

Gods Daily 415

Chapter 415: The Lord of the Temple, Veynar

"The Crossbridge Empire seems to want to use the remaining territory of the Demonwing Empire as a buffer zone to reduce direct contact with the Holy Kare Mountains."

"Aurek's plans are well thought out. Losing to him is not unjust."

"The empress and the princesses... they have also been escorted to the Eura continent."

"Your servant... was powerless to protect them."

Hankley's voice was low, tinged with bitterness.

Gustav's heart suddenly twisted in pain.

There was no greater failure, no harsher blow, than this.

Even his wives and daughters had become trophies for the enemy, jewels adorning their crowns!

His heart churned with hatred, even turning against his own helplessness.

However, he forced all these emotions deep within him, burying them in the deepest recesses of his soul.

He gazed intently at the direction of the Secondary Demon Realm, as though trying to etch the broken lands into his very being.

Finally, he resolutely said to Hankley, "We're going to the Holy Kare Mountains."

He tore through space, and together with Hankley, they stepped into it, their figures disappearing into the familiar, yet now alien, homeland.

Here, there was no place for him to stand.

Only by heading to the Holy Kare Mountains, where powerful beings gathered, did he perhaps have a faint hope of rising again.

Otherwise, the life he had barely managed to save would be meaningless.

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Holy Kare Mountains

The land here was more than ten times larger than the Demonfeather region and connected to the countless islands scattered across the Snail Sea, its vast territory beyond imagination.

As the undeniable center of the demon realm and the ruling core of the Council of the Dark Order, this place attracted powerful beings and factions from Demonfeather, Yuli, Sablecliff, Snail Sea, and many special regions.

Therefore, its level of prosperity far surpassed places like Demonfeather.

On the coast near the Snail Sea stood a magnificent divine city known as Ancient Y City.

This city governed four castles and twenty-eight large islands.

These twenty-eight islands were the most significant among the countless islands in the Snail Sea.

Each island's size was comparable to a large province on the Eura continent.

The sea surrounding these islands stretched infinitely, creating a vast expanse.

The total area under Ancient Y City's jurisdiction was roughly one percent of the entire Eura continent!

In the core temple of Ancient Y City, a general clad in bright silver paladin armor bowed deeply to the temple's depths.

"My lord! A great change has occurred in the Demonfeather region!"

"The giant elephant demon race has been exterminated, and the Dawonru Empire has been destroyed."

At the end of the temple, on an ancient obsidian throne, sat a towering figure.

He didn't intentionally exude any overwhelming aura, but the natural presence of a higher being made the entire temple's air feel heavy.

He listened quietly, clearly focusing on the news from the Demonfeather region.

"The Dawonru Empire destroyed? And the giant elephant demon race wiped out?"

The voice of the towering figure was cold, as he fell into brief contemplation and memory. Then, he asked in a deep voice,

"Who did this? Was it the Demonwing Empire?"

"No, it was a force called the Crossbridge Empire, which is said to come from a lower realm called the Eura continent..."

Just as the silver-armored general began speaking,

The towering figure's eyes suddenly narrowed!

A powerful aura, belonging to a Sage Lord, erupted, causing the silver-armored general to tremble from head to toe.

The towering figure seemed to immediately realize his lapse and quickly withdrew the unleashed aura.

"Have you investigated it thoroughly?"

His voice returned to calm, but there was a slight tension underlying it.

"We've sent people to verify it."

The silver-armored general bowed.

The towering figure fell silent for a moment, then suddenly asked,

"What is the strength of the Crossbridge Empire?"

"Based on preliminary intelligence, their strength is incredibly formidable."

"It's said that they have a large number of God General-level legions, and... even God King-level legions."

"They've slain Sage Kings, and the giant elephant demon race was completely wiped out."

The silver-armored general reported, "With such foundation, they've at least reached the standard of a Divine Empire-level force."

"This matter... must be reported to the God Master immediately."

Upon hearing the mention of God King-level legions, the towering figure's mind jolted, and he was briefly stunned.

The silver-armored general noticed his superior's unusual reaction, but dared not ask further. He merely stood quietly, waiting.

After a long pause, the towering figure slowly spoke, his voice unreadable.

"I will personally report this matter. You may leave now."

"Yes!"

The silver-armored general, full of doubts, bowed deeply and left the temple.

"Eura continent..."

"The Crossbridge Empire..."

"Is it really that Crossbridge Empire?"

"No... Impossible... This can't be true..."

When the temple was left with only the towering figure, he murmured to himself.

The astonishment, confusion, and shock that had been forcibly suppressed earlier now resurfaced on his weathered face.

His full name was Aurek Veynar!

The first emperor of the original Crossbridge Empire on Fasiar Plains!

No one knew the inner workings of that empire better than him.

How long had he been gone?

Only a mere ten thousand years.

How could the empire he founded, still so young when he left, possibly have legions of God General-level soldiers, let alone God King-level legions, that even the Council of the Dark Order treated as treasures and as the core of their nation's defense?

As far as he knew, the Council of the Dark Order, after exhausting all their resources, barely maintained three elite God King-level legions.

To think, the Crossbridge Empire's strength surpassed all of that...

This was utterly incomprehensible!

It was as if the empire he remembered had never existed in the same dimension as this one, with a gap as wide as the heavens and earth.

When he left,

The strongest on the Eura continent was merely in the Divine Cleric rank, and even gathering a few hundred Divine Cleric-level individuals would have been difficult, let alone God General-level legions.

He immediately dismissed the possibility of this being the same empire.

Even if his descendants were to thrive and govern Fasiar Plains, that would be enough to satisfy him.

The idea of an offensive into the Abyssal Demon Realm or the elimination of the Dawonru Empire...

That was beyond imagining.

During its most glorious period under his rule, Crossbridge Empire was nothing more than a small, mortal empire, relying on a small regional hegemon for protection to maintain its stability.

And that hegemon's strongest member was likely only at the Divine Envoy rank, right?

Above the Divine Envoy rank, there were levels such as God Fire, Divine Cleric, Grand Divine Cleric, High God, God General, True God, God King, Sage King...

But now, this so-called Crossbridge Empire had not only surpassed these countless ranks,

But what was even more shocking was that they could assemble legions of God General and God King-level warriors!

Such unimaginable power!

If the empire he remembered were to rise again, even in the most absurd of dreams, he could never have conceived of such heights.

But...

The Crossbridge Empire from the Eura continent...

The same name...

The coincidences stacking up seemed far too... unbelievable!

Had the guardians truly overlooked Crossbridge Empire all these years?

He stared at the starry pattern on the temple's ceiling, letting out a deep sigh filled with complex emotions.