

## Gods Daily 416

Chapter 416: The Little Girl Who's Too Expensive to Raise

"Dark Wing, go to the Abyssal Demon Realm and find out exactly where this Crossbridge Empire comes from."

Aurek's voice echoed through the hall.

A man stepped soundlessly out of distorted light and shadow, then knelt respectfully before Aurek.

"Master! Do you require me to infiltrate the Eura Continent for the investigation?"

Aurek fell silent, deep in thought.

After a long while, he finally made his decision.

"First, verify the connection between the Crossbridge Empire and the Eura Continent."

"If it is confirmed that the two Eura Continents are in fact the same plane, then find a way to infiltrate and investigate further."

"While you're at it, take a detour to the Fasier Plains and have a look."

The Dawonru Empire had already fallen. The Abyssal Demon Realm was now, for all intents and purposes, almost entirely under the control of this Crossbridge Empire.

If it truly originated from the same Eura Continent that existed in his memories...

Then that homeland must have undergone changes far beyond imagination.

He was genuinely concerned about Crossbridge's situation.

However, he had only just managed to secure a foothold in Ancient Y City, gaining a certain status and access to resources.

These were the fruits of his predecessors' efforts combined with his own hard work—things he could not abandon lightly.

If he left now, his current position and accumulated advantages would almost certainly be seized by rivals who were watching him like hawks.

Moreover, the Tribunal Temple was already stirring. At this moment, he absolutely could not free himself.

For now, the only people he could truly trust were Dark Wing and a handful of others.

They were the most loyal legacy left to him by his predecessors.

Dark Wing bowed deeply and accepted the order.

Aurek added, "If there are any outstanding talents among the younger generation, bring them along as well."

Dark Wing's figure merged back into the shadows and vanished.

Almost at the same time—

A burly man clad in ferocious black armor, and a middle-aged man wearing the standard high-ranking Divine Cleric robes of the Council of the Dark Order, entered the hall one after the other.

An invisible yet immensely powerful barrier instantly enveloped the entire hall, cutting off all prying eyes.

"With the fall of the Dawonru Empire, our plans must be adjusted,"

Aurek said, his tone returning to the calm authority of a supreme commander.

The Divine Cleric-robed man, however, spoke as if lost in thought.

"Have you never doubted it? Both coming from the Eura Continent, both bearing the name Crossbridge Empire..."

"Is it possible that this really is the one you founded?"

Aurek glanced at him but did not answer immediately.

"All right,"

the Divine Cleric said with a self-mocking smile.

"I'm overthinking it. After all, only we truly understand the foundations of the Eura Continent."

The founder of this Crossbridge Empire was, at present, merely at the God King realm.

A mere ten thousand years—for the civilization there, that wouldn't even be enough time to cultivate a conventional grandmaster-rank army, let alone legions at the God General or God King levels.

The idea itself was indeed laughable.

"Could it be... the god realm?"

the heavily armored man suddenly proposed another possibility.

"What if some existence from the god realm made a move on the Eura Continent, using it as a springboard to plan an invasion of the Abyssal Demon Realm?"

As soon as those words were spoken, both Aurek and the Divine Cleric's expressions darkened.

The god realm was far more mysterious and terrifying than the Abyssal Demon Realm.

Within it existed ancient forces on the level of Divine Empires.

If one of them had truly descended, then the Eura Continent would likely have already fallen completely.

Using planar channels to strike back at the Abyssal Demon Realm afterward was not impossible.

"Let's wait for Dark Wing's investigation results,"

Aurek said gravely.

This sudden upheaval had completely disrupted their long-brewing plans, forcing them to remain on high alert.

"The Tribunal Temple will probably send people to investigate as well,"

the Divine Cleric said with visible concern.

"They'll very likely try to win over this Crossbridge Empire, forming an alliance against the Council of the Dark Order."

"If that happens, the Demonwing Empire will bear the brunt of it, and our plan... may very well collapse entirely."

After all, the core of their plan rested on the Demonfeather sector.

Now that region was in turmoil, and everything was filled with uncertainty.

A cold glint flashed in Aurek's eyes.

The sudden emergence of the Crossbridge Empire had indeed disrupted their carefully prepared deployment.

But because this matter involved the Eura Continent, he had no choice but to temporarily conceal that connection, to avoid drawing the Tribunal Temple's or the Council of the Dark Order's attention to that homeland too early.

Once those colossal powers set their sights on it, the Eura Continent would have no chance of survival.

"The drastic changes in the Demonfeather sector haven't yet fully spread throughout the Holy Kare Mountains,"

Aurek said in a deep voice.

"This is the only reaction window we have."

His gaze seemed to pierce through the walls of the hall, fixed on an unknown distance beyond.

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Under the jurisdiction of Ancient Y City.

Deep within Boro Island—one of the Twenty-Eight Sea Islands—stood a towering mountain perpetually shrouded in mist: Mount Wumeng.

For tens of millions of years, no one had set foot here, nor had anyone ever left.

Yet today, the mist at the mountain's base rippled gently, and from it emerged an old man and a child.

The old man was raggedly dressed, holding a damaged walking staff, his appearance unkempt and shabby.

Beside him walked a porcelain-doll-like little girl, exquisitely delicate, wearing a robe that shimmered with flowing radiance.

The garment was adorned with extremely rare elemental pearls, dragon crystals, divine stones...

Every single ornament was enough to drive True Gods—or even God Kings—into a frenzy of competition!

And within the law-patterned agates were sealed pure sources of rules themselves, treasures that would make even Sage Kings and Divine Oracles burn with envy.

Most astonishing of all, within several of the dragon crystals, tiny dragons could vaguely be seen swimming inside!

The little girl rubbed her nose, looked up at the shabby old man, and spoke in a crisp, childish voice.

"Grandpa, I'm hungry."

The old man's mouth twitched slightly.

They had only just stepped out the door!

Not long ago, she had eaten an entire Sage King–level armored python-dragon, and now she was already hungry again...

This child... he truly couldn't afford to raise her anymore!

"Look at your grandpa—does he still have any meat left on him?"

he said.

"How about... you make do and take a bite?"

He stretched out his scrawny arm and offered it to the little girl.

"Giggle, giggle—!"

Baoduoduo burst into a string of bell-like laughter, revealing two adorable little tiger teeth.

"I'm kidding, Grandpa! I'm not hungry right now."

But the old man couldn't laugh at all.

He looked down at his own outfit.

Back then, he had once been unimaginably wealthy, enjoying boundless glory...

"Can't afford it anymore... looks like I really need to find a reliable faction to raise this little brat for me..."

the shabby old man muttered to himself, his gaze turning toward the other end of the Snail Sea, toward the sky belonging to the Abyssal Demon Realm.

He took the girl's hand and stepped away from Mount Wumeng.

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Outside Ancient Y City.

On a desolate plain bordering the Demonwing Empire and the Yuli sector, several men stood quietly.

They wore garments emblazoned with the longsword totem.

They were guards of the Tribunal Temple.

At this moment, all of their gazes were fixed on the direction of the Demonwing Empire.

The division of the Demonfeather sector and territories like Yuli was the result of countless ages of covert struggle between the Tribunal Temple and the Council of the Dark Order.

Otherwise, the entire Abyssal Demon Realm might have long since become a unified Holy Kare Mountains.

And now, another force—the Crossbridge Empire—had intervened with overwhelming momentum.

No one dared underestimate this newly arrived behemoth.

An army of millions of God Kings, tens of millions of God Generals...

This level of power already faintly surpassed the standard of an ordinary Divine Empire—level faction.

Its involvement would inevitably further disrupt the already delicate balance of the Abyssal Demon Realm, posing a powerful deterrent to all existing forces.

Yet within crisis, opportunity might also be hidden.

The key lay in how to judge it—and how to make use of it.

That was precisely the purpose of their journey.

To evaluate whether this Crossbridge Empire posed a greater threat, or whether it contained factors that could be exploited to their advantage.

Their figures transformed into streaks of dark-red light and dissipated into the wind.

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