

## Gods Daily 426

Chapter 426: Aurek's Pride

"Honored lady, just what kind of great figure is the client behind all this?"

A dwarven priest could not help but ask the question directly.

Natasha herself had not expected that these items would rival the Celestial Divine Gold in significance.

Yet her composure only deepened.

To firmly deter the dwarves and prevent any improper thoughts from taking root, her tone turned solemn.

"The identity of the client is classified at the highest level. We cannot disclose it."

"This is a matter of professional ethics and credibility."

"However, I believe all of you should already be able to sense a fraction of the client's strength from what lies before you."

The dwarven powerhouses fell into silence.

To casually produce such materials—

and to complete, with lightning speed, a hunting task that bordered on the impossible—

What kind of terrifying colossus lay behind such 'a fraction of strength'?

They dared not dwell on it any further, yet the answer was already clear in their hearts.

"The conditions set forth by the dwarves have been fully met by the Court of Darkness,"

Natasha continued calmly.

"What follows is entrusted to you, my lord, and to the masters present."

She was not worried that the dwarves would dare seize the materials.

Any existence capable of slaying Wings of Calamity—

its wrath was something the dwarven race could never withstand.

The Ashen Lord gazed at the materials before him—

treasures sufficient to drive any forgemaster mad.

The shock in his eyes gradually gave way to uncontrollable fervor.

"With these materials," he said, his voice trembling with excitement,

"to forge merely a single authority-grade artifact would be an unforgivable waste!"

"I must invite those old monsters who have long withdrawn from worldly affairs—no!"

"I will gather all the strength and wisdom of the dwarven race, and with our lifetimes of skill and devotion combined, forge a world-class artifact worthy of these materials—one that has never existed before!"

Ancient Y City

Dark Wing, battered and bloodied, staggered back into the city.

Within the divine hall, Aurek took one look at Dark Wing's weakened aura and shattered armor, and his expression darkened instantly.

He immediately produced a vial of sacred healing potion and handed it over, his voice heavy.

"What happened?"

"I was ambushed by the guards of the Judicatory Sanctum,"

Dark Wing replied hoarsely, his breathing slowly stabilizing.

"If not for the complex waters and raging storms of the Snail Sea, which allowed me to hide and escape... I would already be dead."

The enemy was a God King-tier existence, while he himself was merely a quasi-God King.

The gap was overwhelming.

If not for his mastery of darkness-based stealth and spatial displacement, survival against a joint pursuit by multiple God Kings would have been impossible.

Yet the risk he took was worth it.

The next words he spoke shook Aurek to his core.

"The investigation is essentially complete. That Crossbridge Empire does indeed originate from the Eura Continent."

"Its birthplace is the Fasiar Plains... and—"

He paused and looked at Aurek.

Aurek's hands clasped behind his back tightened unconsciously.

"Crossbridge?" Aurek demanded sharply. "Are you certain?"

Within his heart, storm waves crashed violently.

Eura Continent.

Crossbridge Empire.

Crossbridge.

Too many coincidences—

when coincidences stacked this deeply, they ceased to be coincidences.

Dark Wing nodded forcefully, his tone unwavering.

"The current emperor of the Crossbridge Empire shares your surname—Veynar."

"His name is Aurek·Veynar."

"After cross-verification from multiple sources... he is your direct blood descendant."

Boom—

A soundless thunderbolt exploded within Aurek's mind.

He froze, standing like a statue.

Those eyes that had once surveyed battlefields and seen through the currents of the world widened in utter disbelief.

How was this possible?!

He questioned himself again and again.

This was no longer something that could be dismissed as absurd or fantastical—it completely defied logic itself.

Even with the truth laid bare, the shock struck at the very foundation of his understanding.

No one knew better than him what the Crossbridge Empire's original starting point and strength had been.

Because it was he himself who had founded it.

Aurek·Veynar...

That name carried his blood.

"Ha... hahaha... Hahahaha!"

Suddenly, Aurek threw his head back and laughed.

The laughter pierced through the soundproof barriers of the divine hall and echoed across the corridors and plazas outside.

Officials and guards throughout Ancient Y City exchanged stunned glances.

This lord—renowned for iron-handed rule, coldness, and absolute authority—had never laughed so freely, so uncontrollably.

The joy and pride between Aurek's brows were now impossible to conceal.

This descendant of his... was simply too outstanding!

Only he truly understood how unprecedented these achievements were.

Sweeping across the Eura Continent.

Launching a counteroffensive into the Abyssal Demon Realm.

Toppling the Dawonru Empire.

Exterminating the colossal elephant demon race...

Each feat alone was earth-shattering.

Together, they formed a saga powerful enough to shake the entire Abyssal Demon Realm!

High God-tier legions.

God General-tier legions.

True God-tier legions...

The once-feeble empire of his memories had now become a force that crushed all opposition!

Aside from calling it a miracle—or the work of destiny's chosen—he could find no more fitting words.

The excitement and pride surging in his heart intertwined, swelling beyond restraint.

"My lord... should our plans be adjusted to lean more toward that side?"

Dark Wing asked quietly.

Aurek took a deep breath, forcibly calming himself.

His gaze sharpened once more, deep and resolute.

"The original plan proceeds as scheduled."

"And the Judicatory Sanctum?"

"I will personally dispatch envoys to handle them."

"As for the Council of the Dark Order... we wait until the mentor breaks free from the Second Sacred Coffin. With the gray-robed executive Raymond stationed there, nothing catastrophic will occur for now."

Aurek analyzed calmly and methodically.

"You should go to the Divine Spring of Life to recover. Restore yourself as quickly as possible."

Dark Wing bowed deeply and vanished slowly into the shadows.

"Aurek·Veynar..."

Aurek murmured the name—

a name that had drawn the wary attention of the entire Abyssal Demon Realm, and even once made him himself feel wary.

To think... he was his descendant?!

Amid the overwhelming joy, endless questions followed.

No matter how hard he tried, Aurek could not comprehend how this had been achieved.

From reshaping a corner of Crossbridge,

to crossing planes and striking into the Abyss,

to becoming a titan whom all hegemonic powers were forced to treat with gravity—

Such defiance of heaven exceeded even his boldest imagination.

He understood the Eura Continent's situation intimately.

He knew the balance of power within the Eastern Domain.

He was fully aware of the true state of the Fasior Plains.

And precisely because of that, he understood just how unbelievable this transformation was.

He longed to go at once—to see with his own eyes, to confirm everything personally.

Yet reason forced him to restrain himself.

He knew all too well what the Crossbridge Empire was about to face.

The terrifying foundations of the Council of the Dark Order and the Judicatory Sanctum.

The potential upheavals deep within the Endless Star Sea—and their ties to the Abyssal Demon Realm...

The road ahead was fraught with peril.

As an ancestor, concern inevitably took root in his heart.

Saint Solen City — Starlight Valley

The forging of the Empire's supreme war armament had been fully entrusted to the Ashen Lord.

He himself was a Sacred Radiance—rank grand forgemaster,

yet he knew all too well that completing such a world-shaking creation by his own strength alone would be nearly impossible.

Thus, he resolved to invite several ancient Sacred Radiance–rank forging masters who lived in seclusion deep within the Snail Sea to join him.

This was not merely the fulfillment of a promise to the Empire—

it was the ultimate challenge and transcendence every forgemaster dreamed of!

Moreover, the Ashen Lord knew that among them was a quasi–Sacred Radiance–rank old monster who possessed a long-lost Ancient Divine Script Engraving Art.

This technique would be the key to bestowing the weapon with its core laws and supreme killing authority.

The three harsh conditions had already been perfectly fulfilled.

What followed—the forging itself—

would be entrusted to the Ashen Lord and the dwarven race, who would pour forth every ounce of their wisdom and craft.