

Gods Daily 299

Chapter 299: Embracing Eternal Life

Dark-crimson sword mist wriggled around the blade like a living thing.

Within the groove at the crossguard, it was as if blood were slowly flowing, exuding a suffocating pressure.

"This world-ending divine sword... it may have a name that once shook the heavens."

Chiusen's voice was heavy.

"It feels more like a fragmented incarnation of some supreme will."

"It seduces the strong, grants them peerless power, and in the end turns its wielder into a puppet that knows only slaughter—devouring everything. Even High Gods from the god realm cannot escape it!"

"The ancient Sword Sovereign warned us that its very existence may be a vicious curse aimed at our world."

Suggwoth stared at the sword.

He could sense a malice within it—something far beyond the limits of his understanding.

"Impossible to destroy?" he asked.

"At least by any means we know," Chiusen replied, pointing toward the rune-chains that had almost fused into the sword itself.

"These seals are both its prison and this world's shell of protection. No one knows what would happen if the seal were forcibly broken."

Suggwoth fell silent.

This sword was a double-edged blade—danger and opportunity intertwined.

Sword Sovereign Wade had once used it to cross realms and slay a High God. That alone showed how terrifying its might was.

But when that power spiraled out of control, turning Wade into a reaping scythe, its danger became equally undeniable.

Though Suggwoth was intrigued by the sword, the uncertainty it carried was too great for him to decide on his own.

A decision of this magnitude exceeded his authority.

Only His Majesty Aurek could judge it.

"This place is now declared the Empire's highest-level forbidden zone. Without an imperial writ from His Majesty, no one is to approach."

He gave the order, leaving the most loyal Titan legion to guard this part of the Oblivion Wastes.

Then he turned, his gaze shifting toward the distant headquarters of the Ring of the Firmament cult.

With their Divine Cleric-rank guardian gone, conquering the remaining territories would be as easy as autumn wind sweeping fallen leaves.

Deep Abyss Demon Realm – Edge of the Secondary Demon Realm

The demon grand lord Lierlon stared at the crack in the sky, now growing clearer by the day.

Behind it, a shimmering curtain of light pulsed faintly—the final barrier leading to the Eura Continent.

"Concentrate all boundary-breaker demonic cannons and bombard the coordinate point!"

"We're going to drill a hole through that turtle shell!"

His voice was low and cold, his scarlet cloak snapping in the mana storm.

Beside him, the vanguard commander Orins, born of the four-winged demon race, burned with vengeance.

"Lord Lierlon, when the passage opens, please let me lead the First Legion at the front!"

"I will hang Aurek's head with my own hands upon the Triumph Gate of the Dawanglu Empire!"

"To wash away the humiliation he brought upon our legion and my clan!"

He added the last words hoarsely, his voice raw with excitement.

Lierlon glanced at him.

The honor of the demon race could not be blasphemed—he understood that obsession.

"Prepare yourself, Vanguard Commander. When the passage is torn open, you will receive the glory... and revenge you crave."

Lierlon returned his gaze to the light curtain, a cruel curve lifting at the corner of his mouth.

Eura Continent!

And Aurek—that damned insect!

You dared to shame the demon race? Then be ready to be exterminated.

Soon, you will taste what true despair is.

On the other side of the light curtain

The red-armored man felt the increasingly frequent and violent impacts coming from beyond. His face went pale.

He could sense the seal weakening at an alarming rate.

"The gate to the god realm remains shut... the gods are silent... Is it possible that this time, truly no one can stop the darkness from descending?"

He murmured. Despair flooded his chest.

The last time the demon realm invaded, envoys from the god realm had descended. All the continent's powers had united, paying a gruesome price to finally drive the enemy back.

But now they faced the Dawanglu Empire's most elite four-winged Demon legions... while their own side was almost completely alone.

His eyes slowly hardened into resolve.

"Perhaps... only by destroying the gate to the god realm can we buy this world a single thread of life."

The thought was mad. Dangerous.

Yet it seemed like the only choice left.

He could not wait any longer for news from Pantek and the others.

Before the terrifying might of the demon army, even a single squad could wipe out the entire Eura Continent!

Two more months passed.

Territories such as the Central Domain, the Savage Lands, and the Peak of the Firmament were all flattened under the empire's advance.

Every day, oceans of Emperor Points poured in...

Valoria Palace

Aurek slowly opened his eyes.

The sacred halo behind him had completely withdrawn, condensing into a flawless diamond-shaped crystal.

His divine core floated in the depths of his spiritual origin.

Inside that core was a nascent world in evolution—laws interweaving, primal source surging.

He could feel it: the power flowing through his body had undergone a qualitative transformation.

The sacred sigils were like a new bloodline within him, carrying energy a thousandfold vaster than any ordinary Divine Cleric.

His flesh, too, had been reforged during ascension.

Every inch of muscle contained the strength to shatter mountains.

He had successfully risen to Divine Cleric Rank, Fifth Tier.

The entire process had been calm and untroubled—no heavenly tribulations, no disasters barring his path, as though the world's laws had already accepted his transcendence.

Moreover, the laws Aurek had comprehended, the inheritances he had mastered, the world's origin he had absorbed, the refined essence of his god-soul, the boundless magic within him, and that near-infinite reservoir of energy—

all of it condensed into one dazzling sacred sigil after another!

The power within these sigils surpassed ordinary Divine Clerics by hundreds, even thousands of times—reaching an unprecedented height.

His true combat strength had leapt across a terrifying boundary of life itself.

In this ascension alone, even his sheer physical strength had become unfathomable.

Aurek himself still didn't fully grasp that fact.

After all, he had yet to fight a true Divine Cleric-rank existence head-on.

The newborn divine core was like an energy singularity, naturally drawing vast divine might through every part of his body.

Only by truly stepping into this rank could one understand what it meant to break free of mortal shackles—

and embrace eternal life.

Now, he was fully stabilized at Divine Cleric Rank, Fifth Tier.

High above Eryndor City, the truth-flowers that had bloomed because of him grew ever more splendid and profound.

Their enlightening radiance bathed the city—so much so that even the palace maids who served nearby broke through two minor ranks in succession.

Of course, those maids were themselves heirs or noble descendants carefully nurtured by various factions, their foundations already exceptional.

Over these two months of focused growth, the empire's wartime reserves had swollen at a staggering speed.

And during these same two months, the empire's war machine had never once halted.

More than 1.5 million God Fire-rank titans had been deployed into the legions.

Hundreds of thousands of Doomsday Warriors, Void Warlocks, Mountain Shieldbearers, Elemental Assassins, and Life Sorcerers had also taken their positions.

An invincible army built entirely from Attribute Legions—one that could crush any resistance on the continent—had already taken shape.

Even the core Attribute troops alone now numbered several million.

What he once dared not imagine as military strength had now become reality.

Aurek then turned his gaze to the information panel.

The latest accumulation of points was displayed there with brutal clarity.

The Emperor Points had reached the upgrade threshold—enough to support several major upgrades and unlock brand-new, even stronger unit types.

"It's time."

He whispered to himself, his eyes settling on the option that represented upgrade and evolution.