremony dedicated to the Tranquility Songster begin from this moment!"

Because the former king had just been buried, the celebration for the new king's coronation was postponed to seven days later.

Seven days later.

The coronation of the new king was imbued with warmth and solemnity; the entire city donned its festive best, the streets hung with flags, and people flocked early to the square in front of the palace, eager to behold the new king's elegance.

The celebration kicked off under the brilliant sunshine, cannons in front of the palace fired in unison, their deafening roars echoing throughout the city, symbolizing the beginning of a new king's era.

A troop of imposing soldiers marched out from the palace, dressed in splendid military attire, their steps firm, manifesting the majesty of the Royal Family.

Following them, the new Prince Noah appeared, surrounded by his many subjects.

He was dressed in a resplendent royal robe and wearing a crown, his expression neutral, his gaze unyielding. The appearance of Noah immediately sparked cheers from the people of Cyart Royal Capital. Waving flags in their hands, they shouted the new king's name.

"His Majesty Noah!"

"His Majesty Noah!"

"His Majesty Noah!"

...

Prince Noah ascended the platform in the citizens' square and delivered his coronation speech.

"I promise that from now on, I will dedicate myself to the prosperity of the nation and the welfare of its people..."

The speech elicited fervent applause from the public, and their expectations and confidence in the new king peaked at that moment.

The celebration reached its climax.

Dancers, dressed in magnificent attire, twirled across the square, their movements light and graceful, expressing the joy of the new king's ascension, as musicians played cheerful melodies, immersing the entire square in a festive atmosphere.

The Fischer family members were also amidst the festivities.

Darren, quite the killjoy, commented, "Heh, wasn't the entire nation, oh, at least the entire Royal Capital, still enveloped in sorrow just a few days ago?"

"People adapt so quickly! Or is it that they were just following the mood to feel sad, and now, following the mood to be happy again, heh heh."

At the end of the celebration, the new king Noah made his way to the fore of many citizens of the Royal Capital.

He smiled and waved to the crowd, accepting their blessings and cheers.

The entire celebration concluded amidst joyous laughter and chatter, with many feeling that the day marked not just a festivity but also the beginning of a new era, one filled with hope and dreams.

While everything seemed to be proceeding smoothly, Byrne still couldn't stop recalling Karno's prophecy as the carriages of the great families began leaving the Cyart Royal Capital one after another.

He was well aware that Karno's prophecy was a "Precise Prophecy," meaning it was something that would certainly come to pass unless certain preparations and changes were made.

Byrne heard Darren, sitting beside him, say, "We're heading to a nearby port, and then taking a ship back to Nasir City."

He nodded and replied, "Mm."

Darren smiled and continued, "I must confess, some rather dark thoughts have been lingering in my mind, like the Salvation Church allying with the Adley Royal Family to eradicate us all at once."

Byrne calmly said, "The preparations I've made seem unnecessary now, but that's a good thing."

He paused, then continued, "However, we shouldn't get too comfortable just yet. Many dangers have not surfaced, perhaps because we haven't fully appreciated them, or maybe they haven't truly arrived."

Under the bright, sunny weather, the sunlight at the port was like golden satin draping over the bustling docks, coating them with a warm luster.

The sea surface sparkled, a gentle breeze brought the faint smell of salt and the distant sound of ship horns, intertwining into a harmonious harborside symphony.

At one corner of the port, a towering bell tower stood tall; the Fischer family group could hear the resonant bell chimes while intricate carved window lattices glimmered under the sunlight.

Byrne drew back the curtain of the carriage and looked out calmly.

On the docks, workers busily loaded and unloaded cargo, their silhouettes casting long shadows in the sunlight, with many boxes piled haphazardly nearby, like building blocks.

In the distance, several ships sailed leisurely, seagulls circled in the sky, emitting their crisp cries.

Byrne and the others could smell the salty air mingled with the faint aroma of coffee coming from a nearby café as they descended from the carriage onto the small path of the harbor, hearing the sound of the waves beating against the shore in the distance.

Then, they saw the Romann family's carriage, and soon after, "Dragon Taming Lord" Aldrich and "Blazing Fire" Amos also descended from their carriage.

Byrne pointed to a steam engine ship on the sea and said, "Lord Aldrich, Lord Amos, it's a pleasure to see you again."

He smiled and added, "Our family's ship is over there. We'll be leaving shortly. I'm sure we'll meet again."

Darren and Chris also nodded in greeting to the two Romann family members.

Actually, the great nobles had planned to stay for a few days to discuss various policies about the future of Cyart with the new King Noah, but Noah had expressed his desire not to make immediate changes and decided to widely collect opinions from across Cyart, investigating the specific conditions of different regions before implementing targeted reforms.

Therefore, after the celebration, the members of the great noble families began their journeys home by various means.

Aldrich pondered for a moment, then smiled, "King Noah says he will soon gather everyone's opinion and investigate the conditions in different places. It seems he is actually more competent than we imagined."

Just then, a carriage bearing the mark of the Holy Grail slowly approached their vicinity, and all five turned to look.

An envoy of the Adley Royal Family stepped down from the carriage.

He was clothed in splendid and neat attire, took a deep breath, and said earnestly,

"His Majesty the King has commanded me to relay his order. He asks that Lord Aldrich and His Excellency Bain return to the Royal Capital. He has decided to discuss with both of you the intricate details of reforming the Cyart Kingdom!"

Byrne and Aldrich exchanged looks, unsure of what Prince Noah was planning to do.

Darren frowned slightly, wondering, "With this act of King Noah, is he deciding to exclude 'Volcano Dragon' Marquis Vlad and 'White Spirit' Marquis Samuel from the center of power?"

Byrne fell into deep thought.

In that moment, Chris suddenly said, "Don't go back, I can sense the presence of death."

Byrne was taken aback and once again thought of the prophecy with its various hints — blood, throne, skulls...

He stated decisively,

"We won't go back. Let's leave immediately!"

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 347 Bestow Upon You Guilt

The King's messenger was garbed in a splendid and meticulous uniform, a light grey suit of exquisite workmanship, wearing a badge on the chest that bore the emblem of the Holy Grail, signifying his identity.

He tried to remain as calm as possible while he gazed at the two high-and-mighty figures before him.

Whether it was "Raven" Byrne Fischer or "Dragon Taming Lord" Aldrich Romann, both were influential members of great noble families in Cyart, with resounding reputations. Even he, as a messenger of the Adley Royal Family, could not afford to offend them.

However, deep inside, the King's messenger also knew very well that there was someone he absolutely could not afford to offend—the King himself.

Just what kind of person was His Majesty Noah, the new king? He couldn't grasp that, only knowing that he had no other choice.

Regardless, he, as a messenger, had to act according to His Majesty the King's instructions.

However, the situation now seemed somewhat off.

Quietly, the King's messenger touched the second letter he carried.

Byrne advanced calmly, and spoke indifferently to the King's messenger, "You have had a long journey."

"Please return and tell His Majesty Noah that we have an urgent situation and must return to our families immediately. We will provide a thorough explanation afterwards. We will surely find a way to seek His Majesty Noah's forgiveness later on, and we hope His Majesty can grant us some leniency," he said.

"This..."

The King's messenger fell into thought.

After hesitating for a long time, he finally continued to ask, "Lord Byrne and Lord Aldrich, are you both certain you wish to leave?"

Aldrich spoke with a smile, saying serenely, "Why? Perhaps you intend to stop us?"

The King's messenger hastened to shake his head and promptly replied, "No, of course not, Lord Aldrich, only the King said that if you both didn't wish to return, then I should read another command."

An ominous premonition stirred deep inside Byrne, and frowning, he said,

"Another command?"

"Yes."

The King's messenger quickly produced another letter with a golden edge and took out a scroll written with His Majesty Noah's new order. Then his expression underwent a drastic change, and his body began to tremble slightly.

"How can this be..."

He took a deep breath, trying to speak, but for a long time no words came out.

"This..."

Byrne sensed that something was increasingly amiss, and he immediately pressed, "What exactly is the command?"

The King's messenger looked at him, opened his mouth, but still did not speak.

Byrne no longer needed to ask, as it was abundantly clear in his heart that His Majesty Noah's second command must be problematic!

Otherwise, it would not have caused the King's messenger to tremble uncontrollably, hesitate, and remain speechless for so long—an envoy professionally trained would rarely lose their composure like this.

Chris, Darren, and Amos all frowned in confusion as well.

At that moment, Byrne and Aldrich exchanged glances.

Suddenly, they understood what the new command must be!

Without a doubt, only such a command could make the King's messenger before them tremble, hesitate, and be at a loss for words for so long.

Turning around, Byrne said, "We must set sail at once! We can't delay any longer!"

Because that command could threaten the very life of the King's messenger!

"The command is, is..."

The King's messenger shook uncontrollably, eventually falling to his knees and bowing his head.

With an impassive face, Chris used telekinesis to take the golden-edged scroll into his hands and immediately opened it, while Byrne quickly glanced at it.

He showed a look of surprise and then handed the letter to Aldrich.

After reading it, Aldrich fell silent, shook his head, and said calmly,

"His Majesty Noah has more courage than I imagined, boldly declaring our two families traitors and conspirators with the heretical cult so soon after ascending the throne. It seems he intends to eradicate our alliance, and based on what's written here, our Noah has already gathered ample evidence."

Byrne instantly recalled the forbidden Extraordinary materials, "Ashes of Death," that the Fischer family had helped transport for the Romann family.

Those prohibited religious materials indeed only truly required for the grand sacrificial ceremonies of heretical cults.

Although they had never inquired about the specific details, the likelihood of the Romann family's collusion with heretical cults was quite high. However, Byrne also had no knowledge of exactly which secretive cult they might be conspiring with.

As for whether the Fischer family was involved with the heretical cults...

Suddenly, Darren spoke up, "Wait a minute, is it just our two families they're targeting?"

"You mean the Frosac and Jones families aren't within the scope of the sanctions?"

Byrne nodded slightly and said, "Maybe he also sent messages to steady the Frosac and Jones families. In reality, it's a very simple tactic of governance, nothing but sowing discord, division, wishful thinking, and ultimately breaking us one by one..."

Darren chuckled and continued, "But it often proves quite effective."

Turning his head, Byrne looked at his son and said indifferently, "Still, have a little faith in our allies."

After he spoke, he paused, deep down not holding much confidence in the allied families.

It was probably because he had experienced too much.

"Get on the boat, back to Nasir City immediately!"

Just as everyone was about to board the ship, the climate of the port underwent a dramatic change!

Initially bathed in brilliant sunshine, the harbor's surface glimmered like countless tiny diamonds, with numerous ships sailing leisurely and seagulls drawing elegant arcs in the sky.

However, the peaceful and harmonious scene changed subtly without notice.

At first, only a few dark clouds quietly emerged at the edge of the sky, moving slowly as if reluctant to disturb anything. Over time, these clouds seemed to come alive; they gathered quickly, expanded, and eventually formed a massive blanket of black clouds, covering the entire sky like a dark curtain.

The arrival of the dark clouds brought noticeable changes. The sea breeze turned fierce, dispersing the warm sunshine and replacing it with a bone-chilling cold.

The waves grew more tumultuous, striking the shore's rocks with deafening noise, and the previously tranquil harbor suddenly became restless.

"What's happening?"

"What's going on?"

"Something doesn't seem right!"

The people at the harbor noticed the changes. They looked up to the sky, expressions of surprise and fear evident on their faces.

Some fishermen quickly gathered their nets and steered their boats toward the shore; some residents frantically looked for shelter, trying to hide from the impending storm, creating a tense atmosphere throughout the harbor.

The ones who had made it to the ship, like Byrne and company, knew full well that today's events were no longer so simple.

As time passed, the black clouds grew even lower, as if they were within reach.

Lightning began to zigzag through the clouds, illuminating the dark sky; the rolling thunder shook everyone's soul, filling many hearts with fear and unrest as a storm was about to arrive!

The whole harbor was enveloped in an atmosphere of suppression and tension.

Amos of the Romann family suddenly shouted, "Look, what is that!"

In the thick darkness of the sky, the undead former Cyart King loomed like a solitary mountain, silently floating above the clouds. His figure was made of dark mists, intermittently flashing a chilling light, as if embodying the deepest part of the darkness.

The fierce sea wind howled, lifting the mist-like cloak on him. His features were obscured by the dark mist, revealing only a pair of eyes gleaming with ghostly light.

The former Cyart King's gaze, like ice-cold blades, pierced the pitch-black clouds, ruthlessly overlooking the port below.

Under his scrutiny, the harbor seemed to become a giant chessboard, with the ships, buildings, and people all becoming pawns. The undead observed every detail on this chessboard quietly, as if searching for an opportunity, waiting for fate to turn.

Byrne stared at the former Cyart King in the sky, a sudden realization dawning deep within him. So that's how it was; he had used some power to transform himself into one of the undead.

A cold voice came from the sky.

"Aldrich Romann, Byrne Fischer."

"I declare you guilty!"

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 348 I am the Future of Cyart!

Beneath the black clouds, the harbor seemed to fall under a profound curtain of night prematurely, as the clouds rolled like tumbling ink, tremendously heavy and almost within reach.

They densely gathered in the sky, obscuring the originally faint sunlight, plunging the entire harbor into a gloomy and oppressive state.

The waves on the sea, reflected by the dark clouds, appeared more turbulent and fierce, each splash carrying a restless mood, crashing against the shore's rocks with a low and dull echo.

The ships in the harbor seemed bound by the suddenly oppressive atmosphere, bereft of their usual clamor and liveliness, their masts swaying in the gale, creaking and groaning as if in fear of the imminent storm.

The entire harbor was enveloped in an extremely terrifying air.

Deep down, the residents all felt a huge fear, chattering under the thick black clouds, and although they saw the transformed former Cyart King, they could not recognize his identity.

"Who on earth is that? Will the Royal Family protect us?"

"A demon! Is it a demon?"

"What exactly happened?"

Suddenly, a strong wind blew, and many people panicked and hurried back into their rooms.

The people of the Fischer family and the Romann family remained steady in the tempest, each falling into deep silence.

They could feel the oppressive force emanating from the former Cyart King!

A mid-level Monarch with extraordinary power?

That simply wasn't an easy opponent!

The "Blood of Salvation" that the former Cyart King possessed was the most top-tier power of Bloodline, and combined with the strength gained from years of self-refinement by the extraordinary figure, the number of mid-level Monarch powerhouses in the world who could single-handedly match the former Cyart King were probably few and far between.

Byrne took a deep breath while gazing at the former Cyart King in the sky.

Amid the howling wind, he maintained his composure and spoke loudly:

"Your Majesty, why have you become like this? What exactly required you, no, compelled you to eliminate both of our great families simultaneously?"

"The second order of His Majesty Noah, it was you who instigated it from behind the scenes, wasn't it?"

"But I truly cannot comprehend it. Whether it's the Romann family or the Fischer family, we have both been loyal to the Adley Royal Family. Isn't it better to join hands for the future of Cyart and march forward together?"

The former Cyart King in the sky said coldly:

"The second order of Noah was indeed dictated by me behind the scenes, but do your Fischer family and Romann family really have no acts of betrayal?"

"Why not speak up, to whom exactly were those Ashes of Death intended?"

Byrne's expression changed slightly. As expected, "Ashes of Death" had been discovered by that person.

He just didn't know to what extent the evidence had been grasped by the other party.

Otherwise, when confronted together by the True Gods Church, the Fischer family might just be punished, but the Romann family would probably be unable to withstand the pressure, just like Cyart's Hovern family.

Just then, the voice of the former Cyart King from the sky came again, heavy and terrifying, full of power:

"Moreover, the most important thing you got wrong!"

"What is that?" Byrne frowned.

The voice of the former Cyart King was somber and full of majesty, very certain, as if stating an undeniable fact, unashamedly exuding an air of arrogance.

"I am the future of Cyart!"

Aldrich's pale blue tailcoat fluttered constantly, as he stood beside Byrne, calmly showing his hands adorned with ten rings of mysterious rare artifacts, saying very indifferently:

"It seems just as the person I trusted most said on their deathbed, the former Cyart King has, due to the influence of forbidden rare artifacts, suffered severe mental issues... It seems he was then eroded by Evil God's power and fell into complete madness!"

He sighed deeply, speaking with much lamentation, "Unfortunately, we were not able to help him in time. Now, this twisted and fallen state is beyond reversal."

Byrne looked at Aldrich, hoping, if possible, to resolve the matter through means other than fighting.

The identity of the other party was far too special; whether victorious or defeated, it would not bode well for the Fischer family.

Aldrich shook his head, saying firmly, "Give it up. He is already paranoid and mad to a point where communication is impossible. He will always believe that his false perceptions are correct."

"You are mistaken, Aldrich."

The former Cyart King spoke again.

His voice suddenly became very clear, but within this clarity, there was an underlying and oppressively heavy madness.

"I have always been lucid, and in fact, much clearer than any of you, far clearer. Now, I deeply understand that power is everything in this world."

"The Lorne people are planning to seize the power of the Eastern Four Kingdoms, while the Seven Stars are backing Carnia in the north. If no changes are made, Cyart is doomed to perish!"

The former Cyart King roared almost in despair.

"The times have changed! The gods can no longer protect us!"

"They are cowards fleeing from the apocalypse!"

He paused, took a deep breath, his tone still full of despair.

"Only by using you as sacrifices can I commence the Tranquility Celebration and reach the level of high-level Monarch with His boundless power!"

"Then, under my power, Cyart will gradually become the strongest nation among the Eastern Four Kingdoms!"

"In the future, I will achieve Heavenly Enlightenment!"

"It's all for Cyart! Fischer, Romann, let yourselves become the sacrifices for the rebirth of this nation!"

Byrne's expression changed.

The Tranquility Songster?

"Are they trying to summon that existence?"

Suddenly, everything in his mind connected, the former Cyart King had long been secretly controlled by the "Wordless" Elder, the leader of the Words of Tranquility. No doubt, all those arrangements of the Words of Tranquility across the country were also done under the protection of the former Cyart King.

After they exposed that conspiracy, unable to predict that the former King was completely controlled by the Words of Tranquility, they handed over the subsequent matters to the Royal Family to deal with.

Examining oneself, of course, would not yield any results, which eventually allowed the followers of the Words of Tranquility to easily conceal the whole matter.

Suddenly, he heard his son Darren say:

"Father, since that's the case, there's not much else to say, we can only take down this old fellow!"

The excitement Darren had not felt for a long time ignited again from the depths of his heart, and he donned the Iron Mask.

"Hahahaha! I really did not expect this, to have the opportunity to kill His Majesty the King!"

He knew that he most likely would die here today.

But that was also quite good.

If he were to die in battle alongside his father...

The civilians in the port city were already in utter chaos; having heard the recent conversation, first learning of the two great families' collusion with heresy and treason, then hearing about the resurrection of the former Cyart King, and moreover, that he had transformed into that form. Last of all, he openly insulted the divinities.

Because the situation was really too complicated, they found it difficult to understand the current state of affairs.

It was then that the former Cyart King in the sky suddenly spoke.

"Do not be afraid, my people, I will always be the King of Cyart! I am also Cyart's future!"

"I am your Monarch, I have not died, but have become the guardian god of this country!"

"From now on, you will also become my strength, become a part of Cyart's future! We will protect the Cyart Kingdom together!"

"People of Cyart, do you wish to become the blade of Cyart?"

His voice contained an extraordinarily powerful force, and in an instant, it spread throughout the entire city, making many citizens blur their sight, no longer panic-stricken.

The thick black fog all at once scattered, the sky as if unveiled by a layer of mysterious veil, revealing its original form.

The sunlight poured down like a golden flood, piercing through the clouds, covering the land, every inch of earth was bathed in the warm glow, as if endowed with new life.

The distant mountains, under the sunshine, seemed particularly clear, the lush green trees in the breeze gently swayed, the air filled with the fragrance of soil and flowers, refreshing the spirit.

The former Cyart King, who was once already a dead being, suddenly returned to human form!

His figure, under the sunlight, appeared towering and majestic, the golden armor shining with dazzling brightness, as if a war god had descended to the mortal world.

The former Cyart King gazed down at the few people on the ground like ants, and waved his hand.

"Judge them!"

The port city's citizens had a glazed look in their eyes, but their faces were filled with a stirring zeal, the sunshine shimmering in every eye, as if it had ignited the flames in their hearts.

"Judge them!"

"Defend the kingdom!"

"Become the blade!"

"For the future of Cyart!"

They raised their weapons high, clenched their fists, chanting the unified slogan, voices like thunder rolling in, stirring the soul.

Thousands of residents from all around surged forward, soon to surround the few at the dock area.

Byrne and the others looked solemn, the air filled with an ineffable tension, observing the people's eyes revealing a strange, unequal mix of confusion and persistence.

They were like being bound tightly together by an invisible force, united in their desire to become the King's blade, wishing to charge into battle for him, to protect this land.

Chris spoke dispassionately, "Mental Magic?"

"For the King! For the nation!"

The shouts of all influenced by the former Cyart King rose and fell in waves, as if they were about to shake the entire dock, their faces full of longing for glory.

At this moment, they were no longer just ordinary citizens, but had coalesced into a powerful force, ready at any moment to give everything for His Majesty the King.

As if it had surpassed human power, and had become a collective faith!

And right beneath this port city, many white runes gradually lit up.

Those white runes had been outlined with specially made alchemical chalk, discovered once by Byrne and others, who had later wiped clean by the followers of the Words of Tranquility.

Having learned their lesson well, the Words of Tranquility, in cooperation with the former Cyart King, re-arranged the runes and directly buried the white runes deep beneath cities, remaining undiscovered for several years.

Now, the large Array ceremonies spread across half the cities in the nation were finally about to be activated, Byrne could confirm one thing; if it was successfully initiated, the entire nation would fall into a horrific collapse!

Although he knew he had to stop it, with the current situation, even surviving was a difficult matter.

The former Cyart King, akin to the King of Gold, roared with authority:

"Come, obey my command! Aphrodus, Baine, join me in judging Cyart's traitors!"

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 349 The True Oath!

Low-level Monarch "Boulder Sledge Hammer" Prince Baine and the court mage "Silver Poet" Aphrodus had also followed the former Cyart King to this port city.

Almost in the very next moment, they appeared before Byrne and the others, as if they had used some method to speed up their arrival.

Baine soon noticed something was amiss. Prince Baine's expression was very wrong, much graver than the emotionless "Silver Poet" Aphrodus.

He clearly did not wish to participate in this battle, yet he felt helpless and showed great hesitation and struggle.

"So it is, 'Silver Poet' Aphrodus, you are a person of the Words of Tranquility?"

After Aldrich asked, he received no response. The silver-haired "Silver Poet" did not even glance at him. Consequently, he immediately shouted, "Prince Baine! You should not have come here!"

"He is no longer that great founder of nations but is completely controlled by the Words of Tranquility, and even his imminent actions may very well destroy Cyart! Will you continue to support him?"

He paused, speaking with an unsteady tone, "Prince Baine! Remember who you are loyal to: the Adley Royal Family, to Cyart, not that madman close to death!"

Prince Baine's expression was very dark, and he said with a trembling body, "I simply cannot... violate The Oath... sorry!"

Aldrich pondered after hearing this, realizing Prince Baine must have made some sort of oath with the former Cyart King in his early years, which required him to comply with the former king's command at least once.

Violating The Oath would carry a great price, punished directly by the Divine Power. Prince Baine seemed not willing to pay this price and therefore was obliged to follow the commands of the Words of Tranquility.

Aldrich's expression remained serious as he continued, "Prince Baine, you once swore to protect the people of Cyart, to honor the Adley Royal Family!"

"And now, for your own safety, you aid the heretical cult of the Words of Tranquility, even ignoring the potential for this nation's destruction!"

"From this moment on, I despise your name and your soul! I will not stop even after you die!"

Despite his words, Prince Baine still shook his head in agony, showing no intent to break The Oath.

At that moment, many citizens of the port swarmed over.

Suddenly, a ring on Aldrich's finger flickered with light, and a multitude of green plants emerged around him, growing wildly like a forest, quickly isolating the many citizens.

Prince Baine was still in pain when he suddenly heard Darren laughing loudly, "Prince Baine is so cowardly, like a mouse. We all spit on your soul. To think you're a descendant of the saints of the Salvation Church, and yet you act like a dog for the enemies of the Lord of Salvation, it's truly nauseating and laughable! Hahaha!"

"Shut up! What do you know?"

Prince Baine seemed to become furious with shame, roaring madly on the spot, his enormous body shaking uncontrollably with anger.

Darren, looking at him with eyes full of mockery, removed the Iron Mask from his face, revealing a disdainful smile, as if he were ridiculing the vilest rat from the gutters.

Though he said nothing more, his expression alone was enough to enrage anyone within a second!

In Fischer's family, this ability to be annoying was uniquely powerful!

Yet, Prince Baine endured his anger, simply staring at Byrne and humming, then shook his head, refusing to communicate further with them.

"Hmm?"

Byrne pondered, that man's gaze was very strange.

Just then, the former Cyart King began chanting a Spell in the sky, trying to activate the city's barrier.

Immediately, Aldrich shouted, "The city's barrier must not be activated!"

Everyone's faces changed. A city-level barrier could halve their powers. The enemies before them were formidable enough; if their powers were to be halved by the barrier as well, they were as good as dead!

The battle had begun!

Without a word, Byrne used his Extraordinary power to Instantaneously Transfer Chris in front of "Silver Poet" Aphrodus.

It was best to take out one first.

Chris, emotionless like Death in the night, intended to use the power of time stasis to kill "Silver Poet" Aphrodus instantly, but instead, he restrained himself and calmly thrust his sword toward the expressionless "Silver Poet" Aphrodus.

The Black Blade instantly pierced through Aphrodus's frail female body, but no blood flowed out. Instead, there was a sensation akin to piercing metal!

"Puppet?"

Chris's gaze sharpened. If the "Silver Poet" Aphrodus in front of him was just a puppet, then where was her true body?

Prince Baine suddenly let out a great roar, and the ground instantly cracked open to form a large pit. He then completely ignored Chris and Aphrodus at his side and, astonishingly, deployed his battle skill, charging straight toward Byrne and his companions!

"Boulder Sledge Hammer!"

He possessed terrifying defensive power, and an even more horrifying force beyond that defense!

Among the low-level Monarchs who were Extraordinary Exponents, to this date, no one in Cyart had been able to match his sheer power!

His large and muscular body, like a cannonball, shot towards Byrne and the others. He was clearly trying to hold back the group to ensure that the former Cyart King could successfully initiate the barrier trial!

However, Byrne suddenly made an attempt.

He could feel exactly what the gaze that Prince Baine had just fixed on him signified.

Sure enough, there was no hostility in Prince Baine!

He was easily transferred by Byrne!

The next instant, Prince Baine, who was charging full speed, had already arrived in front of the former Cyart King!

"Baine!"

The former Cyart King watched the scene emotionlessly, unable to react in time.

"Your Highness! Stop now!"

Prince Baine roared furiously, his figure looking exceptionally lonely and resolute on the battlefield, with flames of rage burning in his eyes. That was merciless hatred towards the enemy, and immense grief for his manipulated kin.

"Ahhhhhhhh!"

He suddenly let out a mournful howl, a howl like a wild wind in the wilderness, wild and tearing, his throat seemingly filled with endless fury. Each word felt like a sledgehammer smashing into the air, causing the surrounding atmosphere to tremble.

"Why! Why must you always let innocent lives perish! The Cyart people must not be destroyed by the hands of the Cyart King! Absolutely not! I will stop you!"

His voice was filled with pain and unwillingness, like a wounded beast roaring, every character brimming with power, shaking the mental state of everyone present.

Prince Baine's eyes were blood-red, tears swirling in them, but that was not a symbol of weakness; it was his denunciation of the fratricidal war, a furious roar against the injustices of fate.

His chest heaved violently, each breath burning like flames, pushing his grief and strength to the peak!

"Boom!"

Accompanied by a tremendous boom, Prince Baine collided with full force into the former Cyart King, sending the old man's body flying.

The initiation of the barrier was interrupted!

"Your Majesty!"

His roar echoed on the battlefield, The Oath had been broken, and the automatic punishment of the Divine Power laws descended.

It was a tragedy that no one could stop.

The next moment, Prince Baine's body gradually disintegrated, bit by bit turning into dust!

Yet, even though the warrior's body was falling apart, his gaze remained firm and unyielding, shining with resolution, like a blazing flame illuminating the convictions in his heart.

The true oath would not be broken!

The nearly shattered Prince Baine struggled to stand, using his last ounce of strength to charge at the enemy "Silver Poet" Aphrodus for one final time, each step filled with determination and courage.

"Words of Tranquility, you will never succeed!"

In the process of his final charge, the warrior's body continued to sway, eventually completely breaking apart, turning into ashes, but his soul remained forever unyielding.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 350 Slaying the King

Blood of Salvation.

In the legends, only a very few saints of the Salvation Church ever had the chance to receive the blessing of the great God—the Lord of Salvation. Their very blood would be mingled with a portion of the Lord of Salvation's blood.

It was the ultimate treasure that countless coveted! In the history recorded over tens of thousands of years, only three saints of the Salvation Church obtained the original Blood of Salvation!

The original Blood of Salvation was an object even more desirable than a strand of Divine Power from the Lord of Salvation!

Their blood would henceforth turn into a dazzling gold that could even illuminate the surroundings within a hundred meters in the dark, and all hosts of the original Blood of Salvation would immediately possess tremendous power.

Even if they were originally ordinary people, they could temporarily wield power close to the level of Heavenly Enlightenment until the Divine Blood was completely exhausted.

And when the saints with the Blood of Salvation left descendants, their bloodline power would be passed down, and among the many offspring, some would be extremely lucky to inherit the "Blood of Salvation".

However, the concentration of that "Blood of Salvation" was very low compared to the original Blood of Salvation; it could not elevate the host's power to an extremely high level immediately.

Yet, even so, it remained a "Divine Bloodline" that was outstanding in all aspects, standing at the very pinnacle of all bloodline powers!

The former Cyart King stood in the sky, his hand covering the wound at his waist, his golden blood dripping down, each drop emitting a dazzling golden light.

Those drops of golden blood that flowed onto the ground would immediately cause the earth to tremble as if the elves beneath were trembling in fear.

Prince Baine's life-risking strike had finally injured the former Cyart King.

"You are very unfortunate, Baine, the punishment for breaking The Oath may not necessarily be death, yet luck does not stand on your side... Hehehe."

"To die under the laws ordained by the Gods you believe in, isn't that the most foolish way to die?"

The former Cyart King slowly shook his head and said, "They are cowards who fled this world and abandoned all of us, so how can we persist in our past beliefs?"

At that moment, his eyes suddenly widened!

"How could this be?"

The entire body of the former Cyart King shuddered, nearly witnessing the most shocking, most unbelievable, and most unbearable scene of his life!

On the ground, there stood a figure in a black robe, a ducal figure as if stepping out of the legends, shrouded in a robe as deep as the night sky, gently swaying with the wind, as if bearing the weight and mystery of history.

Duke Black Iron's face was firm and majestic, with sharply defined features like an ancient sculpture crafted by the years, his deep eyes sparkling with determination, seemingly able to see through all the deception and truth in the world.

He stood there, commanding an involuntary awe like a towering mountain peak, as if he were the most reliable guardian deity of this land, protecting this ancient and mysterious territory with his power and wisdom.

That was, indeed, the most renowned legendary figure of Cyart, Duke Black Iron!

"Impossible, you are definitely dead! Why! An illusion; it must be an illusion!"

At this moment, the former Cyart King was utterly frenzied, with every part of his body trembling uncontrollably, his eyes filled with horror, bewilderment, and daze.

"Why are you still here? You are clearly dead; I have confirmed it over and over again! Impossible!"

The presence of Duke Black Iron filled the former Cyart King with immense fear.

There were very few people he feared deep down in his heart, and this resurrected old friend was undoubtedly one of them. For a moment, a torrent of emotions overwhelmed him, confusion, pain, perplexity, despair, disbelief.

Byrne silently controlled the projection summoned from the past.

"It seems the mental assault is very effective... Indeed, that person is now very susceptible to psychological impact."

Long before coming to the Royal Capital, he had fully prepared for battle, acquiring a part of the "remains" of Duke Black Iron, actually a blade that the Duke had used in life. Then, Byrne began to set up the ritual for the "Summoning Ancient Projection" while on the ship.

Byrne had long considered what ancient projection to summon in case of danger and, after much deliberation, concluded that perhaps he was the most suitable projection.

At this very moment, he truly summoned the projection of Duke Black Iron!

Byrne took a deep breath, clearly feeling the powerful force possessed by Duke Black Iron, and he also knew he could not maintain it for long.

But actually, there was no need to maintain it for too long.

Silver Poet Aphrodus's silver hair fluttered in the wind as she was about to make a move against everyone, but she was quickly stopped by Aldrich, who had suddenly appeared before her.

Aldrich was calm, having summoned two giant dragons, blocking Silver Poet while making an inquiry.

"Where is your true body, Aphrodus?"

Silver Poet Aphrodus silently dodged the frenzied breaths of the two giant dragons.

She was just a puppet, and her true body was hidden in a place unknown to everyone, usually not far away. Aldrich was thinking of a way to find her real body.

The next moment, Silver Poet Aphrodus suddenly used a power that was very familiar to Byrne.

A white giant's hand appeared in the sky, like a mountain falling from the heavens, grabbing toward Aldrich and his two dragons with great speed and immense force.

What?

Byrne, who noticed this scene, was extremely astonished!

"Could she be Spirit Essence?"

"The last person to encircle and attempt to kill the Tempest Bishop 'Thunderous Monarch,' it turned out to be her! Court mage, 'Silver Poet' Aphrodus!"

Byrne was greatly shocked and for a moment lost for words.

The Silver Poet Aphrodus of Words of Tranquility, who was also the Spirit Essence of the Alchemy Council, had been lurking as a court mage for decades without exposing herself.

And when the mind of the former king became troubled, she decisively let the Words of Tranquility take advantage.

She, or the master of Words of Tranquility behind her, "Wordless Elder," was undoubtedly a very terrifying presence!

After confirming that he could not kill Silver Poet in a short time, Chris had already shifted his attack target to the former Cyart King, who was mired in madness and confusion.

The next moment, Byrne's "Instantaneous Transfer" took the projection of Duke Black Iron as well as Chris into the sky, where they unhesitantly went after the crazed and bewildered former Cyart King.

Angel's Cage!

Chris, expressionless, could clearly feel that the enemy in front of him was very powerful, so he must give it his all without any hesitation.

He immediately used the powerful force of "Angel's Cage."

Although doing so would exhaust his Spiritual Power, this battle was different from the previous ones, as even if he were to fall, there would still be Byrne and Aldrich to hold the fort, ensuring they wouldn't be left without any strategies.

He felt that releasing "Angel's Cage" immediately was the best judgment!

The white polygonal Angel's Cage instantly appeared around the former Cyart King, its extraordinary effect taking hold, and even a Middle Rank Monarch's power was completely stripped away for a short time.

Inside the white polygonal cage, the former king still gazed at the projection of Duke Black Iron, as if subjected to a huge mental shock, remaining motionless.

The projection of Duke Black Iron also gazed at the old friend he had been through a hundred years with, saying nothing, just erupting with countless obsidian feathers.

They shot out like lethal blades, targeting the body of the former Cyart King.

The golden Blood of Salvation continued to flow from the former Cyart King, and in the next moment, he would constantly recover himself, for the strong power of "Blood of Salvation" was comprehensive, and powerful healing was part of it.

Even without any defensive moves, he couldn't be killed in a short time.

The former Cyart King tried to raise his hand but found it immovable due to the surrounding polygonal silver cage, and he also realized that his extraordinary power was completely depleted for the time being, rendering him unable to use it.

He was momentarily startled, the bewilderment in his eyes gradually giving way to clarity, and as he watched the projection of Duke Black Iron constantly attacking him, memories of a hundred years of struggle with that person came flowing back, finally reclaiming a shred of rationality.

"Kill me."

"The Wordless Elder, he manipulated me with a special power... I can't hold on any longer..."

"Only you are qualified to end me!"

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 351 Wordless Elder

"Kill me!"

The former Cyart King's eyes shimmered with determination and decisiveness as if he were prepared to meet death with open arms.

Whether it was by his own volition or because of the "Angel's Cage" that he had regained his senses, he wasn't clear, but deep down he knew his moments of clarity were few.

If he didn't die quickly, he would once again become the enemy's pawn.

The projection of Duke Black Iron, controlled by Byrne, said nothing. His black wings erupted with countless obsidian feathers, which covered the sky and headed straight for the former Cyart King in an instant.

Each of these black feathers was filled with lethality that even the former Cyart King could not withstand much of.

Of course, if it weren't for the "Angel's Cage" taking effect, he would have more than one way to avoid most of the damage.

Chris, having used the "Angel's Cage," had instantly lost all his Spiritual Power, but while he hadn't completely fallen from the sky yet, he threw his blade with all his might at the former Cyart King!

The spinning blade contained immense power, and his determined, indifferent eyes sought to sever the former Cyart King's head with this full-powered blow!

"Very good."

The former Cyart King murmured to himself, already accepting the fact that he was about to die.

Just when Byrne, Chris, and others thought they were about to successfully kill that potent enemy, a sudden presence made everyone choke.

This presence was like a terrifying cold current from the deep sea, silently infiltrating every corner of the port, making people feel an inexplicable oppression and fear.

Under the cover of this icy presence, the breaths of many in the port became heavy. The air they breathed seemed to be encased in ice crystals, cold and bone-chilling. This coldness was not only physical but also mental; it was like an invisible sword piercing people's hearts, making them feel an unprecedented sense of despair!

It was as if endowed with magic power capable of freezing people's thoughts, binding their souls, and under the influence of this presence, people became silent and slow-witted, as if controlled by some invisible force.

The completely formless icy force blocked in front of the former Cyart King, thoroughly warding off Duke Black Iron's attack! Those black feathers all froze in place before him, not inching any closer!

"Who is it?"

Byrne's heart was greatly shocked; his Spiritual Power was also rapidly depleting, the projection of Duke Black Iron he had summoned couldn't be maintained for much longer!

The failure of that strike was a tremendous loss!

Chris had also completely exhausted his Spiritual Power and was gradually falling from the sky.

He furrowed his brow.

The "Angel's Cage" had been effective, but the former Cyart King wasn't killed!

Something was going to happen!

The next moment, a young man in a gray-white robe appeared out of nowhere by the former Cyart King's side.

It was he who had just blocked every attack that could have destroyed the old king.

The young man in the gray-white robe carried a deadly, quiet aura. With a slender, pale hand, he merely patted the former Cyart King's shoulder, immediately filling the latter's eyes with confusion and madness, no longer the clarity of before.

"Aaah! Songster of Tranquility! Please forgive my irreverence!"

The former Cyart King fell back into madness, his hands clutching his head in pain. The silver-white cage around him was fading away, and at this moment, Chris was about to fall to the ground from the sky.

Byrne instinctively thought to use "Instantaneous Transfer" to catch Chris but restrained himself. Chris wouldn't get hurt even if he fell from the sky, whereas he himself had to conserve Spiritual Power.

Darren caught Chris in the nick of time, incurring some injuries himself.

At this moment, Aldrich had already restrained Aphrodus's metal automaton, the "Silver Poet," and turned his head.

"It's him!"

The citizens also looked up in fear, and nearly everyone in the port focused on that young man at this moment.

They could all feel an extremely terrifying presence!

The air around them seemed to solidify with this presence, heavy as lead, pressing on their chests and making it hard to breathe. The wind carried an indescribable scent, like the icy cold and death of an ancient battlefield, cruel and merciless.

This powerful aura contained a potent energy; every time this presence fluctuated, the surrounding space trembled as if even time slowed before this force.

It was not just a physical oppression but a spiritual intimidation that involuntarily made people feel insignificant, as if they were mere ants before this power, filled with unprecedented fear and powerlessness, as if an invisible hand was firmly clutching their throats, leaving them gasping for air.

The leader of the Words of Tranquility Order, the "Wordless Elder"!

A top-tier, high-level Monarch!

Yet for some reason, they couldn't see the "Wordless Elder's" appearance clearly; they just felt very afraid but couldn't glimpse his true face.

The "Wordless Elder" looked at everyone present coldly, and almost everyone instantly judged that their own power was childishly weak before him.

The gap was just too vast.

Even the former Cyart King, a mid-level Monarch, could put up a fight, but against an authentic high-level Monarch, a top-tier power, who was one of the few in the whole eastern continent! They found the notion of resisting nearly impossible!

Aldrich took a deep breath.

"Because the big barrier was secretly opened by the 'Silver Poet,' you were let in, and then you took the opportunity to control the former Cyart King, right?"

Amos fell to the ground in terror, completely overcome by the fearsome presence, unable to move.

"What should we do? What do we do now?"

[There is no need to fear...]

The voice of the Lord of the Lost echoed in the minds of the members of the Fischer family.

Actually, before coming here, the members of the Fischer family had conducted a solemn prayer, asking the great Lord of the Lost whether they should attend the funeral and the royal selection.

The final result was that the great Lord of the Lost agreed.

Since it was such a direct divine oracle, even with Karno's prophecy in existence, the members of the Fischer family were still reassured. They felt that even if going to the Cyart Royal Capital involved significant risks, it was worth the gamble.

At this moment, the great voice of the Lord of the Lost arose once again.

Do not fear!

And so, whether it was Byrne, Chris, or Darren, the fear in their hearts was instantly dispersed, and they were once again filled with fighting spirit and courage.

Byrne thought to himself that he should at least kill one first!

"Hahahahaha!"

The former Cyart King, who had regained his madness and power, suddenly reached out and struck the projection of Duke Black Iron with boundless might, shattering it the next moment.

"Heh heh... You really aren't him, are you? And what if you were?"

However, as the projection shattered and dissipated, the debris suddenly transformed into the figure of another person.

The former Cyart King was stunned for a moment, watching wide-eyed as the broken projection before him turned into Byrne Fischer, who had been far away.

Byrne immediately realized he was being targeted by both the former Cyart King and the Wordless Elder, but he still stretched out his hand recklessly, desperately trying to touch the former Cyart King.

The old man could have dodged, but it seemed as though some powerful instinct and will suppressed his body, preventing him from avoiding Byrne's touch in the end.

"What?"

The former Cyart King was stunned for a moment, still not understanding what had happened.

Suddenly, his sharp eagle-like eyes lost their usual luster, his skin became like withered bark, covered with deep wrinkles. Each wrinkle seemed etched with the vicissitudes of life, his hands once able to hold the fate of the entire kingdom now trembled, lacking even the strength to lift a goblet.

His hair was like a wasteland covered by frost and snow, silver-white and sparse, telling of immense weariness.

"What power is this..."

"A forbidden rare artifact?"

The former Cyart King slowly closed his eyes, his complexion becoming pale and feeble, his chest heaving with each breath, as if contending with the Grim Reaper.

His heart was full of unwillingness and helplessness, but he clearly knew he was about to die.

But was death really that terrible?

Perhaps being manipulated, living a life worse than death, was the most horrifying thing?

And just at the moment nearing death, his sanity restored, the former Cyart King took a deep breath and recalled the various events from when he founded the kingdom a hundred years prior.

Back then, he was spirited and the leader in everyone's hearts, and Duke Romann still stood by his side...

Everything was in the past now.

From the moment he was born and called a genius, to the moment his family was defeated by the Lorne citizens, to the moment he went to the far east of the continent to establish a kingdom, it all retraced in his mind again and again.

Especially during the past hundred years, that was the most satisfying part of his life, filled with glory and not at all lonely, and in the end, he didn't destroy the country with his own hands.

That really was the most fortunate thing!

He looked at Byrne and earnestly said, "Thank you for granting me my release."

"This country is now in your hands..."

Everyone at the port watched in astonishment as the former Cyart King turned to ashes in the sky, fading away.

The former Cyart King!

Killed by Byrne Fischer of the Fischer family!

Everyone was dumbfounded and shocked at the scene, committing it to the depths of their hearts, never to be forgotten!

Suddenly, the Wordless Elder extended a pale finger and casually pointed it towards Byrne, who was not far away.

He desperately tried to escape through the power of Instantaneous Transfer, only to find that his extraordinary power couldn't be activated properly!

In an instant, Byrne understood.

He was about to die!

And just at that moment, he suddenly felt a familiar presence.

And a great voice.

[There is no need to fear.]

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 352 Divine Envoy Irene

...

The Wordless Elder's distant point should have granted Byrne a terrible death.

However, his finger stopped.

Everyone's attention was drawn to the sudden presence of the end-times aura.

All things seemed to perish, and as the aura of doom gradually spread, everything lost its color, leaving only black and white; nearly everyone was stunned into silence, trembling uncontrollably.

Under the intangible aura of annihilation, the world was overlaid with a heavy black and white filter. The sun lost its usual heat and brilliance, leaving only a dim, lightless disc hanging in the deathly silent sky. Even the wind had lost its usual liveliness, becoming heavy and slow, as if sighing at the end of the world.

People on the streets stood frozen in place, unmoving, their eyes filled with fear and helplessness. In the face of this sudden cataclysm, all resistance might have been in vain. They tried to shout with trembling voices, but their voices quickly dissipated in the air, leaving behind only endless silence.

Buildings, one by one, also lost their colors, leaving only their stark contours standing out against the black and white canopy above.

In this silent atmosphere, it was as if even time had stopped; every second seemed infinitely stretched, and people felt an unprecedented torment in this endless waiting.

They did not know when this aura of annihilation would dissipate, nor whether the world could ever return to its former state!

At some unknown point, Lilian had emerged from the black mist.

In her hands, she tightly clutched a transparent bottle, muttering prayers.

"Great Lord of the Lost,"

"please grant us a new Miracle."

"The Fischer family needs Your power for salvation."

Members of the Fischer family then noticed a black glow emerging in the sky.

Karl watched the Wordless Elder, unmoved.

He had long anticipated that the Wordless Elder from the Words of Tranquility would come here at the last moment.

From the beginning, it was a reverse fishing expedition.

Now was the time to kill that Wordless Elder right here!

"Eh?"

However, Karl quickly found something strange – the Wordless Elder's soul was not complete. Although it was certain that he was the Wordless Elder himself, it seemed that there was only half a soul in his body.

No matter, even if only half a soul could be exterminated, it was good; let's finish him off here.

Byrne suddenly shouted excitedly, tears streaming from his eyes.

"Irene!"

Everyone was astonished to see a dazzling, attractive female Spiritual Body suspended in the sky.

Chris was completely stunned, his mouth agape.

"Sister..."

She slowly descended from the heavens, as if even time was frozen for her.

The Spiritual Body of Divine Envoy Irene was adorned in a magnificent silver robe, embroidered with intricate and mysterious runes, twinkling with faint golden light as if containing endless power.

Her features were cold and solemn, her deep eyes as if they could penetrate all the sins and darkness of the world, her hair like a waterfall cascading down, exuding mystery and majesty.

The Wordless Elder.

He retreated.

His young body almost instantly fled, soon to be beyond the range of the port!

Irene gazed at his movements, her eyes filled with the intent to destroy.

With the arrival of the Divine Envoy, the temperature around plummeted, and a chilling aura spread.

She slowly extended her right hand, a gleaming Spiritual Sword forming in her palm, its radiant, crystalline blade as if carved from pure ice, the tip amassing a piercing power, enough to shred all sin and darkness!

Divine Envoy Irene's gaze was scorching, scrutinizing the beings below, her voice deep and majestic, echoing like an ancient echo within the Wordless Elder's heart.

[Thou art fraught with sin, I've come by the great Lord of the Lost's decree, to bring down judgment!]

As her words finally fell, thunder rumbled in the sky, streaks of lightning tearing through the night, striking down.

Irene's Spiritual Sword was swung forth, unleashing an endless flurry of sharp sword light that ripped through the sky, chasing after the fleeing sinner on the ground!

The sword light of the Spiritual Sword possessed seemingly boundless power!

...

The sky split open with a massive gash!

It was as if a divine sword of celestial judgment had struck the Earth!

Under the luminous glare of the sword, the Wordless Elder had nowhere to hide, yet he displayed no fear. As the sword light passed, the Wordless Elder was instantly hit, turning into black smoke and dissipating into the air.

All the Extraordinary Exponents who witnessed this scene were dumbfounded.

Just now, what just happened?

A top-tier powerhouse, a high-level Monarch, the Wordless Elder of the Words of Tranquility, was suddenly killed by an abruptly appearing force!

What on earth happened?

After the judgment, Irene lowered her head once again to look at Byrne and Chris, her eyes which were initially filled with resolve and resoluteness, now suddenly softened into warmth and nostalgia.

She slowly retracted the Spiritual Body's sword, turned around, and flew toward the sky. The consumable nature of her body and the blade gradually disintegrated and crumbled away.

As she left, the oppressive aura around also began to fade.

However, everyone who had experienced this Divine Envoy's judgment would etch it in their hearts forever!

Meanwhile, as the miracle unfolded before the eyes of the harbor residents, they were profoundly shaken, as if time had come to a standstill. Their faces were filled with astonishment and incredulity as they witnessed a spectacle they had never imagined possible.

"God!"

"What was that power just now!"

"It's too powerful! Could that be the power of God? It's simply too overwhelming!"

Some widened their eyes, their pupils flickering with fear and reverence, seemingly unable to believe what had just transpired before them.

They stood with their mouths slightly agape, unable to utter a sound, only allowing their hearts to throb wildly within their chests, feeling an unprecedented shock.

Others joined their hands together in devout prayer, their faces full of awe and gratitude.

They believed this to be a divine blessing, an answer to their faith.

There were those with tears streaming down their faces, eyes twinkling with moved emotion, struck by the miracle, overwhelmed by the greatness and mercy of the divine.

The entire scene was permeated with a solemn and majestic atmosphere, as if everyone was drawn to this miracle, their souls united in this moment, feeling the greatness and power of the divine, and their own insignificance and helplessness as mere humans.

For some reason, a whispering voice stirred deep within some people's hearts, "Lord of the Lost," "Lord of the Lost"...

Aldrich, who had managed to control the Silver Poet's puppet, finally showed a look of shock. He couldn't recall the last time he had been so surprised.

He took a deep breath, saying in disbelief, "The Wordless Elder, has he been killed?"

"What was that just now?"

"What exactly happened?"

He looked towards Byrne and others, shaking his head and said:

"I only saw a brilliant figure appear in the sky just now, couldn't make out any specific features, but it seemed to be a woman wielding a divine sword, instantly obliterating the Wordless Elder!"

Byrne walked over unsteadily, with a complex look on his face, "I'm not sure what happened either, but it seems like the Wordless Elder is really dead."

Chris stood there on the ground, silent.

Tears flowed from his eyes.

They were not tears of sorrow, but of excitement; for the first time in his life, he was overwhelmed with happiness, joy, trembling with emotion!

Oh Great Lord of the Lost...

I will forever be grateful to you!

At the same time, the bottle in Lilian's arms flickered with a black light.

Karl had a vague feeling that the Wordless Elder of the Words of Tranquility had indeed been grievously injured by him and might even drop in power level, but he was definitely not utterly dead.

"Has he lost half of his soul?"

He had sent the Divine Envoy Irene to the world to carry out "judgment." Although this force did not require the worshippers to sacrifice their lifespans, it still consumed most of Karl's Spiritual Power, and to invoke "judgment" again, it would be necessary to create anew a body for Irene.

"The second creation will be a little faster, but not by much..."

Karl knew very clearly that the judgment sword of the Divine Envoy's arrival could at most appear once every decade or so.

"But finally, the Fischer family has gained a powerful trump card!"

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 334 Sacrificing the King's Soul

Byrne took a deep breath.

In fact, he had always believed that the souls of the Fischer family had a destination after death.

Whether it was his father or Irene... their souls would return to the side of the great Lord of the Lost and would not, like the souls of ordinary people, go to the white Path of Tranquility.

Now that Irene truly had become a Divine Envoy of the Lord of the Lost, descending from the sky and wielding a Spiritual Body blade to slay strong enemies, it fully proved this matter.

His guess was completely correct!

His inner emotions were very complex, immense joy, touched, passion, so high-strung that it was even somewhat hard to control.

However, being beside Aldrich he still needed to put on an act, so Byrne took another deep breath and immediately indicated that he was unclear about what had just happened.

"The thing just now was very strange, I am not too clear about what exactly happened, Lord Aldrich..."

Aldrich fell into silence, nodding lightly.

In fact, nearly every major family had their secrets, and this further confirmed his previous guess... there must have been an extremely strong Extraordinary powerful expert who had been healing in the Fischer family's Nasir City all along.

The one who had just made a move might be that person, whose mere one strike destroyed a high-level Monarch, probably possessing power close to Heavenly Enlightenment!

That was undoubtedly a terrifying power!

But she definitely was not a Heavenly Enlightenment powerful expert, Aldrich thought silently to himself, because of the law set by the gods, Heavenly Enlightenment powerful experts were unable to come to the east of the continent.

If Heavenly Enlightenment powerful experts could go to the east, the pattern of the Eastern Four Kingdoms and the Ten Great Pillars families would have been broken long ago.

Your next chapter is on empire

So he continued thinking, meaning to say, does the Fischer family have a gigantic backing close to Heavenly Enlightenment?

At the same time, Chris was unable to calmly look towards the direction of the sky.

Over the years, he frequently visited White Bones Canyon, where progression on the Path of Tranquility would be swift, and Chris's inner self gradually turned like an ice-sealed lake surface, undisturbed, cold as frost.

It was like a sharp sword, seemingly capable of piercing through all obstacles in the world, yet without a hint of warmth.

However, today, the heart of this cold person underwent earth-shaking changes.

A light, previously unseen, burst forth in Chris's eyes, like the warm sun of winter, instantly melting all the frost!

Excitement and passion, which had never been seen on his face, emerged, as if a powerful force burned within his body, making his heart pound wildly!

Oh great Lord of the Lost.

I...

do not know how to thank You...

Sister, she is not dead...

Her soul, truly follows by Your side...

My life now has no regrets.

Chris's hands began to tremble, tightly clasped together as if trying to hold onto something important.

A flame burned in his chest, emotions like surging waves, assaulting his heart wave after wave.

"That was truly a Miracle of His..."

Darren sat weakly on the ground, leaning against the wall, muttering to himself, his heart still recalling the shock of what he had just witnessed.

"Will our souls all end up like that? No, it definitely shouldn't be called 'ending up' but rather a destination. It seems that even death is not something to be feared, it's merely just another state."

He took a deep breath, wanting to smile yet also wanting to cry.

However, the whole affair was not yet over.

Darren shook his head, stood up, and walked over to his father and Aldrich, immediately asking,

"What should we do next?"

Byrne and Aldrich, upon hearing this, furrowed their brows, indeed the whole affair was far from over.

Aldrich looked at the metal puppet in his hand that had lost its activity, killing a puppet of the "Silver Poet" was meaningless.

He looked towards the increasingly enigmatic Byrne Fischer and tentatively asked, cautiously saying, "Will that kind of power appear again?"

Byrne, of course, knew what Aldrich was guessing and tacitly did not address it directly, calmly saying,

"I do not know, but according to my guess, it should not appear again. Miracles do not occur forever, otherwise, they would no longer be miracles."

"I see."

Amos also stepped forward, thought for a moment, and asked anxiously, "We just killed the former Cyart King, should we go to the Royal Capital and explain the situation to the new king?"

"Perhaps the new king has not yet been completely controlled..."

"And if it isn't explained clearly, the problem could be significant!"

"You make sense, Amos."

Aldrich nodded slightly, having already thought through his next moves.

"But the Adley Royal Family is probably already completely controlled by the Words of Tranquility. It's highly likely the new king is under the control of the Words of Tranquility as well. Whether the 'Wordless Elder' is dead or alive, we have no idea, but the 'Silver Poet' is definitely not dead."

"If we rashly travel to the Royal Capital now, once the capital's barrier is activated, it will definitely be far more terrifying than the usual city barriers, and by then, we will surely die."

Byrne, too, nodded in agreement, feeling that it was not a good choice to completely burn bridges and walk into a trap.

Aldrich looked Byrne in the eyes and said seriously, "We better hurry back to our respective family domains, then share the intelligence we have with the churches, Patriarch Jones, and the Frosac family, and then figure out how to deal with what's going to happen."

The barrier over Cyart Royal Capital was second only to the kingdom-protecting barrier that enveloped the entire nation, and even a high-level Monarch expert would have his strength greatly diminished when encountering it.

The reason why the Words of Tranquility and the Adley Royal Family didn't make a move in the capital a few days ago was obviously because there were too many powers present, and they were not yet ready to expose their existence, preferring to hide behind the scenes.

They had decided to carry out a deadly ambush at the port when the families were withdrawing separately.

"Damn it!"

Amos was very angry and exclaimed loudly, "That the Royal Family is controlled by heretics! What will become of Cyart?"

Aldrich patted his shoulder and said, "Let's go, we must race against time and return to our family domains quickly..."

Then he looked back at Byrne, and the two nodded at each other.

"Goodbye."

As Byrne boarded the ship, he turned to look in the direction of the Royal Capital, the unease deep inside him still not completely dispelled.

He had a strong intuition, vague as it might be.

The battle today was certainly not the end, but, he feared, just the beginning of a war.

Cyart was about to face an unprecedented civil war!

Above Cyart Royal Capital, the sunlight, like strands of gold, gently fell, coating each building with a golden hue, making the entire city shimmer.

A gentle breeze blew by, carrying the scent of the distant sea.

Gradually, the breeze grew stronger, and the clouds began to tumble and surge like waves.

The clouds in the sky gathered and collided with each other, merging into thick masses, as steep and rugged as mountains, constantly changing shape and color, now gray-white, now inky black, foretelling the terrible storm that was to come.

Meanwhile, beneath Cyart Royal Capital, unbeknownst to anyone, something very strange and mysterious was happening.

"The Wordless Elder."

Half of his soul had been destroyed, but he still had not completely died, standing alone in an ancient temple underground in Cyart Royal Capital that had been forgotten.

The slender, young figure of "The Wordless Elder," twisting and mysterious in the flickering candlelight, was like an evil spirit risen from the depths of darkness, his eyes shimmering with an unusual light, a yearning for "peace of mind."

Every member of the Words of Tranquility hoped to find "true peace of mind."

And only the Songster could grant them... peace of mind.

"The Wordless Elder" slowly raised his hands, cupping a delicate small black altar in his palms, with eerie runes embedded on it, emitting a faint purple glow.

Those purple runes squirmed on the altar as if alive.

As a soundless song rose around "The Wordless Elder," the temple was enveloped in a strange and oppressive atmosphere. The voice existed in a dimension inaudible to living beings, each note filled with the power of Tranquility.

A soul was released by "The Wordless Elder."

It belonged to the former Cyart King!

After his death, his soul was taken away from the scene by "The Wordless Elder," and along with the former Cyart King, there were a total of ten Monarch powerful experts' souls!

They were all sacrifices!

The runes on the black altar began to glow, the light growing stronger and stronger, culminating in a huge gray-white beam shooting up to the ceiling of the space below, and under this gray-white beam, "The Wordless Elder" was surrounded by a mysterious force.

Just then, the wind howled, cracks appeared in the temple walls, and a very strong scent of the dead emerged from the cracks, permeating the entire temple.

"The Wordless Elder" was very calm, knowing the Tranquility Songster had accepted the sacrifice.

He knelt on the ground, his face filled with devotion.

"The Wordless Elder" knew he was closer to completing his mission, and now he just needed to wait quietly, while the souls offered up in the black altar wailed pitifully under its consuming power!

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 354 335 Frosac family meeting

The castle walls were covered in green vines, blending harmoniously with the surrounding natural environment. The spacious hall displayed various antiques and artworks, showcasing the taste of the castle's owner and their noble status. Exquisite murals and grand chandeliers made through alchemy added a mysterious touch to the entire castle.

This was the manor castle of the "Wasteland Beast," the Frosac family.

Most of the main members of the Frosac family had already gathered, with nearly everyone's expression tense, anxious, and some excited and expectant.

Everyone knew that today's family meeting was likely the most important one in decades!

In the solemn atmosphere, everyone's faces were tight and serious, the air seemed almost frozen, and only faint breathing and the occasional rustling of paper could be heard.

The family head "White Beast" sat at one end of the meeting table. He was thin, haggard, and appeared to be filled with paleness and aging. His white hair and body had mutated to a degree that was almost inhuman, enough to frighten children.

Without a doubt, that was the tremendous side effect of a Forbidden rare artifact.

The "White Beast," the current oldest monarch powerful expert of Cyart, had always been a good friend of Duke Black Iron.

The old man's brows were furrowed, his eyes were blind, but it was as if he were scrutinizing the souls of every family member. His pale fingers gently tapped on the tabletop, producing rhythmic "tap-tap" sounds, each strike landing heavily on everyone's heart.

Sitting beside him were several elder family members, with faces etched by the marks of time, but now showing unprecedented seriousness.

Their eyes occasionally sparkled, as if they were contemplating how to begin speaking or how to make a decision.

The younger generation of family members seemed even more nervous, their fingers unconsciously stroking the table surface, or gripping the armrests of their chairs tightly as if searching for some kind of support.

Their gazes moved between the family head and the elders, trying to read some clue from their demeanors.

In a corner of the conference room, a female family member bit her lower lip tightly, her eyes revealing determination, her hands clasped together as if praying for a good outcome to the meeting.

No one in the meeting room spoke; only the sounds of breathing and tapping mingled together, each person expressing their inner tension and unease in their own way.

It was at this moment that someone finally broke the silence.

"His Majesty Noah has issued a national decree, accusing the Fischer family and the Romann family of treason, colluding with evil heretics, attempting to subvert Cyart – their crimes are heinous, unforgivable."

"Claws of Wasteland" August Frosac was still the same middle-aged man with a small mustache, tall and thin, dressed in a blue and black tailcoat, trousers, a waistcoat, and an overcoat.

He paused for a moment, then continued to address the family members:

"The Adley Royal Family has declared the Fischer family to be 'Rebels,' and has issued a gold-cast royal edict, demanding that the rest of the major families in Cyart Kingdom cooperate with the Royal Family to eradicate them immediately."

Everyone fell silent.

It was common knowledge that for over a hundred years, the Romann and Fischer families had maintained good relations with the Frosac family.

Duke Romann had saved the Frosac family several times during the wars, even more than once.

If they were really to be eradicated, the Frosac family would inevitably be denounced as traitors, and thereafter other families would hold prejudices against them.

Yet, defying the royal command was undoubtedly also a huge betrayal.

After all, the Frosac family was a part of Cyart, and they should obey the orders of the Adley Royal Family to attack the Fischer and Romann families.

Being forced to choose one out of two choices with severe consequences was the most unacceptable thing.

Many didn't want to speak, as they could not bear such heavy responsibility.

It was then that Zayne, who had been silent, spoke up.

"What I really want to know is, what do you all think about those two letters from Lord Aldrich and His Excellency Byrne?"

"Wasteland Beast" August Frosac immediately said, "Zayne, you are with the Tempest Church now, aren't you?"

Zayne nodded gently, not denying it, and went on:

"But I am also a Frosac, and I will always be a member of the Frosac family, you cannot deny that."

"Lord Aldrich and His Excellency Byrne also made it very clear in their letters that they hope the Church will intervene to investigate the situation of the Adley Royal Family, stating that the Words of Tranquility Order has taken control over the Royal Family and that we need to initiate a war to remove the evil cultists surrounding them."

"Wasteland Beast" August Frosac shook his head, looking at Zayne with an incomprehensible gaze, and retorted:

"I find it laughable, these are just excuses for rebellion. Anyone who has read a book understands, don't they? Historically, all the families claiming to rid the Royal Family of villains only ended up as usurpers if they succeeded!"

Zayne let out a cold laugh and said, "Since they want the Church to investigate, that implies they are confident something will indeed be uncovered."

"What if what they say is true? What if you end up helping the Words of Tranquility and become the accomplices of heretics? Would you have the Frosac family become the enemy of God?"

He took a few steps forward, looking directly at his uncle August.

"Can you shoulder such responsibility, my uncle?"

August immediately grew angry, his arms even beginning to swell involuntarily.

"What did you say! Zayne!"

At this moment, Zayne had none of the respect for August he had decades ago.

The original Zayne, whether in terms of status or strength, could only be considered mediocre within the family, while August, as the next heir to the family head and a Monarch Level powerful expert, was someone Zayne had to please.

Now, their statuses and strengths were nearly equal, which wasn't apparent in normal times, but in critical moments, neither would back down.

And just then, the aged "White Beast" spoke up.

"Stop arguing. Why don't you both take a break and listen to my thoughts?"

Zayne immediately bowed respectfully and stepped back, saying, "You are the head of the Frosac family; naturally, your view is the most important."

August nodded and also stepped back, saying, "Please share your thoughts, but I still must remind you not to drag the entire family into trouble over personal relationships. Defying the royal command can lead to our family's destruction!"

The aged "White Beast" slowly nodded, looking as if he might fall asleep at any moment, his eyes half-closed and devoid of any energy.

"I can roughly see that the time for a great reshuffle has come, heh, it's about time, too. But my opinion is there's no need to rush. Positions, after all, should be chosen after collecting enough information. We might as well wait and see what the Jones family decides."

So that was it, Zayne immediately understood.

This oldest fox in Cyart Kingdom planned to see which way the wind was blowing before declaring his stance, delaying it if possible until then.

Indeed, a choice befitting an old fox!

But that wasn't necessarily a bad thing.

Zayne was well aware that defying a royal command wasn't something the family could afford to do lightly, so this was all he could secure for the Fischer family.

Of course, he didn't say this just out of friendship; few people would risk their entire family for friendship and drag them onto a battlefield that could lead to annihilation.

Deep down, Zayne felt that both the Fischer and Romann families definitely had a chance to win, and besides, the Adley Royal Family had indeed been a bit off in recent years.

"Soon, the Tempest Church will go to the Cyart Royal Capital for investigation!"

Nasir City.

The sea breeze, carrying the salty scent, gently brushed over the port of Nasir, dispersing the thin morning mist.

On one side of the harbor, members of the Fischer family and many citizens had already gathered early, faces brimming with anticipation and joy, the whole sky seeming even brighter.

Suddenly, a whistle from a ship broke the quiet of the harbor. People looked up to see a steamship, belching smoke, slowly entering the port.

The brilliant sunlight shone on the ship, its golden light reflecting off the waves, as if enveloping the ship in a sacred aura.

"They're back!"

"They've really returned! That's great!"

"It's His Excellency Byrne of the Fischer family, Lord Chris, and Lord Darren!"

As the ship docked, the crowd began to stir.

The figures of Byrne, Chris, and Darren appeared at the bow, dressed in fine clothes and exuding an aura distinctly different from ordinary people. Their return made everyone present heave a sigh of relief, while the citizens erupted into loud cheers.

Experience exclusive tales on empire

Byrne smiled and waved to the crowd, his smile as warm as the sunshine.

Inwardly, he pondered the next steps to take.

"Based on the timing, our letter to the Romann family should also have reached the hands of the Jones and Frosac families."

"Hopefully, they will make choices that are beneficial for us."

"As for the Fischer family, we also need to hold a family council to decide on future matters."

"Moreover, Irene's situation must be told to the members of the Dawn Church!"

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 355 Lobbying

The Ahornblatt Province to the northwest of Cyart has always been quite poor, but within the Ahornblatt Province, there is a relatively wealthy and populous city called "Black Gold City," which is also where the "Wrathful Angel" Jones family resides.

It is called Black Gold City, not because the city has black-colored gold, but because there is an extraordinary material known as "black gold" in the ore veins surrounding the city.

When alchemists create most alchemy weapons, they need to add a portion of black gold, which can significantly improve the stability and overall success rate of alchemy.

"Is there going to be a war? Mom, I'm scared."

In the dim room, the confused little girl looked up at her mother, whose brows were deeply furrowed, and then she was held tightly in the arms of her tearful mother.

"Don't worry, nothing will happen, nothing will."

But how easy is it for ordinary people to avoid danger? During the Rhea civil war, the Ahornblatt Province had become the frontline, and her sister was taken away by the Rhea People in the war, never to return.

Rumors about the civil war had gradually spread across the country, even ordinary citizens were aware of it.

After a while, the husband of the family returned home, pushing open the door with bread and sausages in his arms. The man was an old, experienced foreman in the Jones factory, and his wages were fairly decent.

The woman immediately asked, "How is it? Do you know what they are saying? Will the Jones family join the war?"

The husband sighed, shook his head and said, "Our factory is an armory, and we're already working overtime. It won't be long before I have to go back and continue working. This food is for you all, but it's best to eat less at each meal. There might be a shortage of food in the future, and we need to prepare in advance."

"Wait for me to come back."

After the husband left the house again, the wife sighed, held her hungry daughter, and handed her a piece of the hard, dry bread.

"Have some bread, but let's save the sausage and cheese at home until your father comes back to eat together."

The daughter nodded, holding the bread.

"Okay! We'll wait for father to come back before we eat the sausage and cheese!"

On the eve of the Cyart civil war, the mood of the citizens was like a sky engulfed by dark clouds, oppressive and heavy, with a hard-to-describe anxiety and unease pervading the air, even the wind carried a tense breath.

The pedestrians on the streets were very sparse, as everyone's steps seemed heavy and slow, each one laden with endless worries.

Most had faces full of concern and unease, their eyes betraying confusion and fear about the future.

Some people held their loved ones' hands tightly, trying to draw a semblance of comfort from their warmth; others walked with their heads down, silently, as though trying to escape the looming disaster.

In over a hundred years, Cyart had never experienced a civil war.

The hustle and bustle of the city was also swallowed up by the repressive atmosphere at this moment, making it difficult for people to remain calm.

"Why are we going to war? And Cyart people fighting against Cyart people? It's such an unreasonable thing. Why do we have to fight against our own people?"

"I heard it's the Fischer family and the Romann family, they conspired with heretics, even attempted to assassinate His Majesty the King..."

"No, I heard that His Majesty the King has been held hostage by evil cultists, and the Romann and Fischer families want to save the Royal Capital!"

"Who is telling the truth in what you all say?"

"The Church hasn't given a specific statement. Who knows which is true and which is false..."

In a corner of the city, some citizens gathered together, whispering. The voices were filled with fear and unease.

Others chose to stay alone at home, with doors and windows tightly sealed, trying to isolate themselves from the outside world.

However, no matter how much people tried to hide away and pray, the shadow of war was still inevitably hanging over the city. As to what the future held, the citizens could only silently pray through the long nights, hoping for peace to arrive soon.

The young man with white hair walked calmly on the dim path.

He came to the classical manor of the Jones family and was stopped by a few guards who politely inquired about his business.

"I'm sorry, Lord Noble, it's too late today, our family does not wish to meet any outsiders."

The people from the four viscount families of Ahornblatt Province they recognized, but they did not recognize this person, who they assumed to be from the many baronial families or even the knight clans trying to attach themselves to the Jones family.

The young man narrowed his eyes, smiling as he introduced himself:

"My name is Karno Fischer. I wonder if this surname entitles me to meet with the head of the Jones family?"

"Fischer?"

The guard at the door was startled, nodded repeatedly, and indicated that he would go and report.

It wasn't long before an elderly elf butler walked out of the manor. Stay tuned to empire

"Lord Karno Fischer of the Fischer family, please follow me."

Karno gave a small smile at the sight of the elderly elf butler.

Although the prevailing belief about the Jones family was that they had only two Monarch Extraordinary Exponents, Karno could clearly sense that this old elf butler too possessed a hidden depth of power.

Every great family has secrets.

Maybe this was the Jones family's secret!

Before long, he arrived at the reception room of the Jones family and met with the head of the Jones family, the "Mighty Angel" Bern Jones!

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 356 Lobbying_2

He still had a somewhat feminine appearance, but his brows were deeply furrowed and his eyes melancholic, suggesting that "Mighty Angel" Bern hadn't had an easy time over the years.

Karno knew the reason why.

His daughter, also known as "Furious Angel" Cynthia Jones, had been in a coma since the end of the last Rhea war and had remained unconscious for many years.

That was the price of the powerful Forbidden rare artifact labeled number 225!

Having his daughter in a near-death state had caused "Mighty Angel" Bern immeasurable pain. In recent years, he had become increasingly silent and languished, losing the passion and boldness he once had.

Before Karno had a chance to speak, Bern spoke first.

"I don't want to help the Fischers or the Adleys, none of you," Bern said.

"If you want to fight, go ahead and do it on your own."

Having said that, the dispirited Bern lifted his head and stared coldly at Karno, continuing, "And I know all about you, Karno Fischer, isn't it? You're the disgrace of the Fischer family."

"Having run away from home for so many years, what right do you have to use the Fischer surname?"

Karno laughed, nodding, "Perhaps I don't have the right, but that's for the Fischer family patriarch to decide. At least you definitely can't, nor do you have the right to strip me of my surname."

"It seems you don't like me, so I'll just be blunt. Today I have a gift for the Jones family, and in exchange, I hope you can assist the Fischers in the upcoming civil war!"

Civil war!

The word Karno had plainly used made everyone present frown.

Of course, the Jones family had already received the royal decree and was expected to join the encirclement against the Fischer family in East Coast Province, but "Mighty Angel" Bern had no interest in it.

The increase in munitions factory production was also in preparation for any Lorne citizens that might take the opportunity to attack.

He was puzzled as to why the man before him thought he could persuade him.

Even a gift of a Forbidden rare artifact's caliber wasn't a huge temptation to him.

However, the item that Karno produced immediately shocked Bern and the old elf butler, even causing Bern to tremble with joy.

"You, how did you get your hands on it!"

Karno smiled, holding a transparent small bottle containing a pale blue liquid that was filled with mysterious power and occasionally sparkled with starlight.

It was a very rare Level Five Extraordinary Material called "Illusion Awakening Water," which could wake anyone from any form of coma with almost a forced effect.

The side effect was that the user would no longer be able to dream in their sleep, but this was an acceptable trade-off compared to its benefits.

"What do you think?" Karno asked with a smile.

"Can my gift persuade you to change your mind?"

After learning about the royal selection, he had used "Precise Prophecy" to burn his life span in order to find the location of the "Illusion Awakening Water," which could awaken Miss Cynthia Jones, the "Furious Angel." He had journeyed over mountains and through valleys to acquire it at the first opportunity and then traveled long distances to this city.

Karno couldn't help but marvel at how useful his ability was.

It only required a small, insignificant trade-off that he never cared about.

Bern took a deep breath, his emotions stirred. He was a man who deeply valued relationships, and during the war, he had even told Byrne that they could be considered friends.

Plus, the assistance that Karno was offering was precisely what he needed the most, which instantly made Bern feel that the Jones family, no matter what, must reciprocate to the Fischer family.

"I'm truly grateful..."

However, the elderly elf butler who had been standing by his side suddenly interrupted.

"Wait a moment, Bern!"

Although Bern was the patriarch of the Jones family, when the old elf suddenly spoke up, he actually refrained from declaring the pledge of support in his excitement.

The aged elf butler, dressed in a black tailcoat, had immaculately groomed white short hair, and was very burly, breaking the stereotype of elves being frail and weak. His eyes were sharp and almost ruthless.

He stared at Karno like a sharpened sword.

"Although I am grateful to you, our family still needs to consider this matter,"

"Hmm?"

Karno furrowed his brow.

Bern pondered for a moment, then explained, "Actually, Mr. Locke is not only the steward of our Jones family, but he is also the person who raised me, and even more so, the founder who rebuilt our nearly destroyed family a century ago. His thoughts are something the entire Jones family must respect."

So that was it.

Although Karno had heard rumors, it was the first time he had clearly understood that the real mastermind behind the Jones family was this elf steward in front of him!

People thought the "White Beast" of the Frosac family was the oldest Monarch powerful expert, but in fact, that wasn't the case. The tall, cool old elf in front of him was!

Locke, with his hands behind his back, continued, "Sorry, Fischer, I've been through too much over the past five hundred years, so my judgment of things tends to be more rational. Your gift is important, but every child of the Jones family is a descendant I rescued from the hands of Lorne citizens, and I cannot allow them to bring destruction upon themselves."

"What if I decide not to leave the Illusion Awakening Water?"

Upon hearing Karno's words, Bern's expression changed slightly, but he felt that it was inappropriate for his family to want help without offering anything in return.

Other people might kill for Extraordinary materials, but Karno was clear that Bern would not do so. In a way, he was a man with a true knightly spirit.

In this era, he could be considered... an anomaly.

The old elf looked at Karno very calmly, his voice as cold as an emotionless machine.

"Even if you insist on this, we will not waver. The lives of the many members of the entire Jones family are more important than the sacrifice of one person."

Bern's shoulders trembled slightly, but as the patriarch of the entire clan, deep down he could accept that viewpoint.

Karno could only nod.

"I see. I understand,"

Locke said calmly, "As long as the Frosac family agrees to help you and the Church supports you, our Jones family will give our full assistance."

Actually, if the majority truly supported Fischer, even without today's favor from him, they would certainly side with Fischer, wouldn't they?

Karno smiled faintly, stood up, and nodded,

"All right, I understand. Thank you for the hospitality of the Jones family, I must be going."

After speaking, he still left the bottle containing the Illusion Awakening Water, causing Bern to sigh with relief, and Locke's gaze softened a bit.

Karno took a deep breath and said earnestly, "I hope you will reconsider. The Fischer family once again faces a moment of life and death, and every ally is very important."

"We will consider it."

Even though Locke deep down had some admiration and gratitude for Karno before him, he still held firm to his own stance.

He had grown the Jones family from nothing, nurtured several generations, and could endure the death of any one person in his family, including himself, but he would never accept the demise of the Jones family!

Karno didn't linger any further and got up to leave.

Suddenly, Bern stood up, walked over, and said with excitement and gratitude, "Wait a moment, I can't just let you go like this, Lord Karno!"

The "Mighty Angel" without hesitation handed a deep red bracelet to Karno.

It did not look like a bracelet, but rather like part of a shackle.

Mr. Locke frowned slightly but ultimately said nothing, tacitly approving Bern's action.

Bern spoke seriously,

"Lord Karno, I entrust you with this treasure that has caused me years of pain. After all, I can't let you suffer a loss. It is, after all, a powerful Forbidden rare artifact with a ranking in the top three hundred... Perhaps, it will be of use to the future of the Fischer family."

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 357 Enforcer

The sky outside the window darkened more and more, and the cloud layer thickened, as if a downpour was imminent at any moment.

The sky maintained the oppressive grey for a long time, and the clouds became increasingly thick and low. Suddenly, a dazzling lightning bolt streaked across the sky, followed closely by a deafening peal of thunder, as if the earth itself was trembling.

The large raindrops then started to fall densely, hitting the rooftops, windows, and ground, producing a rapid and intense noise.

The rainwater quickly gathered into streams, rushing down along the edges of the rooftops and streets, forming curtains of white water. The air was filled with the fresh scent of mud and rainwater, giving a moist sensation.

Fein City.

In the grand hall of the "Lion" Leone family gathering, the lights were bright, but the relaxed smiles of yesteryears were missing from everyone's faces. Family members sat around the long table with furrowed brows, their keen gazes flickering in the candlelight, pondering the destiny that lay ahead.

Patriarch Leone remained silent for a while and then nodded, "Let's eat, praise the great Lord of Salvation, for the lions can once again enjoy a feast."

Although the dishes on the table were sumptuous, everyone present was merely moving their chopsticks mechanically, as if the food existed solely for the sake of sustaining life.

A faint silence permeated the air, only occasionally broken by the sound of utensils clinking and subdued conversations.

"I have a letter from the Fischer family!"

Just then, a family member, soaked from head to toe by the rain, pushed open the door, holding a black envelope in his hand.

A chorus of utensils being set down rang out as everyone turned their heads, staring at the family member holding the letter.

The atmosphere was at its most solemn.

Patriarch Leone took a deep breath, stood up, and said, "Has it finally come? Come over."

The family member nodded slightly, stepped forward, and handed the letter over to the current head of the Leone family.

Patriarch Leone opened the letter and said calmly,

"The Fischer family has issued an order, requesting that I go to Nasir City. They expect me to respond as actively as possible and join the 'King's United Army' soon to be formed in alliance with the Fischer and Romann families..."

Immediately someone asked, "The King's United Army? Aren't they going to attack the Royal Capital and oppose the King of Cyart directly? And yet they call it the King's United Army?"

Patriarch Leone shook his head, "Though the intent is to attack the Royal Capital, it's not to oppose the King but to save His Majesty Noah and the Cyart Kingdom."

"There are villains by the King's side."

"That's what the Fischer family said."

Everyone seemed to take this claim with vague uncertainty, feeling deep down that perhaps His Majesty wasn't wrong, and the Fischer and Romann families were the real usurpers.

But what of it?

The Lion clan has never been one to take sides for such reasons; the only thing that could persuade them is interest itself.

Patriarch Leone said calmly, "In fact, we don't have much of a choice, as the marriage between Andre Leone and Christine Fischer has been finalized, and we must now ride into battle in the same chariot with the Fischer family!"

"Andre is destined to be the next head of the Leone family, and the Leone family is bound to be the Fischer family's sword."

The family members fell silent, though some still voiced objections.

"Even with a marriage contract, it can be dissolved, right? However, we might not be able to withstand the Fischer's wrath."

"It cannot be dissolved, absolutely not..."

Patriarch Leone shook his head and muttered to himself, holding back words that were always on the verge of escaping his innermost thoughts.

Last month, Andre returned to Fein City and confided in him that Christine was already pregnant...

And that child would definitely be born, so no matter what, the Leone family had been forced to make a choice.

Their stance was unavoidable!

Within Christine's private estate.

She sat in the wheelchair, pushed along the corridor by Andre.

"Christine," Andre suddenly spoke up.

"Hmm?" Christine tilted her head slightly and looked at him, asking, "What is it?"

Andre said gently, "How are you feeling now, has the work become a bit easier?"

Christine nodded seriously, "Yes, after setting up the 'Enforcer' team, I indeed have become much more relaxed."

"Perhaps, that was the most correct decision of all that I've been involved in."

As the Fischer family continued to grow, Christine, who had taken over the entirety of the Fischer's daily affairs from Byrne, quickly became overwhelmed with work to the point of near death.

Consequently, Andre, who was always by her side, suggested that rather than managing everything by herself, she could learn from other major families and build a team to help her.

Christine's Destiny's Trajectory was the "Peeking Eye," which allowed her to see directly through other people's qualifications and talents, and even their character.

Over time, she had made quite a few optimizations to the personnel composition of the Fischer family, and Andre's suggestion had actually been a concept in the depths of Christine's heart for some time.

So she personally selected ten fully qualified and able members from the Blood Receivers to assist her as aides, helping her handle all sorts of matters for both the Fischer family and the Dawn Church every day.

They were known as "Enforcers," holding no power of their own, their authority coming solely from Christine's delegation.

And Christine's power, in turn, was granted by Byrne's permission.

Christine herself observed changes in their character through the "Peeking Eye" and would immediately kick anyone out of the team for becoming too greedy or disloyal, replacing them.

She quickly became much more relaxed and even had the time to get pregnant.

In fact, Christine had wanted to be pregnant for a long time, and delaying it due to age was never a good thing. She had planned the matter of giving birth very thoroughly and was also grateful that despite her disability, she still retained the capability to bear children.

Christine and Karno had entirely opposite philosophies. Full of a sense of responsibility, she felt that it was utterly intolerable for members of an extraordinary family to not have children when they had the ability to do so.

Andre leaned in gently next to his most beloved princess and said softly, "Christine, actually I have a very important request."

Christine smiled gently, "Tell me, Andre, you have rarely asked anything of me over the years, I will satisfy you as long as the request isn't excessive."

This soft and gentle expression of hers was almost never seen by others.

However, if Andre's request were to conflict with the interest of the Fischer family, Christine would not hesitate to choose her own family.

Andre's tone was filled with seriousness, the words that followed were a deep-seated wish of his.

"I know the child will bear the surname Fischer and not Leone, but I very much hope to name our first child myself, may I?"

After pondering, Christine nodded gently:

"Alright, I promise you, this time we won't let Uncle Byrne name the child. Who knows, this child might turn out to be quite unique; most people in the Fischer family are named by Uncle Byrne after all."

However, Andre shook his head, expressing from his heart:

"I don't wish for this child to be anything special; rather, I think it would be good if he or she could live a normal life."

"The path of the Extraordinary Exponents is the road of desire, often leading to destruction."

Over the years, he had seen far too many tragic endings for extraordinary beings, like his own grandfather... Bast.

Christine smiled and said, "It won't be as you wish, it's destined to be this way, we are extraordinary beings, and not just ordinary extraordinary beings."

"We are also His favored clan."

Mentioning Him, Andre's gaze trembled slightly.

Christine continued with an indifferent voice as if speaking of a sacred truth of the world that was never to be swayed,

"Perhaps from the moment of its birth, the Fischer family was destined to be a unique existence in this world, as a great and sharp sword, it will definitely leave many scars upon this world."

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 358 Civil War! The Battle Begins!

In the narrow dark alleys of Fein City, moonlight filtered through the stained walls, casting a hazy silver glow, while the air was filled with the scent of damp earth and faint sounds of bustle from the distant streets.

At the end of the alley, two figures met stealthily in the dim light.

One of them was tall, dressed in a black trench coat with the brim of his hat pulled low, covering half his face and leaving only a pair of sharp eyes twinkling in the night, revealing an aura of utter coldness.

That was the Chief of Police for Fein City, a Daybreaker of the Dawn Church named Mormir.

The other, a thin man in a dark jacket with hands in pockets, stood in the shadows. His eyes betrayed a mix of tension and anticipation. He looked around nervously, alert to any movement nearby.

The distance between the two was neither too close nor too far, just enough to maintain a relatively safe range.

Chief Mormir in the trench coat took an envelope and several Gold Coins from his pocket and pushed them gently forward; the slender man nervously reached out, nodding slightly.

Finally making up his mind, the slender man snatched the envelope, quickly shoved it into his jacket, a flash of smugness crossing his face before reverting to a tense expression.

Chief Mormir in the trench coat merely nodded slightly, satisfied with the outcome of the transaction.

"Go to Black Gold City in Ahornblatt Province and deliver this letter to the editor-in-chief of the 'Sincerity Newspaper' there. They'll know what to do with it," he said.

A breeze swept by, causing the streetlight at the entrance of the alley to flicker briefly, casting intersecting shadows of the two men.

In a brief flash of light, they exchanged glances, and the deal was silently concluded in the dark, leaving behind two figures that slowly walked away and an empty, quiet alley.

By now, Mormir had joined the Black Tide.

Black Tide.

It was an intelligence organization created by Darren, and one of the external organizations belonging to the Fischer family and Dawn Church, taking in numerous illegal extraordinaries. Although its outward slogan was to gather intelligence for profit, in reality, like Aldrich's "Black Eyes," it was a familial intelligence service.

The many illegal extraordinaries within Black Tide believed that the "Tide Master" was just an old dog, unaware that the true mastermind behind it was Darren Fischer.

After communicating with Darren, Mormir decided to join Black Tide and assist Darren.

The first thing he did after joining Black Tide was to spread rumors.

Darren had many dirty secrets deep inside, especially when dealing with enemies, one cunning plot after another would secretly emerge.

He knew very well that the most despicable bastard in the Fischer family was himself!

A month later, many rumors spread across cities in the northern provinces of Cyart, alleging that the "Wrathful Angel" of the Jones family and the "Wasteland Beast" of the Frosac family had already chosen sides, deciding with the Romann and Fischer families.

Furthermore, these four noble families were rumored to soon join forces to head south and eradicate the evil cultists manipulating the Adley Royal Family!

These half-true, half-false rumors were propagated by Black Tide and the Dagger Brotherhood. Despite the two families' continuous neutrality and wait-and-see attitude, many people in the northern provinces of Cyart were persuaded that the four families were truly uniting.

Other rumors had convinced a great number of True Gods Church followers that the mainstream Salvation Church and Tempest Church in Cyart would support the Fischer and Romann families.

In fact, the stance of the churches at this time was critical.

If both the Tempest Church and Salvation Church sided with any party, it would grant that side a tremendous advantage, with public opinion swiftly tilting completely in their favor.

However, the Tempest Church and Salvation Church had completely differing viewpoints.

Bishop Zane of the Tempest Church and others had decided to accept the proposition of the Romann and Fischer families to go to the Cyart Royal Capital to investigate the causes and consequences firsthand.

On the other hand, the Salvation Church declared they had significant evidence of the Romann family's collusion with heretics, insisting they must be eradicated immediately, along with the Fischer family.

In reality, the Fischer family and the other noble families were all well aware that each one of their "Extraordinary nobility" families had its own dirty secrets.

Beyond that, there was another, more important matter.

The True Gods Churches of today were no longer the "Hand of God"; they had become ... secular forces with their own wills and interests!

Gradually, the people of Ahornblatt Province, East Coast Province, and Emerald Lake Province came to believe the statements of the Romann and Fischer families.

On the contrary, the people of Glenborough Province and Elphinia Province steadfastly believed the Royal Family's statement and considered the Romann and Fischer families to be traitors.

As with most wars, both sides involved tend to believe they are the just party.

Nasir City's Municipal Square.

Many citizens gathered here, packing the square to the point where not a drop could trickle through, every gaze converged on a platform in the center, towering over a dozen meters high.

In the golden light of dawn, Byrne's figure stood erect on the high dais of the Municipal Square, his black hair fluttering in the breeze, a determined light sparkling in his eyes.

Countless looks of adoration and respect cast upon him, he simply took a deep breath and began his final speech before the war.

"People of Cyart, warriors of Fischer, today we stand here not for the sake of hollow honor, nor for the temptation of wealth and silver. We are here for the glory of our family, for the land we've toiled upon, for our kin and brethren, and also for the gods we revere!"

Byrne's voice was loud and penetrating, as if it could pierce through the clouds and reach the deepest recesses of every citizen's heart in Nasir City.

"The gods have granted us everything, and we must defend the glory of the gods. Those heretics who go against the gods must be utterly destroyed!"

His voice gradually became more impassioned, like a flame burning in his chest:

"Our enemies are greedy and cruel, they are ready to trample our lands, insult our families, and destroy our dignity!"

"They think with their mighty military power and boundless ambition that they can make us submit, but Fischer will tell you, we will never submit! The bones of the Fischer family are harder than the hardest metal, and our inner will is fiercer than the storms at sea!"

He suddenly drew a decorative longsword from his waist, its blade glittering dazzlingly in the sunlight:

"Today, the people of the East Coast will take up their weapons to defend our homeland, to defend our dignity, and for the glory of the gods. The Fischer family will

lead you with courage and wisdom, driving out all invading enemies from this precious land, letting them know the just people of Cyart are invincible!"

His gaze swept across the face of every Cyart person as if he could see through everyone's soul:

"I know some of you feel afraid, some of you are confused!"

"But I tell you, fear is the excuse of the weak, confusion marks the beginning of failure. As Cyart people, you must learn to use courage to dispel fear, and belief in the gods to disperse all confusion!"

"Because we are warriors, we are the sole guardians of this land!"

Byrne's voice was filled with power:

"Remember, every charge you make is for your own family. The strength of Cyart people will never cease, it will continue, all for the land we live on and the family we hold dear."

He took a deep breath and then shouted loudly, "Now, let us launch the fiercest attack on the evil cultists in the name of the people of Cyart, with the honor of warriors! For our homes, for our loved ones, for the glory of the gods, march towards the Cyart Royal Capital! Save the Cyart Royal Family! Expel the evil cultists! For the glory of the gods!"

"Save the Cyart Royal Family! Expel the evil cultists! For the glory of the gods."

As his cry fell, the people in the Municipal Square echoed in unison, their voices thunderous.

Their eyes flickered with unwavering resolution, as if they had already seen the dawn of victory. At this moment, the citizens of Nasir were the guardians of this land!

Once the pre-war speech had concluded, Byrne, who had just stepped down from the platform, was quickly informed by Theo, the old butler.

"His Excellency Byrne, the Adley Royal Family has already assembled their troops, heading towards the East Coast Province!"

"The other great families that have assembled troops heading for the East Coast Province, responding to the Royal Family's call, include 'Fog Wayfarer' Abernathy family, 'Flaming Blood Proud Dragon' Castleton family, 'Ruins Song Spirit' Middell family!"

"Hmm, it's finally starting," Byrne nodded calmly, everything was still within expectation.

With the situation unclear, the more cards in hand the better; he began to seriously consider the proposal given by the president.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 359 4th Rank "Hand of Austere Winter"

As dusk approached, a seaside port in Rhea was gradually enveloped by a soft, golden glow.

The setting sun slowly sank, tinting the sky with warm shades of orange and red, a golden afterglow spattering the sea surface, glittering as if countless tiny fragments of gold danced among the waves.

Within the harbor, fishing boats successively returned, each leaving behind a graceful arc on the sea, filling the entire port with a peaceful and harmonious atmosphere.

Among the many fishing boats, one concealed a middle-aged man in a black cloak.

The captain spoke with tense expression, "Your Excellency, we're about to enter the harbor, let's meet here again in a week, and I will take you and Mr. Savoie away."

The middle-aged man had a profound look in his eyes and his face was calm and resilient, like a rock weathered by the years, radiating a unique charm.

His body was slightly overweight, but it didn't seem cumbersome; on the contrary, it conveyed a sense of steadiness and strength. His steps were firm and strong, and his broad, powerful hands revealed a toughness borne from a life of trials.

Archibald.

He was Chris's best friend since childhood, the first Daybreaker, later a soldier chief of the Fischer family. Under Byrne's guidance, he had married a silver descendant elder and fathered a child, eventually becoming the behind-the-scenes controller of the silver descendants on the East Coast Province.

Surpassed on the Path of Calamity by the temperamental "Savoie," a younger Daybreaker infiltrated into the Royal Army, Archibald was just a step too slow to reach the rank of "Flaming Knight," which was the 3rd Rank.

Now Archibald was a middle-aged man with greying temples, nearing fifty years old.

He often looked back on the past, and deep down, he was very clear about one thing.

He would never have the chance to reach the 5th Rank.

But the Archibald of today had learned to make compromises in life, knowing that some things can't be forced, and he had finally mastered the power of the 3rd Rank "Flaming Knight."

As long as he completed the ritual, he would be able to advance to the 4th Rank on the Path of Calamity, Hand of Austere Winter.

"Savoie, which of us will succeed first?"

"Without the knowledge given to us by the gods in the last few years, detailing the exact methods and content of the ritual, I probably wouldn't even have the chance to reach the 4th Rank in my lifetime."

As long as a heart keeps generating intense emotions and causing various disasters that impact others, an Extraordinary Exponent on the Path of Calamity can go farther and farther.

Therefore, over the years, Archibald had been leading teams on the White Sea, responsible for eradicating various non-compliant natives and annihilating pirates, his Spiritual Power as a Consecration exponent had significantly quickened.

Now, he only had one thing to do: complete the promotion ritual!

The name of the 4th Rank on the "Path of Calamity" was "Hand of Austere Winter."

Archibald left the harbor and, concealing his identity, came to a snow mountain near the eastern part of Rhea.

In front of this magnificent white snow mountain, nature's grandeur and mystery were perfectly exhibited; the mountain soared into the clouds like a sword thrusting into the sky, its majestic presence inspiring awe.

The snow-covered mountain was blanketed in thick, pure, and sacred snow, twinkling in sunlight like numerous diamonds set atop the mountain, casting a captivating glow.

Beneath the mountain, Archibald raised his head to see the clouds above the peak disperse, revealing the true face of the snow mountain. The pure white mingled with the profound blue of the sky to form a magnificent panorama.

After a while, the clouds gathered again, shrouding the snow mountain in a misty, mysterious veil.

"This white snow mountain is a masterpiece of nature."

To complete the promotion ritual, Archibald ventured alone into the snow mountain.

Deep within the towering snow mountain lay a spectacular ice river, resembling a silver giant dragon, winding through the mountains, sparkling with a mysterious light.

The sunlight, filtering through the mist, shone on the surface of the ice river, reflecting brilliant colors. The ice blocks within pressed and collided against each other, creating a crisp sound.

Standing near the ice river, Archibald could feel the grandeur and majesty of nature, as well as a profound recognition of the insignificance and reverence that humanity holds in the face of nature.

The biting cold seeped relentlessly into his body.

He took a deep breath, stripped off all his clothes, and without hesitation, plunged into the icy river.

At that instant, the icy water pierced his skin like needles all over his body, Archibald's breathing became rapid, but the determination in his eyes did not waver in the slightest.

Ordinary people would likely die in moments, he strenuously swam through the ice river, each contraction of his muscles accompanied by the intertwining of cold and pain, as if the icy water sought to devour all his heat and strength, but Archibald's heart remained as firm as rock, constantly telling himself, he must endure, must last until the final moment.

An entire hour passed, his limbs gradually numbed, but he still clenched his teeth and swam forward with all his might.

I can't do this anymore...

The sudden thought deflated Archibald, he violently tried to continue moving his body, but it felt as if there was a heavy weight tied to him, completely unable to swim freely.

Should I use flame, that could save me, but the ritual would fail...

Just then, he saw a shadow at the bottom of the river, which he gradually made out clearly.

It was Savoie's body!

A few days ago, Savoie arrived at this snowy mountain before him, but after entering, he never came out again, in fact, Archibald had already predicted this in the depths of his heart.

Savoie...

His heart felt heavy, as Savoie, a younger member, had once surpassed him on the Path of Calamity, and it had always been an uncomfortable matter in Archibald's heart, even feeling inevitable jealousy deep inside.

However, at this moment, Savoie, whom he regarded as the greatest rival in his life, had died here due to a failed advancement ritual.

Until the very end, Savoie hadn't given up on the ritual, hadn't used the Flaming Knight's extraordinary power...

A strong wave of sorrow swept over him, along with rage and strength.

"Puff!"

Finally, he swam across the entire ice river and struggled to stand up from the water, his body so stiff he could hardly move, but his heart was filled with the joy of victory.

Archibald stood on the bank, letting the cold wind blow against his drenched body, his heart brimming with pride and satisfaction.

He looked toward the river.

"Savoie, thank you."

After bringing Savoie's body back to Nasir, he finally reached the 4th Rank "Hand of Austere Winter."

Archibald's physical aptitude increased by 150, Spiritual Power by 50, and he also gained two extraordinary powers, "Ice Solidify" and "Winter's Might"

The former allowed him to be enveloped by absolutely hard ice, enter a state of forced hibernation, and emerge from it after a long sleep, and even conventional Monarch powerful experts would find it difficult to easily break through that hard ice.

The latter gave Archibald the ability to manipulate ice, able to instantaneously create an icy winter wonderland within hundreds of meters.

After returning to Nasir City, he silently stood by a newly dug grave, his face etched with the marks of time, his eyes filled with endless sorrow and resolution.

Archibald held a handful of soil in his hand, resolved to scatter it over the resting place he had prepared for his friend.

"Rest in peace, Savoie."

His silhouette stretched long in the sunset's afterglow, lonely and desolate, his face without tears, but his profound eyes were full of unspeakable grief.

He bowed his head and slowly sprinkled the soil into the grave, each grain carrying his reluctance, bidding his final farewell to his friend.

The air around seemed to freeze, with only the occasional call of birds and the rustling of leaves in the wind, Archibald took a deep breath, his eyes becoming even more firm and resolved.

He stood up and gently dusted off his hands.

"Maybe this is the fate of us Extraordinary Exponents, sooner or later, each of us will die, Savoie... I don't know when I will die, but I know what I will die for."

"I won't die of old age, I will surely die fighting for the Fischer family and the Dawn Church, believe me!"

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 360 340

Emerald Lake Province, on the outskirts of Banyoles City.

Sunlight filtered through the sparse clouds, casting a faint glimmer on the brass medals on the shoulders of Cyart soldiers and the barrels of their flintlocks.

The soldiers, dressed in uniform, lined up in formation on the grassland, with feathers on their caps swaying gently in the breeze. Officers on horseback wore military garb with gold trim.

Soon, the officers gave orders, and their soldiers began to move in an organized manner. The air was filled with the scent of horses and gunpowder—the so-called smell of war.

Heavy artillery was towed to the rear of the troops, a type of muzzle-loaded smoothbore gun. Undoubtedly, it was an important force within the army, its presence a comfort to the soldiers.

The silhouette of Banyoles City gradually became clear in the distance, but at the moment, the army made no rash moves; they simply assembled there quietly, like a solid fortress awaiting orders, everyone could feel the intense tension, a decisive confrontation that would determine their fate was about to unfold here.

By now, the army supporting the Adley Royal Family had arrived near Banyoles City in Emerald Lake Province, a city that had been under the sole rule of the Romann family for centuries.

Due to the curfew implemented during wartime, the city streets were deserted, and the faces of the citizens inside their homes were marked with worry and unease. Some who wanted to flee the city, soon to be engulfed in warfare, found themselves without the means to do so.

Others stood at street corners, staring blankly into the distance, their hearts filled with fear.

"What do we do? What can we do?"

"There's no way out, just hide."

"The Duke is dead, can we win?"

"I don't know, why are we even fighting a civil war... We're all Cyart people!"

Dark clouds slowly amassed in the city sky, as if foreshadowing the impending "storm," making the moods of the citizens of Banyoles even heavier.

Extraordinary nobility, primarily locals from Emerald Lake Province and from all over Cyart, had now gathered in the meeting room of the Romann family, with several combat maps and various charts hanging on the wall.

"The enemy has finished assembling outside the city; they just haven't attacked yet. It seems we still have time!"

Lively exchanges filled the meeting room as noble officers discussed tactics, personnel deployment, and supplies, seeking the optimal plan of action.

Beyond tactical discussions, they considered ways to boost soldiers' morale, strengthen discipline, and devise more scientific training schedules.

They were mostly noble officers with rich experience from the Rhea war, although this was their first encounter with a civil war.

An elderly noble officer said, "In the end, what will really be decisive in this war are the Monarch powerful experts. At this level of war, the army can only serve a supporting role..."

"Indeed."

The others agreed, acknowledging that the mobility and destructive power of Monarch powerful experts were unmatched by any other military force at present.

Byrne and Chris of the Fischer family were also in this meeting room.

The two heard that the enemy forces originally targeting the East Coast Province had suddenly turned and marched toward Emerald Lake Province, so they immediately came to support.

Their strength was formidable enough that they could arrive ahead of time, though without being able to bring along the rest of the Fischer family.

While "Stars Mortal" Ariel was the nominal head of the Romann family, the actual commander of this war was "Dragon Taming Lord" Aldrich Romann.

Everyone had confidence in him as well.

"Everyone, come over here."

Aldrich motioned with his hand, beckoning Byrne and dozens of familiar Extraordinary nobles. He then calmly analyzed,

"Well, the 'Blood of Salvation' Adley Royal Family, 'Flaming Blood Proud Dragon' Castleton family, 'Fog Wayfarer' Abernathy family, and 'Ruins Song Spirit' Middell family— the forces of these four families have all assembled to the west of Phelps Port, and there's been no sign of their advancing for the moment."

He pointed at the map of Banyoles City and drew a circle on it with a pen.

"The city barrier of Banyoles has already been raised in advance, and it is of a high level. Although they could attack at any moment, they definitely don't have the confidence to take down this city for sure."

Whenever it came to defending a city, the presence of a barrier unquestionably put the defenders at an advantage.

Byrne nodded lightly and said, "Another siege battle, huh? I'm a bit nostalgic. After calculating carefully, the number of enemy Monarch powerful experts is probably around ten, but it's hard to say for sure how many there are from the 'Words of Tranquility' side."

The Salvation Church and the Tempest Church had, after communicating, decided not to participate in this secular battle and had sworn an oath to God, entering into The Oath.

Therefore, they had fewer variables to consider.

Thinking this through, Aldrich nodded and said,

"Let's first assume the 'Wordless Elder' isn't dead. In that case, our known enemy Monarch powerful experts would be three from the Adley Royal Family and the Words of Tranquility, two from the Castleton family, two from the Abernathy family, and two from the Middell family... After the Rhea war and a series of other events, the number of Monarch powerful experts in Cyart isn't that high, actually."

Ariel suddenly interjected, "A high-level Monarch, two mid-level Monarchs, and six low-level Monarchs? Plus a few hundred Transmutation Extraordinary Exponents?"

"It looks like we're not at a disadvantage on our side."

Sighing, Aldrich said with a troubled expression, "Only thing is, after this civil war, I wonder if Cyart can still stand its ground among the Eastern Four Kingdoms?"

"Blazing Fire" Amos suddenly shouted angrily, "Words of Tranquility doesn't care about these things, maybe they think the more people who die in this civil war, the better! After all, they do love soul sacrifices!"

Thinking of this, he clenched his fists in rage.

Aldrich shook his head at Amos, saying, "Originally, according to our initial plan, Amos should be breaking through to Monarch Level right now, but the current situation simply doesn't allow us to spare anyone to help him."

"If the enemy launches an attack while he's breaking through, we'll be in big trouble."

Byrne glanced at Amos and suddenly said, "When we're dealing with the Royal Family and enemies outside of Words of Tranquility, we must prioritize our own survival, do you understand?"

Everyone was startled and turned their gaze to Byrne.

Byrne smiled and continued, "I've dealt with Marquis Vlad before, and I'm sure many of you have had some contact with him as well. A person like him couldn't possibly be completely loyal to the Adley Royal Family."

"Currently, the Adley Royal Family's overt strength is not great, and I absolutely don't believe that Marquis Vlad has no ambition."

"Besides Marquis Vlad, do you think the other great nobles have no thoughts of their own?"

He paused, then continued:

"Therefore, our enemies are not necessarily all enemies, and I think most of the great nobles also don't have the idea of fighting us to the death..."

In the end, this is a civil war, not a war against external forces.

Moreover, the political system of Cyart means that the Royal Family is just the strongest among many great nobles, naturally not possessing such high power of governance.

After listening to Byrne Fischer's words, everyone except Aldrich fell into deep thought. Marquis Vlad, the "Volcano Dragon," and Marquis Samuel, the "White Spirit," could also be persuaded!

"The situation really is quite chaotic right now," Ariel remarked.

Byrne bowed his head in silence, then looked up to the north.

"They should already know that we've come here..."

"I hope nothing goes wrong over there."

He took a deep breath as if the more he thought this way, the more likely something would go wrong.

East Coast Province.

In the vast expanse of sky, a Monarch powerful expert soared with flame as wings, the color of the flames changing from deep red to golden yellow, as resplendent as a phoenix rising from the ashes, his silhouette particularly striking in the afterglow of the setting sun.

Marquis Vlad was clad in a black alchemy battle robe made of special material that shimmered with a fiery luster in the light of the flames. Every fiber seemed to be ignited by fire, emitting waves of heat that commanded awe.

His face was resolute, and his eyes flickered with ambition and malice. As he waved his wings of flame, the surrounding air ignited, forming a sea of fire in the sky.

"Nasir City should have no Monarch powerful experts now..."

At last, Marquis Vlad had Nasir City in sight!

From his view in the sky, Nasir City looked like a delicate miniature painting, fully displayed before his eyes.

In the afterglow of the sunset, he descended swiftly from the sky like a burning meteor streaking across the horizon, the giant flaming wings behind him gradually dissipating into wisps of light smoke in the air.

"Boom!"

When he landed, the ground beneath his feet felt the immense force, shaking violently!

Marquis Vlad lightly stepped onto the ground of Nasir City, each step as if leaving behind the residual warmth of flames, causing the surrounding air to tremble.

The city's barrier of Nasir City rose quickly!

However, Marquis Vlad just looked at the scene coldly, without the slightest hint of nervousness or fear in his heart.

Without a Monarch powerful expert here, what use then was a city's barrier?

As a mid-level Monarch Extraordinary Exponent, he alone had the power to burn this city to the ground, to ash!

"Although setting fire to the city would deeply offend the members of the church, once I become the king of Cyart, such trivial matters will be of no consequence!"

Just as Byrne thought, Marquis Vlad was not wholeheartedly loyal to the Adley Royal Family; he had long instructed his family and the "Fog Wayfarer" family to conserve their strength during this suppression war.

He hoped to slowly weaken the forces of both sides by maintaining a balance.

Now, coming to eradicate the Fischer family was also a part of Marquis Vlad's plan to balance the power of both sides.

The next moment, the air around him seemed to ignite, forming a blazing halo of red light that gradually spread, enveloping his figure within it. Marquis Vlad was like a deity walking out of the flames.

"Fishermen of the East Coast! Usurpers! Let me burn down your lair!"

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.