

Gods Daily 433

Chapter 433: The Great War of the Broken World

Above the clouds.

A golden skeleton gazed towards the Demonfeather battlefield, with several skeletal generals standing behind him. This golden skeleton's appearance was identical to the skull in the first hall of the Dark Corruption Temple. He was, in fact, the Evil God spoken of in the Dark Corruption Temple!

And his other identity was the God of War of the Ossuary Court.

The Dragon Bone God of War — Amber!

A peak-rank Ancient Divine Radiant, the most powerful general under the Bone King's command. Everything in the Dark Corruption Temple was under his control. He wielded a powerful forbidden technique — the Evil God Seed Origin Technique! This allowed him to transform the souls left behind from the battlefield into evil spirits, absorb necrotic energy to strengthen the demons, and even harvest faith power to further ascend in power. Through years of accumulation, he had cultivated a terrifying legion entirely composed of spirits — the Legion of Dark Demons, becoming the secret force in the battle for the Demonfeather sector.

This legion could completely infiltrate and lay in wait. With numbers surpassing hundreds of millions, it included Grand Divine Clerics, High Gods, and even God Generals, all commanded by True Gods. Now that the Empire and the Council were at war, it was the perfect opportunity!

"By the Bone King's secret order, the Legion of Dark Demons is to infiltrate Demonfeather and lie in ambush."

Otto coldly gave the command, and the skeletal generals behind him dispersed to carry out their orders.

These legions were originally prepared by the Bone King to seize control of the demon realm. The plan was to provoke a conflict between the Dawonru Empire and Demonfeather, then incite a battle between the Judicatory Sanctum and the Council. The Bone King's court would benefit from the chaos.

However, the Crossbridge Empire had emerged out of nowhere. Even though the war had begun earlier than expected, the plan could still proceed as intended.

Frontlines of the Battlefield: Council's Army

Kylian personally led the Executor Legion, Legion of Seraphim, and millions of Council soldiers into the Demonfeather territory, directly charging toward the Empire's army. Over ten thousand elite God King Executors split into two divisions to flank, aiming to tear through the Empire's lines. All of them wore divine armor and wielded divine punishment spears and runic shields, commanded by Sacred Radiance ranks, with captains being sage kings!

However, the lurking Elemental Assassins had already detected their movements.

Three million void warlocks teleported into position, folding space and creating cages to imprison the Executor Legion within the shattered sky. Space black holes and abyssal storms engulfed them, causing havoc on this elite unit.

"Kill—!"

The Executor Legion erupted with overwhelming battle intent, their divine shields blocking devastating blows. The formation moved like a blade, tearing apart space barriers under the leadership of the Divine Radiant commander. With their divine armor, their individual combat strength could even match a sage king's attack.

But the void warlocks' space control followed closely, tightly restricting their movements.

Two Sacred Radiance rank commanders forced their way through the folded space, clearing a path for the army. Stillness sage and Ares had already arrived.

The sage fought alone against two Divine Radiants, while Ares faced a group of sage kings. Titans joined the fray, using pure divine power to strike at the Executors' armor in an attempt to break their defenses.

High Above the Clouds, Kylian stood calmly, his hand on his sword, gazing coldly.

On the opposite side, Suggwoth also held his sword's hilt, his killing intent as cold as ice.

Clang—!

Suggwoth unsheathed his sword and shouted like thunder.

"Charge—!"

Two million Empire soldiers surged forward like an iron flood, charging headlong into battle.

"Crush them!"

Kylian roared, his voice resonating through the heavens. The two destructive torrents collided, shaking the sky, and the laws of the world screamed.

The titans led the charge, with Frostbound Warlocks freezing everything for thousands of miles.

Their massive fists fell, and the frozen world shattered. Void warlocks and Doomsday Warriors coordinated their attacks, with Mountain Shieldbearers forming defensive lines, while Elven Marksmen rained arrows upon the enemy.

Even the True God rank Legion of Seraphim suffered heavy losses in this combination, and the regular Council legions were obliterated in an overwhelming attack. Their lines quickly collapsed.

Kylian's face darkened.

Looking across the battlefield, only the Executor Legion was still capable of fighting. The other legions, including the Legion of Seraphim, were being pressed to the point of disarray.

His generals stood in shock.

"The emperor's decision... was right," Kylian muttered.

Previously, he had thought deploying the Executor Legion was an overreaction. Now, he understood how terrifying the enemy truly was.

"General, it's time to bring in the sage kings!" one of his generals urgently said.

Kylian nodded and issued a cold command.

"Mobilize all forces from the borders, at any cost, and fight to the last man!"

"Yes, Your Majesty!"

In the Holy Kare Mountains.

Sage kings descended from the skies to the battlefield, seeking to turn the tide of the Council's forces.

Suggwoth led the charge, with Starbound Savant stepping forward to block the devastating attacks from the Sacred Radiance rank.

Boom! Boom—!

The sound of earth-shattering explosions continued to resound.

The Demonfeather territory, the Holy Lands, and even Yuli trembled.

The Demonfeather sector broke apart, and even Snail Sea was affected.

Putt, far in the distance, felt a chill run down his spine.

Luckily, he hadn't chosen a side!

Even if ten Demonwing Empires were drawn into this, they would be obliterated.

Dorrak, Standale, and others looked on at the chaos and felt their minds tremble.

The battles they had fought before seemed like child's play compared to this.

The war continued to escalate.

The Council sage kings were continuously reinforced, while the Empire kept mobilizing its forces.

At the peak-power level, the Empire was at a disadvantage.

However, on the army battlefield, the Empire completely suppressed the Council.

The war spread rapidly, turning the abyssal demon realm into a powder keg, with long-simmering grudges finally exploding into bloody battles.

Aurek used the internal connections within the Judicatory Sanctum to drag them into the conflict.

Philip also attempted to form an alliance with the Holy Temple to fight the Council together.

Meanwhile, the Council poured its forces into sage kings and above, continuously reinforcing their numbers, unwilling to give the Empire any breathing room.

Without enough sage kings and Divine Radiant-level powerhouses, the Empire's special legions suffered massive casualties, forcing Suggwoth to shift from offense to defense.

Yet he couldn't understand why the Council, already heavily invested in this war, hadn't committed their full power to end it decisively.

This endless attrition—what was the Council truly calculating?

Even Philip couldn't fully comprehend the situation.

But he knew well the danger of the Court of Prophecy and proceeded with extreme caution.

The terrifying and unpredictable power of the prophecy masters could only be truly understood by those in the same field.

Lucio needed to guard the Ossuary Court's direction and couldn't come to aid.

Every step the Empire's legions took required careful calculation and predictions.

Although the Council hadn't yet committed all their resources, their current forces were already putting immense pressure on the Empire's defense.

For the Empire, aside from Stillness sage, Starbound Savant, and Ares, only one sage king was available.

Though Suggwoth had slain many strong foes, he was still one step away from advancing to sage king himself.

Merolle, Tredy, and others could hardly contend with those above sage king rank.

Adding even one more Divine Radiant would put enormous strain on the Empire's forces.

Ancient Y City.

Aurek had yet to make a move, waiting for his mentor to complete the transformation into the Sacred Body.

The Council had already achieved half of its goal—the war had begun, and the Empire had been drawn in. Now, they only needed to wait for the Court of Prophecy to complete the Star Reversal Magic Circle.

However, after witnessing the Empire's military strength, James grew wary and found himself believing more in the old man's prophecy.

Before the magic circle could succeed, the Council wouldn't use all of its resources.

Though James wanted to make a decisive strike, he feared that making a rash move could accelerate the collapse of the Council's fate.

What he didn't know was that the Empire still had Kaos watching over them.

If the Council truly gave their all, Kaos would intervene. Once the magic circle was completed, the Council would regain control and reverse the situation.

The astrologers of the Court of Prophecy were madmen who dared to alter the very laws of fate!