

From Secret Clan to the Divine Dynasty

Chapter 541 30-Year Countdown Timer

"I've come to inspect my manor, so, what exactly is that glowing thing in my hall?"

The engineer in the grand hall bowed and immediately said, "Electric lights, these are electric lights, Your Highness Moter."

"I know that, this is another trick from the Reforging Church, isn't it?"

Moter looked up and gazed at the so-called electric light.

It was composed of a glass bulb containing a slender metal filament, encapsulated in an environment filled with inert gas, with two metal pins at the base for the electric current to flow through.

The bulb was also equipped with a metal base to fix it onto the light fixture.

Moter, appearing youthful, had striking silver-white short hair that fluttered gently in the breeze, shimmering with a faint moonlight-like luster.

Gone were the days of the black tailcoat; he now donned a well-tailored white suit that reflected a soft sheen under the lights, as if cloaking him in a layer of pure and flawless radiance. Your next chapter awaits on My Virtual Library Empire

His demeanor carried an indescribable sense of laziness and casualness, as if he held a detached attitude towards all things in the world, each movement exuding composure and elegance.

Moter had successfully ascended to the 5th Rank of the Path of Conquest as the "Silver Glory Knight," and his Blood of Salvation had simultaneously reached the level of a low-level Monarch.

With the powerful Destiny's Trajectory and rune power, Moter was capable of contending with a high-level Monarch for a time and even had a slim chance of victory, while most Extraordinary Exponents at the middle rank of Monarch could not match him.

The engineer frowned slightly and said, "Well, Your Highness Moter, how can you call it a trick? It is said to be something important delivered through the Divine Oracle of the God of Reforging."

"It can bring light to the whole world! I think it's a power no less than the Blazing Sun!"
The engineer became more and more excited as he spoke.

"God of Reforging huh, I don't believe in such a bizarre existence." Moter smiled and, without hesitation, openly spoke words that belittled the True Gods.

The engineer was clearly taken aback and seemed somewhat upset but still forced himself to endure his emotions, even mustering a reluctant smile to say,

"Uh... with all due respect, Your Highness Moter, the God of Reforging is still one of the True Gods, and His existence is legitimate. It's reasonable to show respect for the God of Reforging."

Moter silently stared at the engineer; hmm, engineers naturally tended to be followers of the God of Reforging, and such people were becoming increasingly common.

In this day and age, both the Silver Moon Church and the Tempest Church had completely declined.

And the influence of the Reforging Church advanced by leaps and bounds, having entered thousands of homes with various technologies. Many people worshipped the God of Reforging not for anything else but because fixing things was indeed a bit easier after believing in Him.

Salvation Church, Sun Church, Reforging Church, World Order Church... their followers made up ninety percent of the population.

He stared at the other party until he felt uncomfortable, shook his head after a while, and continued, "You might not be very clear, but a hundred years ago, the God of Reforging was also considered an Evil God by the other Five Great True Gods Churches, and they only became regarded as True Gods in recent decades."

The second year after his marriage, Moter Fischer moved into his own manor, and at this moment, he was inspecting the final touches of the renovation, feeling curious as it was the first time seeing something called an electric light.

"Hopefully, it'll be more useful than a gas light." He nodded and no longer paid attention to the embarrassed engineer.

The name of this manor was Moter Manor.

Moter Manor was specifically located on the outskirts of Fein City, and now the entire East Coast Province was laying more and more tracks. With Nasir City becoming the center of the Eastern Continent, the status of nearby Fein City soared as well.

"Come out already, Moter."

Suddenly, a voice came from outside the door, and Moter shrugged his shoulders, still unhurriedly walking outside.

Standing outside the door was a handsome and cold-looking young male.

The eldest prince of Cyart, Austin Fischer, had a stern face, carved as if by a sculptor from the hardest jade, with sharp lines and no superfluous waves of emotion. His dazzling silver hair was like the first frost of early winter covering the peaks of the Snow Mountains, cold and pure.

He was dressed in exquisite royal garb, each stitch revealing supreme nobility and power. The color of the clothes was deep and solemn, creating a stark contrast with the silver-white hair, thereby emphasizing the undeniable air of a ruler he emanated.

This haughty eldest prince seldom revealed a smile; every decision was well-considered and each action precise. It was as if he was a chess player always maintaining the upper hand.

He, too, inherited the powerful Blood of Salvation and reached the Middle Rank of a Monarch, while his Consecration was at the 5th Rank of the Path of Authority as the "Deadly Baron."

Many said that Prince Austin greatly resembled a combination of Cree and Christine—possessing perfect looks, a cold temperament, and extremely high intelligence and management skills.

"You're really dragging your feet. Don't you have a sense of urgency? Time management is very important, Moter."

Austin did not hesitate to lecture, causing Moter nearly to have a headache.

"Yes, yes, I understand; it won't happen again!"

Austin knew very well that it could indeed happen again with the other party, his gaze ice-cold as he shook his head.

If he were under his command, he would definitely pay a price, experience fear, but since this was his brother...

Then, no repeat.

"Don't start fighting, you two."

The two's younger sister arrived with her children, the youngest Margo Fischer.

Her silver hair, like the purest first snow of winter, was both cold and heartwarming, and her smile had an indescribable infectiousness that made one instinctively want to draw nearer.

The princess's demeanor was both noble and approachable, as she wore a delicately crafted court gown whose hem swayed gently with her every step, revealing a blend of grace and the purity and vivacity of a young girl.

"Margo!"

Moter's wife, Helena, ran over and embraced Margo, both faces wreathed in smiles.

Helena and Margo had a good relationship.

Auston nodded slightly, his expression unreadable as he said, "Everyone has arrived, so let's set out."

"By the way, the decision to hold that 'demon's' centenary celebration at Nasir Manor instead of in the city near Rhea, is because we have an important family meeting to hold there."

"What?" Moter looked somewhat stunned.

Auston continued with a grave tone, "It's a big matter, a very big one, that could determine our future destiny."

Moter fell into thought.

He knew his brother was never one for exaggeration.

Soon, the group, along with dozens of servants, left Moter Manor and headed to Fischer Manor, arriving at the train station to take a steam train exclusive to the Fischer family, bound for Nasir City.

On the journey, Moter, surrounded by many relatives in the train carriage, felt suddenly dazed, with memories of Lucius emerging in his mind, making everything before his eyes seem distorted and surreal.

"..."

He subconsciously clutched his head, feeling as if he were at sea, with everything around him swaying.

Lucius...

The founding Family Head of the Fischer family...

What was the meaning of all this?

What exactly was my relationship to him...

"What's the matter, Moter?" Helena asked with concern.

After a moment's daze, Moter came back to himself, shaking his head and smiling, "Nothing, I'm fine."

Over the years, he had recalled everything, but still could not confirm his relationship with the other, nor fully accept the memories that belonged to Lucius...

The train's whistle blew, and Moter remained silent, feeling deep within that he must find a real answer.

Nasir, a city sculpted by the wind and frost into ever-greater splendor.

And within this city, the most distinguished Fischer family was about to welcome a milestone moment—the centenary celebration of the "Black Fischer," Family Head Darren.

All over the city, from the grand palaces to the alleys, every corner was filled with festive atmosphere.

Merchants along the streets hung special banners and decorations embroidered with gold and dark blue thread proclaiming "The Gods Protect the Fischer Family" and similar sentiments.

The air was fragrant with the scent of food, as from the street corner snack stalls to the city's most upscale restaurants, all were busily preparing a variety of sumptuous dishes; people in their festive attire burst with happy smiles, many gathering in the squares to pray to the gods together and bless the Fischer family.

Inside Fischer Manor, the scene was even more bustling; the gates of the manor were flung open, welcoming guests from all walks of life, including distinguished nobles, talented artists and scholars, and commoners who had once benefited from the Fischer family's grace.

In the banquet hall, resplendent crystal chandeliers lit up the space, portraits of the previous two generations of family heads decked the walls, along with a celebratory painting of Darren Fischer specially commissioned for the birthday feast.

However, behind the citywide celebrations and the brilliant lights, a solemn and intense family meeting was about to take place within the Fischer family.

In the Grand Hall underground, key members of the Fischer family and the Dawn Church sat around a long conference table, their faces void of any joy from the banquet, replaced by seriousness and focus.

Finally, with the sound of faint footsteps, Darren Fischer slowly entered the Grand Hall, taking deliberate steps that exuded an unquestionable resolve.

He sat at the head of the conference table, his gaze sweeping over everyone present, those eyes that had experienced countless sorrows and decisions, as if they could penetrate into the deepest recesses of the heart.

"Karno's prophecy... there are still thirty years," he began.

"After thirty years, the powers of the false gods will completely vanish, and all The Oaths will become void, while Heavenly Enlightenment will freely enter the Eastern Continent."

Everyone fell silent.

"I have an idea, a bold one but likely effective, which might tip the situation in our favor after thirty years."

Darren continued speaking, still looking around thirty years old despite having reached a hundred, his gaze filled with a malevolent and unmasked madness.

"Hahahaha! I believe the time has come," he declared. "Now is the moment, to reveal to the entire world the faith of the Lord of the Lost and the existence of the Power of Consecution!"

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

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Chapter 542 Noble Bloods (4K)

The argument in the Grand Hall was fiercely intense.

"Darren! Do you know what you're talking about?"

"What, are you scared? What is there to be scared of?"

"However, you are defying the Divine Oracle! The Lord of the Lost is inclined towards secrecy!"

"Hahahaha, the most important thing I know is to make both the Lord of the Lost and the Fischer family stronger! Revealing our secrets is undoubtedly advantageous at this stage!"

"But Father, as you know, the impact is too significant and indeed contradicts the long-standing rules."

"Huh, Felix, are you that foolish too?"

"..."

Various members of the Fischer family stood their ground, and even Darren got a bit carried away as he insulted Felix, who could not retort and only felt uncomfortable inwardly.

"Let's disperse for now; arguing further isn't the solution. Everyone calm down and let's continue the family meeting after thirty minutes," Christine said, frowning.

After the argument, Darren and the other main members turned and left, and after exchanging glances, the remaining people also disbursed.

A tense and serious atmosphere enveloped the brief interlude of the Fischer family meeting.

Groups gathered in twos and threes around corners and corridors of the Grand Hall, whispering and discussing the extremely important issue raised during the family meeting.

The hallway lights seemed dimmer than usual, casting long shadows. The important members of the Dawn Church no longer wore the smiles of celebration; instead, their faces were solemn, and their eyes revealed deep concerns about the future.

"Do you think Master Darren's proposal is really feasible?" a member of the Dawn Church asked his companion in a low voice, laced with uncertainty.

"It's hard to say."

His friend, a recent Blood Receiver and a prominent figure among the Lorne nobles, who originally lacked the power of Bloodlines but had joined them, shook his head with a furrowed brow and said, "Although Master Darren's wisdom and experience are unparalleled, the situation this time is indeed extraordinary. We need to consider it more cautiously."

"Isn't that just saying nothing at all? Actually, if it really goes public like you suggested, wouldn't there be more people coming over like you did..."

"What do you mean 'coming over'..."

In another corner, several younger members of the Dawn Church, mostly descendants of Yeager, Moore, and others, gathered, their discussion more direct and sharp.

"We can't always rely on Master Darren's decisions,"

a young man said, his voice low but firm.

"We should also have our own thoughts and contribute our power to the future of the Fischer family."

"Don't we lack the qualifications? Our grandfathers still have the right to speak, being like you and me, having the right to listen is already good enough... about voting rights, that depends on last name, or perhaps you plan to marry a Fischer girl?"

"Humph, I'll eventually have the right to speak too!"

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Even during the so-called halftime break, no one could truly relax.

The old butler, Theo, remained composed and spotted some long-unseen members of the Dawn Church elders in the corner.

"The leader of the Daybreakers," Yeager, the head of the Short Knife Association, Moore, the High Priest of the Sea God Cult, Ian, the Fischer family's top merchant Colin, and even that perennially dispatched emerald elf, March, were all back.

Time had passed, and these few people, along with himself, Archibald, and Old Dog, held positions that were just below the Fischer Family's direct descendants. Even family heads of the great families had to maintain respect when meeting them.

Many people referred to these eight powerful Blood Receivers as "Noble Blood," possessing a revered status in the Eastern Continent.

However, some people were forever left behind, such as Savoie, Inna, Erik, Mormir, and Vanessa, among others.

In reality, if Karl had not inscribed the "Divine Text" on the black stele to Strengthen the Dawn Church followers' advancement on the God Pantheon stairway, the number of those who had fallen behind might have been even greater today, and possibly half of the old generation Blood Receivers standing here would have been missing.

Though Colin's beloved Inna had not advanced to the 5th Rank and paid the price for her inertia and avoidance by dying at the 3rd Rank.

However, merchant Colin had successfully reached the 5th Rank of the "Path of Contract," becoming a "banker."

The "banker" in the Spirit Realm seemed like a shrewd and chubby figure glowing in gold and silver, wearing small glasses, and constantly counting money.

The enhancement ratio of physical fitness to Spiritual Power is one to nine.

The abilities of the "Path of Contract" are often peculiar. The "banker's" power is also quite special but somewhat straightforward in a sense, with Extraordinary powers of "Borrow" and "Repay."

The so-called "Borrow" power allows a person, through a simple ritual resembling contract signing taking about ten seconds, to borrow some Spiritual Power, mental power, or life force from the "banker," with a mutually agreed upon repayment time.

Undoubtedly, this is a powerful support force!

However, the cost is apparent, where there is "Borrow," there inevitably exists "Repay."

The longer the "Borrow" duration, the more Spiritual Power, mental power, and life force will be repaid to the "banker" after the specified time, not merely the original "seed money" but accruing increasing "Interest."

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

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Chapter 543 Noble Bloods (4K)_2

Regardless of where the borrower was, the moment the predetermined time arrived, a "repayment" mechanism would be triggered.

And because of such power, the "banker" had acquired an extraordinary trait called "deposit," which meant the ability to temporarily exceed the maximum limit of his spiritual power, mental power, and life force by up to twice!

However, there was another mechanism known as "bad debts"...

As long as the borrower killed the "banker," the "repayment" would not be triggered.

"It's really not easy for her to come back."

Theo saw that Marzo, who had once been a young girl, had now become very mature.

She seemed to have become more reticent.

Seven years ago, Marzo had disappeared for a few days without reporting the reason; the people of Black Tide discovered her in Silver Moon City, helping the local elves fight against the Lorne citizens, nearly dying there.

She explained the situation afterward, and so Darren had given her a certain punishment according to the rules.

For nearly a century, Marzo had been searching for the sacred object of the Elf Clan, yet, even with the help of Dawn Church, she always came up empty-handed.

Many asked her why the sacred object was so important?

Every time, Marzo would just shake her head, without giving a clear explanation.

Elves had too much of an advantage on the Path of Nature, and with Marzo's bloodline power being plant manipulation, she successfully reached the 5th Rank "Dragon Rider" on that path.

"Dragon Rider" was the 5th Rank on the Path of Nature, imagined in the Spirit Realm as a youth riding a red dragon, gender indistinguishable, holding a green flute in their hand.

The proportion of increase in the spiritual power and physical fitness of the "Dragon Rider" was 40 to 60.

An Extraordinary being who reached the "Dragon Rider" tier could acquire two passive extraordinary traits, namely "Dragon Affinity" and "King of Riding."

The former was easy to understand: all dragon tribe members, dragon descendants, and any race related to dragons would spontaneously favor the "Dragon Rider."

As for the latter extraordinary trait, "King of Riding," meant that the "Dragon Rider's" equestrian skills reached an extraordinary level, enabling them to ride any theoretically rideable creature.

Just how formidable the "Dragon Rider" tier was, its limits were vast...

If one could find a powerful enough, even an upper-tier Monarch level ancient giant dragon, and become a true master of dragon taming, that would be explosively powerful!

But theoretically, it was also possible to never encounter a dragon in one's lifetime, hence only being able to ride substitutes like cows or horses, possibly making the "Dragon Rider" the weakest among all the 5th Ranks on the God Pantheon stairway.

When Marzo returned, she didn't ride a real giant dragon but a variant of a Thunderhawk with dragon blood, possessing close to Monarch-level lightning power, definitely not weak.

Yeager chuckled and said, "It's really no small feat, us old folks to meet again, for the first time in decades."

As Dawn Church's influence spread far and wide, they would often leave Nasir and even Cyart, traveling across the continent for the Fischer family and the great Lord of the Lost, rarely having the chance to meet each other.

Yeager had not been in Nasir, nor in the Eastern Continent, for the last few decades but had gone overseas to fight in many Lorne colonies.

His frontline performance had satisfied the hunger of the Path of Conquest.

Today, Yeager still reached the 6th Rank "Beyond Blade" on the Path of Conquest.

The Beyond Blade saw a distribution of spiritual power and physical fitness improvements at 30 to 70, acquiring only one extraordinary power called "Transcendence Strike."

Simply put, it could temporarily consume most of the spiritual power to charge for a few seconds, significantly increasing the speed and power of the next strike!

Plain but very practical, the "Transcendence Strike" greatly enhanced the damage, which in extreme cases could multiply severalfold!

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Yeager had often used "Transcendence Strike" in his overseas battles.

He had even tried consuming most of his spiritual power to use "Transcendence Strike" along with various other enhancements from the Path of Conquest to instantly kill an unguarded Monarch Lower Level Spellcaster.

With his formidable power and ruthless nature, he had made quite a name for himself overseas, many calling him "the Butcher of Dawn Church."

Colin asked, "It's a pity Archibald isn't here, why isn't he?"

Moore shook his head and said, "Don't you know? His great-granddaughter is being born, so he took a leave of absence, saying he won't come for now and will be late."

To this day, Archibald had reached the 5th Rank "Sandstorm Commander" on the Path of Calamity.

He had been the leader of the Fischer family's military forces for many years, yet to enhance his capability on the Path of Calamity, his already irritable mood had increased, which also led him to stay away from his wife and children for fear of harming them.

Archibald had always been Chris's best friend, even after Vanessa passed away, the mysterious Chris still occasionally met Archibald alone... all he needed to do was cry and shout Chris's name to the sky, and within three days, Chris would definitely come.

The "Sandstorm Commander" in the Spirit Realm appeared as a yellow sandstorm.

The proportion of increase in spiritual power and physical fitness was 60 to 40, providing the Extraordinary who reached "Sandstorm Commander" the passive trait of controlling sand without consumption, and a power to consume spiritual power to absorb moisture at close range.

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

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Chapter 544 Noble Bloods (4K)_3

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Nasir, with his abilities now honed, could squash his enemies with sand from afar, and dehydrate them up close.

Yeager and Moore exchanged glances, a smile spreading between them. Despite their decades of conflict, their relationship had grown into a somewhat mutual respect.

Yet, they were never truly on amicable terms; however, tensions had never escalated to the extremes.

In this era, Moore had secretly taken control of the Mo'er Security Company, evolved from the Dagger Brotherhood, and his brothers' descendants had now proliferated to more than a dozen in the generations of his grandnephews.

Today, the Mo'er Security Company stands as a colossal part of the organizations under the Dawn Church—less a security company, more a mercenary military group.

Over decades, they had absorbed numerous elites; with hundreds of Extraordinary Exponents internally, including over twenty from the Transmutation Level and up from the 3rd Rank, perennially active in medium and small-scale frontline battles across the Ouden Continent and overseas.

Both of Moore's younger brothers had died early, lacking the chance to reach the 5th Rank.

However, one of his grandnephews, no ordinary talent but a genius unmatched at the Kano Level, had ascended to the "Demon-Hunting Master" on the Path of Tranquility's 5th Rank and had become a core pillar of the Mo'er Security Company.

Moreover, with Moore himself, having reached the 6th Rank "Forbidden Ring" on the Path of World Order, it can be said that Mo'er Security Company could easily claim substantial combat strength in battles, as long as it stayed out of large-scale wars.

The "Forbidden Ring" is the 6th Rank of the Path of World Order.

In the Spirit Realm, it appears as a pitch-black circle, emitting copious amounts of gray aura.

The boost in spirituality power and physical fitness of the "Forbidden Ring" is in the ratio of seven to three.

Upon reaching the "Forbidden Ring," the Extraordinary Exponent gains a powerful Extraordinary trait called "Mysterious Resistance", which thereafter significantly weakens any Extraordinary power—good or bad—coming from the outside, greatly reducing their effectiveness on the "Forbidden Ring".

In addition, stepping onto the "Forbidden Ring," an Extraordinary Exponent gains three types of "Forbidden Magic", each remarkably potent:

"Forbidden Action", "Forbidden Energy Use", and "Forbidden Attack".

The effects of these three spells are simple and clear, all ritualistic spells necessitating a simple ceremony of about five seconds involving gestures and incantations. The result is a black circular ring delineating those within its range, both friend and foe alike, subject to the respective "Forbidden" effect.

The bigger the "Forbidden" circle, the better its effect and the larger its range, but the more Spiritual Power it consumes; however, the existence of the black circle lasts only ten minutes.

With his powers from the 6th Rank, Moore can extend the black circle to envelop the size of a town, nearly a fraction of Nasir City.

Of course, the "Forbidden" effect isn't absolutely guaranteed; against sufficiently formidable foes, its impact can still be limited.

Under Ian's management for decades, the Sea God Cult has flourished, and Ian's talent ranks high among the Blood Receivers of the Dawn Church. Although starting later than his peers, he has solidly reached the 5th Rank, "Ancient Researcher".

If not for the duty of High Priest within the Sea God Cult being somewhat misaligned with the Path of Knowledge, he perhaps would have advanced even more swiftly.

"The results will be out soon."

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

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Chapter 545 Asking God to Decide!

The Fischer family meeting had progressed to its latter half.

To this day, too many people were eligible to participate in a Fischer family meeting.

Including the direct descendants of the Fischer family, their spouses and other relatives by marriage, along with key members from the families of "Noble Blood," and a small selection of promising individuals from the Dawn Church.

Indeed, over a hundred people were qualified to attend the meeting.

However, they merely had the opportunity to listen in, yet people still regarded it as a supreme honor.

For any Blood Receiver of the Dawn Church, the chance to go to the Grand Hall was considered their ideal.

Only the Fischer Family's direct descendants, the "Noble Blood," and a few important relatives of the Fischer family were truly eligible to speak in the Grand Hall.

Those who could ultimately vote were even fewer.

The Fischer family had still not expanded the voting rights by much; essentially, only the adult direct descendants of the Fischer family and very few others like Christine's husband, Andre, had the right to vote in the Grand Hall.

According to the prophecy abilities of the Path of Revelation, they could ascertain an important message.

In thirty years, the powers of the false gods would completely vanish from this world.

While that proved on one hand that false gods were merely false gods and their powers were limited, it also undeniably spelled huge crises.

By then, the Fischer family would likely be besieged by forces from all over the world.

Although the Fischers were already very powerful, they still needed more strength, which was the fundamental reason why Darren proposed to reveal the secret.

"I think there's no need to continue discussing; let's just vote now."

As Darren returned and sat down, his first request was to conduct a family vote immediately.

Because conservative and radical views couldn't be changed in a short time, possibly not even within a year or two—since no one could temporarily persuade another—it was better to just start voting.

A vote?

Felix looked at his radical father and then at those who had the right to vote, pondering what the final outcome could be if they proceeded with the vote.

"I think there's a better approach."

At that moment, Archer spoke up.

As the High Priest of the Dawn Church, his status was quite high, albeit usually slightly lower than the two Family Heads, but at times even his authority surpassed theirs.

Decades had passed, and he no longer had the fragile demeanor of earlier days, though his body was still thin and small—of course, nobody would underestimate him for his stature.

Anyone who dared to belittle Archer, even if he himself didn't react, would be retaliated against by the fanatics of the Dawn Church.

"What?" Felix asked.

"That is naturally... to consult our great God! Let God decide!" Archer's voice suddenly rose.

"Great Lord of the Lost, who has granted us immense power, which inherently belongs to the divine, and we are merely the enjoyers!"

"Now that such a significant proposal is to be decided, revealing the power that belongs to the Gods to the world, how are we mere mortals qualified to vote on it?"

He paused briefly, then continued.

"Only through conducting a grand Sacrifice, earnestly praying, and asking the great One's opinion, can we determine the correct path for our future!"

Archer's voice was louder than ever, and everyone looked at each other.

Compared to the Fischer family's internal vote, the will of the great Lord of the Lost always had a higher priority, without a doubt.

Even Darren had to nod.

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"Good, I agree with your idea."

On this matter, there was no need for a vote; everyone was persuaded by Archer's proposal.

In the center of the Grand Hall, a majestic altar made of pure gold now towered, adorned with various Sacrifices, from the most precious gemstones of the Fischer family to grain symbolizing bountiful harvests—all manifesting reverence for the Lord of the Lost.

The altar was surrounded by blazing flames, casting light on everyone's faces as if igniting their souls as well.

"Let us begin."

With the start of the Sacrifice, Archer, clad in lavish traditional attire and holding a scepter, slowly entered the center of the hall.

He chanted ancient hymns in a melodious and solemn voice, as if capable of transcending the boundaries of time and space to converse with the great Lord of the Lost.

Every one of Archer's movements and gazes brimmed with reverence and devotion to the divine.

Soon after, numerous priests from the Dawn Church came forward one after another, presenting their prepared Sacrifices to the great Lord of the Lost through the altar.

A mysterious power suddenly emerged in the Grand Hall.

Karl silently watched this scene.

He had been observing.

Yes.

It was time.

Powerful fluctuations burst from the depths of the Holy Relic Bottle on the altar and instantly permeated the entire Grand Hall. Members of the Dawn Church knelt on the ground and felt the divine presence descending beside them!

Suddenly, an unprecedented anomaly occurred between heaven and earth!

"Boom!"

The originally serene sky was torn apart by dazzling rays of light, as if constellations were falling and miracles were manifesting.

Numerous lights intertwined in the air, forming mysterious patterns, each containing ancient and profound powers that inspired awe.

At that moment, a warm and soft light rose slowly from the altar, carrying an indescribable power that seemed to penetrate the heart and reach the depths of the soul.

As the light ascended, a clear yet incomprehensible voice, yet one whose meaning could be understood, echoed deep within Archer's heart.

It was the voice of the Divine, the arrival of the Divine Oracle!

The great Lord of the Lost had agreed!

The Power of Consecution and all information regarding Him could now be made public and shared with the world!

Hearing the Divine Oracle, tears of joy and gratitude streamed down Archer's face, feeling an unprecedented strength and courage within!

"The great Lord of the Lost, He has allowed it!" Archer said, and Darren could not help but smile uncontrollably.

The arrival of the Divine Oracle filled the Fischer family with joy and astonishment!

Felix and the others were undoubtedly delighted and confirmed without any question about the greatness of the Lord of the Lost.

This had always been the highest level of directive for the entire Fischer family and the Dawn Church.

And it was the most important foundation.

"Finally..." Darren let out a sigh; he had never quite expected that this day would indeed come. The Fischer family had now accumulated enough power to reveal the secrets of the Consecration and God without fear of being obliterated over matters of faith.

Over a hundred years ago, there were only a few members in the Fischer family, far fewer than now...

"Everything is about to change now!"

"O great Lord of the Lost, I praise You, thank You for choosing my proposal!"

Sunlight penetrated the mist and calmly filled the entire Nasir City.

Many Cyart people bustled orderly throughout the city corners until the Fischer family sent people from the Dawn Church to gather many citizens, claiming everyone would together witness an important secret.

"Please go to Central Square."

"Central Square."

"At two o'clock in the afternoon, the Fischer family will announce something significant."

In the city square, a grand podium had already been built.

The podium, made of exquisite wood, was surrounded by various flowers and green plants. As the crowd gradually gathered, the atmosphere in the square became increasingly fervent.

"What's going on?"

"Why have they asked us to come?"

"Strange, but if it's something the Fischer family is revealing, it's definitely very important."

The citizens murmured amongst themselves, speculating about the revelations the Fischer family was about to make.

Finally, under the watchful eyes of the crowd, the High Priest Archer of the Fischer family ascended the podium.

He was dressed in magnificent attire, holding a scepter embedded with gemstones, took a deep breath, and began his speech in a clear and firm voice:

"Citizens of Nasir City, thank you for coming here today to witness what our Fischer family is about to reveal... an important secret about God!"

"For a long time, our family has guarded this secret, considering it our most precious treasure, but today we believe it's time to share this secret with the world, to let more people feel the power and wisdom of the Divine!"

Archer was thrilled deep inside; the Power of Consecution was such an important matter, and now its existence was finally to be revealed. What excited him even more was...

The Dawn Church could finally preach in the light of the sun!

The great Lord of the Lost!

God!

Finally, to be revealed to the public!

Even if it was only in the Eastern Continent controlled by the Fischer family that they could preach, it still was gratifying.

Many citizens knew those "rumors" that the Fischer family served an Evil God, but most didn't believe them. At this moment, they were clearly stunned.

The Fischer family was about to reveal all secrets?

What they were about to disclose, could it really be about that...

"Our Fischer family is about to disclose about God... He truly exists; He is the most magnificent Divine! He has bestowed upon us true power!"

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

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Chapter 546 Proving God's Power to the World!

The citizens' reactions were like a vibrant tapestry.

Archer's voice echoed across the square, and when he mentioned the existence and power of the divine, many faces displayed expressions of astonishment.

Some among them had never contemplated such a grand presence as a deity, let alone imagined themselves in connection with one. This sudden influx of information was like a boulder dropped into a placid lake, rippling outwards in waves.

"Is he serious?"

"By the Gods above, isn't the deity the Fischer family speaks of the Lord of Salvation, Blazing Sun, Lady Silver Moon themselves?"

"What on earth is going on today? What exactly is Lord Archer Fischer talking about?"

Even the century-long reputation of the Fischer family in Nasir City, their most solid stronghold, left many people deep within shocked and confused.

After all, the weight of the Gods' authority was too immense, spanning thousands of years.

A hundred years ago, the Ouden Continent was entirely under the control of the Gods, an era where Divine Oracles were often delivered, and Divine Punishments would appear every few decades.

Even now, a hundred years later, the Gods had vanished without a trace, yet their influence lingered on.

Thus, within many a mind, doubts and bewilderment inevitably arose.

Lord of the Lost...

What exactly is that?

Is He truly a God?

And is He truly better, greater than all the other Gods?

There were also plenty who felt tangible fear, for in much of the slander from the True Gods Church, the deity worshiped by the Fischer family was a dreadful Evil God.

If all that was said were true... perhaps they were about to sacrifice the whole of Nasir City!

What in the end would they do?

Though no one dared openly contest or question them, more and more silent individuals sought answers deep in their hearts.

Archer was completely caught up in excitement; he enjoyed change, and this great transformation proved particularly delightful.

Before unveiling the speech, the Fischer family had already discussed what needed to be done.

They knew the thoughts that people might harbor in their hearts, and they also clearly understood how to provide them with answers.

"The great Lord of the Lost, He is a God that truly exists! Unlike those ignorant and absurd false gods who abandoned everyone, only the great Lord of the Lost is worthy of our true devotion!"

Archer, with a smile on his face, forcibly maintained his inner composure as he continued to address everyone present.

"And the only destination for our souls, is to enter the embrace of the Lord after death!"

"Do the deities spoken of by the Fischer family really exist?" some people privately mused, their eyes still filled with disbelief.

Suddenly, Archer's gaze locked onto that person who was muttering internally, causing them to break out in a cold sweat.

He then continued with a laugh.

"What I'm about to discuss is how the Fischer family came into contact with the Lord of the Lost, a miracle that I must share with you... It was a stormy night, when our ancestors Irene Fischer and Chris Fischer encountered the minions of evil!"

Archer began to share the ancestral story that tied the Fischer family to the divine, and how faith had guided their rise to power.

The rise of the Fischer family was a tale as legendary as it gets, and the people listening found it utterly captivating, their attention wholly absorbed.

"This sounds absolutely miraculous!"

"So that's how the Fischer family rose to prominence... what a legend!"

Some quietly exclaimed, their eyes shining with curiosity, eager to learn more from the Fischer family; yet at the same time, some were filled with worry.

They wondered what the purpose behind the Fischer family's proclamation of the "Lord of the Lost" was today.

It's highly likely they hoped to convert the masses.

But most of the people in Nasir City believed in the Tempest Overlord...

Who would willingly convert so easily?

If one blindly trusted in a new deity, could it lead them into a quagmire?

Yet if the God known as "Lord of the Lost" really made an appearance, what would be the fate of those who did not convert?

The Fischer family might force them...

"Could this be just a scam?"

The complex emotions of the citizens intertwined, both astonished at the existence of the divine and trying incredulously to understand it all.

However, regardless of the internal struggle and contradictions they harbored, this speech had opened a new door for the Cyart people, prompting them to think about the topics of faith and the divine.

Archer, seeing more and more people deep in thought, smiled, knowing in his heart that it was time to move on to the next phase.

Now that people's hearts needed answers and proof, his upcoming "performance" would easily penetrate their souls!

"Next, I will prove to you how powerful the power of God is!"

Soon, the Fischer family brought forward a middle-aged man who had just "accidentally" died not long ago, and it was evident to everyone that he had indeed died.

For his body was only about one-third intact, qualifying as nothing less than "remnants."

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Then, Archer resurrected him on the spot with a miraculous liquid, harnessing the power of the "Origin Spirit sea"!

That body, which was previously nothing but remnants, began to rapidly regenerate flesh and bone in a short period, fully reviving in the eyes of all!

"God, that was clearly a corpse!"

"How did he manage to resurrect it?"

"It really worked! Can this be possible?"

Everyone was stunned since, although extraordinary powers were not uncommon in this world, the power to completely resurrect the dead was very rare indeed! It mostly existed only in historical legends and myths!

As for resurrecting from mere remnants, that was even more miraculous!

"Actually, I must admit the most important thing to you."

After showcasing the power of resurrection, Archer shifted the topic.

"In the story I just told, I didn't make it clear... the rise of the Fischer family's true origin."

"The Fischer family was originally devoid of extraordinary power... At first, we had no Bloodline power; it was because we were granted divine grace that we obtained extraordinary power!"

Many were taken aback.

"Not just us, but many others are the same. By becoming devotees of the Lord of the Lost, one could receive the precious power bestowed by Him!"

But simply saying this was not enough, not enough to change everyone in a short time, especially in an extraordinary world where extraordinary measures were needed.

Archer smiled calmly, quietly employing the power of a three-digit Forbidden rare artifact, the "Spirit Horn."

"Spirit Horn," artifact number 288, could consume ten years of one's lifespan to greatly influence the emotions of everyone in sight.

"God has granted us the power of Consecution!"

"Do you wish to gain power? Today, I can make some of you gain the extraordinary power you've always dreamed of but could never attain, to become true Extraordinaries!"

His voice echoed deeply in the hearts of many citizens with the "Spirit Horn."

Furthermore, it was as if a voice was amplifying the emotions in people's hearts!

Through the effects of the Forbidden rare artifact, the entire square seemed to be swept by an invisible wave of heat, instantly bringing people's emotions to a boiling point.

At that moment, the noise of the crowd rose and fell like a surging tide.

Every face was flushed with unrestrainable excitement and joy, their eyes gleaming with an unprecedented light, as if about to touch the source of the power they had longed for.

"Is this true? Will God really grant us power?"

Questions echoed throughout the crowd, but more prevalent were the craving and anticipation for this power, and Archer could see many people starting to talk to each other, their voices filled with excitement and urgency, eager to understand this power.

Some young people were so thrilled that they nearly jumped up, waving their arms and shouting, "We want to become strong! We want to use this power to protect our homeland!"

And those who were older, though they appeared more composed, their eyes also shone with light.

The entire square plunged into a frenzy, as people rushed towards Archer Fischer of the Fischer family, hoping to get more information and guidance.

Although a portion of the crowd was still worried, to many the question of whether the Lord of the Lost was an Evil God no longer mattered...

Every person dreams of obtaining extraordinary power!

It's something more important than life itself!

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

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Chapter 547: 505: Continent Boiling Over (5K)

Chapter 547: Chapter 505: Continent Boiling Over (5K)

“Swallow it,”

“Demonstrate the great miracles of the Lord of the Lost! Let all beings witness it!”

Archer ordered with a serious look in his eyes, commanding the chosen few mortals to take the Magic Potion in public.

Those potions were the 1st Rank of “Path of Conquest,” “Path of Calamity,” and “Path of Nature,” and they were certainly not precious.

The three chosen individuals, a chef, a soldier, and a farmer, were unremarkable among the citizens of Nasir, their only commonality being that they were natives, not residents from other places.

“Really? Can I really...”

“It’s not poisonous, right...”

The selected individuals hesitated but still skeptically ingested the Magic Potion and, the next moment, felt intense changes.

“What’s happening... I’m feeling so dizzy!”

“This sensation... my head hurts so much!”

“Ahhhhhh! Am I going to die!”

Everyone below the stage was stunned as they watched what happened next!

The chef became extraordinarily agile with great strength, the soldier could harness the wind to jump tens of meters high, and the farmer was even able to make the seeds he sowed ripen quickly!

It was true!

“They’ve become Extraordinary Exponents!”

“God! Mortals have obtained extraordinary power!”

“The Lord of the Lost is so great! He is ten thousand times greater than all gods, no, all false gods combined!”

The crowd became more and more frenzied!

In a world where extraordinary power determined everything, absolutely no one wanted to be an ordinary plain person, because the plight of ordinary people was just too awkward.

No matter how intelligent a person was, relying on business and other activities to acquire wealth and land, they ultimately could only serve as a foil for the Extraordinary Exponents, serving those powerful beings.

One might say, being born without extraordinary power in such a world was an original sin.

The Fischer family held the power to change all this!

Without a doubt...

They could change the entire world!

At this moment, almost all the citizens of Nasir City were attracted to the earth-shattering revelation exposed by the Fischer family.

However, some people, not being swayed by the secrets they already knew, were quietly going about their own business, and Moter was one of them.

“ ... ”

He silently moved to the edge of the Amber District and entered a deserted alley, where a mystically atmospheric fortune-teller’s shop that almost did not seem to exist was located not far ahead.

All along, only certain people guided by an inner force had the chance to come to this alley and find the mysterious shop... Those people often harbored desires they would give anything to fulfill, good or bad, and upon entering the shop, they would receive an opportunity.

After pushing the door open, Moter looked at the black-haired woman sitting inside.

Her name whispered like the night wind, hardly known by anyone in the city, she was known only as “Divine Master,” quietly walking the edge between reality and illusion.

The Divine Master had hair as deep as the night sky, glossy and flowing, casually draped over her shoulders, occasionally lifted by a gentle breeze, revealing her beautiful eyes that seemed to see through everything.

Her eyes were true obsidian gemstones, flickering with a ghostly light, capturing the subtlest emotional ripples and unspoken words in people's hearts.

When the Divine Master gazed at someone, that person would involuntarily let down their guard and bare their soul.

It was said that everyone who came seeking guidance would have a unique experience; the Divine Master would not directly tell them what would happen in the future, but rather, through carefully designed rituals and dialogue, would guide them to listen to their inner voice, finding an answer hidden deep within their own soul.

"Welcome, sir," said the Divine Master calmly, her face breaking into a smile.

She used a beautifully carved Obsidian Staff to touch the ground lightly, and the floor seemed to come alive, exhibiting flowing runes and shadows.

Moter was finally ready to speak after a long silence.

"Aunt Hecate, I've returned not just for the family meeting but also in need of your help."

He sat down face-to-face with the "Divine Master," his expression growing solemn.

"I have something very important to ask you, and I'm afraid that only you in the Fischer family can best respond to my doubts, Aunt Hecate."

Many visitors were completely unaware, yet Moter was very clear about her true identity behind the disguise.

Hecate Fischer, the outlier within the family, the witch.

The vast majority of outsiders had no idea what Hecate had been doing for these decades; only a handful of Fischer Family's direct descendants like Moter knew how terrifying she truly was.

The entire Dawn Church, including the increasingly numerous Blood Receivers, those on the Path of Revelation, numbered only a dozen or so individuals, and they all had one thing in common...

That was an extraordinary "arrogance."

The ones who stepped on the Path of Revelation always "observed" others, taking pleasure in contemplating fate, as if they were more detached from the world's mortals;

their ideals and aspirations had absolutely nothing to do with worldly definitions of success.

They even frequently disregarded their own lives.

So often one type would be like Karno, philosophers eager to explore various truths, and the other type... belonged to Hecate's kind.

Rather than exploring rules and truths, they preferred to observe the "people," the changes, emotions, and endings amidst various choices and extreme circumstances.

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

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Chapter 548: 505 Continent Boiling (5K)_2

Chapter 548: Chapter 505 Continent Boiling (5K)_2

In summary, Darren publicly stated that those who embark on the "Path of Revelation" are—"Those who step onto the Path of Shadow are evil, while those who take the Path of Revelation must have something wrong with their brains."

This statement was not wrong, for there had been Blood Receivers of the Path of Revelation who schemed against the Fischer family, carrying out many seemingly unrelated but linked actions through various roundabout methods, manipulating strangers to implement a terrible conspiracy in the hopes of bypassing the surveillance of the Lord of the Lost.

However, Karl exposed and eradicated him.

That person had a high talent on the Path of Revelation and had he not died, he would have certainly reached the 5th Rank in the future.

Yet, the reason he undertook such high-risk and no-profit activities was not to become stronger, nor did he harbor a hidden deep grudge against the Fischer family.

He did it purely as a test.

Observing silently, Karl was well aware that individuals on the Path of Revelation, if placed in another world, could easily become "Super Villains" or "enlightened monks."

“Oh, I can offer you help, Moter,” Hecate narrowed her eyes.

Moter didn't hesitate and continued, “I wish to inquire about something, it concerns ‘Reincarnators’...”

“Did you dream of something?” Hecate suddenly interrupted him.

“How do you know?”

Moter was slightly taken aback; could she read minds? He had never mentioned his dreams about Lucius to anyone else!

A smile appeared on Hecate's face as she said:

“Because in the Dawn Church, there's more than one Reincarnator. This is not an isolated case; you're not the only one who has come to ask me. Of course, I've already researched it... Moter, you are indeed cautious enough to have kept things hidden until now. So, I'm curious, who did you dream of in those dreams?”

“In fact, there's a pattern... those who once were Blood Receivers will still be Blood Receivers after reincarnating... our souls can't escape.”

She paused for a moment, correcting herself, “Oh, or perhaps I should say, our souls are forever sheltered by the great Lord of the Lost.”

Anxious, Moter quickly asked, “Wait, I want to know something. Is the person I keep seeing in my dreams over and over again my past life?”

“Generally speaking, yes... unless what you dreamt about was Andersen,” Hecate nodded slightly.

Struck by lightning, Moter could finally confirm today that his past life was indeed the first Family Head of the Fischer family, Lucius Fischer!

The legendary ancestor who sacrificed himself a hundred years ago to continue the family legacy!

He felt it was absurd. Although his personality shared similarities with Lucius as recorded, there were also many discrepancies.

After a long silence, Moter instinctively asked, “Andersen, who or what exactly is that? I've often heard of it. Many people shout in the Spirit Realm after dying and waking up again that they are Andersen.”

Hecate began to explain.

“Andersen is one of the Quasi-gods of the Claud World, sealed by the Gods because of the possibility of becoming a God. When the Spirit Realm appeared a hundred years ago, it became a... no, not quite, it should say a kind of... ‘Parasite.’”

Parasite?

Moter was stunned for a moment, not expecting such an answer.

Hecate nodded, a mysterious smile on her face, “If a person dies in the Spirit Realm, then their soul’s resistance drops to almost zero, and at that time, Andersen can take advantage of their vulnerable state. Afterward, the person repeatedly dreams of Andersen’s life while comatose.”

“And when they wake up, because of experiencing too much in the dreams, they come to believe that they are the Reincarnator of Andersen... with their soul gradually being eroded by the ‘Parasite.’

Moter felt a shiver down his spine, finding it utterly incomprehensible and couldn’t help but ask further, “So, how many times do they dream about Andersen before waking up like that?”

“It’s said that many people in a moment of unconsciousness, live more than one lifetime through dreams... that’s why they are so convinced of their identity as Andersen.”

More than a lifetime’s worth of dreams, no wonder so many people found it hard to distinguish reality from illusion!

Moter felt it was incredibly horrifying, but he quickly shook his head. Rather than those temporary irrelevant matters, the most crucial thing right now was his own situation.

“The person I dreamt about is... Lucius Fischer.”

“Oh? It’s actually Lucius!” Hecate’s eyes lit up for the first time, her face revealing a rare pleased expression.

Moter’s voice was filled with a bitter tremble, “How could I be him? So, am I really still Moter? Or am I just a fragment of him or something? And is it even possible that one day I’ll ‘Awaken’ and revert to being Lucius?”

“How shall I explain this to you? Let’s put it this way, the so-called ‘Awakening’ is definitely impossible because most things apart from the essence of the soul no longer exist,” Hecate said with a smile.

In the dim light, she looked profound and slowly narrated a story, “If a ship has been sailing the seas year after year, day after day, and in the end almost every plank has

been replaced, with nothing original left except the 'keel,' is that ship that has undergone countless replacements still the same ship?"

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

Chapter 549: 505: Continent Boiling Over (5K)_3

Chapter 549: Chapter 505: Continent Boiling Over (5K)_3

"More complex still, the old planks that were replaced were not discarded but collected to build a new ship."

"Now, with two ships before us, which one is the real one?"

Motör fell into deep thought, pondering whether his identity was determined by the essence of his soul or by his decades of experiences, relationships, and memories.

He thought for a long time and still had no final idea. If according to the category of Mysticism, he was definitely still "Lucius Fischer" because the essence of his soul had not changed.

But if based on everything acquired later, the situation was completely different.

"I, I will go back and think about this myself, thank you."

Motör nodded, knowing he couldn't understand right away whether he was still the original Lucius.

But he felt much more relaxed and ready to move forward.

"Hold on, Motör... I am asking you to do something for me as compensation for clarifying this doubt."

Hecate stared at Motör and said, "You must follow the rules here."

Motör shook all over, a sense of foreboding deep in his heart.

She chuckled, squinting her eyes, and said:

“Don’t worry, don’t be afraid, I also follow His game rules, so I won’t do anything to the people of the Fischer family... What I need you to do is just a test.”

—

In a matter of months, more and more people in the Eastern Four Kingdoms came to know—the Fischer family possessed the power to turn ordinary people into Extraordinaries!

The strange existence of “Lord of the Lost” and the “Power of Consecution” became the focus of hot discussions in cities and villages, with more and more people whispering about this astounding news!

“Do you think that could possibly be true?”

In a tavern in Vallere, under the dim yet warm light, people sat around a wooden long table, their faces showing various expressions, the air filled with a rich scent of alcohol and an excited atmosphere.

After drinking a lot, a man with a look of disbelief exaggeratedly said:

“Have you heard? The Fischer family serves a Divine, and they received Extraordinary power from that Divine... and it’s a power completely different from the power of Bloodline.”

“It’s said that anyone can get it.”

In a corner of the tavern, a few plainly dressed farmers sat together, barely touching the mugs in their hands, their eyes twinkling with curiosity and surprise.

One of them spoke up, “Did you hear? The Fischer family says the Divine can grant us power! It’s like something out of a fairy tale.”

As he finished speaking, an old man nearby nodded, a glint of contemplation in his eyes: “Yes, I also heard similar legends when I was young, but those who believed in such things often didn’t end well.”

A few young soldiers excitedly discussed the topic, their faces still showing their youthful naivety and dreams for the future.

“This is literally an opportunity given by the Divine! A new era has come!”

A young soldier waved his sword, his eyes glittering, and said, “If we can get this power, we can better protect this city and become true heroes like Chris Fischer!”

“We’re planning to leave for Nasir City tomorrow to join the Cyart army!”

The words of the young soldier resonated with his companions, who all nodded, their eyes sparkling with the same anticipation and passion.

In their view, this power was not just a gift from the Divine, it was also an opportunity to realize their dreams.

Of course, some citizens of Vallere looked unhappy, for the Cyart people had taken over Vallere, and these young people, who had not lived through the era of decades ago, actually wanted to join the Cyart army...

However, these people did not dare to openly get angry, as no one knew whether terrifying entities like the "Eye of the Raven" or the "Black Tide" were present.

Those ghostly things were everywhere!

The din of conversations in the tavern rose and fell, some people still doubted the truthfulness of the power spoken of by the Fischer family, while others considered how to harness this power for greater value.

A few Lorne Spies exchanged glances, their expressions also becoming complicated.

"It seems to be true but, still, it would be better to check it out in Nasir City."

"Yes, let's go."

The Lorne Spies said their piece, paid their bill, and quietly left the tavern, completely unaware of the dark shadow wearing a raven mask in the corner.

—

Over the months, all the major and minor powers on the Ouden Continent gradually came to know about Nasir, each plunging into disbelief and terror.

They found out that recently, the Fischer family in Nasir City had turned a hundred ordinary people into... Extraordinaries in public!

The Fischer family!

They really could grant Extraordinary power to mortals on a large scale!

How was that possible!

That was clearly a power not even the Divines possessed!

As a result, many forces immediately disbelieved the news while also starting to block the information, terrified of the whole world learning about it.

However, the news was unstoppable, and many people close to the eastern regions soon learned about the “Power of Consecution” and the “Lord of the Lost.”

It was like a stone thrown into a lake, stirring up the entire continent, people’s emotions and topics boiled incessantly!

Then, including those who didn’t believe, those who hoped to find the true situation, and those who wanted to gain the Power of Consecution, gradually more and more people, harboring various thoughts, couldn’t help but head toward Cyart.

They were going to Nasir City to investigate the real situation.

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

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Chapter 550: 506: The 7th Step "Lord of Fear

Chapter 550: Chapter 506: The 7th Step “Lord of Fear

In a compact and slightly crowded room within Fischer Manor.

At this moment, several members of the Fischer family were seated around a table, their faces serious and focused, their eyes revealing an unmistakable sense of urgency. The air in the room was filled with a subtle tension, as if even breathing had become cautious.

Christine, the head of the White Fischer family, sat in a wheelchair, her hands crossed on the table, her gaze piercing as she scanned each person present.

Beside her, Felix’s face was resolute, his brow furrowed, occasionally tapping the tabletop lightly with his finger, producing a low, rhythmic sound.

Although he was one of Darren’s lineage, he often came to Nasir City. His eyes revealed his determination and resolve, as if he was brewing an important decision.

Sitting opposite him was a young man, High Priest Archer of the Dawn Church, whose eyes were also filled with an undeniable decisiveness.

His hands were clasped together on his knees, clearly also nervously contemplating the topic that was about to be discussed.

Several documents lay on the table, their edges slightly curled from frequent handling.

Christine pondered for a moment, picked up the documents, and suddenly said, "Recently, there have been too many incidents around Cyart. Now, not only do the Lorne citizens see us as a thorn in their side, but almost all powers are interested in us."

"Some fear us and want to eliminate us, others are greedy for power and want to possess it... Of course, there are also those who choose to convert to the Lord of the Lost, although most are not out of true faith but still due to the temptation of the Power of Consecution. However, it's not necessarily a bad thing, no matter what, we need to become stronger."

Felix nodded, then asked, "The Dawn Church's influence is expanding, so, how many people can we actually provide with the Power of Consecution?"

Christine quickly answered, "Actually, it's impossible to give every person the Power of Consecution since the number of magic beasts is limited, and therefore, the amount of Extraordinary materials is limited as well..."

"Mainly because, after breaking ties with the Lorne people, we are extremely restricted in terms of diversity and high-quality Extraordinary materials. Previously, as long as we wanted to trade with the Lorne people, no matter the quantity, it was obtainable. Now, some materials, even if we have the money, we can't manage to trade for them, and they aren't available natively in the Eastern Ouden Continent."

She paused, then continued, "We absolutely can't satisfy everyone who covets the Power of Consecution."

Archer suddenly said, "As long as we don't speak of it externally, who would know?"

"Next, more and more people who desire power will come to Cyart to become members of the Dawn Church, and those people will become our strength."

Christine nodded, "The number of entrants has been increasingly growing, even three Extraordinary Exponents at Monarch Level have come to visit, there are also spies from other forces, all kinds of ill-intentioned people have visited."

"Fortunately, our Listeners can catch those guys; they can hear the inner voices of people with hostility around."

Archer smiled and said, "Of those three Monarch Level Extraordinary Exponents, two are considering whether or not to join the Dawn Church... I believe I can influence them."

"Because they all crave more powerful strength."

After revealing the grand presence of the Lord of the Lost, Archer easily reached the 5th Rank.

And the 5th rank of the Path of Divine Sacrifice is the “Ascetic.”

The “Ascetic” in the Spirit Realm is an old man sitting cross-legged, his eyes closed, his expression exceedingly devout.

To reach the “Ascetic,” Extraordinary Exponents need to perform the ritual of “prolonged devotion,” a stable yet time enduring ritual, but maintaining “devotion” is something that is simple yet difficult...

It can only be said that those who are not devout will never reach the 5th Tier on the Path of Divine Sacrifice.

The “Ascetic” has a ratio of physical qualities improvements and Spiritual Power enhancements divided as forty-sixty.

And each “Ascetic” receives different Extraordinary powers, each receiving distinctly different “Ascetic Blessings” based on their personal experiences.

The “Ascetic Blessing” Archer received was the “Key of the Soul.”

Nasir only needed the name of a person to be able to send his thoughts to that person anywhere, anytime, and he could hear them if they responded. Then, Nasir could instantly pinpoint the person’s location regardless of where they were, even if they were not in this world.

Moreover, “Key of the Soul” consumed very little Spiritual Power.

Though this ability lacked combat power, it proved extremely useful.

When Nasir preached to his many followers, he could simultaneously speak to hundreds of people in his mind, and even when they went back home, they could still hear his whispers. When they were confused, they could also converse with Nasir through their minds.

Now, he could even directly communicate with those experiencing Heavenly Enlightenment... as long as he knew their names.

However, the voices of those undergoing Heavenly Enlightenment could not be transmitted back to him. Clearly, even the mere thoughts of the legendary enlightened ones carried Extraordinary Power.

Over these years, Darren and others had also ascended higher tiers.

The 7th Tier of the Path of Shadow was the “Lord of Fear,” involving a ritual that required spreading sufficient fear and branding one’s name as a “symbol of evil and terror,” akin to “Cyart’s demon.”

In terms of physical and Spiritual Power enhancement, the former accounted for three, and the latter for seven.

Its form in the Spirit Realm was a constantly changing shadowy figure.

The “Lord of Fear” possessed two types of Extraordinary Powers – the “Fear Aura” as a control mechanism and the more peculiar “Fear Embodiment.”

“Fear Aura” was a Passive Extraordinary Trait that activated without consuming Spiritual Power.

Anyone who saw the “Lord of Fear” needed to use their will to combat it; those with weaker wills would fall into states of panic and fear.

“Fear Embodiment” was an interesting ability that also required being seen to activate, consuming a substantial amount of Spiritual Power.

It could transform into— the most feared figure deep in the heart of the beholder!

This was a rather random special ability; its strength could vary greatly depending on the case, but of course, the base level of strength would adjust according to one’s own power.

If the beholder’s deepest fear was merely a mouse, then upon activating “Fear Embodiment,” an Extraordinary Exponent would become a mouse, indeed weaker than usual but not as feeble as an actual mouse – just substantially reduced in physical vitality.

However, some beholders’ innermost fears involve indescribable, tremendously powerful beings, even reaching the realm of otherworldly gods.

An Extraordinary Exponent transformed into such a powerful being through “Fear Embodiment” would naturally become much stronger, even potentially multiple times more powerful than originally!

However, this method would never render them as powerful as the original form, nor would they truly possess invincibility or the kind of undying body seen in nightmares.

Without doubt, “Fear Embodiment” was a wildly random and rather insane ability... Darren was extremely excited when he acquired it, experimenting secretly numerous times, each transformation manifesting a distinct Fear Embodiment.

In terms of the power of Bloodline, Darren had finally reached the mid-level Monarch Tier, rendering him invincible beneath those with Heavenly Enlightenment.

His son Felix reached the 6th Tier “Repairman,” and his daughter Helen had completed the ritual “Leaving Enough Renown” and reached the 5th Tier “Legendary Poet,” even fully mastering the powers of the “Legendary Poet,” though she had not completed the ritual to ascend to the 6th Tier yet.

The “Legendary Poet” of the Path of Wholeheartedness favored Spiritual Power over physical vitality, the ratio being nine to one.

Its representation was a female poet wandering through the wilderness.

The “Legendary Poet” could obtain a unique Extraordinary Trait “Legendary Name,” and three spells: “Flame Poem,” “Healing Poem,” and “Exile Poem.”

The power of “Flame Poem” and “Healing Poem” was evident from their names, while “Exile Poem” was a spell specifically for otherworldly beings, used to send some demons or oddities scurrying back to their origins, serving as a rather niche, restraining type spell.

As for “Legendary Name,” it was a peculiar wide-reaching Domain capability. If a significant number of people in the current region had heard the “Legendary Poet” title, all “Poetic Verses Magic” would become stronger, and the Spiritual Power consumed would be lesser.

Fortunately, Helen was extraordinarily gifted; over the decades, she smoothly became a famous painter in Cyart, her name even widespread in the artistic circles of the Eastern Three Kingdoms.

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

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Chapter 551: 507 The Seven Stars Emperor's Invitation

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Seven Stars Empire.

If the Lorne citizen considered the Fischer family to be a thorn in the flesh, then the Seven Suns Empire People, especially the God of War Emperor of the Seven Stars, was seen as a nail in their eye.

His existence was firmly nailed in the eyes of the Lorne people, causing the dirty and overbearing blood to flow incessantly.

In the grand and magnificent Seven Suns Empire Palace, an unprecedented Miracle shocked heaven and earth, as well as the hearts of people.

At noon, when the Blazing Sun was at its fiercest, it seemed to lose its unique brilliance at this moment.

The God of War Emperor of the Seven Stars Empire, who had always been supported by almost all the Seven Suns Empire People as the supreme ruler, now floated at a high point above the palace, surrounded by an indescribable majesty and sanctity.

He had once been influenced by a single-digit number of Forbidden rare artifacts, so he rarely moved, and sat on the throne of the palace for years, waiting for the critical moment.

Now, the critical moment had finally arrived.

“Good, the hardest wait is over.”

The God of War Emperor slowly lifted his head, his eyes possessing a force that could stand against the sky, and immediately, a smile appeared, unprecedentedly calm and composed.

To ascend to the Apocalypse Upper Rank required embracing risk.

What he had to do was like an ordinary person climbing a snowy peak with bare hands, where the slightest misstep could lead to death without a resting place.

“Next, what I need to do is just to make a bet.”

“Just like every step I have taken so far.”

Suddenly, an inexplicable Energy Fluctuation surged between heaven and earth, as if the entire universe was silent for this moment’s arrival.

His gaze was like a sharp sword, piercing through all falsity and obstacles, shooting directly towards that unreachable peak.

His pupils burned with an undying Flame, the determination to conquer unknown Domains, seemingly Proclaiming to the world that nothing could stop his advancing steps.

Under the gaze of these eyes, it seemed as if even time would give way and space would tremble.

His determination and firmness were like shining constellations.

The God of War Emperor slowly raised his arms, closed his eyes, and concentrated, beginning to emit a faint silver light, akin to the Breaking Dawn, brimming with hope.

As the power within him was gradually released, the silver light became more and more dazzling, until it completely enveloped his body, turning into a huge silver Sun Ball suspended in mid-air.

At this moment, the sky of the Seven Stars Empire seemed to split in two, the original three Suns and the newly born "Silver Sun" reflected off each other, forming an unprecedented magnificent picture.

The light emitted from the Silver Sun Ball lit up every corner of the palace, and also extended beyond the walls, sprinkling over the vast territory, even reaching the distant frontiers.

The light contained a warm and powerful force; every person bathed in it felt an unprecedented sense of peace and awe.

Countless people looked up, whether it was the courtiers and servants in the palace, the populace outside the city, farmers, or even travellers on the road, all were shocked by this sudden Miracle.

They stopped all actions they were about to take, their eyes filled with disbelief and awe, as if they were witnessing the descent of a divine feat.

At this moment, the people of the Seven Stars all knelt down, silently chanting praises and prayers to Your Majesty, the entire nation fell into a state of solemn celebration.

"Gods above! Please bless the Seven Stars!"

"Your Majesty, he's finally taking a new step!"

"That's great, the Lorne people will soon become our vanquished foes! The Seven Stars Empire will be the strongest Empire!"

As the shocking scene above the Seven Luminaries Empire Palace spread throughout the continent, monarchs, leaders, and powerful individuals from various countries and major forces fell into a deep Abyss of astonishment and fear.

This news swept across every inch of land like a violent storm, whether it was in remote areas or bustling metropolises, all shrouded in an unprecedented state of Shock!

In the far North of Tuns, the powerful Emperor Thunes stood on the pinnacle of towering ice peaks, gazing at the distant Eastern sky where a faintly visible Silver Sun Light glinted, his eyes shining with complex emotions.

He knew well that the phenomenon was no coincidence; the power of the Emperor of the Seven Stars Empire had clearly stepped into an unprecedented realm.

An elder man beside Emperor Thunes said in a low voice, "Our ancestors foretold that when a new Sun appears in the sky, it will be the day when the world's structure is reshaped; it seems that this day has finally come."

"Though my forthcoming entry into the Apocalypse Lower Level is nothing compared to his, it has been all too long since the people of Tuns have awaited a true Apocalypse," muttered Emperor Thunes.

Meanwhile, in the depths of the desert to the South, the Son of the Sun God also opened his eyes, gazing thoughtfully towards the North.

It was a force that felt familiar.

If he truly broke through to the strength level of Apocalypse Upper Rank, perhaps it's really possible to transform from "the strongest" to "invincible."

Apocalypse Upper Rank Extraordinary Exponents, the people of this era haven't even seen one; no one knows how powerful that would be.

"The one who never fears risks will surely choose to continue on; thinking of the possibility of becoming a God, one must inevitably contemplate employing the six elements of Destruction..."

"If that's the case, then we too must become enemies."

The Saint of the Sun spread his arms wide, as countless people knelt in worship below, he slowly said, "We must be prepared, this power will bring about change. The fourth Sun is not a true Sun, yet it still has the potential to scorch the earth."

At the center of the continent, the Parliament of the Lorne Empire urgently convened many members. The meeting room was brightly lit, with discussions and opinions

overlapping endlessly, all without exception focusing on the transformation of the Seven Stars Emperor.

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Prime Minister William spoke in a grave voice, "Councillors, the power of the Seven Stars Emperor has exceeded our imaginations. His every move could potentially disrupt the balance of the entire continent. We must unite the many forces to confront the impending storm."

"Compared to the future's vast threat from the Cyart people, the Seven Stars already loom over us like a hanging blade!"

"In a few decades, we will easily uproot the Fischer family, even if they possess potential for growth... but for now, we must destroy the catastrophe that is the Seven Stars!"

"Otherwise, Lorne faces the risk of annihilation!"

In those hidden, ancient libraries and mysterious secretive organizations, the powerful discussed in shocked whispers.

Across the Ouden Continent, whether it be the overt nations and powers or the hidden strong and wise, all felt an unprecedented pressure in the face of this sudden mutation.

They understood that the Seven Stars Emperor was going to become even more powerful, and his future decisions would deeply affect the future direction of not only the Ouden Continent but also the Claud World.

An unparalleled storm was quietly brewing.

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As the entire continent was plunged into shock and fear due to the changes in the Seven Stars Emperor, a delegate from the Seven Stars Empire, dressed in magnificent

and solemn attire and riding a carriage driven by the finest magic, crossed numerous checkpoints to finally arrive at the heart of the Cyart Kingdom—the territory of the Fischer family.

When the envoy of the Seven Stars entered Nasir City of the Fischer family, they were greeted by the family's young and wise heir, Austin Fischer.

“Welcome, envoy of the Seven Stars.”

He was the eldest son of the current Queen of Cyart and the nation's future heir, receiving the envoy of the Seven Stars with a demeanor that was both polite and slightly wary, speculating quietly about the true intentions of their visit to Cyart.

In the grand hall of Fischer Manor where the official meeting took place, the Seven Stars Envoy first expressed their respect for the Fischer family, then swiftly transitioned, formally conveying the will of the Seven Stars Emperor:

“Respected Fischer family, His Majesty the Seven Stars Emperor deeply appreciates your family, noting not only your distinguished position in the Cyart Kingdom but also your significant contributions to maintaining peace on the continent. Therefore, His Majesty has decided that he wishes to establish a closer alliance with the Fischer family to jointly face the war that the Lorne citizens are about to initiate.”

Christine sat in her wheelchair, a flicker of surprise crossing her eyes, but she quickly regained her composure.

She well understood that the Seven Stars Emperor's decision was well-grounded; on one hand, it was due to the recognition of the Fischer family's strength and influence, and on the other hand, because both parties were now common enemies in the minds of the Lorne citizens.

Christine also realized that allying with the Seven Stars Empire meant gaining more resources and support, though it could also involve her family in the upcoming great war.

Having lost the support of the Lorne citizens, the Fischer family indeed needed many resources to expand their influence...

Would helping the God of War Emperor of the Seven Stars achieve the Heavenly Enlightenment Level ultimately benefit the Fischer family?

Or would it be nourishing a source of future trouble?

After careful consideration, Christine responded with a demeanor that was both cautious and confident: “Thank you for the deep love and trust of His Majesty the Seven Stars Emperor. The Fischer family is always dedicated to maintaining the peace and

prosperity of the continent, and we have a positive attitude towards any cooperation that contributes to the peaceful future of the Ouden Continent.”

“However, as the head of the Fischer family, I must ensure that this decision aligns with the long-term interests of our family. Therefore, I hope to engage in deeper communications with your country to jointly discuss the specific terms of the alliance and the potential impacts it may bring.”

The Seven Stars Envoy, after hearing this, revealed a satisfied smile.

He was very clear in his heart that the response from the Fischer family had already laid a solid foundation for their future cooperation.

“Very good.”

“His Majesty will be very pleased.”

“Actually, he needs something, something from Cyart, but he cannot come to fetch it himself... thus, he greatly needs the help of the Fischer family.”

“What is it?” Christine inquired.

The Seven Stars Envoy smiled.

“The core of the Aether Giant Dragon.”

“What?”

“Yes, the Aether Giant Dragon itself.”

Upon learning from the envoy of the Seven Stars Empire that the final key to the Seven Stars Emperor’s ascent to the Heavenly Enlightenment Level was the legendary core of the Aether Giant Dragon, she instantly sank into an unprecedented depth of somber contemplation.

The Aether Giant Dragon was considered a mythical creature from the ancient times on the Ouden Continent, its power so immense it could shake the heavens and earth, and its core contained endless energy and wisdom, sought after by countless extraordinarily powerful experts.

“We need to discuss this...”

“Of course.”

With the arrival of the Seven Luminaries Envoy and the proactive response of the Fischer family, an alliance concerning the future framework of the continent was quietly forming.

And all of this would show even deeper influences after the powers of the Seven Stars Emperor further awakened.

Inside the grand hall of the Fischer family, the lights were bright, the atmosphere tense and serious.

“The Seven Stars Emperor wants our help to obtain the core of the Aether Giant Dragon?”

Austin’s voice carried deep concern as he said, “The Aether Giant Dragon is definitely of the Heavenly Enlightenment Level, it’s somewhat risky.”

Christine immediately said, “The immense benefits our alliance with the Seven Stars Empire would bring are significant. The Seven Stars Emperor’s power is awakening, his influence and strength are growing day by day. If we can become his ally, it would undoubtedly greatly enhance the Fischer family’s influence on the continent, as well as bring us a vast amount of resources.”

“The most important thing is, as long as the people of the Seven Suns Empire and the Lorne citizens are adversaries, it will buy us more time.”

The opinions of the family members gradually diverged until it came time to vote.

Eventually, under the chairmanship of family head Christine, the Fischers reached a consensus through voting:

“We, the Fischer family, have decided to ally with the people of the Seven Suns Empire and assist him in acquiring the core of the Aether Giant Dragon. This will mark another significant decision in the history of the Fischer family.”

In fact, only one person was the key.

That was Chris Fischer.

The Aether Giant Dragon had the formidable presence of the Heavenly Enlightenment Level, and among the Fischer family, only Chris possessed the potent strength to confront or even kill those of the Heavenly Enlightenment Level.

When he was ready, he would assist the Seven Suns Empire in obtaining the Aether Giant Dragon’s core.

It was the first encounter of the Seven Luminaries Envoy with “The Death God of Cyart,” Chris Fischer, and just upon seeing him, he immediately felt that inhuman aura.

Although not as majestic and luxurious as His Majesty, it bore a chilling, austere deadness that made it impossible to look directly at.

Of course, the first thing the Fischer family needed to do was... find out where the Aether Giant Dragon was located.

However, the Seven Luminaries Envoy soon revealed a shocking secret.

“Actually, you have always had access to the path leading to the Aether Giant Dragon’s lair here, but you have never known. Think about it, isn’t there an entrance to the Spirit Realm nearby?”

“That legendary ancient dragon resides deep within the Crystal Palace.”

“So it is.” Christine realized.

The Fischer family were learning for the first time that near Nasir City in the nearby forest, that entrance linking to the Spirit Realm—to the deepest part of the Crystal Palace—is where the Aether Giant Dragon had long made its nest.

Christine murmured to herself, “I never thought we were always so close to the real Heavenly Enlightenment, yet it could never show itself in the Spirit Realm because even there, entrance is still restricted by the powers of the Gods.”

“So when do we leave?” the Seven Luminaries Envoy asked.

“We mustn’t rush,” Chris suddenly spoke.

His words immediately precluded any further questions.

Becoming a Heavenly Enlightenment, Chris’s status had risen even higher than before—now except for a Divine Oracle from the Lord of the Lost, no one else’s words could surpass Chris’s.

Indeed, everyone was quite aware that hunting a Heavenly Enlightenment was an unprecedented event for the Fischer family.

So, there was no rush.

Thus, in the days that followed, cooperation between the Fischer family and the Seven Stars Empire deepened, as both sides together prepared for the hunting of the Aether Giant Dragon.

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

Chapter 553: 508: Ether Dragon (4K)

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The train wound its way through mountains and lakes on winding tracks, its carriages full of coal, minerals, timber, and, of course, the most important Extraordinary materials.

The locomotive spewed dense white smoke and, accompanied by the rhythmic clack of the rails, it slowly passed golden wheat fields and lush forests.

Between the carriages, the soldiers of the Seven Suns Empire busily inspected each car's cargo, ensuring their safe and intact arrival at the destination.

In the spacious and bright meeting room of Nasir City's government building, officials sat around a large table discussing the latest business plans, with various relevant documents and reports spread out before them—market analyses and risk assessments they had meticulously prepared.

“The situation has changed,” said Colin, dressed in exquisite black attire, his manner elegant and his eyes revealing a firm belief in the future.

“Next, we'll be doing business with the Seven Suns Empire people. In fact, their situation is somewhat similar to ours; both of us are under economic blockade by the Lorne Empire.”

“Actually, the situation was quite bad some time ago. We lost not only the Lorne citizens' market and aid, but also the economic links in the various regions broke down.”

Today, Colin had become the Finance Minister of Cyart, wielding significant power, one of the Noble Blood, and no one present dared to disrespect him.

“Although cooperation with the Seven Suns Empire people will not restore our economy to the rapid development of the past, it at least helps us through difficult times... In fact, if the Seven Suns Empire people did not cooperate with us, there might be a possibility of our internal economy in Cyart bursting, because over the years, with the help of the Lorne citizens, we had spread our plans too thin and would not be able to complete them on our own if their aid and trade were cut off in the short term.”

“At least economically, it’s good that we have the Seven Suns Empire people, but it’s unclear whether this trade is really beneficial to Cyart and the Dawn Church at the higher levels of domain.”

The train of the Seven Suns Empire people slowly entered the newly expanded train station of Nasir City, now an important hub connecting the inland with the sea. Among the unloaded goods were various raw materials urgently needed by the Fischer family, including those Extraordinary materials.

People of the Fischer family had already been waiting at the station for a long time, engaging in pleasant conversation with the soldiers of the Seven Suns Empire.

As the cooperation deepened, the Fischer family used these raw materials to produce exquisite goods, acting as subcontractors for the Seven Suns Empire people, whose labor force was still cheaper than that of the Eastern Four Kingdoms.

The Seven Suns Empire people continued to use trains to transport more resources, providing the Fischer family with ongoing support.

Today’s Nasir City had become a vibrant and wise shining pearl, attracting outstanding talents from all over.

In the vicinity of Fischer Manor often circulated elites from various professions. They might be scientists exploring the unknown in advanced laboratories funded by the Fischer family, or artists adding charm to the city with their brushstrokes and musical notes; and they all had the chance to become—Extraordinary Exponents.

These talents, encouraged by the Fischer family, constantly sparked ideas, working tirelessly together to promote the vigorous development of Nasir, in exchange for a chance to join the Dawn Church and ultimately, they hoped to obtain powerful Extraordinary power.

In the field of education, the schools within the Fischer family lands had developed significantly, especially since Byrne’s generation began to emphasize their importance.

The university established by Byrne had now become a center of education second only to those of the Lorne Empire and the Seven Stars Empire, attracting too many talents.

Especially after the disclosure of the Power of Consecution, many scholars interested in new types of Extraordinary power rushed here from all corners of the continent.

Many of them were full of talent and wisdom yet were doomed to live as ordinary people... That strong dissatisfaction Growth Promoted longing, so often the more excellent the ordinary person, the more they wanted to acquire the Power of Consecution.

Under the leadership of the Fischer family, Cyart gradually built a home for those yearning for Extraordinary power, a place where every talent could find a sense of belonging.

Meanwhile, the True Gods Church began to desperately slander the Fischer family; they also vilified the Dawn Church and the great Lord of the Lost.

They claimed the Dawn Church and the Lord of the Lost were heretical cults and Evil Gods, alleged that anyone who obtained Extraordinary power from there had to sacrifice their own and their relatives' souls and must kill the person they trusted most and many children during the ceremony.

At the same time, the True Gods Church also spread rumors that the Fischer family was a horrifying family fond of incest and cannibalism, and anyone wanting to join them would likely become their next meal, possibly spending time as a sex slave before their death.

Moreover, the Lorne Empire, in collaboration with all True Gods Churches except the Tempest Church, issued an order to establish a heavily guarded border at the Valer Border.

Anyone wishing to cross over and join the Fischer family was considered a traitor and had to be executed.

To show their determination, they even killed several nobles, and a powerful Extraordinary noble of Monarch Level was executed for treason, causing great Shock to the public.

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

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Chapter 554: 508: Ether Dragon (4K)_2

Chapter 554: Chapter 508: Ether Dragon (4K)_2

In an era where information and transportation were underdeveloped, the influence of the True Gods Church still far surpassed that of the Dawn Church, even though more and more people were becoming aware of the miraculous Power of Consecution possessed by the Dawn Church, which could grant ordinary people extraordinary power. However, due to the propaganda and obstruction by the True Gods Church, fewer and fewer dared to venture to Cyart like Nasir had.

The relationship between the Fischer family and the Lorne citizens had deteriorated severely, beyond redemption, but fortunately, the God of War Emperor of the Seven Stars brought a breath of spring.

Today, they had acquired two incredibly powerful materials.

The first was the heart of a purple demon, actually the “heart of the Iron Demon Lord,” which originated from a Monarch-Level demon and was an Eighth-level Transcendent Material, sufficient to support the breakthrough from the Seventh Tier to the Eighth Tier.

Even for the current Fischer family, possessing two pieces of Seventh Level Extraordinary materials was an exceedingly challenging feat.

This powerful magic material exhibited a deep and mysterious purple color, as if it were condensed from the most remote constellations in the night sky.

Its shape was not the soft form of an ordinary creature’s heart but appeared as a translucent crystal, within which purple currents seemed to flow slowly, flashing an ominous yet enticing light.

The surface of the heart was covered with complex patterns, which seemed like naturally formed runes, recording ancient and powerful magic knowledge.

It looked more like a meticulously carved piece of art than a product of nature, exuding an aura that was both awe-inspiring and captivating.

Darren knew the moment he first saw it that if he ever had a chance to break through to the Eighth Tier, this extraordinary material was definitely what he would need.

More important than the heart of the Demon Lord was another Eighth-level Extraordinary material, a top-tier material that even the Fischer family had never owned, highly rare and difficult to obtain.

It was the eye of an emerald ancient giant dragon.

It came from a colony of the Seven Suns Empire People in the Exotic Realm.

Their people had killed a “Guardian God” there—a tribe alliance’s emerald ancient giant dragon close to the Heavenly Enlightenment level—and finally managed to completely conquer the millions-strong tribal alliance.

Even the powerful Seven Suns Empire People needed several battle puppets and more than a dozen Monarch powerful experts to barely kill this terrifying monster with a powerful Forbidden rare artifact.

Its eye was like one of nature's purest miracles, full and deep emerald green, bright and crystal clear in color, with a flawlessly shaped, jewel-like appearance.

Most astonishing was the faint halo encircling the eye, seemingly made of condensed life force, which changed colors occasionally and reflected the mountains, rivers, seas, sun, moon, and stars the dragon had experienced, displaying the endless sediment of ages.

As an Eighth-level Transcendent Material, it inherently possessed powerful extraordinary power.

Anyone holding this eye was like possessing a part of the dragon's wisdom and power, capable of discerning many things.

The Fischer family knew that if Chris ever had a chance to break through again in the future, this Eighth-level Transcendent Material brought by the Seven Suns Empire People would be crucial.

In recent years, they had established a grand library, located not far from the Fischer family manor.

This library was several times larger than the one Byrne had built years ago, aimed at collecting various books from around the Ouden Continent. Despite the considerable manpower and resources involved, very few opposed it.

Knowledge is power, and that was the consensus of everyone.

When Moter Fischer first entered this library twenty years ago, he was almost immediately deeply shocked by the sight before him, where towering bookshelves stood like giants guarding knowledge, rows closely connected, reaching up to the ceiling.

Now, he had entered once again.

Soft light poured from the ceiling chandeliers, and on the shelves, each book was a witness of time, each emitting the profound weight of wisdom.

"Sigh."

Moter took a deep breath and began his exploration in the grand library.

"The Ether Dragon... that dragon is said to be an ancestor of the Wilson family."

"Many believe it doesn't truly exist, but Uncle Karno has seen its existence firsthand. That existence participated in the siege against the Child of the Sun God."

And to think of hunting such a formidable being, it would seem utterly unbelievable to ordinary people, undoubtedly a mythical creature.

The Fischer family had already become incredibly powerful, or to say Chris Fischer was powerful enough, but to hunt a mighty Heavenly Enlightenment, preparations were necessary.

Moter was researching information about the Ether Dragon in the library.

He found a book titled “Ancient Dragon Chronicles,” which stated—In the ancient era, the Claud World had not yet formed the stable structure we see today; chaos and order intertwined, energy and matter surged against each other.

In this chaos, a mysterious and powerful creature was born—the dragon.

The giant dragons were born in the Claud World before the Gods, with the Four Ancient Dragon Kings being its original rulers. The Ether Dragon, composed of pure Ethereal Energy, was shape-shifting and capable of traveling between different dimensions and spacetimes.

The breath of the Ether Dragon could cause constellations to flash, and the flapping of its wings could stir the tides. It possessed the ability to control time and space, could manipulate the flow of time relatively easily, and could traverse different universes.

In ancient legends, it was the guardian of the Claud World, roaming among various continents, protecting the balance and order of the entire world.

The Ether Dragon was also a lone traveler, moving through endless spacetime, searching for beings similar to itself, yet often finding only emptiness and nothingness.

Throughout history, many worshiped and believed in the Ether Dragon—dragon descendants, giant dragons—though it was only a powerful demi-god, its influence was enormous.

“So that’s it.”

Moter thought quietly, the Fischer family was actually planning to kill such a powerful, mythical creature... it sounded utterly arrogant.

Moreover, the most astonishing thing was that the opponent might likely be weaker than Chris’s great-grandfather, which meant that the power Chris’s great-grandfather now held was also a significant figure in mythological stories.

“Heavenly Enlightenment, are they all so powerful?”

A restlessness stirred deep within, and Moter knew how much he longed for power.

Whether he was Lucius or not didn't matter anymore; the most important thing now was how to live brilliantly in this life.

He, too, wanted to become a Heavenly Enlightenment.

—

A year later, the Fischer family once again entered the entrance in the jungle.

This time, not many from the Fischer family decided to go to the Spirit Realm Palace, just Chris, Darren, and Hecate.

The weak ones going would be pointless.

As for Hecate, she was no longer weak, being the top genius with the highest talent. She had now reached the 6th Rank of the Path of Revelation, and was just a step away from surpassing the Seventh Tier, soon surpassing Karno.

“Is this the place my father discovered?”

The three arrived deep in the Spirit Realm and looked at the palace made of dazzling crystals.

Darren couldn't help but remark, frowning, “I never thought that the powerful Heavenly Enlightenment was so close to us...”

Its structure was entirely composed of crystals of various shapes and vibrant colors, not only crystal clear but also emitting a soft and mysterious glow, making the entire palace as bright as day even at night.

The walls, roof, pillars, and even the floor of the Crystal Palace were inlaid with crystals of various sizes, reflecting each other.

“Is our mythical target lizard inside that crystal-made palace right now, Hecate?”

Darren looked toward the girl nearby and asked quietly.

This time, the main person to take action was Chris, while Darren was the only one in the family qualified to participate in a Heavenly Enlightenment Level battle.

As for Hecate, her role was to use the powerful predictive power of the Path of Revelation to help them seek enemies.

Although the strength of the 6th Rank might not be very useful in a battle of the Heavenly Enlightenment Level, Hecate's predictive power was still crucial and could also keep them alive in the upcoming fight, which was enough.

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

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Chapter 555: 509: The Power of Space and Time

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Karl felt it, a strong and profound power that existed deep within the Crystal Palace.

He instantly realized what it was, the source of that aura had to be a powerful Forbidden rare artifact, likely capable of helping him break through The Eighth Seal!

One thing Karl was certain of was that inside the ancient and deep Crystal Palace, there was a legendary powerful Forbidden rare artifact hidden.

It had been forgotten by the world, buried beneath the dust of time.

“Judging from the strength of this Spiritual Power, it’s very likely one of the top ten Forbidden rare artifacts, and it’s probably number eight, nine, ten or eleven...”

Because he had devoured too many Mysterious rare artifacts, Karl could now deduce those Forbidden rare artifacts.

“There is a very good chance it’s the number ten Forbidden rare artifact, enough to allow me to completely lift The Eighth Seal.”

—

“The dome is covered in crystals, and only here in the Spirit Realm can we not see His figure,” Hecate said, lifting her head and squinting as she spoke to the two people around her.

Yes.

That great black light, almost anywhere in the Spirit Realm, would be visible simply by looking up.

However, inside the Crystal Palace, it was invisible, for here lay a land and dome constructed of crystals.

Darren nodded in agreement, “Yes, but just because we can’t visually see it, doesn’t mean He doesn’t exist. I still believe in the great protection of the Lord of the Lost.”

Meanwhile, Chris, who had been silent all along, lifted her head as if she could now sense the gaze of some great existence from another dimension.

“What shall we do next? How do we lure out that Ether Dragon?”

As Darren spoke, his inner self stirred with agitation. Hunting the Heavenly Enlightenment was something he wouldn't have dared to even consider in the past.

Yet, now they had the confidence to do just that, and there was no doubt that the source of this confidence was Chris Fischer from the Eighth Tier.

Hecate stretched out her hand, and then a cluster of silvery-white liquid flowed out from her sleeve.

Only the three of them from the Fischer family had come, but besides the three, there was also a “dragon”.

A Spiritual Dragon.

It was something named dragon but didn't actually belong to dragons, born once within the Spirit Realm Palace and then brought back to the Fischer family by Byrne.

What was originally termed a little Spiritual Dragon had, over a hundred years, grown into a giant dragon, larger than several carriages combined.

As it reverted from liquid to the form of a giant dragon, it affectionately extended its head towards Hecate.

And Hecate, smiling, gently stroked the Spiritual Dragon.

She was not an Extraordinary Exponent of the Path of Nature, yet she possessed a special demeanor. In fact, it wasn't just the Spiritual Dragon; most non-human entities tended to be quite close to Hecate.

“Baby, be good, help us call it out... Although that being is not quite your father, it ultimately has some connection to you, right?”

Hecate had long seen in the prophecy that to lure out the Ether Dragon, it would have to be through the power of this Spiritual Dragon.

The Spiritual Dragon slowly spread its broad wings, each flap stirring up fierce whirlwinds as it roared out loudly.

“Roar!”

Within the roar, there was a mysterious power not of the natural world!

The entire space seemed to be trembling faintly.

Hecate held the Spiritual Dragon tightly, a pleased anticipation in her eyes; she was curious about what would happen next.

“Please be prepared.” Darren looked towards Uncle Chris and cautioned, his eyes holding a trace of respect rarely found in his life.

Chris was very composed.

He always seemed calm, hunting the Heavenly Enlightenment was something monumental enough to be recorded in history, but for Chris Fischer, it still seemed like an ordinary affair.

The Ether Dragon of myth and legend.

Just like any other target, it was merely going to be the victim of a hunt, no different in essence from those he had killed before.

“Roar!”

The Ether Dragon finally took to the skies, breaking through the dome of the Crystal Palace, streaking across the sky like a meteor, descending with endless majesty and mystery onto the land constructed of crystals.

Its arrival bathed the entire land in a dazzling light, with the crystalline ground sparkling brilliantly as if each crystal was endowed with life, resonating with the Ether Dragon.

“Foolish humans, you dare disturb my slumber...”

The Ether Dragon circled in the air, and with every beat of its wings, it raised a gentle yet earth-shattering breeze, as if singing the oldest ballad of nature. With every breath, it purified the filth from the land, scattering the energy of purity to every corner.

Suddenly, the voice of the Ether Dragon wavered slightly, filled with doubt and astonishment.

“Hmm?”

“You are, the Fischers?”

The members of the Fischer family below, their gazes locked onto the circling Ether Dragon in the sky, as if the entire world had come to a halt at this moment.

Darren inhaled sharply, feeling full of nervousness and excitement; indeed, it was an exceptionally formidable foe like none other before!

Every flap of the Ether Dragon's wings made him feel as if the air was stirring ripples upon ripples; such overwhelming power caused even the most resolute of hearts to tremble involuntarily.

Darren's hands clenched into fists without him realizing, his fingernails digging deep into his palms, yet he was completely unaware of the pain.

The Spiritual Dragon began to tremble, closing its eyes tightly in fear.

"Sorry, we'd like to play a game with you."

Hecate, with not a trace of fear, faced the mighty Heavenly Enlightenment being and still managed to smile with complete composure as she spoke.

"I don't play games, I just pass judgment on all beings."

The Ether Dragon, like a towering mountain, weighed so heavily upon everyone but Chris that they could hardly breathe.

"You of the Fischer family are disciples of the End, the greatest sinners in the world, unworthy of life!"

Darren laughed wildly, saying, "Hahahahahahaha! Perhaps you are correct, indeed; we are sinners who trouble the world, and now we are about to commit the grand sin of slaughtering... the Dragon King..."

His voice suddenly became slower and slower.

In the land shrouded by the mighty presence of the Ether Dragon, time seemed to slow down, each second heavy with endless weight.

Darren instantly realized that they weren't just facing a creature of legend, but a powerful being filled with the forces of time and space and rich combat experience.

Those extraordinary beings who possess the power of time and space are always the trickiest ones to deal with!

It was meddling with the time in this space!

"Ignorant Fischers, you truly have no idea what you are doing. Blinded by petty gains, your Fischer family, no matter how much power you accumulate, in the end, your souls are merely sacrifices to revive the End."

"And when the End fully returns, you, just like us, will no longer exist."

Its voice was full of authority, and yet it would be impossible to shake the resolve of the few in the Fischer family.

Darren stated resolutely, "The path of the Fischer family will not waver."

The Ether Dragon burst into laughter, its voice filled with such power that it caused discomfort to the two humans and one dragon other than Chris; a weaker Extraordinary might have been destroyed.

"Hahahahaha! Your foolishness is truly laughable. A tool that beckons self-destruction is almost the most foolish choice I've seen in ten thousand years!"

Chris shook his head slowly, extending his hand, deciding not to continue the conversation, for he knew it was pointless.

In the next instant, he suddenly moved beside the giant body of his opponent. Despite their vast difference in size, the Ether Dragon could feel a definite danger and lethality.

Then Chris released an almost infinite Burier Breath!

"Hmph! Foolish mortals!"

With the Dragon King's anger, the battle officially began.

An astonishing event occurred!

The Ether Dragon actually used spatial distortion to dodge attacks, causing the Burier Breath to veer off just as it was about to reach it, as if influenced by an invisible force, forever unable to touch its true form.

"So, let me be the one to judge you Fischers!"

In the next moment, the Ether Dragon instantaneously moved and landed on a high platform made of crystals, gently waving its massive wings and instantly creating a vortex to another world!

"I don't wish to face many, let you taste desperation!"

Then Darren watched in shock as a familiar figure appeared within the vortex, the man in the blue robe mentioned by his father, the spellcaster with the world's greatest knowledge!

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

Chapter 556: 510: Slaying Heavenly Enlightenment!

Chapter 556: Chapter 510: Slaying Heavenly Enlightenment!

“Fischer...”

An elderly spellcaster draped in a profound blue robe stood majestically, shining like the brightest star, isolating all the hustle around him.

His robe was a blue almost as deep as the midnight ocean, profound and mysterious, swaying gently even without any wind as if it held endless magic power.

His eyes, like two everlasting springs, twinkled with wisdom and the light of insight.

“Huh, an old man who looks rather dull has arrived,” Hecate narrowed her eyes; his presence wasn’t foretold in her prophecies.

Darren’s expression immediately became stiff, for this elder was the legendary spellcaster with the most extensive knowledge of the Extraordinary Bequest, the strongest man among the Six Ancient Libraries, mastering nearly all the magical knowledge of the world, from ancient spells to lost secret techniques.

Merely with his profound understanding and power over magic, the curator of the Sapphire Library could turn the tides of any battle.

Under immense pressure, Darren finally couldn’t help but reveal an almost exaggerated smile, nervously saying, “Ha, a very terrifying person has come. However, this lizard’s transmission of such a formidable person must have consumed quite a bit of spiritual power, right?”

The situation instantly reversed.

Even though the strength of Ether Dragon was among the strongest in the Lower Level of Apocalypse, with Chris’s power, he shouldn’t be at a disadvantage—indeed, he might have a great chance of winning.

Yet, Ether Dragon’s “Space Summoning” left Darren somewhat astonished.

Chris remained silent, showing no sign of nervousness or fear.

“Curator.”

The old man gazed at Chris and others. He first softly chanted an ancient protection spell, weaving an invisible shield around himself where virtually all attacks would vanish upon contact.

Then, with a slight movement of his fingers, streaks of brilliant blue light tore through the night sky, turning into icicles, fireballs, and even lightning storms, striking the Fischer family members with precise accuracy.

That barrage was powerful enough to effortlessly destroy an army.

The most shocking part was when he opened a portal to anotherworld and summoned ancient elemental creatures to boost his fighting prowess.

Dozens of Elemental Lords roared out, each possessing the powerful strength of a Monarch Level!

The members of the Fischer family immediately responded, with Chris naturally leading the charge; without him, even this mere probing would have resulted in casualties amongst the others and the dragon.

“Excellent! Let us together exterminate these heretics who serve the End!”

Joy gleamed in the eyes of Ether Dragon. The Sapphire Library’s curator was even more potent than himself, and with the cooperation of two beings from the Apocalypse, they could exhibit far more power than a single one could.

However, just then, the Sapphire Curator suddenly lifted his head to look at the dome, his gaze seemingly piercing through it, staring at the black light that hung high in the Spirit Realm.

“Fischer... The End... The End... It is not yet time...”

The Sapphire Curator murmured to himself, suddenly speaking in a tone neither sad nor joyful:

“Fischer, servants of the End... I didn’t expect to encounter you here, though the prophecy’s time has not yet come. Maybe fate has a ripple in its flow.”

“No matter.”

With a deep, commanding chant, the Sapphire Curator slowly raised the magic wand in his hand—a wand carved from millennium-old wood, topped with a dazzling sapphire, encasing starry constellations, and accumulating endless energy.

As the wand waved, the surrounding air began to tremble violently. Blue magic power surged out of him like a tide, quickly spreading across the entire battlefield.

“Old friend, I didn’t expect you to summon me here... Unfortunately, I’m truly sorry, but I am not ready to face the End just yet. The prophecy spell tells me that victory isn’t mine today.”

“All of this is the choice of fate.”

Just as everyone thought the old man was about to release his formidable power, an unexpected event occurred: after speaking those words, the curator of the Sapphire Library simply vanished, disappearing without a trace from the Spirit Realm!

Karl paused slightly; he had been prepared to bring down a Divine Envoy, using the life of many devout followers to try and eliminate the old man directly, yet hadn’t expected his opponent to have such foresight to quickly leave the battlefield.

Now, with the number of devout followers skyrocketing, reaching thousands, using just a few millennia of life was sufficient to influence a being of the Apocalypse Level.

Thus, revealing the secret about Dawn Church and himself was undoubtedly the right choice.

Ether Dragon remained silent for a long moment, understanding what those words truly meant, and realizing why his far more powerful old friend had suddenly fled.

In his eyes, his own death today was inevitable.

Perhaps the Sapphire Curator used the prophecy spell to foresee some matters in advance.

Destiny?

“Hahahahaha!”

Following a moment of silence, the Ether Dragon burst into wild laughter.

“Servants of the End, if you wish to take my life, come forth! I will not bow to you or to destiny; instead, I will bring you destruction!”

Karl thought for a moment—if it was just fighting the Ether Dragon alone, he wouldn’t need to use those two trump cards.

Chris Fischer alone was enough.

With a flash that almost defied the laws of physics, Chris instantly appeared above the Ether Dragon, his white skeletal hand transforming into a bolt of silver lightning, aiming directly at the dragon’s head.

The Ether Dragon manipulated space at will—twisting, folding, even tearing it apart, and could speed up or slow down the surrounding flow of time, making itself appear as swift as lightning to its enemies while, in its own eyes, its opponents' movements seemed slow and clumsy, as if mired in a swamp.

In critical moments, it could even briefly rewind time to undo an unfavorable moment—like avoiding a lethal strike or rearranging the battlefield setup.

A more formidable ability was that the Ether Dragon could locally or globally pause time, creating an absolutely still space for itself; in this space, it could move freely while everything external appeared as if frozen in a painting.

However, Chris's reactions were beyond imagination; it was as if he could foresee the future. His body flashed again, almost at every moment an attack was about to connect, already reappearing hundreds of meters away, leaving behind afterimages that made his true position elusive.

As the battle deepened, Chris gradually mastered the rhythm of the fight, using each teleport not only to attack but also to induce the Ether Dragon to expend energy, creating breaches in time and space.

Finally, after an exquisitely timed teleport, Chris appeared at the Ether Dragon's underbelly, its most vulnerable spot.

Instantly, both the Ether Dragon's body and soul were severely damaged!

“Aow!”

In terms of combat mechanics, the Ether Dragon nearly reached the pinnacle of the Lower Level of Apocalypse. Though in numbers, like strength, speed, life force, spiritual power, and others, it was at the bottom tier within the Apocalypse, this didn't hinder its extraordinary might in a battle.

However, no matter the space or the time powers, the “Burier Breath” could render them intangible.

Chris gradually overpowered the Ether Dragon, which could only use its spatial and temporal powers on itself in order to continually escape from the terrifying “Death God”!

“It truly is a terrifying Death God, but whether it be destiny, Death God, or even the End, I will not easily submit to you; let me bring you destruction instead!”

When the Ether Dragon resolved to finally weave together the powers of space and time, its combat artistry reached its zenith.

It unleashed the formidable power of a Forbidden Rare Artifact, sensed in advance by Karl!

It was a translucent dagger stored deep in the Ether Dragon's stomach, its interior flowing with a substance resembling the Milky Way, labeled number ten and named "Destruction Surge," possessing the power to temporarily boost its own strength for a few seconds!

Compared to other artifacts that boost one's own strength, "Destruction Surge" offered an unprecedented increase, and the cost was enormous.

That is a full thousand years of lifespan!

But for the Ether Dragon which had lived over ten thousand years, that was a price it could completely afford!

In the next instant, the Ether Dragon's power briefly reached the Apocalypse Upper Rank.

It could feel that although only a few seconds had passed, it now possessed unimaginable strength!

"Enough! Enough! Even if it's only for a brief few seconds, the current me is virtually invincible, not even the God of War Emperor could match me!"

Thus, the Ether Dragon leapt through the river of time, picking the most advantageous moments to launch attacks, using spatial distortion to create unpredictable attack paths, and ultimately creating the terrifying "Time Vortex," attempting to pull all from the Fischer family, including the Spiritual Dragon, into a perpetual loop of spacetime maze, turning them into dust of time!

At the critical moment, Karl made his move.

Suddenly, everyone from the Fischer family, including the Spiritual Dragon, were taken away by thick black mist to the real world, leaving only the "invincible" Ether Dragon in the Spirit Realm.

It froze for a moment, as the key few seconds boosted by the "Destruction Surge" passed, and it would need to wait another ten years to use it again.

The nearly "invincible" power promptly decayed back to its original state.

The next moment, Chris appeared in front of the Ether Dragon.

The white skeletal blade, converging all energy, transformed into a ray of light that pierced through the world, striking directly at the core of the Ether Dragon!

“Aow!”

With a deafening dragon’s roar, the enormous body began to tremble, the light gradually dimming, eventually turning into specks of ether lights, dissipating into oblivion.

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

Chapter 557: 511 Worldwide Siege (4K)

Chapter 557: Chapter 511 Worldwide Siege (4K)

Seven Stars Empire.

Above the vast palace, the bright silver sphere had long risen in the endless sky, dispensing a soft yet dazzling glow, like a newly born sun in the universe, both mysterious and brimming with hope.

The silver sphere’s radiance shattered the tranquility of the early morning, casting its first beam of light selflessly upon the earth, draping the ancient palace in a dreamlike silver gauze.

Within the palace walls of the Seven Stars Empire, the glittering golden buildings took on an even more sacred and solemn aura under the reflection of the silver light.

People from all corners of the Seven Stars Empire flocked to the capital, their faces a mix of awe and joy, as if summoned by some divine force, wanting to witness this extraordinary moment together.

As the silver sphere rose gradually over these days, its light intensifying, countless residents of the Seven Stars Empire unanimously halted their steps, looking up in admiration, their hearts filled with reverence and longing for the unknown powers.

They began to kneel spontaneously, with arms raised above their heads, muttering prayers, the entire scene solemn and grandiose, like an ancient ritual crossing time and space.

Under this silver glow, the palace of the Seven Stars Empire was no longer a symbol of power, but had become the common Holy Land in the depths of every citizen’s heart.

The silver sphere transformed by the God of War Emperor was like a new sun, illuminating not only the land but also the hearts of every person from the Seven Stars Empire.

Darren muttered to himself, “The aura of this guy is truly unprecedented. The moment we set foot on the soil of the Seven Stars, we felt the silver glow...”

“I have never witnessed such a powerful entity. Although I’d like to say that, even among the ordinary beings, after using the Forbidden rare artifact ‘Destruction Surge,’ that dragon possessed the power of a high-level Monarch. Unless the Military God truly breaks through, it would not be stronger than the creature at that time.”

He still remembered that moment, although they were all teleported away the next instant, at that time, the Ether Dragon truly had almost complete mastery over time and space.

If they hadn’t been transported away by the great Lord of the Lost, they all might have died there.

In theory, the power that Chris at the Eighth Tier possessed was stronger than a Lower Level of Apocalypse extraordinary being, but the fundamental extraordinary power is only a basic strength... The power of Forbidden rare artifacts can often turn the tide, as has always been the case.

Of course, the power of the great Lord of the Lost is even greater!

That Forbidden rare artifact numbered ten, “Destruction Surge,” is now being consumed and absorbed by Karl, but to completely resolve and remove The Eighth Seal, a bit more time is required.

The rune power of “Destruction Surge” had been imparted by Karl to Chris, who needed it more.

With only one chance to use “Destruction Surge” per year, it could greatly enhance Chris’s strength for a few seconds, and the cost wasn’t too great, merely causing a temporary loss of power afterward.

In the tender light of the dawning day, members of the Fischer family, clad in exquisite attire, strode toward the majestic and awe-inspiring palace.

Their faces were both serious and expectant. Darren and the others were all too aware that the adventure they were embarking on was one that would shape the future of their family.

The square before the palace was vast and solemn, bathed in the early morning sunlight and the lingering glow of the silver sphere, appearing exceptionally sacred.

Among the Fischer family’s procession were the venerable Chris and Darren, as well as the young family elites Hecate, Moter, and others.

This visit to the Seven Stars Empire wasn't for any other reason than to personally deliver the Extraordinary material "Core of the Ether Dragon," to witness the world's strongest Extraordinary Exponent advance further.

As the delegation moved slowly forward, they arrived at the palace gates.

On either side of the gate, the "Emperor's Imperial Guards" with Monarch Level strength stood majestically, proclaiming to the world the inviolability of the Seven Suns Empire Palace.

Since Christine was not present, another Family Head of the Fischer family, Darren, stepped forward to state their purpose.

"We have a transaction with Your Majesty, and now it is time to fulfill our promise."

The captain of the Imperial Guard, a middle-aged man with only one eye, had a wolf-like quality, simply standing there imposingly.

Darren could sense the strong high-level Monarch energy from the other party.

"Mmm, we've been waiting for you... at this moment, all the people of the Seven Suns Empire have waited too long," the captain of the Imperial Guard couldn't help but lament.

His Majesty the Seven Stars Emperor, over three hundred years old, had reached Monarch Level immediately upon coming of age, broke through to Apocalypse in less than two hundred years, and in a few decades ascended to the middle rank of Apocalypse, having been at the Apocalypse Middle Rank for a century now.

Although the Emperor's speed of getting stronger is no longer considered slow, even shockingly fast, many people of the Seven Suns Empire could no longer continue to wait.

After a long wait, the grand gates of the palace slowly opened, a beam of silver light spilling from between the doors, reflecting off the morning light enveloping the plaza.

The people of the Fischer family took a deep breath, collecting their emotions, and entered the palace in turn, approaching the mysterious and unpredictable silver sphere.

They passed through corridor after corridor of glittering gold until they reached a spacious hall.

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

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Chapter 558: 511 Worldwide Siege (4K)_2

Chapter 558: Chapter 511 Worldwide Siege (4K)_2

Looking up in the center of the hall, one could see a gigantic silver sphere suspended high in the sky, radiating a soft yet dazzling light that was impossible to look at directly.

Inside the sphere, the perfect silhouette of an emperor with silver-white hair could be faintly seen. He was seated within the light, his gaze deep and majestic, like that of a true deity.

“So beautiful.”

Chris suddenly spoke, moved. It was the first time he had seen something he could describe as beautiful, and it was not just the handsome appearance of the emperor that he found “beautiful,” but also that air of temperament.

Anyone who laid eyes on him for the first time would confirm it deep in their heart.

This man was indeed the most powerful person in the world!

“His Majesty said that next, as long as the fusion and breakthrough begin, everyone around the world will sense it. At that time, we will need to help him get through this difficult phase and buy some time.”

“Mhm, understood.”

Darren nodded gently and smiled, “Don’t be nervous; after all, this is our home ground. We just need to hold on until he wakes up.”

The head of the Imperial Guard nodded silently, then said with utmost certainty, “Yes, as long as His Majesty awakens, he will bring ultimate victory and glory... No matter how many lives we lose, it is justified!”

Darren’s eyebrows raised, assured of the immense trust the man before him placed in the Military God.

The Fischer family did base their trust in the Military God, not because of the weakening bond of The Oath, but due to the history of the man himself, the Military God of the Seven Stars Empire.

He was someone who had never betrayed or lied, a truly strong figure brimming with honor.

Numerous people admired, worshiped, and feared him.

However, they did not completely trust the man either; after all, there was a first time for everything.

“Shall we begin?” Darren suddenly asked.

“Yes, let’s begin,” the head of the Imperial Guard nodded slowly, then suddenly knelt toward the silver sphere, continuing, “Please succeed in your breakthrough, let us continue to support you!”

The atmosphere gradually became tense and solemn. Darren of the Fischer family stood under the silver sphere, tightly gripping a mysterious object in his hand that emitted a soft blue glow and airflow—the Core of the Ether Dragon.

This core was a relic of the Ether Dragon, containing an immense amount of energy.

As he slowly raised the Core of the Ether Dragon, the entire hall was enveloped by an invisible force, and in that moment, the air stilled.

“Look!” Hecate suddenly raised her hand and pointed.

As the Core of the Ether Dragon began to rise and approach the sphere, an unprecedented burst of light exploded, illuminating the entire hall as bright as daylight.

This light was neither hot like fire nor cold like ice!

Rather, it was a warm and inclusive power, as if it could purify all the filth and darkness in the world!

Under the glow, the Core of the Ether Dragon began to resonate violently with the silver sphere! A mysterious connection seemed to have been established between the two!

The figure of the God of War Emperor inside the sphere, previously indistinct, became clear at that moment, with his eyes flashing an endless craving for the Core of the Ether Dragon!

The people of the Fischer family waited with bated breath, knowing this moment would determine the fate of their family.

The God of War Emperor slowly stretched out his hand, with an irresistible force, gently drawing the Core of the Ether Dragon into the sphere.

With the integration of the core, the light of the silver sphere shone even brighter, as if all the power of the world was converging at this moment.

Every member of the family within the hall was stunned by the sudden revelation, filled with regret over the loss of a treasure but even more so with anticipation for the future.

They knew that this deal with the Emperor had won a new ally for their family.

In the times to come, if an ally with the strength of an Apocalypse Upper Rank joined the Fischer family, it would expand their horizons and opportunities even further.

As the silver orb slowly merged with the Core of the Ether Dragon within the palace hall, the entire world seemed to tremble; a never-before-seen anomaly was quietly unfolding.

First came the eruption of light.

The silver orb, which had been gently illuminating, suddenly burst forth with an intensely dazzling light at this moment, like the sun at its dawn yet more pure and sacred.

Contained within this light was the ancient and powerful energy of the Ether Dragon, washing over the entire space like a torrential flood, bathing every brick and beam within the palace in this divine radiance.

Then came the trembling of the air.

As the orb and the core fused, an invisible fluctuation spread rapidly from the palace as its epicenter. This wave was neither a sound nor vibration but a deeper, more fundamental energy fluctuation.

It penetrated walls, the earth, even the boundaries of time and space, causing the entire Seven Stars Empire and even regions beyond to feel the presence of this power.

Next, were the anomalies in the sky.

The sky, clear just moments before, suddenly became overcast with rolling dark clouds and thundering skies, as if nature itself disapproved and feared this change.

Yet, within these dark clouds, silver lightning streaked through, akin to light dragons dancing in the air, responding to the silver orb below, together painting a magnificent and mysterious tapestry.

Finally, the earth itself began to change.

The plants and trees on the ground seemed to be granted life at this moment, swaying gracefully and emitting a faint luminescence, reflecting the lightning above.

This disturbance between heaven and earth not only shocked everyone within the palace but moved the entire world!

An unprecedented wave of energy erupted from deep within the palace, spreading swiftly to every corner of the world like ripples, this force both ancient and powerful.

Extraordinary powerful experts around the world, whether mysterious figures who had hidden for long years, the upper echelons of the powerful Church, or even the Extraordinary nobility entrenched in state power felt an unprecedented shock under the impact of this energy!

Their Mental states seemed pulled by an invisible force as they looked up in the direction of the Seven Stars Empire, their eyes flashing with a complex light—curiosity, greed, caution, and even awe of unknown powers.

“Is that... the power of the Ether Dragon? Tsk, troublesome, its temporal power is precisely the key to breaking through to the Apocalypse Upper Rank,” murmured a curator of an ancient library who had been in hiding for many years, his eyes gleaming with the light of wisdom, foreseeing the future’s direction.

“We cannot let him succeed in breaking through!”

The Iron Blood Marshal of the Lorne Empire clenched his fists, his voice filled with resolution and determination.

“If he reaches the Apocalypse Upper Rank, he will become a nightmare for the Claud World!”

He knew well that once the God of War Emperor succeeded in merging with the Core of the Ether Dragon, the power at his command would be nearly unrivaled, plunging the entire world into an unprecedented turmoil.

It was not only him; Prime Minister William and the Emperor of Lorne also looked extremely serious at this moment, one could even say deeply concerned.

Atop the throne of the Lorne Empire, the Emperor, who stood above countless others, murmured to himself:

“Use that Forbidden rare artifact... We must stop him, for if he truly breaks through to the Apocalypse Upper Rank, I fear his first act would be against us.”

The Iron Blood Marshal was taken aback, immediately realizing that he was referring to one of the single digit Forbidden rare artifacts of the Lorne Empire, but the cost would be too great!

The Emperor of Lorne continued, “Although its cost is immense, I believe our citizens are willing to pay that price, all for Lorne.”

Thus, powerful figures from all over the Claud World began to take action.

They traversed mountains and seas, deserts and forests, all to reach the Seven Stars Empire as quickly as possible.

Almost everyone held the same conviction—this Emperor must not succeed in his breakthrough!

At the same time, the Fischer family and numerous Imperial Guards, as well as allies previously arranged by certain Gods of War, were now fully prepared for the confrontation.

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

Chapter 559: 412 I Wish I Had Never Been Born (4K)

Chapter 559: Chapter 412 I Wish I Had Never Been Born (4K)

The endless sky above teemed with extraordinary phenomena; amidst swirling clouds and mist, numerous legendary figures of the Heavenly Enlightenment Level shone like the constellations, each one casting a brilliant, attention-grabbing light.

Clad in fiery red battle armor, Marshal Horatio radiated intense heat, his eyes like burning Flames, wielding a massive Flame Sword that eternally blazed with inextinguishable Flames.

This sword, known as “Flame Prison,” was one of the most powerful Alchemical Weapons in Claud World, fashioned from Forbidden rare artifacts with “enhancement effects,” consuming human life during its forging.

Its wielder could manipulate Flames, igniting the very air around, creating a sea of fire that made escape impossible for enemies.

And the more powerful the user, the larger the sea of fire that could be unleashed. Without a doubt, Marshal Horatio possessed a strength approaching the Apocalypse Middle Rank, capable of forming a sea of fire vast enough to incinerate an entire city.

“We must stop that man; otherwise, the future will be unbearable, not just for Lorne, but none of you will escape... Once that man reaches the Apocalypse Upper Rank, he will surely conquer the world, and we all know too well his ambition and desire for vengeance, mere supremacy will never satisfy him.”

Horatio paused, then continued, "What he aspires to is an 'Invincible' strength, a degree of might that would pose no threat from all the peoples of the world combined, and there's really only one way to become that powerful... and that is to become a God."

As soon as he spoke, a man dressed in golden robes among those present began to look troubled. After pondering for a moment, he couldn't help but speak up,

"Marshal Horatio, mind your words. A God is a God from the moment of creation, it is absolutely impossible to become a God later! The Great Blazing Sun is above us; are you all determined to turn a blind eye?"

If anyone else had said this, perhaps they would have been mocked with the retort, "Apart from the God of Reforging, the Gods have not appeared or issued Divine Oracles for a hundred years."

However, the man in the golden robes could not tolerate such comments.

Anyone who dared to speak blasphemy to him had to risk a fight to the death because he was the Pope of the Sun Church.

He was an august and sacred figure, with long golden hair that shone like the rays of the sun, eyes deep and bright, and a face marked with the symbol of the sun.

The Sun Pope's golden robe was emblazoned with the patterns of the sun, the material of the robe was exceptional, shimmering with golden light, just like the sun's brilliance, with a sun-shaped necklace around his neck, holding a formidable Forbidden rare artifact known as the Sun Scepter.

This Forbidden rare artifact was one of the few, and its magic lay in the fact that it was not only a Forbidden rare artifact but also a mighty weapon blessed by the Blazing Sun.

Anyone who held the Sun Scepter could gain endless energy, never to exhaust their strength or energy reserves as long as they were bathed in sunlight.

Beside him stood an emerald elf female dressed in a green gown, her long hair billowing in the wind, clenching a crystal-clear Magic Flute that could manipulate the power of Nature, resonating with all living things, making the earth, trees, and flowers her weapons.

This emerald elf was also a legend of the Heavenly Enlightenment Level, and an ancestor of the Elf Clan, from whom nearly all emerald elves descend today.

For years she had been absent from the Ouden Continent, disinterested in the fate of the Elf Clan, her gaze even more indifferent than a machine's.

The emerald elf remained silent, her eyes coldly observing everyone, showing no intention of speaking.

Not just them, Prime Minister William, “Crown,” and even the Emperor of Lorne had also arrived.

The Emperor of Lorne, standing there, drew the eyes of everyone present. He didn’t exude an intimidating presence, but an eerie quality about him kept everyone apprehensive.

For some inexplicable reason, this Emperor of Lorne was always... enigmatic. With only the Lower Level of Apocalypse power, even the Heavenly Enlightenment Middle Rank Extraordinary Exponents would remain wary of him.

Or rather, not just the current Emperor, but all past Emperors of Lorne had shared this peculiar quality, characteristics that always felt slightly discordant.

Many powerful experts had come to this place, yet the Thousand-year-old Pope of the Salvation Church failed to appear, leaving the Sun Pope somewhat perplexed.

Why hadn’t he come?

At this moment, they had all gathered around the fringe of the Seven Stars Empire, the space around them trembling subtly with their arrival. Their gazes pierced through the clouds, focusing on a common agenda—discussing the Supreme Seven Stars Emperor.

“There’s nothing more to say; isn’t our goal the same? To utterly destroy him!”

“As long as the Seven Stars Emperor falls, there will no longer be the terror of a single dominant might in this world. Isn’t that the outcome we all desire?”

As the discussion deepened, an unprecedented silent agreement formed among the Heavenly Enlightenment powerful experts. Temporarily surpassing personal feuds and alignments, they worked jointly towards a more radiant future.

And the conclusion of that future was... the death of the Seven Stars Emperor!

As the first streak of Dawn penetrated the horizon, the outline of the capital gradually came into clarity amid the Dawn light, but the morning’s tranquility was replaced by an indescribable atmosphere of tension.

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

Chapter 560: 412 I Would Rather Never Have Been Born (4K)_2

Chapter 560: Chapter 412 I Would Rather Never Have Been Born (4K)_2

The flags flying high on the city walls rustled softly in the breeze, like a low war song, heralding the impending storm.

On the streets, where pedestrians usually bustled, there was no one in sight, replaced instead by the occasional patrol of the “Black Imperial Guard” from the Seven Luminaries Transcendent Army.

They were clad in black iron armor, each step firm and forceful; their long spears flashed coldly in the sunlight as if they could pierce through all darkness.

The soldiers’ faces bore no excess of expression, only loyalty to their duty and a craving for victory.

Inside the royal palace, the tension had reached its peak; the golden glazed tiles shone dazzlingly under the sunlight, the palace gates were tightly shut, and the guards were like men facing great foes, their gaze as sharp as eagles. Inside the palace, ministers hurried between rooms, clutching the latest combat reports and intelligence, their faces etched with anxiety and unease.

Upon the city towers, commanders stood high above, their gaze piercing through layers of cloud mist, fixed upon the distant horizon.

These commanders were strong figures personally groomed by the Military God Emperor of the Seven Suns—an elite not only in individual combat but also in commanding forces.

At the very heart of the city, the ordinary citizens were also contributing in their own ways; women busied themselves sewing garments for the soldiers while children sang inspiring songs with their tender voices, and the elderly recounted tales of the Military God of the Seven Suns, buoying the spirits of the younger generation.

The entire city from the noblest royals to the most ordinary citizens was tightly bound by an invisible link.

All members of the Fischer family were within the palace, waiting with some trepidation.

Darren lifted his head, pondering. Even though the big barrier of the Empire level made only a slight weakening effect on those of the Heavenly Enlightenment Level, it excelled in significantly boosting their allies.

This was good news.

By the time it came, even the weaker Monarch Level Extraordinary Exponents would have an opportunity to trouble those of Heavenly Enlightenment.

In fact, that was enough.

Those powerful Imperial Guards of Monarch Level knew one thing—their destiny and purpose were singular: to protect the God of War Emperor of the Seven Suns!

Once he truly ascended to a higher level, the Seven Suns would conquer all!

—

“End...”

“Can you hear my voice?”

Karl, looking down from the sky, paused slightly in surprise.

Who?

He suddenly heard a faint, ethereal voice filled with persistence, determination, and power.

In the next moment, Karl found himself in a dimension filled with blue light, where all buildings were outlines made of lines, and people turned into pale blue luminous orbs.

Those so-called orbs were actually—souls.

Karl now understood; he was abruptly pulled into the dimension of souls by someone.

At the profound depths of the soul dimension, a light bluish white shimmer floated, seeming like the gentlest streak of light at dawn on the horizon—neither completely solid nor purely illusionary.

This shimmer possessed indescribable softness and purity; not glaring, yet capable of penetrating the fog of the mind to touch the most hidden corners of the soul.

Its form seemed to change with the observer’s mood, sometimes like a light gauze, gently brushing past the heart, bringing a moment of tranquility and solace; other times,

it coalesced into delicate points of light, dancing and spinning like the furthest constellation in the night sky, silently revealing the deepest secrets of the universe.

The pale white shimmer emitted a warmth that wasn't scorching, silent yet speaking in a way that transcended words, dialoguing with the many surrounding souls, guiding those who were lost to find peace and strength within their hearts.

Suddenly, Karl understood—the pale white shimmer was the soul of the Seven Stars Emperor.

That man had grown increasingly powerful; aside from the power of Bloodline, for some reason, his soul had also become distinctive, making it appear pale white amidst the many pale blue shadows.

Karl was very curious to see what color his own soul was!

However, no one could truly see their own soul; in this dimension, he could only glimpse the souls of others.

Just now, it had been the soul of the Seven Stars Emperor communicating with Karl, and Karl understood the situation instantly.

“Who are you? Why do you call me... End?”

In fact, Karl had always speculated a lot about the term “End.”

There had been more and more signs indicating that his true identity was likely “End,” and yet nearly no specific records about “End” existed in Claud World.

The man's voice rang out again, lacking any roughness of a soldier, instead sounding quite pleasant.

“I am one of the Seven Suns Empire People. Some call me the Military God, others see me as their Emperor in their hearts, and still others think of me as the most god-like strong presence among mortals.”

“But only I know in my heart, I am actually just a wretch, slightly more powerful among many mortals, but that's meaningless because in front of the ‘truly great ones,’ even ordinary divinities mean nothing.”

He paused briefly and then continued,

“Those ‘truly great existences’ are the otherworldly gods existing in the infinite universe. Even if all universes were destroyed, They would not perish together but would wait for a new infinite universe to be reborn.”

“After reaching Heavenly Enlightenment Level, I actually left Claud World for a long time. During those hundred years, I visited dozens of worlds and read various scriptures.”

The pale white light shadow of the Seven Stars Emperor continually flashed, seeming to represent his somewhat excited reaction, yet his communication had always appeared very calm.

“So, I learned about some secrets of ‘End.’ Those otherworldly gods do not fear; they are all inevitably going to perish to a most terrifying great existence...He is the ultimate destruction of all otherworldly gods and the final conclusion for all worlds.”

“That is... End, and I think that is you... or rather, you have some inevitable connection to End, and that connection could possibly make the world different.”

End...

Again, End...

Do I really have that kind of “importance,” that kind of “terror”?

Karl fell into contemplation; after unsealing all Seals, would he indeed cause everything to be destroyed?

No.

He would never intend to do that.

The Eighth Seal was being unsealed right now, Karl was in a tug-of-war battle.

Regardless of what the “God of War Emperor” said, now he would definitely not give up on continuing to A unseal the Seals.

“I once received guidance from a great existence; according to what was said at the time, I am destined not to become a divine being, so I also cannot escape the cycle of the soul that mortals must undergo.”

“The vision of the otherworldly gods or the future They observe is very precise.”

“It’s just that I don’t want to give up, nor do I want to submit to fate; I still want to try.”

Was he doomed to fail?

And moreover, was it validated by a great existence?

Wait, some force of an otherworldly god level had come to this world? And could communicate? Suddenly, Karl felt as if some things were brimming with conspiracy.

Karl could feel deep in the soul of the Seven Stars Emperor, a flame burning that was undying, steadfast, standing firm like a rock, no matter how the storms raged outside, it was unshakeable.

So it was, that man really was the pride of the Seven Suns Empire People!

He knew the other's soul was so strong not because of extraordinary power, but because of his own strong willpower!

On the long and tortuous path of struggle, the soul learns to persist and endure before the body does!

Soon, the voice of the God of War Emperor sounded again around Karl.

"If from the moment I knew fate, I submitted to it, I would rather never have been born."

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

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