

## **Gods Daily 242**

### Chapter 242: Thunder Dragon and Falling Star

Ordon Theocracy.

The number of elemental assassins infiltrating the theocracy was far greater than just three.

Some were responsible for eliminating talented disciples within the church, while others were tasked with locating and destroying the foundational structures of the Ordon divine array, further probing into the theocracy's hidden secrets.

"This is likely the work of the ghosts sent by Aurek. They can merge with the void, making them unpredictable and mysterious."

"Indeed. Their objective likely includes the array foundations! Quickly, send word to the cardinals, instruct them to personally lead patrols around the theocracy, and deploy sage-ranked experts to guard the critical array foundations."

Karon ordered a few senior officers.

As the current Pope of the Ordon Theocracy, Karon's rank had already reached that of a Divine Envoy, with terrifying combat abilities. After years of careful leadership, his prestige within the church was immense.

Several bishops swiftly took flight.

Karon's mind power reached outward, sensing the unusual and oppressive atmosphere surrounding the church. He began to walk deeper into the temple, preparing to personally awaken the ancient powerful beings that had been dormant for eons.

Meanwhile, the three elemental assassins who had successfully killed Sacco quietly withdrew, carrying with them a divine seal and key items such as the Sacred Sun Codex. These were extraordinary relics of immense power, and they needed to be sent back to Eryndor City immediately.

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Ankidor Mountains, the main peak of Oracle Mountain.

The master of Oracle Mountain, Lars, stood tall at the summit.

His gaze was fixed upon the army of 100,000 Stellar rank soldiers below, lost in deep silence.

The bitter cold wind that swept across the mountain was unlike any he had ever felt before, sending a chill down his spine.

What more could he say in the face of an army of 100,000 Stellar rank warriors?

Oracle Mountain boasted over thirty Stellar rank powerhouses, more than four hundred grandmaster rank experts, tens of thousands of peak master and master rank warriors, and two sage-rank overseers.

And then there was Lars himself, a being who had reached the rank of Divine Envoy but had not yet undergone the divine tribulation, a being of unparalleled strength.

However, despite this enormous power, even Lars, with his vast resources, could only wear a bitter smile when facing the flood of 100,000 Stellar rank soldiers from the empire.

The powerful beings of Oracle Mountain could only feel the weight of helplessness and despair. They had originally prepared to confront the Crossbridge Empire, even if it meant staining the land with blood.

But the moment they charged out of the gates, they collided directly with the unstoppable force of 100,000 Stellar rank soldiers, and they immediately retreated back into the protective barriers of Oracle Mountain.

Harry, Gloria, and Lucy swiftly arrived at Oracle Mountain.

Lars stepped out from behind the protective barrier.

His hair and beard were white, his robes pure and white, with an ethereal light surrounding him.

He exuded an ancient sage-like aura, reminiscent of a timeless figure from a forgotten age.

"Everyone, can't we find another way to resolve this?"

"This war will likely destroy the main spine of Bimat Highlands, and countless lives and ecosystems will be affected."

Lars sighed.

Lucy chuckled.

"It's been a long time, Lord Lars. It's good to see you still as noble as ever!"

"As for your alternative solution, let me offer you a suggestion. If you truly care about these lives, then you should take your own life!"

"You little girl... hahahaha!"

Lars couldn't help but laugh, his gaze complex as he looked at Gloria.

Having lived for countless years, Lars had witnessed firsthand the rise and fall of the Sigeits Parliament.

He looked up toward the sky.

"The struggle for fate's favor, even the smallest fish in a mountain stream longs for power. Whether or not I can transform into a true dragon no longer matters."

"At this point, I must resist no matter what."

Lars muttered to himself.

His figure suddenly became a streak of light, soaring into the heavens. In an instant, he transformed into a hundred-meter-long White Dragon, releasing a terrifying aura.

Compared to the pure dragon's energy of Lars, the Black Dragon from Ordon Theocracy seemed as weak as a mudfish from the swamp!

Lars unleashed the full force of a supreme being, and in an instant, the sky above the mountains, spanning several provinces, was engulfed in swirling thunderclouds.

Endless divine thunder covered the entire mountain range, each strike resembling a destructive silver lightning dragon that descended, as if signaling the end of the world!

Lars had triggered the divine tribulation!

This was the ultimate power on the Eura continent. Anyone who could break through this final world lock would ascend to become a true deity, easily controlling life and death!

But this divine tribulation had imprisoned countless gifted talents throughout the ages, and no one had ever dared claim they could break free from this chain!

Boom!

Crack—!

The terrifying power of Divine Thunder could easily obliterate a sage rank!

Lars, now in his White Dragon form, soared through the heavens, repeatedly struck by divine thunder bolts.

Each strike caused his dragon scales to shatter, and blood rained down like a torrential downpour!

Harry, Lucy, and Gloria were shocked at the sight and quickly retreated.

"You'll just have to bear the brunt of this divine tribulation with this old man!"

The White Dragon roared as it dived downward.

It was determined to drag the 100,000 soldiers through the divine tribulation with it, perhaps even using the chance to eliminate some of the enemies. Who knew...

Boom~!

Suddenly,

The 100,000 Stellar rank soldiers acted in unison.

Tens of thousands of void warlocks unleashed spatial fractures radiating an aura of Silent Extinction, blocking the White Dragon's path.

Thousands of Doomsday Warriors simultaneously cast Celestial Doom Judgment, summoning meteors from the sky that tore through the firmament, crashing down with a deafening roar!

Their might rivaled that of Divine Thunder itself!

And it was an all-encompassing, no-escape attack!

The White Dragon abruptly stopped its charge.

Compared to this level of concentrated firepower, facing the divine tribulation seemed somewhat easier.

"Roar!"

It let out a helpless roar.

The White Dragon shot into the heavens once more, charging directly toward the sea of thunder, releasing its final roar without hesitation.

In the thunderstorm, the White Dragon struggled while being bombarded by the falling Destructive Meteors.

For a moment,

Divine Thunder, Destructive Meteors, the White Dragon, and the shattered sky formed an epic scene of ultimate tragedy!

The dragon's roar and the thunder's roar intertwined.

Destructive Meteors rained down upon the Ankidor Mountains.

Boom!

Boom!

The meteors struck the mountains!

The earth shook violently in Bimat Highlands and the surrounding provinces.

Terrifying cracks ripped through the earth's crust, swallowing countless creatures into the depths, as mountains and rivers crumbled apart!

Marchin stood before the royal palace, feeling his heart tremble in rhythm with the earth's convulsions.

"Has everyone in the family been evacuated?"

He asked.

"Almost, just about everyone has been evacuated!"

Walton nodded before softly adding,

"Given the situation, Oracle Mountain won't hold up much longer. Your Majesty, we should leave as well!"

"I can't leave."

Marchin forced a smile.

Could he abandon the kingdom he had built with his own hands?

Could he leave behind the million soldiers who were willing to die for him and flee alone?

A king without a kingdom would lose his purpose, even if he lived!

The Marchin family could escape, but he had to stay and face the consequences.

Otherwise, where would the Marchin family go?