

The Growth 118

Chapter 118 - 21: Full-Scale Divine War (Part 1)

Dokwi World, within the Divine Hall of the Gods.

"It's the Death God! And it's the Supreme Death God overseeing an entire realm!"

Through the reflection in the Holy Grail, the nine Gods of Dokwi World all witnessed Yao Xin's divine might.

A single command negated all resurrection rules, and those Gods awakened by the Holy Grail were but fleeting illusions, returning once more to the pitch-black mire.

Such extravagant ability, such defiance of natural laws...

All the Gods present realized that the Death God who uttered this command must be a Main God and one who controls an entire realm as the Supreme Death God.

"Is it the Supreme God of that unfamiliar Divine Pantheon?"

At this moment, one of the only two Main Gods of the Dokwi Pantheon—the Earth and Fertility God, Ketoni—murmured, suppressing excitement.

From his eyes, the Gods saw desire, greed, and a black hole-like voracity that consumes everything.

No need for excessive words, everyone understood why Ketoni was behaving this way.

Because it was a Supreme God in the guise of a 'Half-Saint', a Netherworld God wielding Death.

If they could hunt him down, it would bring a cataclysmic transformation to the entire Dokwi World.

"This is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity!"

"If we miss this timing, we may never have the chance to witness a Supreme God personally coming forth again!"

The power of the Holy Grail is limited.

Those truly powerful Gods won't be easily knocked down a dimension by a mere Divine Artifact.

Therefore, if this opportunity is missed, the Dokwi Pantheon will never again have the chance to hunt a Supreme God.

"Why would a Supreme God of a world personally intervene?"

Akmon, a Supreme God of the same Pantheon, was clearly moved.

Yet amidst his excitement, he was puzzled as to why the Supreme Death God would personally involve himself in this war.

Unfortunately, Akmon's confusion quickly faded, overwhelmed by the benefits a Supreme Death God could offer.

After all, Akmon is also a part-time Death God.

If he could gain the authority of a Supreme Death God, perhaps he could remove the word "part-time".

"He Ao, stay in the Divine Hall and maintain the operation of the Holy Grail to the fullest!"

"As for the remaining Gods?"

"As usual, anyone willing to fight alongside me has the opportunity to share the ultimate spoils!"

Having not experienced a thrilling battle in a long time, Akmon smiled and then walked straight to the blood-colored Bronze Chalice without hesitation.

As the Supreme God of a war-loving Pantheon, Akmon himself is a formidable War God.

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Marz World, endless shadows converged in the air.

It was a darkness different from black matter, emitting a pure, tranquil aura of death.

Within this shadow, a majestic and elegant projection of a God suddenly emerged.

"The time for hunting has arrived!"

In a flash, a Sun God harnessing a fiery chariot burst from a gap in the sky.

His appearance was so sudden, so bold, that it stunned the Dokwi God Ascenders battling below.

For they recognized the identity of this newcomer and collectively shouted his name with fervent fighting spirit.

"Akmon! Akmon! Akmon!"

Accompanied by the earth-shattering chant, seven more Gods charged out from the Dokwi World one after another.

Though they appeared as incarnations, no one doubted the power of these eight Gods.

Especially with the unconditional support of the Holy Grail, these incarnations could be even more powerful than Gods appearing in the guise of 'Saints'.

"..."

Lowering her head slightly, the Goddess of Death· Yao Xin merely willed, and a "Dance Skirt" formed entirely by Wangchuan River appeared.

In the next moment, Yao Xin gracefully swayed her skirt, and the turbulent Wangchuan swiftly swept towards the eight Gods.

Splash!

Wherever the Wangchuan River passed, even powerful True Gods had to keep their distance.

But the Netherworld Race that suddenly emerged from the Wangchuan River would not miss this golden opportunity.

Each fierce-faced member of the Netherworld Race fearlessly rushed towards the incarnations of the Gods, seemingly willing to risk their lives to tear off a piece of flesh.

"Do not entangle with them! They are merely incarnations of death power!"

"As long as the Nether River persists, and the Death God remains immortal, they will continuously rebirth from the Nether River!"

Seeing through the Netherworld Race's nature in an instant, Akmon, driving the Solar Chariot, veered towards Yao Xin's head.

His target was the third Celestial Eye on Yao Xin's brow.

"Hiss!"

In a flash, a sky-covering White Snake emerged from the void, coincidentally blocking Akmon's path.

That's Hua She!

The Immortal sharing life with Yao Xin!

"Le Pen! IIs! Help me stall that White Snake!"

With Akmon's command, two God Subordinates wielding flame and thunder came from the sides.

Clearly, the Gods of Dokwi have surrounded and killed divine beings like this before, without making any extra noise or disturbance throughout.

[Merfolk Spirit!]

Silently watching the battle, Li Hao, from the depths, issued a command once again.

In an instant, all liquids in Marz World began to tremble.

Including the black matter that had been forcibly halted in place, now seemingly boiling under an inexplicable power.

"Not good! It's a Main God level Water God!"

Immediately sensing the abnormality, the God of the Ocean from Dokwi World issued a warning in advance.

Regrettably, sensing does not mean evasion.

Boom!

Just like recreating the previous scene of one hundred seventy-two Gods appearing.

An enormous Flood dragon, indescribable in words, suddenly rushed forth from the black mire.

He was so colossal, so majestic.

Just like a vast ocean, conveying an undeniable sense of resistance.

"Roar!"

The resonant dragon roar rose from a hum to a high pitch.

The violent Flood dragon stirred endless waves across the world, devouring all substances it could reach.

The black substance originally used by the Holy Grail to hunt and imprison the Gods now turned into the Flood dragon's aid, beginning to slaughter the Dokwi Gods.

"He is no God!"

"He is merely a 'Spirit of Nature' yet to ascend the Divine Throne!"

"As long as we find his 'Essence', it would be an extraordinarily easy task to kill him!"