

## Gods Daily 421

### Chapter 421: Ashen Lord's Conditions

Deep within the mountain range.

There stood a gigantic furnace that drew upon the earth-veins' God Fire. An elderly man in a gray robe sat silently before it with his back to them, gazing at the dancing divine flames within.

His aura was perfectly natural, as though he had already fused with this world itself—vast and profound, impossible to read, impossible to gauge the depth of his rank.

"Clan Chief, the guests have been brought," a dwarf reported respectfully.

The old man did not turn around. He continued watching the God Fire, his voice aged yet calm.

"A weapon that surpasses a Chaotic Artifact... could be a dominion-grade divine weapon, a world-class wonder, or even an origin relic."

"Which one do you seek?"

As someone of the Crossbridge Empire, Natasha showed no fear. Composed and unhurried, she countered smoothly,

"That depends on how far your forging arts can truly reach, doesn't it?"

The two dwarves frowned slightly, displeased by words that bordered on provocation.

"What are the materials?" the old man called Ashen Lord asked as he rose slowly and turned to face Natasha.

He was short in stature, but in the depths of his eyes there seemed to burn a fire capable of smelting all things.

Natasha spoke plainly, without evasion.

"Celestial Divine Gold as the primary material, supplemented by multiple god-tier auxiliary materials, as well as some rare extraterrestrial oddities."

"Celestial Divine Gold?!"

Ashen Lord's dim eyes suddenly burst with a terrifying brilliance.

An uncontrollable, overwhelming pressure spread outward like a tidal wave!

Cyriel stepped forward. The mighty True God-rank pressure formed a barrier, shielding Natasha.

The two dwarves' pupils shook violently as shock seized their minds.

Celestial Divine Gold!

As forgemasters, they understood better than anyone what this legendary material represented!

A divine metal that existed only in ancient epics and myths of the God Age!

To possess such world-shaking divine gold...

What in the world was this Court of Darkness?!

"Y-you... are you certain you truly have it?" Ashen Lord asked again, his voice carrying a faint tremor he could not fully conceal.

Natasha answered with absolute certainty.

"The Court of Darkness conducts itself on the basis of integrity. We would never speak falsely or deceive."

"Moreover, for the dwarven clan, this is also an opportunity... an opportunity to make amends for the regrets of the Rule Ripper, and to restore your prestige."

"I trust... you won't refuse, will you?"

Ashen Lord clasped his hands behind his back, a thoughtful look spreading across his aged face.

After a moment, he spoke slowly.

"It is not impossible for the dwarves to reopen our gates. But... you must agree to three conditions."

"Please, go on," Natasha replied. She had already prepared herself.

Before she departed, Aurek had granted her full authority—no matter the cost.

Ashen Lord's gaze burned like a torch as he enunciated each word.

"First: go to Sablecliff and slay the Abyssal Demonic Dragon—Wings of Calamity. Bring me its complete dragon bones and dragon heart."

"Second: ten god-tier sacred elixirs."

"Third: if there is any Celestial Divine Gold left after the forging, all remaining scraps and offcuts shall belong to the dwarven clan."

"Agreed," Natasha said without hesitation, nodding immediately.

"You can decide this?" Ashen Lord narrowed his eyes.

He could tell Natasha was not the true decision-maker behind this commission.

Natasha revealed a faint, confident smile.

"The client's backing is far beyond what you imagine."

"I can guarantee this with the reputation of the Court of Darkness. If these three conditions are fulfilled... then we will also require Lord Ashen himself to personally lead the dwarves' core forging team to the designated forging site."

Ashen Lord nodded slowly, but inside, stormy waves were already crashing.

To speak with such tone and confidence—there were only a handful of forces in the entire Abyssal Demon Realm that could.

He began to secretly speculate what kind of existence stood behind this so-called Court of Darkness.

A dwarf led Natasha and Cyriel out.

After their figures disappeared, Ashen Lord fell silent for a moment, then murmured in a low voice,

"Mobilize every channel. I want to know everything about this Court of Darkness."

"Yes!"

The dwarf standing by bowed and withdrew swiftly.

After leaving the dwarven clan, Natasha and Cyriel returned to their base in Saint Solen City.

The Abyssal Demonic Dragon Wings of Calamity had been one of the chief culprits behind the Rule Ripper forging failure back then.

The harm and humiliation it had brought upon the dwarven clan made the entire race hate it to the bone.

However, that demonic dragon later defected to the Ossuary Court and obtained the protection of the Bone King, Otto.

Thus, no matter how unwilling they were, the dwarves could only bury their hatred deep within, powerless to act.

That was why Ashen Lord had listed this as the foremost condition.

Natasha quickly transmitted the dwarven clan's conditions back to the Secondary Demon Realm through an encrypted channel.

Ten god-tier sacred elixirs would not require raiding the treasured stores of the Divine Sanctuary; they could be assembled from the spoils seized after the fall of the Dawonru Empire.

As for the remaining offcuts of Celestial Divine Gold... that would require an estimate of the exact consumption.

If the leftover amount was negligible, giving them a bit would be no major issue.

The truly troublesome part was the first condition—slaying Wings of Calamity!

The moment they moved against Wings of Calamity, it would mean direct conflict with the Ossuary Court.

That would inevitably disrupt the delicate balance the Empire was currently maintaining in the demon realm, and might even trigger a chain reaction.

This was no longer a problem that she and Cyriel could resolve alone.

It had to be planned jointly by Lucio, Philip, Suggwoth, and the others on the front lines.

If it truly could not be handled properly, then it would have to be reported to the Aetherian Sanctuary, for Aurek himself to decide.

"My noble Emperor..." Natasha murmured softly.

In her mind, an image surfaced—an imposing figure, lofty and unrivaled.

She imagined him holding the Empire's newly forged peerless divine weapon, crushing the Divine Empire beneath his feet, trampling the entire Holy Kare Mountains—and even the Abyssal Demon Realm—into submission with overwhelming splendor!

Nothing could make her feel prouder than witnessing him personally destroy those supposedly supreme existences with absolute power.

That expectation and trembling excitement quietly spread within her heart.

Meanwhile, news that the Council's heir was to form a marital alliance with the Crossbridge Empire spread like wildfire throughout the Abyssal Demon Realm.

Under the deliberate maneuvering of the Noble Council of the Clouds, the rumors even reached the many islands of the Snail Sea.

On Radiant Isle, one of the three main islands of the sea domain, within a mist-wreathed wooden cabin atop a mountain peak—

"Old friend, you don't plan to go back and take a look?" an elderly man in a robe embroidered with wave patterns asked, looking at the two white-haired elders playing chess across a stone table.

Of the two players, one was plump with a kindly face.

The other wore a deep-blue astromancy robe—he was none other than Starbound Savant.

The one who spoke was the lord of Radiant Isle.

And the one playing against Starbound Savant was his closest friend, Stillness Sage.

Hearing this, Starbound Savant's hand paused slightly as he held a piece.

He looked toward the Lord of Radiant Isle, confusion on his face.

"What do you mean by that?"

He should know that even the destruction of the Dawonru Empire would not particularly concern him.

The Lord of Radiant Isle smiled.

"I've just heard that your precious little granddaughter seems to be marrying into that Crossbridge Empire."

Starbound Savant fell silent.

He already knew about the fall of the Dawonru Empire. He had also heard that his student Firmament Sage had perished, and that Hankley's whereabouts were unknown.

He simply hadn't expected that Fiona, that girl, would choose this path.

And Antoine... seemed not to have stopped her.

"It seems today's game won't be finished," Stillness Sage said, setting down the king in his hand, shaking his head with a light chuckle.

"Since it concerns that little one's life event... I'll go back for a visit," Starbound Savant said as he stood.

"Do you want to come with me and take a look?"

Stillness Sage rose as well.

"Alright."

"We've disturbed the lord here for quite some time—also, it's about time we took our leave. With the demon realm undergoing such upheaval, we really should go and see for ourselves."

Starbound Savant nodded and saluted the Lord of Radiant Isle.

"My lord, we will take our leave for now. We'll meet again another day."

The Lord of Radiant Isle returned the salute.

Then he flipped his palm, producing a sphere of pure, endlessly circulating light, and handed it to Starbound Savant.

"Consider this my wedding gift to that child Fiona."

"This... an essence of the fire-aspect origin law?!" Starbound Savant's expression changed in shock.

"This gift is far too precious!"