

The Shining Star Above The Heaven

Chapter 841 - 841: The Chaotic Night

[1,631 words]

In some part of the Barevisk family manor, several elders of the family were doing their own things. Some were sleeping, while others were still awake.

One of them was inside his room cultivating. He was one of the elders who had a close relationship with Munez. As he cultivated, his aura of a low pseudo-immortal stage cultivator leaked out, showing that he was quite a high ranking elder.

He closed his eyes as he cultivated, but then suddenly opened them and looked toward one side of the room. There was nothing there, yet he kept staring in that direction. His eyes narrowed.

'I'm pretty sure I sensed something...' He had not finished his thought when he suddenly sensed something behind him. He instantly jumped from his meditation position. He wanted to strike whoever had appeared behind him, but then he sensed another presence to his side.

He used his movement technique to evade the sudden ambush, but then—

Stab!

He felt something pierce him from behind. His movement stopped for a second, and that was enough for the other figures to close in on him. Two more stabs landed quickly—one in the elder's head and one in his heart. One of the attackers also covered his lips so he would not scream.

The elder could only show a shocked expression in his death, as he did not understand how the assassins had suddenly come so close to him.

After the Silent Reaper's assassins killed him, they instantly disappeared into the shadows, leaving only a dead corpse behind.

Scenes like this also happened in other places. No matter who their targets were, the assassins still reached them, and once they were done, they vanished. Blood flowed silently in the darkness of some parts of the mansion, and still, no one knew it.

It seemed easy on the surface, but this was the best of the best groups that the master of the Silent Reaper had gathered specifically for this mission. They were among the strongest and most experienced assassins in the organization.

This was the first time the master had gathered them all like this, which showed how important the mission was.

The Barevisk family had indeed prepared in case assassins from the Silent Reaper came, but it was not enough. Although they had strengthened their security, in the face of the strongest groups of the Silent Reaper, there were still gaps.

They were still bypassed by the true capability of the most powerful assassin group on Akares Star.

However, the Barevisk family was not completely hopeless, as there were actually some targets who had a keener sense for detecting the assassins' presence. In one part of the manor, where there was a large garden, an elder at the low pseudo-immortal stage was walking through it. He suddenly moved his hand to block an incoming attack from behind.

The assassin's strike was blocked, but then another attack came from above, forcing him to block with his other hand. He wanted to retreat, but he realized that another assassin had used a technique to hold his feet in place.

The other assassins also tried to attack again, using their free hands to kill the elder while he was stuck.

The elder decided to go all out as his aura burst forth. The assassins responded with their own aura to contend with him, and their attack continued. The elder finally broke free from the assassin's technique, but then he was stunned when he sensed two more assassins appear right behind him.

"Alarm!" he shouted one last time before several stabs landed in his body, ending his life.

However, the commotion from their battle and his shout was enough to alert a nearby patrol. The patrol instantly signaled that intruders had infiltrated the manor grounds.

"Alarm! Alarm! There are intruders!" the guards shouted to one another as they sent signals using talismans. The moment their warning spread, a bell rang across the manor grounds. The entire area grew noisy, and soon more cultivators appeared from the surrounding buildings.

The cultivators of the Barevisk family poured out and took their positions as they had been trained for such situations.

"Move! Move! Don't let those rats escape! Block all escape routes and kill them!" one of the elders shouted to his men as he watched the many cultivators spread across the manor grounds.

A transparent barrier then rose, covering the entire manor like a cage. With this, no one could escape as long as the barrier remained active.

The assassins hiding in the shadows watched the many movements from the Barevisk family and one of the group's leader spoke to his group through voice transmission.

"Proceed to plan B. Kill anyone who tries to stop your path to the target or blocks an escape route. Leave the barrier to the piercing group." After that, their shadows dissolved again as they moved toward their next targets.

The master of the Silent Reaper, of course, had already heard the commotion. At that moment he was inside the building where Munez was located. He looked at the unconscious Munez lying on the bed not far from him for a moment, then dashed in shadow form toward Munez with the intent to kill him instantly.

However, he suddenly saw a barrier erected around the bed and two figures entered the room, striking in his direction with elemental techniques. The master did not seem surprised. He evaded the attack with quick movement. His shadow body spread across the floor, causing the attack to miss its target.

The strike destroyed half the room and the blast startled the nearby guards. They began to hurry toward the room.

However, they were suddenly attacked by other assassins who had been lying in wait within the shadows. Every guard who tried to approach the room was instantly killed by the assassins' daggers and shadow techniques.

The assassins' attacks were precise and fast, leaving the guards, whose cultivation levels were much lower, no chance except to face death.

"Don't move on your own! Form the battle formation! The assassins are at the peak of the pseudo-immortal establishment stage! Wait until support from the elders arrives!" one of the men shouted.

Without wasting any time, they followed the order exactly as they had been trained. But the assassin was not impressed and vanished into the shadows. The guards advanced together in formation, yet at that moment, the assassin activated his domain.

Darkness suddenly engulfed the entire area where many guards stood.

"He used his domain! Counter it with your own domain—Uokh!" In the darkness, someone tried to give orders, but the sound of slashes and collapsing bodies filled the air. The cultivators trapped within the domain of darkness could neither see nor sense anything, which filled them with fear.

They could only hear the sound of their comrades dying one after another as the assassin freely slaughtered them within the dark.

A few seconds later, reinforcements finally arrived, and the darkness was slightly pushed back by the incoming elders. There were several of them, and with their combined domain, they managed to bring light into the shadows.

The assassin did not give up and continued his attack. At that moment, another assassin joined the fight, making the situation even more chaotic.

Back in the place where Munez lay, the two elders who had tried to attack the master of the Silent Reaper stood back to back after missing their strike. The darkness from the domain that had covered them earlier had already disappeared, allowing them to see their surroundings again.

Their expressions were wary as they looked around, searching for the figure of the master.

"To think it's really you who attacked the patriarch. What happened, Pedro? Why did you suddenly become hostile toward the patriarch?" one of the elders asked. They were the grand elders at the middle pseudo-immortal stage of the family who had supported Munez.

They also knew about the special connection between their patriarch and the Silent Reaper. They were aware of things about the organization that not everyone knew, for example, the name of its master. They had learned it directly from the patriarch himself.

"Well, unfortunately, I have to do this for my own survival, so don't blame me. What we did in the past was just business," Pedro, the master of the Silent Reaper, replied.

The grand elder frowned upon hearing his answer. He understood that with such words, there was no room for negotiation and that battle was inevitable. He glanced at the barrier surrounding the patriarch and, seeing that it remained stable, turned his focus back to their current situation.

He had to defeat this legendary assassin if either he or the patriarch was to survive.

In another part of the manor, near the pavilion complex where Sir Ferix stayed, the guards were already in position, wary of any movement. Several elders at the pseudo-immortal establishment stage were also present after the bell rang to strengthen security.

The sound of the bell and the clashes of battle echoed through many parts of the manor, keeping everyone on edge.

As they kept guarding with full focus, many shadows suddenly appeared right behind their line and attacked in a surprise assault. The guards were caught completely off guard, unable to sense anything before the attack struck.

"Watch out—Argh!"

"Guard your back! Stay close to your comrades!"

A fierce battle broke out just outside the pavilion. However, not all the assassins engaged the guards and elders; some slipped away, infiltrating deeper into the pavilion complex.

They moved swiftly toward the place where they believed Sir Ferix was located. As they approached the building where he was supposed to be, they saw someone standing in front of it.

They had no idea who the man was, nor did they care. They assumed he was just another guard and tried to push past him.

One assassin attacked while the others attempted to rush by. But before they could pass the man's body—

"Ck, ck, ck, that's not polite," the man said.

Suddenly, their shadow-formed bodies froze in place.

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

Chapter 842 - 842: Come Out with a Surprise

[1,580 words]

The assassins who tried to enter the building were shocked when they suddenly could not move their bodies.

They were still in their shadow form, which had helped them escape countless times in the past.

For them to be caught so easily, they realized that this guard was not an ordinary one. But they had no time to think further, as their bodies were suddenly compressed into

cube shapes. Their flesh and bones were crushed into the same form until all of them turned into cubes.

Aldrian, who was guarding the place, not only stopped them by using a spatial lock but also killed them through space and gravity, pressing their bodies into small cubes. The six cubes made from human flesh floated in front of him for a moment before he opened a spatial crack and threw them inside.

He tossed the remnants of the dead into the void of space as if discarding trash.

Now his gaze was fixed directly on the last assassin he had not killed. This assassin was the one who had tried to attack him, and at this moment, he already had his dagger pointed toward Aldrian's chest, almost stabbing his heart.

The assassin's eyes trembled as he saw all his comrades killed instantly without any resistance. He could sense that the man before him was only at the low pseudo-immortal establishment stage. He found it unbelievable, as all of them who had stormed this pavilion were above that stage.

Yet they were still killed easily by this man.

Who was he, actually?

He could not think any further when his eyes suddenly turned blank. Aldrian then spoke to him.

"Why are you targeting Sir Ferix? Are you trying to kill him or what?"

He grabbed the assassin's head and broke the mind seal hidden inside the assassin's brain.

"We were trying to kill him because he was the source of the rumor. Our master believed he knew about the connection between Patriarch Barevisk and our group," the assassin answered.

"Do the Silent Reapers have any plan after completing this mission? After attacking the Barevisk family?" Aldrian asked again.

"We will hide where Aldrian the Great cannot find us and remain dormant for some time, away from the assassination world. We will keep a low profile until the situation becomes conducive for us to operate normally again," the assassin replied.

Aldrian did not need to know more. After hearing the answer, he opened a spatial crack behind the assassin. Without hesitation, he flicked the assassin's head, and it instantly exploded, scattering flesh and brain matter into the void behind him. He then kicked the assassin's body into the same void before closing the crack.

There was not even a trace of blood around him after Aldrian killed them so brutally. He made sure not to stain the beautiful pavilion with even a drop of blood.

After the assassins were dealt with, Sir Ferix, who had sensed what had happened, came out from the building. Earlier, Aldrian had asked him to enter the building for safety before the assassins could break into the pavilion grounds.

Sir Ferix looked at the place where Aldrian had just killed the assassins so easily and could not help but sigh.

"To think the assassins actually attacked tonight...they were truly desperate," he said.

Aldrian nodded. He also did not expect the Silent Reaper to attack tonight. To be honest, he did not even know whether the Silent Reaper would attack at all. The only thing he could do was wait and let the master of the Silent Reaper be influenced by Luvier's suggestion.

He had already set a deadline. If the master of the Silent Reaper did not act before his real body departed for the Fallen Star Cluster, he would have to take a more direct approach.

And what was that direct approach?

It was simply to come to the Silent Reaper group himself and wipe them out. He saw no purpose in letting the Silent Reaper continue to exist. His purpose in provoking the Silent Reaper to attack the Barevisk family was to create momentum that would help Sir Ferix rise to the position of patriarch.

He wanted to craft an event that would make Sir Ferix appear as the best replacement for the patriarch.

Now that the Silent Reaper had actually attacked the Barevisk family, the plan was almost complete. What he needed to do now was make Sir Ferix appear brilliant in the eyes of the other family members while assisting him from behind.

"Well, let's go, Sir Ferix. I'll hold them while you attack as planned," Aldrian said.

Sir Ferix nodded, and the two dashed toward the outside of the pavilion complex. They could still hear the battle outside, so they knew there were assassins still fighting the guards.

When they arrived outside, they saw that several guards had already been killed, and even the elders were struggling to catch the assassins. The assassins were truly slippery, skillful in the laws of darkness and shadow techniques, making it almost impossible to catch them.

The guards and assassins alike were stunned when they saw two figures suddenly appear from the pavilion. The assassins froze because their target was still alive. They instantly realized something must have happened inside, and that those who had gone in were likely dead.

The guards, on the other hand, were shocked to see the man they were supposed to protect emerge at such a dangerous time.

The assassins did not hesitate and immediately moved to attack. Their shadow movements were so fast that the guards could not keep up.

"Shit! Watch out!" one of the elders who was there to support shouted toward Sir Ferix.

The assassins almost reached Sir Ferix, but their shadow bodies suddenly stopped moving, and Sir Ferix took advantage of the moment. He drew his weapon artifact, a spear, and slashed at the shadow.

The shadow reverted into a physical body, but it was already severed as Sir Ferix killed the assassin. He did not stop there and struck at the remaining assassins, killing them instantly.

The assassins could do nothing but show expressions of shock and panic before being killed by Sir Ferix.

Those who witnessed it were utterly shocked. The assassins they had struggled to catch, let alone kill, were easily slain by someone they had thought to be a helpless figure.

They all knew that Sir Ferix was no longer who he used to be. At this point, he was only a remnant of his former self.

His strength had kept declining because of his strange illness, and at best, he could only act as a normal elder without any power compared to the others.

With his cultivation continuously falling, he was considered a weakling within the family. Some However, at this moment, everyone was truly shocked. The man they had thought to be weak compared to the others had just killed assassins at the pseudo-immortal establishment stage.

Not only that, they could sense that his cultivation had reached the peak of the pseudo-immortal stage and was quite stable. With that single swing of his spear, he unleashed a powerful slash capable of cutting through the shadows themselves. From their perspective, Sir Ferix looked like a normal, healthy cultivator rather than a frail one.

They then saw Sir Ferix and his guardian moving in another direction. The sounds of battle could still be heard in several places, and Sir Ferix was heading toward one of them.

The overall situation in the manor was dire. Several high-ranking elders had already been killed by the assassins. The Barevisk family cultivators were engaged in battles at various locations where the assassins' targets were located.

As time passed, they began to realize that the assassins were specifically targeting certain elders for unknown reasons.

As for the other cultivators who were not battling, they were trying to pursue the hiding assassins. There were also those guarding the eye of the barrier formation, which served as the main foundation maintained through the combined effort of ten people. If the assassins targeted them, the barrier would collapse, allowing the assassins to escape.

The assassins, seeing many cultivators guarding the formation's eye, were not deterred. Instead, they continued to move using their shadow techniques, trying to break through the defensive line.

However, the defense was top-notch, with three cultivators at the pseudo-immortal stage also guarding the area. One of them sensed the assassins' movements and launched an attack, followed by the other elders. The assassins, too, had members of similar strength among them, so they were not helpless.

The battle between them was inevitable.

In another part of the manor, inside the main building, there was a private room where Munez's son, Diaz, was staying. The guards were already in position, guarding the corridor leading to the room as well as the area outside the building.

Diaz was inside his room with his personal butler, who also served as his guardian.

"We need to stay here until the situation becomes calmer, young master. We don't know how many targets those assassins have," the butler said.

Diaz frowned. He could hardly believe that the assassins from the Silent Reaper had truly attacked them, and even dared to barge in and strike head-on like this.

He knew about his father's connection with those assassins, their relationship had always been good. That was why he had never believed the story told by his uncle.

But now, he truly did not know what the truth was or what had really happened with those assassins.

As he was thinking, he suddenly heard a commotion outside.

"They're coming! Hold them off!"

"Argh!"

"Uwakh!"

He heard screams of pain and could sense that the assassins were coming his way. They seemed to be targeting him as well!

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

Chapter 843 - 843: Killing Assassins

[1,607 words]

Diaz could sense that the assassins were trying to breach the line of guards outside. He could hear the sounds of battle, and from the noise, it did not seem good. His guards seemed unable to contain those assassins and kept getting killed.

From the hallway and also from outside the building, he was surrounded by assassins. Diaz gritted his teeth. Those assassins from Silent Reaper were truly powerful.

They were not like normal assassin groups that usually avoided direct confrontation. The strongest traits of assassins were usually their surprise attacks and concealment to kill their targets.

However, the Silent Reaper were different. Besides those traits, their techniques themselves were strong enough to fight anyone head-on. Their shadow techniques were truly troublesome, and they could make use of them effectively.

"Young Master, I think you have to escape through the teleportation talisman. It seems the assassins nearing from the hallway are the ones targeting you. The assassins outside the main mansion are blocking the reinforcements, so we will not have any before those assassins reach the front door," his butler said.

Diaz frowned. He truly did not like that he had to escape, but from the situation at this moment, it was much safer to do so. He wanted to fight those assassins, but he did not know what they had prepared if they really intended to kill him.

If those assassins were determined to kill him, then he was afraid that they would spare nothing once they saw him here.

He finally decided to do what his butler suggested as he took out a talisman, but before he could crush it—

"Watch out!" His butler pushed him and then jumped.

Diaz saw three daggers fly past right in front of his face. If he had not been pushed by his butler, his head would have already been pierced by those daggers. Diaz looked beside him, and his eyes trembled.

An assassin suddenly appeared inside his room. The worst part was that this assassin's cultivation was at the low pseudo-immortal stage.

His butler and he were at the pseudo-immortal establishment, and he could fight across levels, but he was not certain that he could win against this assassin.

'Shit, with him here, that means Elder Yar outside didn't detect him!' Diaz thought.

Without hesitation, he decided to crush the talisman in his hand, but before he could do so, his sight turned dark, leaving no light in sight. When he finally crushed the talisman, nothing happened.

'Damn it, the famous Domain of Darkness from the Silent Reaper.' He knew he was too late, as he was already trapped inside the assassin's domain. That assassin had used his domain to prevent Diaz from escaping through the talisman.

Under normal circumstances, that assassin could kill him without using the domain, but the moment the assassin saw the talisman, the assassin knew that stopping it was his priority.

Diaz did not have much time to feel shocked or disappointed. He decided to unleash his own domain. The Domain of Light instantly spread around him, trying to push back the darkness, but the darkness was too strong and kept forcing the light back toward him.

The assassin did not wait any longer. A shadow form suddenly appeared beneath Diaz's feet before turning corporeal. A hand holding a dagger tried to stab his heart, but he dodged it by a small margin.

He lost his concentration over his domain, and it vanished, allowing the darkness to return completely.

'Shit.' His senses were blocked by the darkness, but his danger sense tingled, warning him that the assassin was about to launch a fatal attack.

He then heard a slashing sound behind the darkness, and a moment later, the darkness disappeared. He could see his surroundings again but he was stunned, then shocked, as he saw two new figures standing there.

He saw his uncle and his guardian.

His eyes moved to the spear in his uncle's hand, and he noticed the spearhead was already stained with blood. The blood was still dripping, showing that it was fresh. The assassin was lying on the ground beside him with his head severed, which made his heart tremble.

He looked at his butler, who seemed already dead, a dagger pierced through his forehead. It seemed that the assassin had killed his butler in the brief moment of darkness before attacking him.

Still, his attention was more focused on his uncle.

His uncle killed that assassin?

How could he do that? How could his uncle be here when he was supposed to be in his pavilion? Wasn't he supposed to be sick and weak? How was this possible?

His senses picked up that his uncle's cultivation was at peak pseudo-immortal establishment stage. His guardian's cultivation was still the same as the last time he sensed him.

Did his uncle kill that assassin in such a short time with his own strength?

He, who had the same level of strength at peak pseudo-immortal establishment stage, had difficulty fighting against that assassin. But his uncle, who had seemed sickly and showed no improvement not long ago, suddenly became healthy and even stronger?

Sir Ferix did not say anything and left the room with Aldrian as Aldrian teleported them out. Seeing his uncle and his guardian disappear, he was stunned. Even when they vanished, he could not sense anything.

He spread his spiritual sense and could sense that the assassins nearby had already been killed. The guards also seemed to be talking about what had just happened. His uncle truly came here and killed all of those assassins.

Diaz's gaze became blank. He did not know since when his uncle had changed. Had his uncle been pretending all this time to be weak? How was it possible for his uncle to break free from the curse that his father said was impossible to break?

The worst part was that his uncle was the one who saved his life. The person he had always underestimated in the past was actually the one who saved him.

He gritted his teeth and dashed out of the room. He wanted to see the situation in the manor first. He also wanted to know what his uncle was planning with his sudden appearance. He did not have a good feeling about his uncle suddenly revealing his strength to everyone.

For his uncle to have hidden his true self so deeply that even his father did not know, he must be planning something.

He was one of the people who suspected that his uncle had done something to his father to make him fall unconscious. With this sudden attack from the Silent Reaper and his uncle suddenly throwing off his mask, he could smell something fishy.

He could hear the sounds of battle spreading across the manor grounds. His uncle seemed to move toward every battle area, killing the assassins there. When Diaz arrived at the nearest battle area he could hear, the fight was already over. His uncle had already disappeared somewhere.

He did not waste time and moved toward another battle area. Yet again, when he arrived, the same thing happened, his uncle had already vanished. This repeated scene continued until he reached the place where several pseudo-immortal stage assassins were fighting. They were battling against his family's elders and were surrounded by many family cultivators.

The others kept their distance from the fight, not wanting to get caught in the crossfire, but all of them wore the same expression and were looking in one direction.

One of the assassins was injured in the arm, and from what the onlookers had seen, it seemed to be his uncle who had inflicted the wound.

He could see the shocked expressions on everyone's faces as they looked toward his uncle, and that reaction was only to be expected.

The moment Sir Ferix arrived, many were startled, but when he attacked one of the assassins with his spear and almost killed the assassin, they were truly shocked. If not for another assassin warning his comrade, that one would have already died.

They could only look speechlessly at the man whom many had seen as pitiful noble. The man who had been cast aside because of his sickness, weakness, and defeat to his older brother in the battle of succession.

The fallen genius who was believed to remain on the ground while others soared to the sky.

Yet at this moment, he stood proudly with his spear in hand, ready for battle. A pseudo-immortal establishment cultivator joining a battle among pseudo-immortal cultivators would normally seem like a suicide attempt, but Sir Ferix seemed not to care.

Some of the assassins who saw Sir Ferix were also confused, as he was one of their listed targets, and yet, he was still alive.

Seeing that the situation was growing strange and turning disadvantageous, one of the assassins decided to attack while the others continued to hold off the stronger cultivators.

His body turned into a shadow and disappeared. Seeing the assassin vanish, the others knew he was preparing to strike. This was the assassin's technique that had been giving them headaches since earlier. The assassin was truly difficult to catch—let alone kill.

"Stop that bastard!"

"Protect Elder Ferix!"

Many shouted as the cultivators rushed toward Sir Ferix. Although Sir Ferix was less respected now, he was still a member of the family's main bloodline. He remained an important figure who still held some influence among certain family members.

But then something happened that made everyone's eyes widen.

Sir Ferix swung his spear to the side. The powerful motion created a fierce gust that swept across the area, even throwing some nearby cultivators off balance.

After the swing, something manifested out of nowhere beside Sir Ferix. Blood splattered across the ground, and the severed head of the assassin dropped to the floor. The assassin's body collapsed lifelessly a moment later.

The assassin was killed, just like that.

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Chapter 844 - 844: Like a Sun

[1,526 words]

There was a moment of silence after Sir Ferix killed the assassin. A low pseudo immortal assassin had been killed by someone at peak pseudo immortal establishment stage. And not just anyone, but a person already known for his weak condition due to illness.

The reality before them was that the man standing in front of them was a powerful cultivator who could easily kill a much stronger opponent. And not just any opponent, but a pseudo immortal stage assassin from the Silent Reaper.

How was that possible?

The assassins who saw it also did not expect their comrade to be killed so easily with a single strike. Those who had information about this target never expected such a situation. At this moment, they realized that the information they had received might have been wrong all along.

Sir Ferix did not show much expression, his focus fixed on the other assassins. The plan from Aldrian was to make him appear strong. The first step for the others to accept him as patriarch was to overturn their perception of him. They needed to erase the idea that he was a weakling.

They needed to see him in a new light. To quickly change their perception of him, Sir Ferix had to appear somewhat exaggerated. Killing a cultivator much stronger than himself was the fastest way, and that was what they had done since earlier.

Killing several pseudo immortal stage assassins and saving many people would leave a deep impact in the minds of those who saw it.

However, the key to this plan was still the avatar's power. Although the avatar's strength was not as great as the real body, he was still a powerful cultivator compared to others. He was a genius on his own, and with the avatar inside Aldrian's domain, it also gave him quite a boost in strength.

Without the avatar helping Sir Ferix, he could not have defeated someone at pseudo immortal stage, especially from the Silent Reaper, continuously. Sir Ferix had not battled or practiced for a long time because of his condition in the past. To return to his prime battle sense, he still needed time, something they currently lacked.

To help Sir Ferix, the avatar brought him to the battle area and trapped the assassin within a spatial lock. Sir Ferix only needed to deliver the finishing blow and gain recognition from the crowd.

The avatar also provided the assassin's location whenever they disappeared using their technique, ensuring that Sir Ferix remained safe from their attacks.

"Left side, shoulder height! There's an assassin attacking you—dodge and counterattack with a swing!" the avatar instructed through voice transmission to Sir Ferix.

He did as Aldrian told him. He ducked to avoid the attack and swung his spear toward the direction of the strike. Although he had not practiced or fought for a long time, his spear swing was still powerful.

A shadowy figure suddenly appeared as the assassin narrowly evaded the spear. The attacker had low pseudo immortal stage cultivation. The mask covering his face was almost torn apart by the sweep of the spear, and he looked at Sir Ferix solemnly before disappearing again.

He confirmed that Sir Ferix could indeed sense their special movement and concealment technique based on shadow laws—a technique that even a pseudo immortal cultivator found difficult to detect.

Another assassin moved toward the avatar from within the shadows. This one targeted the avatar directly, intending to block any attempt to protect the main target. He was confident that he could at least kill the avatar, who appeared to be the guardian of the target. After all, the avatar's cultivation seemed to be only at low pseudo immortal establishment stage.

However, he suddenly saw the avatar unsheathe his sword and swing it toward him. A powerful slash energy flew at great speed in his direction.

The assassin, who had not expected the avatar to unleash such a deadly attack, was shocked. The strike precisely pinpointed his location, something he had not anticipated. His fatal misjudgment cost him his life as the slash passed cleanly through his body, cutting him in half.

But the avatar did not stop there. He shifted his focus to the other assassin who was trying to attack Sir Ferix and halted the assassin's movement with a spatial lock, leaving the invisible attacker stunned.

"Attack right in front of you," the avatar said through voice transmission to Sir Ferix.

Without hesitation, Sir Ferix swung his spear toward that direction. The assassin, shocked by the spatial lock, had no time to dodge. The spear strike unleashed an incredible force that swept through everything in front of it. The wave of energy struck the assassin's body, cutting him in half from the waist down.

His body became visible again as he emerged from the shadow form. Blood poured from the severed halves, and his intestines fell the moment the avatar released the spatial lock. The assassin still seemed barely alive, writhing in agony, but Sir Ferix delivered another attack, swinging his spear once more.

With a clean strike from the spearhead, the assassin's upper body was cut in half, killing him instantly.

Those who saw it were speechless. The ones who had planned to help stopped in their tracks. All they could do was stare at the two mutilated corpses before them, completely unable to say a word.

The remaining five assassins saw the situation turn uncertain and decided to move on to another plan. Three of them continued attacking their target, an elder, while the other two disappeared.

The avatar, maintaining a calm expression, raised his eyebrows when he sensed something dangerous stirring within the two invisible assassins. They were not attacking, but something ominous was building inside them, something inevitable. He could sense their resolve and the speed of their movements.

Realizing what was happening, the avatar acted immediately and teleported behind them. The two invisible assassins, in the middle of executing their plan, were stunned when the avatar suddenly appeared behind them and placed his hands on their shoulders.

They could only grin, thinking the avatar had been too late. But their expressions froze as their surroundings abruptly changed. They were now high up in the sky!

At this moment, their dantians had already ignited, and it could be seen from their abdomens. Their lower bodies turned red and began to swell.

"Goodbye," the avatar said before disappearing once more.

The two assassins widened their eyes slightly, but there was no turning back. The avatar had already reappeared beside Sir Ferix, and a split second later—

BOOM!

A massive explosion erupted, shaking the sky. The dark sky instantly turned bright, as if a sun had suddenly appeared.

People across the city were shocked and instinctively looked up, seeing the blinding light and hearing the deafening explosion that sounded like rolling thunder. The clouds were pushed outward by the blast, forming a giant circular pattern that made the scene even more spectacular.

The light lingered for a few seconds before slowly fading, returning the sky to darkness. However, the shock among the people remained as they continued staring upward.

What just happened? What was that?

Those were the questions on everyone's mind. Everyone within the Barevisk family manor felt the same confusion. The battle halted for a moment as the explosion shook

the sky and illuminated the region for several seconds. Most did not understand what had occurred, but the assassins knew.

That explosion was the last resort if they believed they could not kill the targets and were on the verge of failure. They would suicide by detonating their dantians, making sure to wipe out anyone around them and even the manor itself.

Before detonating, they only needed to inform the other assassins that they would use this plan so everyone could prepare to shield themselves from the blast and leave the rest to fate.

This was a desperate act. Pedro, their master, had warned them to use it only if they truly could not accomplish the mission by killing the targets. He knew that by doing this, they had a chance to wipe out the entire Barevisk family in one stroke.

That was preferable to him because there would be no witnesses. No witnesses meant no one could point the finger at the Silent Reaper. However, this method did not guarantee success, as some targets might still survive the explosion.

He also did not want any of his assassins to use this method, since he wished to preserve the overall strength of the Silent Reaper. The loss of high-ranking assassins in such explosions would be devastating for the organization.

Now, two of their assassins had chosen to commit suicide—but then a question arose.

Why had the explosion happened in the sky? What was going on?

The avatar, after reappearing on the ground, did not remain still for long. He immediately trapped the strongest assassin nearby, one with middle pseudo immortal stage cultivation. Using a spatial lock, he knew his strength would not be enough to hold an opponent of that level for too long.

"Sir Ferix, attack the assassin on the far left," he sent through voice transmission.

Sir Ferix snapped out of his surprise and quickly moved. The assassin, still shaken by the explosion and restrained by the spatial lock, struggled to break free. However, Sir Ferix had already appeared beside him and swept his spear.

Swish!

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

