

Gods Daily 227

Chapter 227: You Will Bring Destruction to the Empire

Outside the Space-Time Magic Realm.

Powerful beings from various forces in the Eastern Region had gathered outside the twisted entrance of the Space-Time Magic Realm.

Each figure emanated energy fluctuations that were enough to suffocate ordinary Stellar-rank warriors.

They stopped at the entrance of the chaotic canyon, their gazes fixed on the depths of the canyon.

Faintly visible in the distance, on a protruding rock shelf deep in the canyon, was a blood-soaked figure—it was Sophia!

"Little Sophia! The demonic laws within the Magic Domain have temporarily held them off, but this power is continuously weakening. We can't hold out much longer!"

"Delaying further would have disastrous consequences. Stop being stubborn, and you must merge with the Heart of the Holy Spirit now!"

The contract spirit fluttering around her anxiously warned.

"Some of the auras outside are already nearing the level of a divine envoy. If they launch an all-out assault, even I won't be able to protect you completely!"

A trace of hesitation flashed across Sophia's pale face.

Her gaze swept over the figures lurking outside, most of whom she recognized.

The original sage-rank of the Skyborne Church, the Weavers of the Veil, and over twenty Stellar-rank bishops under their command.

Two Stellar-rank generals from the Asman Empire, along with Prince Simon.

Princess Celeste of the Bishamira Forest, renowned for her beauty and pride.

The sage-rank Sword Apostle from the land of the Holy Sword.

The four Elemental Lords from the Ondor Council, all peak Stellar-rank warriors.

The ascetics of White Wing Abbey, led by the Abyss Chorister.

The Richard family from the Tidal Plains, led by Patriarch Richard IX.

The blood-soaked sage-rank—Scarlet Lord Edward!

And Saint Martin from the City of Fire!

...

Such a terrifying lineup of strong forces had gathered.

Sophia understood that she was indeed trapped in a dire situation.

The only thing she could be thankful for was that the Space-Time Magic Realm was filled with violent and bizarre demonic laws that could twist souls, causing the outside forces to hesitate before stepping in.

Even the strongest beings, including the original sage-rank ones who were on the verge of becoming divine envoys, feared entering.

With the protection of the contract spirit, she could temporarily resist the demonic laws in this area.

But time was rapidly running out.

Feeling her worsening injuries and the increasing pressure from the outside, Sophia found herself in a struggle.

If she didn't merge with the Heart of the Holy Spirit, there was no way she could escape, and the result would only be her demise—while the Heart of the Holy Spirit would be handed over to them for nothing.

If she merged, she could quickly recover and even enhance her power, but it would also light the fuse, drawing the full wrath of all the outside forces to launch a desperate attack.

More importantly...

The divine artifact she had hoped to keep for Aurek would now be irretrievably lost.

"To bear such serious injuries and still resist merging with the Heart of the Holy Spirit..."

The original sage-rank hovered in mid-air, his white robe fluttering in the wind, a trace of surprise flashing in his eyes.

The Weavers of the Veil, hidden beneath their hooded cloaks, revealed no expression.

"Finding her is half the battle. We have time to wait,"

The original sage-rank thought to himself. The subordinates he had sent to the Crossbridge Empire should have news by now.

Though using hostages as leverage was a cowardly and face-losing tactic for the Skyborne Church,

In the face of the Heart of the Holy Spirit—an artifact that could alter the entire Eastern Region and even offer a glimpse of the divine realm—temporarily sacrificing face was acceptable.

Once the goal was achieved, they could find a few scapegoats, claim they acted without authorization, and salvage the church's reputation.

The original sage-rank nodded slightly, silently approving of this strategy.

When compared to the imminent acquisition of the supreme artifact, a momentary stain was not unacceptable.

In contrast to the Skyborne Church's patience, other forces on the periphery seemed somewhat anxious.

Some attempted to carefully extend their mind power into the Magic Domain, but they were immediately corrupted and polluted by the demonic laws.

Demonic whispers, following the mental link, backfired, causing a few individuals to pale as they severed the connection.

"It seems we don't even have the chance to fish in troubled waters."

The young man in peach robes who had arrived later looked at the god-like figures and shook his head bitterly.

There were several sage-rank individuals, and countless Stellar-rank warriors.

The combined pressure from them made it difficult for him to even circulate his magical energy, let alone compete with such powerful beings.

Even so, more strong figures continued to converge from all directions.

Soon,

A grandmaster-rank officer from the Asman Empire, clad in armor, passed through the crowd and approached Prince Simon.

He saluted and spoke urgently,

"Your Highness!"

"By the commander's orders, you must immediately halt all actions against Lady Sophia and lead the troops to withdraw from the Godfall Canyon!"

Prince Simon furrowed his brows, not even bothering to look at the officer as he coldly snorted.

"This prince knows what he's doing. Leave!"

In his eyes, although sage-rank and Stellar-rank beings dominated the scene, making the younger generation seem powerless,

Sophia was one person, and the Heart of the Holy Spirit was one artifact.

Once the final struggle broke out, chaos would inevitably ensue.

And this chaos was the only chance for these weaker individuals.

Even if that chance was slim, as long as it existed, it was worth risking everything to wait!

After all, who could say that fate wouldn't favor them in the end?

Not only him, but Princess Celeste, as well as other heirs and geniuses from various factions, all shared the same thoughts.

Otherwise, they would have left long ago.

The grandmaster-rank officer did not back down, his voice growing even more urgent, with a hint of warning.

"Your Highness! I am not speaking in vain!"

"The power behind Lady Sophia is far more terrifying than imagined and may even surpass all known giants!"

"They have already sent tens of thousands of Stellar-rank warriors into the canyon in search of her! They will find us soon!"

"Tens of thousands of Stellar-rank warriors?!"

The geniuses standing behind Simon were stunned at first, then burst into absurd and mocking expressions.

Which faction in the Eastern Region could field tens of thousands of Stellar-rank warriors at once?

Skyborne Church?

White Wing Abbey?

Impossible.

The Stellar-rank guards also furrowed their brows, clearly thinking that the news was too absurd.

"Tens of thousands of Stellar-rank warriors?"

Simon sneered in anger.

"Are you under an illusion, or have you lost your mind? How dare you speak such nonsense..."

Before he could finish,

A massive shadow covered them, accompanied by a fierce dragon's aura.

Roar—!

A gigantic dragon tore through the clouds, landing at the entrance to the Magic Domain.

Golden Armor stood on its head.

His dark golden armor reflected a cold gleam in the setting sun.