

## **The Growth 463**

Chapter 463 - 11: Holy Spirit's Firstborn Son, Adam

Mithra World, within the interconnected underground spaces.

This is a gigantic steel city located underground, and a settlement under the protection of the Supreme Death God.

Under the full operation of the assembly line in the city's central factory, godslaying mechas with various functions and different specifications are continuously being produced.

The central core of these godslaying mechas is the "Divine Core" extracted from angel remains.

It is precisely because of the existence of the "Divine Core" that these mechas can distort rules and inflict damage upon True Gods of higher dimensions.

The shell constituting these mechas is made from nanomaterials carved at a microscopic scale, possessing astonishing recovery and computational abilities.

Even if a part of these shells is torn off individually, they can recombine into structures capable of combat.

Due to the microscopic carving of the internal components, even when detached from the godslaying mechas, they act as powerful supercomputers.

In a certain sense, under the catalyst of war, Mithra civilization has preliminarily touched upon the realm of "Artificial Gods."

"This is the terrifying aspect of war."

Silently emerging within the factory core, Enoch mused.

The Yawei Pantheon is a civilization that grew amidst war, and Mithra Civilization is similar.

Though this growth has come at the cost of consuming their own potential and forsaking all other developmental pursuits.

Yet if one disregards other considerations and evaluates purely by martial power and combat strength, Mithra is nearly an undeveloped Divine level Civilization.

Mass-produced gods mark the threshold of a Divine level Civilization.

And only when a civilization achieves full Ascension to Divinity can it be truly termed a Divine level Civilization.

"It's truly a civilization with terrifying potential..."

"Is this why you chose to hide in this civilization, my grandfather?"

Thirty-six wings slowly spread open behind him, Enoch's voice audible only to one person—just as his presence can only be seen by that person.

"I knew this day would eventually come, but I never expected you to be the first to find me."

As if responding to Enoch's voice, a young-faced yet white-haired "elder" slowly emerged from the factory.

He is termed 'elder' because, despite his youthful face, his eyes bore a weathered look.

This expression was a result of experiencing numerous epochs, witnessing countless events, each accumulating to form the wisdom of an elder.

"Regarding the reason I chose to hide here?"

"Simply because the creatures living in this world are very amiable."

The elder, or rather Adam, gazing at the silhouette of Enoch, was filled with regret and helplessness.

"Enoch, I told you long ago..."

"If the Yawei Pantheon continues down the path of plunder, it would inevitably lead to its destruction one day."

His tone paused slightly, as Adam seemed to reminisce about the time he was exiled from Eden.

The only one willing to bid him farewell was the son of Cain standing before him—Enoch.

"Clearly, you didn't heed my words from back then and have even gone to great lengths constantly inciting 'War of the Gods.'"

Upon hearing Adam's words, Enoch calmly turned around without the slightest hesitation in his gaze.

"Because this is the world's truth."

"For the Yawei World to continue existing, it must plunder the materials and energy from other worlds."

"To better plunder from other worlds, the Yawei World must make itself stronger."

"These are the rules established by the Divine King who created the Yawei World, and the reason Yawei World has continued amidst All Heavens and Myriad Realms for so long."

Just as Enoch stated, Yawei World's existence spanned an incredibly long time.

A world dating back to the Eighth Celestial Father period, yet continuing to exist even when the era of the thirteenth Celestial Father has vanished.

From a panoramic view across All Heavens and Myriad Realms, this world is a rare enduring existence.

Besides those worlds with Creators since ancient times, such an exaggerated longevity exceeds the limits of typical worlds.

In reality, even certain Creators that have existed since antiquity may have switched worlds multiple times.

"So, is this why you came to find me?"

After a brief silence, Adam asked, having seemingly understood the reason.

"Has the Yawei World reached its limit and now it's my turn to be sacrificed for its continuation?"

In understanding Yawei World, as the former Eldest Son of the Holy Spirit, Adam wasn't less informed than Enoch.

"From your perspective, indeed, no one is more suitable to extend the Yawei World's existence than me, who possesses both the Fruit of Life and the Fruit of Wisdom."

"But have you ever considered why the Holy Spirit didn't do this originally and instead chose to exile me from Eden?"

Adam's aged gaze sharpened during these words, his voice now imposing.

"Not because the Holy Spirit is merciful, considering father-son ties."

"But because I possess power comparable to the Holy Spirit, surpassing all Hands of God as the Supreme God."

His pupils suddenly turned golden, and a pair of golden wings unfolded behind Adam.

Almost as Adam released his power, a golden ring emerged above his head.

Unlike the Angel's Ring of Yawei Gods.

The ring above Adam's head appeared extremely complex and mysterious, seemingly inscribed with the world's rules and order.

Merely witnessing the ring's existence, Enoch involuntarily took a step back.

This was "Power of the Holy Father," equal to "Power of the Holy Spirit," a forbidden power nurtured by the fusion of both fruits.

Crucially, this forbidden power held infinite possibilities.

"You truly are the Holy Spirit's Firstborn Son..."

"Remarkably, you merged the powers of the Fruit of Life and the Fruit of Wisdom, reproducing the 'Golden Apple's' power."

The Golden Apple is a legend passed down since ancient times in the Yawei Pantheon, also the legacy left by Olympian Gods in their world.

During their peak, every Main God of the Olympian Gods was a Creator level existence because they consumed the Golden Apple.

"Regrettably, except for you, even the strongest Hands of God cannot simultaneously withstand the powers of these two forbidden fruits."

Sorrowfully shaking his head, Enoch's tone expressed regret.

If he knew Adam's secret, he perhaps wouldn't have come here today.

"My grandfather, you have been at ease for so long, it is time to contribute to Yawei World's survival!"

Before he finished speaking, Enoch's figure appeared directly in front of Adam, delivering a fatal palm strike to his chest.