

## Gods Daily 298

Chapter 298: Hell-Difficulty Dungeon

The last surviving quasi-Divine Cleric glanced back.

The fading specks of soul-light from his fallen companion tightened around his throat like a noose of terror.

But he did not stop.

His companion's sacrifice had won him the chance to reach their target!

Peak of the Firmament

High atop the ancient observatory, Cecilke, the cult leader, stood motionless.

His cold gaze pierced across impossible distance toward the direction of the Oblivion Wastes.

He had expected there to be a guardian.

But he had not expected a guardian at the Divine Cleric rank.

"Elder Zoltin, take the Sky Shadows unit and go immediately. Assist our guardian in securing the divine sword. We need its power."

He had to obtain that key—before that imperial god-slayer intervened and overturned the battlefield.

Oblivion Wastes – Battlefield

"Chiusen! By opposing the cult, you oppose Order itself! You will suffer divine punishment!"

Clint roared under the relentless hurricane of Chiusen's sword strikes.

The glow of his sacred sigils was no longer as radiant as it had been.

"If 'order' means reigniting an ancient catastrophe,"

Chiusen replied, his voice steady as a titanic blade tore open the clouds,

"then let my sword define a new order."

At that moment—

A soul-freezing pressure descended at the battlefield's edge.

Space twisted silently.

From within the vortex stepped Suggwoth, clad in dark-crimson rune-inscribed armor, holding a greatsword forged as if from coagulated blood.

He was like the abyss itself opening its eyes.

Clint's mind power sensed him—his expression shattered into horror.

"The Crossbridge Empire's God of Slaughter... how is he already here?!"

"It seems," Chiusen said, withdrawing his sword with complicated emotion,

"your plan was doomed from the start."

He had once seen this monster reap Divine Clerics in the Godfall Canyon as if harvesting crops.

Coincidentally, Clint had witnessed that massacre too.

Which was why he reacted so violently—a single Suggwoth changed this mission's difficulty to hell-tier.

Without another word—

Suggwoth moved.

Space compressed beneath his feet as he stepped directly into the eye of the battlefield.

"Chiusen! The cult will judge you for what you have done!"

Clint's roar blended fury with raw fear.

In the next moment—discarding all dignity—he transformed into a streak of light and fled skyward.

His terror of Suggwoth overwhelmed all battle intent and pride.

Even Chiusen was stunned.

But thinking from Clint's perspective...

Who wouldn't fear such a demon?

Even Divine Clerics of the shadow clan—monsters who had ravaged the continent for years—were slain single-handedly by this man.

Among them were several pure-blood Demon Race elites—each a high-grade Divine Cleric.

They died all the same.

Even if Chiusen himself had to face such a being, he too would choose to flee unless forced to fight.

"Fear is the instinct to survive."

Suggwoth murmured, voice cold.

His gaze locked onto Clint.

A scarlet glow from the Legion Domain spread forward—like a swamp of blood—slowing Clint's escape.

Slayer buzzed with hunger in his hands, then unleashed a dark-crimson blade that tore across the sky.

"Heaven's Guidance!"

Clint burned fragments of his divinity to activate the cult's secret technique.

A radiant bridge of light formed under his feet, accelerating his escape.

But Suggwoth shadowed him perfectly—space itself folding around him like paper.

Then—

The space ahead of Clint ruptured.

Elder Zoltin and the cult's reinforcements stepped out from the void.

Leading them was the newly awakened Camilo, one of the cult's Judicators.

The massive divine sword in his grip pulsed with ominous light.

Camilo roared and swung.

He did not strike Suggwoth directly.

Instead, he cleaved a trench of burning holy fire through the void, creating a blazing chasm to block pursuit.

Suggwoth's eyes did not flicker.

Slayer descended.

Dark-red edge collided with golden holy fire, both forces annihilating each other in violent distortion.

Then—

He simply walked through the collapsing law fracture forcefully, as if the barrier did not exist.

"Do NOT engage him! Retreat immediately!"

Clint shouted, voice breaking.

The cult's reinforcements had not witnessed the horrors he had.

If not for Clint stopping them, they might already have attempted a suicidal attack.

But Suggwoth gave them no chance to flee.

The Legion Domain expanded fully, swallowing everyone—including the two Divine Clerics.

It was a realm forged from pure killing intent.

The air reeked of blood and rust.

Countless phantom warriors formed from slaughter-energy marched within the domain.

Chiusen immediately withdrew—he had no intention of stepping into that death field.

Who knew whether that domain could distinguish friend from foe?

He would not risk being collateral damage.

He turned and sprinted toward the depths of the Oblivion Wastes to eliminate the final threat.

Inside the domain, Suggwoth was the sole master.

Every swing of his blade drew on the domain's force.

Quasi-Divine Clerics fell like grass before a scythe.

Clint and Camilo felt their connection to external energy weakening.

Their sacred sigils shuddered, movements slowing—they could only endure within this crimson hell.

Simultaneously

The moment Clint's distress signal was received, three more Divine Clerics surged from the cult's depths, racing toward the battlefield.

But the instant they left the cult's central headquarters—

The Crossbridge Empire struck.

Led by a Milott elder, the Titan Legion—one hundred thousand God Fire—rank titans—charged like a waiting predator.

Their synchronized steps made the earth tremble.

The Ring of the Firmament headquarters, now stripped of its elite defenders, was overrun in an instant.

Five Divine Clerics fighting together could overwhelm mountains and shatter nations.

But Suggwoth—within the Legion Domain—had reached the absolute peak of his combat power.

His eyes held only cold calculation... and the efficiency of slaughter.

These five Divine Cores would serve as stepping stones for him to ascend even higher.

The battle raged for an entire day.

When the last of the cult's Divine Clerics fell beneath Slayer, their divine cores were sealed and collected.

At the border between the Peak of the Firmament and the Oblivion Wastes, the sky itself seemed permanently dyed dark-red with blood.

Several distant Milott elders silently watched the fading death-domain.

"His Majesty Aurek's alliance with Natasha... perhaps this is the greatest mercy fate has ever granted the Milott Family."

One elder whispered.

All the others agreed.

Suggwoth felt the power swelling within his body.

His gaze turned once more toward the depths of the Oblivion Wastes.

He took a single step—

—and vanished.

A moment later, he reappeared in a valley wrapped in chains inscribed with divine runes.

This land reeked of death.

The sky was a canopy of gloom.

The ground sprawled with ruins so ancient they should have long turned to dust—yet some mysterious force preserved them across hundreds of thousands of years.

Chiusen was already there.

At his feet lay the lifeless corpse of the quasi-Divine Cleric who had reached the seal first.

The two men stood in silence, looking toward the center of the valley.

There—

A long sword radiating unfathomable murderous intent was bound tightly by countless glowing chains of sacred sigils.