

Gods Daily 362

Chapter 362: Sword Light from the Firmament

Wesley's mind was consumed by the most primal instinct—survival.

He threw himself towards the entrance of the passage, mere steps away.

Family, honor!

None of that mattered now.

He was driven by an instinctual need to live!

...

Whoosh!

A follower pierced Fett's chest with a spear, pinning him to the peak of a mountain!

It was the Covenant Deity he had been fighting.

At the same time, Cyriel's cold, icy arrow intent transformed into invisible shackles, briefly freezing the spacetime where Osinger, Barris, and Ganseng stood.

The next moment, a sword light from the heavens blazed.

It appeared to be a simple line, but it seemed to carry the weight and will of the entire continent.

It crossed the space, precisely landing in the frozen region of Godfall Gorge.

There was no booming sound.

Wherever the sword light passed, there was complete silence!

The ancient Godfall Gorge was split open cleanly.

The incision was smooth as a mirror, and the depth was unfathomable.

Osinger, Barris, and Ganseng, along with the space they occupied, vanished!

No blood splattered, no energy dispersed.

It was as though an invisible giant mouth had swallowed them, erasing all traces of their existence.

It was as if they had never existed at all.

Fett, nailed to the peak, nearly went mad.

He had struggled against the Chaotic Artifact, but he knew in his heart that even he, facing that sword light, would have met the same fate!

Three True Gods were slain just like that.

Had their arrival been nothing but a death sentence?!

Fear overwhelmed him.

He didn't even dare to pull the spear out of his chest, burning his last remnants of divine soul in a desperate attempt to escape.

The next moment, an arrow laced with extreme cold pierced silently into the back of his head, nailing his final breath and consciousness.

"All troops!"

Suggwoth's voice was hoarse yet excited.

The military formation expanded dramatically as his will permeated the air.

He pointed his sword at the dark passage ahead, his voice echoing across the battlefield.

"March into the Abyss Demon Realm!"

...

Abyss Demon Realm, Secondary Demon Realm.

The entrance to the spatial passage had turned into a meat grinder.

Demon realm defenders gathered all their strength and warriors.

They continuously sent troops through the narrow passage, using overwhelming firepower to seal off any enemies trying to break through.

The first wave of Crossbridge Empire's vanguard suffered heavy casualties under the concentrated assault.

"Destroy the passage entrance!"

"We cannot allow them to establish a bridgehead!"

A high-ranking demon general floated in the air, hurriedly commanding.

The guards from Secondary Demon Realm and nearby castles were rushing to the battlefield.

While these forces were not the primary troops for battling lower realms, their strength in guarding territories and cleansing demonic creatures was formidable.

At this moment, their layered defenses surrounded the passage entrance, blocking it tightly.

"What is happening?!"

In the depths of the main temple, High Priest Maurice appeared in the sky.

Four enormous black-and-white wings unfurled fully, each feather seeming to gleam with a sharp edge!

The mind power of a True God surged like a tide, sweeping across the war-torn Secondary Demon Realm.

Maurice, along with other Four-Winged Demon race priests, also wore grim expressions.

Several space ripples flashed.

A few core Four-Winged Demon generals hastily appeared, unable to even salute, urgently reporting.

"High Priest!"

"Priests!"

"The Crossbridge Empire army has broken through the passage and is now engaged in fierce battle with our forces in Secondary Demon Realm!"

"Lord Wesley is leading the remnants of the army in a desperate resistance, but the situation is critical!"

"What did you say?!"

"Are you telling me they've entered the Dawonru Empire's territory?!"

Maurice's voice was like a polar wind, his gaze stabbing into the messenger.

The demon general stiffened.

"Yes!"

"The enemy's offensive is ferocious. They have already created a battlefield within the demon realm!"

"Lord Wesley is unlikely to hold them off!"

"Absurd!"

Maurice growled.

His eyes were filled with disbelief.

"What about the four generals sent by the military?"

"What about Firmament Sage?"

"What about the eight million elite soldiers of my Four-Winged Demon race?!"

"What are they doing?!"

The demon general's voice trembled.

"The front-line deserters said Firmament Sage and the military generals have already fallen on Eura!"

"Eight million elite troops have been almost completely annihilated!"

"Only Lord Wesley and a few demon generals managed to escape!"

"Fallen?!"

"You're telling me who fell?!"

Maurice almost couldn't believe his ears.

The crushing weight of a semi-True God's aura locked onto the demon general.

"Say that again..."

"Who fell?!"

The demon general almost collapsed under the immense pressure.

"I-it's... it's Firmament Sage!"

"And the four True God generals!"

"They... they've all fallen!"

Boom!

An invisible mental shockwave exploded in Maurice and Victor's minds.

"ALL fallen?!"

The two figures flickered slightly.

Fallen?

Firmament Sage—he was the one Temple of Truth had placed high hopes on!

He was the one considered most likely to step into the God King realm in the next thousand years!

That legendary being who had once received a blow from an old God King without falling!

To think that such an existence was struck down in a lower realm.

What kind of monster exists in that world?!

A year and a half...

From a minor kingdom to slaying a being on par with a God King?

This defies all logic!

How could this be...

This wasn't just an ally brought in through the whole clan's effort.

It was also the assurance that victory was possible!

Now that assurance was shattered.

Along with it shattered their entire expectation for the war.

The two fell into deep silence.

Their gazes turned to the distant battlefield where chaotic energies clashed and war cries rang out.

Eventually, without a word, they tore through space, heading straight for the heart of the Secondary Demon Realm battlefield!

...

Dark Corruption Temple.

Bone Reaper entered the main hall like a shadow.

"Master."

His voice was dry and hoarse.

"The Four-Winged Demon army's expedition has been confirmed as a failure."

"The Crossbridge Empire army has now counterattacked into our Dawonru Empire territory, engaging our forces in Secondary Demon Realm."

From the throne, the skull's eyes flared with two brilliant blue flames.

"What did you say?!"

His voice trembled with rare shock.

Thick, gray-black mist surged from the base of the throne, instantly filling the hall.

In the mist, countless faces of wailing souls flickered in and out of view.

"Where is Firmament Sage?"

"Where is Firmament Sage of the Temple of Truth?!"

"Did he not make a move?!"

The master's voice grew urgent.

Bone Reaper lowered his head and continued, "According to the faithful's reports from the edge of the battlefield, Firmament Sage was slain by Emperor Aurek of Crossbridge with a single sword strike on Eura."

The air in the hall froze instantly.

"A single strike?"

The master's voice dropped low.

The fire of the soul flickered uncertainly.

"You're saying that Firmament Sage was killed by that lower realm emperor with one strike?"

He knew the power of Firmament Sage.

Years ago, they had fought to a standstill.

But he had clearly felt that Firmament Sage's depth had already reached near the God King level.

Such an existence, killed with a single strike?

Another serious misjudgment of the enemy.

And this mistake had proven to be deadly!