

Gods Daily 297

Chapter 297: Ascending to the God Fire Rank

Clint stepped forward.

The blazing sacred sigils around him erupted, tearing open the space ahead as he charged straight toward the depths of the Oblivion Wastes.

Chiusen swept his sleeve. Sword-light spiraled like a raging storm, attempting to bar Clint's path.

Two other quasi-Divine Cleric experts intercepted several powerhouses of the Milott Family, while the remaining two used this chance to sprint deeper into the Oblivion Wastes.

The destructive energy storm unleashed by a battle at the Divine Cleric rank swept across the land.

The devastation and earth-shaking roar immediately attracted the attention of countless nearby experts.

Meanwhile, elsewhere—

Suggwoth had already led his army into the Sky City atop the Peak of the Firmament!

To completely seize control of the Ring of the Firmament cult, the Crossbridge Empire had continually dispatched God Fire-rank warriors from Eryndor City, forming a titanic Titan Legion of one hundred thousand warriors now assembled and awaiting orders.

Within the Sky City stood a branch of the Violet Rose Trade Guild.

The guild's president—a powerhouse of the Milott Family—rushed to Suggwoth as soon as he received news of the Crossbridge Empire's arrival.

"General! Something has gone wrong in the Oblivion Wastes. I beg you to send support immediately!"

He quickly relayed everything regarding the situation in the Oblivion Wastes—the nameless divine sword, its origins, its taboos—and even long-buried ancient secrets.

The Milott Family understood this sword's taboo better than anyone.

For generations, the duty of guarding the sword's seal had been theirs!

Not even Natasha knew this truth.

"A divine sword? How terrifying can a sword possibly be?"

Suggwoth pondered for a moment.

In the end, he still chose to lead an elite force and rush toward the Oblivion Wastes.

He might have great confidence in his own strength, but he was not arrogant enough to underestimate any enemy.

Underestimating one's opponent was the height of foolishness.

At the same time, in Eryndor City, Crossbridge Empire—

The blazing sun rose from the east. Golden radiance spilled across the Fasiar Plains.

Threads of sacred light poured from the heavens, as the laws of the world gathered toward Versailles.

Petals of truth blossoms, formed from the essence of heaven's laws, bloomed one after another in the skies.

They spread outward from Eryndor City, expanding across the region, stirring the energies of the Fasiar Plains and even the distant Bimat Highlands. These energies took the shapes of countless spectral beasts soaring through the sky.

Across the entire empire, citizens raised their heads and stared at the heavenly vision.

Tracy focused intensely.

Her understanding of the laws ran deep.

She recognized that these truth blossoms were manifestations of the world's laws—each petal containing boundless mysteries.

For her, this was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.

Immersed in this perception, her rank broke through three minor levels in rapid succession!

Gloria, Lucy, and the others also gazed at the sky, their attention fixed on the direction of the Emperor's palace.

"This is... is His Majesty about to ascend to the God Fire rank?!"

Gloria's heart trembled.

Such ascension speed defied all logic—utterly monstrous.

Could it be that the Emperor's true identity... was also one born of the god realm?

Otherwise, nothing could explain such an unbelievable phenomenon.

Inside the Emperor's bedchamber—

A golden divine halo floated behind Aurek, illuminating the entire palace in resplendent glory.

This signified that he had officially stepped into the God Fire rank.

At the same time, techniques such as Royal Grace and the imperial Sovereign Sword Art had all achieved significant advancement.

Of particular note—he had exchanged for two supreme, slaughter-oriented God Arts from the system!

Prelude of the End

and

Godfall Verdict.

Prelude of the End could create a death-domain known as the Silent Extinction, annihilating all existence within its boundary. It could even absorb the killing intent, bloodlust, and death auras within that domain to forge a catastrophic Finality Blade.

Godfall Verdict condensed a supreme judgment phantom. Empowered by the empire's national momentum, all its strength was focused into a single, devastating strike.

There was hardly any description of this technique in the system; the introduction was frighteningly concise. But that only meant its actual power was guaranteed to be even more terrifying.

Without question, these were world-shaking divine arts.

Aurek had also gained profound insights from the half-scroll of Song of the Gods Awakening.

Now that he had stepped into the God Fire rank, his grasp over the world's laws had reached an unimaginable level.

But he did not stop there.

He continued to pour vast amounts of points into his ascension.

As ranks increased, the energy required surged geometrically.

Combined with his studies of the Song of the Gods Awakening and the Sage-rank Chant Codex, the consumption was astronomical!

He had originally believed he could break straight into the Divine Cleric rank, yet reality exceeded even his expectations.

Because he also had to consider upgrading the Level-13 Attribute Warrior Authority, he handled his Emperor Points with meticulous restraint.

He never spent all of them on rank ascension... nor would he impulsively dump them all into Authority upgrades.

Even if he already possessed enough points to upgrade a power, he often chose to delay based on the current situation.

The refined energy from the system not only elevated his rank but continuously tempered his body—unlocking its potential, forging a stronger divine constitution.

Once his ascension ended, he did not remain in his chambers.

He made his way to the Imperial Treasury.

The vault housed countless inheritance techniques from the Eastern Domain's factions—an ocean of knowledge.

He studied them one by one, refining his rank foundation, imprinting countless arts and mysteries into his mind.

Since he had already attained the God Fire rank, he would now begin accumulating strength for his breakthrough toward the Divine Cleric rank.

[Conquered the Central Domain and other territories; slew innumerable enemies. Emperor Points +1.5 quadrillion...]

[Summoned troop casualties: 3,100]

After scanning the system notifications, Aurek knew the Savage Lands and the Central Domain had been fully taken.

The Emperor Points required for upgrading the Level-13 summoned units were almost complete.

This filled him with anticipation for the next stage of his Attribute Warrior power.

Oblivion Wastes—

Chiusen's scholar's hat fluttered in the harsh winds, the white bowtie on his chest dancing wildly.

Yet his expression remained refined and composed.

He had once been an ordinary scholar of the Oblivion Wastes—until the catastrophe brought by that sword destroyed his home and slaughtered all his loved ones.

He survived only because a High God descending from the god realm had intervened.

He had followed that being for countless eras, until today.

Now, he would never allow the Ring of the Firmament cult to reclaim the sword and resurrect that ancient calamity.

"In the name of truth and the dead... this sword must never appear again!"

The sword in Chiusen's hand burst forth. Wherever its light reached, a sacred sword-domain formed.

The radiant blade roared across the sky like a comet, thrusting straight at Clint!

Sword-light cascaded, its trajectories precise and airtight, forcing Clint back step by step.

This mighty guardian of the cult was surrounded by dazzling sigils representing the power of a third-stage Divine Cleric.

Yet before Chiusen—whose swordsmanship had been honed through god-realm techniques—every counterattack was rendered futile.

Chiusen's sword was not merely a weapon.

It was the extension of his will—an embodiment of judgment.

Even more terrifying, his mind power simultaneously controlled a second blade of light.

Like a spear of judgment, it tore across space, striking toward the two quasi-Divine Clerics attempting to reach the sealed sword.

"For the glory of the cult!"

One quasi-Divine Cleric, knowing he could not evade, turned abruptly.

Darkness erupted from his arms in a destructive torrent as he attempted to block.

But how could an ant shake a mountain?

The sword-light pierced through the darkness as easily as a hot knife through butter—then carved straight through his body.

The blade followed through, completely erasing his existence.