

## Gods Daily 425

Chapter 425: The Unbelievable Dwarves

Deep within the underground royal palace of the Ossuary Court.

Upon the enormous throne, the Bone King Otto sat in silence, the flames burning within his eyes flickering steadily.

His skeletal fingers tapped rhythmically against the armrest as he listened to the urgent report from his subordinates.

"To successfully scheme against and silently eliminate Wings of Calamity,"

Otto's voice echoed throughout the palace,

"it could not have been the work of a single individual."

There was no discernible anger or delight in his tone—

only a bone-chilling coldness that made the surrounding air seem to freeze.

"It appears... I must accelerate certain deployments as well."

His gaze shifted toward several black-robed figures standing below.

"Your task is to identify the one who orchestrated this."

"There is no need for idle speculation about whether the Crossbridge Empire is responsible. What I want is conclusive evidence, and a precise evaluation of their true threat level."

"We obey Your Majesty's command!"

Otto continued issuing orders.

"Recall General Bardini and Priest Keer."

"Order the Immortal Legion to immediately return and reinforce the royal palace."

At those words, the soul-flames within the eyes of several high-ranking priests nearby flickered subtly.

General Bardini and Priest Keer were both experts of the Sacred Radiance rank.

As for the Immortal Legion—

it was the most elite force of the royal court. Every single soldier possessed combat strength capable of contending with a God King—tier existence. They had long been stationed at the most critical strategic strongholds of the Ossuary Court.

And now, merely because something suspicious might have occurred in Nisno Valley, such an important force was being fully recalled to defend the palace.

Was this not... excessively cautious?

Even bordering on timidity?

After all, the underground royal palace itself was guarded by multiple Sacred Radiance rank experts, not to mention the ancient defensive arrays empowered by generations of Bone Kings—layers upon layers of necromantic and arcane formations.

Though countless thoughts flashed through their minds, none dared voice a single doubt.

They had long since grown accustomed to the Bone King's character—

a caution so deep it was carved into his very bones.

Silver City

The Stillness Sage and the Starbound Savant had already returned quietly.

Suggwoth, Joshua, Antoine, and the others were waiting in the hall.

With a gentle smile, the Stillness Sage handed what appeared to be an ordinary linen bag to Suggwoth.

"It went fairly smoothly."

"Inside is the head of Wings of Calamity."

"To completely erase it will only require a bit of time."

"You have our gratitude, honored sages."

Suggwoth accepted the bag solemnly.

Joshua, Merolle, and the others could not hide their astonishment.

They had sensed no violent battle fluctuations from the borderlands, and barely any time had passed.

Yet a powerful Sacred Radiance rank existence had already been captured and brought back—dead?

The efficiency far exceeded all expectations.

Naturally, they had no way of knowing that the Stillness Sage, an ancient Sacred Radiance rank being, not only possessed unfathomable power but also wielded several peerless divine artifacts.

Combined with the coordinated ambush by the Starbound Savant, the White Lady, and Ares,

along with the layered Space Domains constructed by a God King-tier void warlock to completely isolate the battlefield,

and Lucio's pre-arranged interference arrays designed to suppress energy leakage—

With such multi-layered cooperation, silently eliminating the target was far from impossible.

Ares handed the sealed dragon head to Suggwoth.

With the demon dragon's head secured, one of the critical prerequisites for forging the Empire's supreme divine artifact had been fulfilled.

Suggwoth immediately issued orders for the demon dragon head, the ten pre-prepared divine-grade potions, and all other materials to be transported to Saint Solen City.

Saint Solen City

Upon receiving the demon dragon's head, Natasha immediately returned to the dwarves together with Cyriel.

"My lord,"

a dwarf reported respectfully to the Ashen Lord,

"Lady Natasha of the Court of Darkness has arrived again."

The Ashen Lord frowned slightly.

"Did she state her purpose?"

"She said... all three conditions we proposed have already been fulfilled."

The dwarf's face was filled with disbelief.

A sharp glint flashed through the Ashen Lord's eyes as he looked at the dwarf.

"Truly? Are you certain?"

Only a few days had passed since he made those demands.

Gathering ten divine-grade potions might still be conceivable.

But to slay a Sacred Radiance rank demon dragon deep within the heartland of the Ossuary Court?

That difficulty bordered on the impossible.

If it were truly that easy, how could the dwarves have endured suppression for so many years?

"Invite her in."

Suppressing the turmoil in his heart, the Ashen Lord spoke in a deep voice.

Before long, Natasha and Cyriel once again arrived at the mountain range piled high with discarded materials.

"Honored lord,"

Natasha greeted with a formal salute.

The doubt in the Ashen Lord's eyes had not completely faded as he asked directly,

"Lady Natasha, I hear your side has completed all conditions?"

Natasha nodded calmly and gestured toward Cyriel.

Cyriel stepped forward and waved his hand.

A surge of dense, terrifying dark dragon blood aura spread through the air!

A complete demon dragon head appeared before everyone.

The Ashen Lord's pupils contracted violently!

At the same time, several powerful auras surged over from different directions—

The dwarven forging masters had arrived.

They stared fixedly at the demon dragon head, shock and horror written plainly across their faces.

All the dwarves stood dumbstruck as they looked at Natasha.

Whether this head belonged to Wings of Calamity was something they—having fought it personally—knew all too well.

That uniquely terrifying demon dragon aura could not be faked.

After a moment, the Ashen Lord took a deep breath. The way he looked at Natasha became incomparably solemn.

And toward the power backing her, he dared not harbor even the slightest contempt.

To eliminate Wings of Calamity so effortlessly, right under the eyes of the Ossuary Court, and in such a short span of time—

The military strength, intelligence network, and execution capability implied by this feat were terrifying beyond imagination.

"It seems the patron Lady Natasha represents... is far from ordinary,"

the Ashen Lord probed cautiously.

Far from ordinary?

Such words felt laughably inadequate to describe the man who ruled heaven and earth in her heart.

Natasha's expression remained calm, her tone unquestionable.

"The client is indeed beyond imagination."

"Even I did not expect the matter to be resolved so quickly."

"These are the ten agreed-upon divine-grade potions. Please verify them."

She produced the second condition.

Unable to extract further information, the Ashen Lord abandoned further probing.

The dwarves stepped forward and carefully collected the potions.

"Then... what of the most crucial material?"

The Ashen Lord's voice carried a trace of urgency as the gazes of all the dwarven powerhouses around him burned with anticipation.

What they most wished to witness was the legendary Celestial Divine Gold.

Natasha produced a piece of metal suffused with deep, flowing starlight.

"Celestial Divine Gold! Genuine Celestial Divine Gold!"

In an instant, soft exclamations rippled through the crowd.

The Ashen Lord was visibly moved. A gentle wave of magic lifted the metal fragment before his eyes.

He examined it closely—

sensing it, touching it, even drawing forth a flicker of flame to scorch its edge.

Its unparalleled magical conductivity, indestructible texture, and resonance with ancient records were a perfect match!

This was indeed the Celestial Divine Gold that existed only in legend.

Natasha then produced several additional auxiliary materials.

Among them were a dark stone that constantly absorbed light,

and a cyan pebble engraved with natural law-patterns.

The Ashen Lord's gaze was instantly locked onto these two items.

Shock once again surfaced on his aged face.

"Voidrealm Stone?!"

"And a Primordial Rune Core?!"

"What?!"

The surrounding dwarven powerhouses were stirred once more, crowding forward to inspect them closely.

These items were divine relics spoken of only in myths—or in forbidden tomes concerning the endless star sea.

The appearance of even a single one was enough to plunge the world into chaos.

And now... they had all appeared at once.