

## Gods Daily 420

Chapter 420: The Reclusive Dwarven Clan

The Crossbridge Empire truly originated from the Eura Continent—the land connected to the passage leading to the Secondary Demon Realm!

It had indeed risen from the Fasiar Plains!

The imperial bloodline still bore the surname Veynar!

The Emperor of the Empire was Aurek·Veynar!

In just about two years, he had transformed a weak and insignificant kingdom into a colossal power now capable of shaking the entire Abyssal Demon Realm!

After obtaining this information, he prepared to withdraw.

However, the few Judicatory Sanctum guards suddenly curled their lips into cold smiles, as if they had long since detected his presence.

A powerful surge of mind power instantly spread out, enveloping a vast area.

The moment Dark Wing sensed it, he fled toward the distance.

Several guards gave chase without hesitation, and both sides vanished into the void.

On a bustling street.

A little girl was happily licking a skewer of rainbow-colored candy, strolling along the road by herself.

Pedestrians cast curious—and even greedy—glances in her direction.

Her clothes were adorned with peerless treasures that could practically blind onlookers with their brilliance!

They might not recognize the other items, but the few miniature dragon crystals were unmistakable.

Too ostentatious. Too extravagant!

Yet no one dared harbor even the slightest ill intent—no one even dared to think too deeply about it.

Even a fool could tell that anyone bold enough to parade like this through the streets must have a powerful force backing her.

Behind the little girl, an elderly man carried an enormous bundle of rainbow candy. With his magical power, he was also dragging along a mountain of sauce-glazed roasted meat, meat pies, and other foods...

The next moment, the old man's steps faltered slightly.

He glanced toward the distant direction where an energy fluctuation had erupted and then swiftly faded, shook his head, and continued following behind.

The pile of food being dragged by magic nearly occupied half the street.

This little girl's talent for tormenting others was clearly no small thing—even his old bones were starting to feel the strain.

The Holy Kare Mountains, Saint Solen City.

This city was one of the most prosperous cities under the Council of the Dark Order's control, governing seven major regions and twenty-four provinces.

In Saint Solen City, every inch of land was worth a fortune. The Court of Darkness had paid an enormous price and pulled many strings through various channels just to purchase a plot of land here and establish a preliminary foothold.

Entering Saint Solen City this time was entirely different from their previous infiltration of Twilight City.

The Court of Darkness acted with extreme discretion and restraint.

After all, this city concealed countless powerful figures and ancient forces.

Aside from Cyriel, a God King, the entourage this time also included ten thousand God General-rank void warlocks, ten thousand True God-rank titans, and a number of Elemental Assassins who had already infiltrated the city to handle intelligence gathering and surveillance.

Together, they formed the Court of Darkness's eyes, ears, and defensive force within Saint Solen City.

Through the void warlocks' domain-level teleportation, Aurek's decree was delivered here.

Inside the Court of Darkness.

Natasha carefully read the contents of the decree, then handed it to Cyriel beside her.

After reading it, Cyriel looked at Natasha and said,

"There are indeed a few Sage King-rank dwarven weapon masters in Saint Solen City."

"But if we want to forge a weapon that surpasses a Chaotic Artifact, relying on just a few Sage King-rank masters will be far from sufficient."

Natasha walked to the window, falling into thought.

Both she and Cyriel knew that the so-called Celestial Divine Gold was the hardest and most magically compatible legendary metal known to date.

Although they had no idea where Emperor Aurek had obtained it, forging a weapon based on such material could not tolerate even the slightest mediocrity.

Ordinary Sage King–rank forging masters likely wouldn't even be qualified to handle such material.

"We'll go to Starlight Valley and seek out the dwarves there," Natasha said as she turned around.

"You'll come with me."

Cyriel nodded in agreement.

Starlight Valley was one of the seven great regions of Saint Solen City.

It was also the most prosperous center of forging craftsmanship in the entire Holy Kare Mountains.

Naturally, many master forgers gathered there.

Among them, the dwarven race was the most representative and the pinnacle of forging excellence.

A teleportation gate of light opened, and Natasha and Cyriel were directly transported to an ancient town on the outskirts of the dwarven domain.

Starlight City—one of the most renowned forging holy lands of the Holy Kare Mountains.

Many famous Chaotic Artifacts, such as the Violet Thunder Hammer, the Soul Chalice, and the Dragon-Hunting War Spear, all originated from this place.

Legend had it that they once attempted to forge a dominion-grade divine weapon—the Rule Ripper!

However, due to an invasion by external enemies, the forging process was forcibly interrupted, triggering a terrifying backlash of laws.

This not only led to the deaths of several of the dwarven clan's top forging masters, but also caused that sword to be permanently frozen in a half-finished state, bringing immeasurable losses and disgrace upon the entire dwarven race.

That Rule Ripper had originally been commissioned by a princess of the Council of the Dark Order.

Because of this incident, the dwarven clan had also suffered unjust treatment from the Council.

In the end, their founder, Ashen Lord, sealed the city gates in fury and ceased accepting any forging commissions from the outside world.

In all the years since, they had not forged a single weapon renowned throughout the realm.

Natasha, Cyriel, and the accompanying warriors arrived at the entrance of Starlight City.

A colossal city gate shaped like a warhammer stood before them.

"Court of Darkness, Natasha, requests an audience with Lord Ashen!"

Natasha's clear voice rang out.

Buzz—!

A golden vortex of energy rippled across the surface of the hammer-shaped gate.

Two dwarves clad in the race's iconic armor, their auras steady and profound, emerged from within.

They looked toward Natasha and Cyriel.

When their gazes fell upon the solemn and silent formation behind them, their pupils subtly contracted.

Natasha herself was only at the quasi-God General rank, but the thousand warriors behind her all radiated powerful fluctuations at the God General rank or even the True God rank!

Such a scale of high-level guards was absolutely not something an ordinary force could easily produce—even in Saint Solen City.

As a result, they did not dare to underestimate this previously unheard-of Court of Darkness in the slightest.

"Madam, the dwarven clan no longer accepts forging commissions from the outside world. Please return,"

one of the dwarves said politely but firmly.

Natasha was in no hurry and replied calmly,

"I have come this time to request that the dwarven masters forge a weapon that surpasses a Chaotic Artifact."

Surpass a Chaotic Artifact?!

The eyes of the two dwarves instantly sharpened.

"Any conditions the dwarven clan may set—"

"—the Court of Darkness will do its utmost to fulfill them,"

Natasha continued, raising the stakes and displaying unwavering sincerity and confidence.

"Bring them in."

At that moment, a faint, ethereal voice echoed in the minds of the two dwarves.

They exchanged glances, suppressing the surprise and confusion in their hearts.

Among the many well-known powers of the Abyssal Demon Realm, they had never heard of a force called the Court of Darkness.

But since that one had spoken, they dared not show the slightest negligence.

The two dwarves led Natasha and Cyriel past the stone monument and into the space beyond.

What lay inside was not an ordinary structure, but an independent miniature plane.

Mountains, rivers, molten lava, and subterranean fire—all were present, forming a world created solely for forging.

They were brought before a mountain range piled high with all manner of shattered and damaged weapons.

Yet even these so-called scraps were mostly of legendary artifact quality or higher!

This discovery caused Natasha and Cyriel to secretly marvel.

Even within the Abyssal Demon Realm, a considerable number of people had never even seen a legendary artifact in their lives.

And here, they lay scattered everywhere!

Even broken and discarded ones were treasures forever beyond the reach of the masses.