

## Gods Daily 363

### Chapter 363: The Passage Has Fallen

"Intelligence confirmed, multiple eyewitnesses."

Bone Reaper added.

"Additionally, Ganseng, Osinger, and Barris, the three generals from the Dawonru military, have also fallen. According to the intelligence, it was Emperor Aurek who did it."

"Moreover, based on observations, the Crossbridge Empire's forces involved in this war are far from the previously estimated million-level; their total number may reach tens of millions."

Huumph—

The gray mist churned violently, reflecting the unrest within the master's heart.

After a long while, the mist slowly calmed.

"Tens of millions..."

The voice from the throne slowly repeated, heavy with a sense of inquiry.

"Are they all regular legions of Divine Cleric level or above?"

No matter whether the intelligence was exaggerated, the sheer number of tens of millions was enough to overturn any previous military predictions.

He had to reassess the enemy, Aurek, with an entirely new perspective.

However, Bone Reaper's next words caused the freshly calmed mist to fall back into a deathly silence.

"Not only Divine Cleric level."

"Among them, elite legions composed of Grand Divine Cleric level warriors are estimated to be over ten million in number."

"Master, this war has far surpassed border skirmishes."

"At this point, the Crossbridge Empire's displayed war potential is on par with that of the Dawonru Empire."

"I recommend a fundamental change in strategy."

A long silence.

The gray mist no longer churned.

Time in the hall seemed to freeze.

After a long pause, the master's voice finally resounded again, but this time, it carried a deep sense of caution.

"Send word. Deploy all faithful to infiltrate the Secondary Demon Realm and neighboring territories. Monitor the changes in the battlefield closely."

"The Dawonru military will not allow its territory to fall. A greater storm is yet to come."

"Ensure that all halls are on high alert and draw closer to that area..."

"In the future, that place may become critical."

"Yes."

"The invaders have now become defenders of their homeland."

"How ironic, that this is unfolding between the Dawonru Empire and a lower realm..."

The master's whisper echoed through the hall.

The flames of soul fire in his eyes flickered continuously, revealing that his inner turmoil was not as calm as it seemed.

"Ridiculous!"

"Truly ridiculous..."

The war did not stop with the collapse of one side.

The Empire's advance into the Abyss Demon Realm encountered fierce resistance.

The limitations of the passage's capacity became a bottleneck.

The Dawonru Empire's defenders used this to turn the entrance into a death furnace.

Any Empire soldier who showed themselves would be met with devastating attacks, resulting in heavy casualties.

Just as the front seemed about to fall into a stalemate,

the Mountain Shieldbearer Legion began to advance.

These soldiers, clad in rune-encrusted heavy armor and wielding massive shields comparable to city gates, let out deep battle cries as they stepped through the passage.

Their shields slammed into the ground, and holy symbols gleamed on their surface, linking together.

The skills Holy Light Barrier and Earth's Guardian were activated simultaneously!

A half-transparent golden giant wall suddenly rose at the entrance of the passage!

Next came a second and third layer, with tens of thousands of Holy Light Barriers overlapping.

The force of the earth beneath their feet merged with the holy light shield, forming a massive, though slow, and unstoppable moving mountain!

Boom!

Boom boom—!!

The demon realm defenders' storm of attacks pounded against the shield, producing continuous explosions.

The surface of the shield rippled violently, and the outermost layers shattered repeatedly.

But new layers of defense immediately formed to replace them.

The Mountain Shieldbearers moved with mechanical discipline, enduring torrents of magical force that could vaporize steel in an instant.

They managed to carve out an expanding foothold in that death zone!

More and more shield-bearers poured in, pushing the line outward.

The tens of thousands of overlapping Holy Light Barriers radiated an aura of despairing sturdiness.

Even the demon officers who witnessed this felt their scalps tingle with fear.

"Concentrate fire!"

"Break their divine technique connection! Don't let them stand firm!"

Wesley's voice grew sharp with urgency.

However, as soon as his orders were given, the situation on the battlefield changed.

The Elven Marksman Legion appeared behind the shield wall in a secure position.

They moved in perfect unison.

Drawing bows, they released a volley of arrows, their strings singing like a storm's roar!

"Stormwind Arrows!"

"Divine Hunt Technique!"

Endless streams of light gathered into a self-guided storm of destruction, precisely targeting the demon armies on the outskirts!

"This is the enemy's elite long-range forces! All soldiers, raise shields!"

"Defensive formation!"

An experienced high-ranking demon general, who had seen battles on the Eura continent, screamed in terror.

The Dawonru Empire's heavy infantry hastily raised massive shields and began to channel protective magic.

Yet the arrows of the storm seemed to have a mind of their own, easily finding the weak points in their defense.

They ripped through space, launching attacks from the sides and rear.

The once-impregnable shield formation was easily torn apart and pierced by the storm!

The Mountain Shieldbearers, taking advantage of the breach, steadily pressed forward, expanding the landing zone.

As the space stabilized, Suggwoth, Harry, Tina, and other generals led the Empire's main forces, formally stepping onto the land of the Abyss Demon Realm!

"Lord!"

"The passage has fallen!"

"The enemy's main forces are pouring in continuously!"

A blood-soaked demon general rushed to Wesley's side, his voice filled with despair.

"Everyone fall back! Reform the defenses!"

"Fighting with their vanguard here is futile!"

Wesley watched as the iron-like tide of the Empire's army surged.

He could feel the immense pressure coming from the other end of the passage, almost causing his teeth to grind.

He knew there were tens of millions more troops behind them.

Once they deployed in full force, the Secondary Demon Realm would be instantly overwhelmed.

He painfully closed his eyes.

"Wesley, where do you think you can retreat to?!"

A cold voice came from behind.

Maurice and Victor, along with other high-ranking Four-Winged Demon race leaders, had arrived.

Their eyes were filled with bitterness and disdain as they watched the grim situation unfolding.

Maurice locked eyes with Wesley, his icy gaze like solid steel.

"Wesley, every step you take backward is pushing your family deeper into an abyss of no return."

"The lord's anger can only be appeased with blood."

"From the enemy."

"Or from your entire clan. You choose."

How many more would die? They didn't care.

Wesley's face turned ashen, yet he couldn't speak a word.

The image of Firmament Sage being slain by a single strike, the generals of the military evaporating instantly, and the boundless enemy army—

The overwhelming sense of helplessness consumed him.

"All troops, listen up!"

Maurice stepped forward.

His booming voice spread across the battlefield, full of unquestionable resolve.

"Hold the line at all costs!"

"Not a single step back!"

"Wait for Dawonru Empire reinforcements!"

"Any soldier who retreats in fear of battle, regardless of rank, will be executed immediately!"

They had no retreat left.

The responsibility for losing the territory was enough to uproot the entire Four-Winged Demon race.

Only by shedding blood and life could they buy time.

Waiting for reinforcements that might never come.

Only then would their family have a slim chance of survival.

As for how many lives would be sacrificed, it had become irrelevant.

There were only two possible outcomes: heavy casualties or the complete annihilation of the clan.

The grinding wheel of war continued to roar heavily and bloodily across the land.

However, even the eight million elite forces were wiped out in that massacre.

What could these hastily assembled defenders and city guards do?

Their charge was no different from moths to a flame!