

## Gods Daily 463

Chapter 463: Panic Grips the Scions of the Sacred Dragon

Boom!

Boom! Boom!

The titans swung their mountain-like fists and unleashed Falling-Star Heavy Punches, hammering down upon Thousand-Wing Sanctum without the slightest restraint!

Ultimate destructive force smothered the entire city. The power sigils coiling around their fists ground every living being and structure they touched into dust.

"Aah—!"

"No—!"

Endless, shrill screams pierced the sky—only to be swallowed in the next instant by the deafening roar of collapse.

Under the titans' bombardment, Thousand-Wing Sanctum crumbled layer by layer like a sandcastle.

Flesh and dust mixed together and erupted upward, the scene resembling the end of days.

"Bastards!!"

The wing clan Divine Radiant's eyes split with rage.

His golden wings trembled violently, turning him into a streak of golden light that shot straight toward Ares and Elizabeth!

Ares stepped forward—he didn't even bother drawing the God of War's Axe.

He raised a fist wrapped in immortal divine patterns and threw a single punch!

Where the punch wind passed, space twisted and shattered!

That wing clan Divine Radiant was struck as if a star had slammed into him head-on. He screamed and was blasted back at an even greater speed, crashing into the ruined palace below and kicking up a sky of dust.

Then Ares swung his other fist.

A colossal fist-imprint—so vast it seemed to blot out the heavens—smashed forward, disrupting and collapsing laws themselves. Like a world-ending flood, it swallowed the other two Divine Radiants and the twenty-seven Sage Kings behind them!

Bang! Bang!

The two Divine Radiants took the impact like a hammer to the chest, spitting blood as they flew backward.

As for the twenty-seven Sage Kings—more than ninety percent of them didn't even manage a scream.

They detonated on the spot, bursting into blood mist.

"Run! Run for your lives!"

A few surviving wing clan, terrified beyond measure, beat their wings frantically, trying to flee this inferno.

But the titans' dense barrage of fist shadow covered every inch of the sky, blasting them—and the space around them—into nothingness.

Auviel trembled all over, fear flooding him... and beneath it, boundless venom.

He locked onto Elizabeth with a gaze full of hatred, then suddenly sacrificed a Chaotic Artifact—grade Sacred-Wing Light Sword and lunged at her with reckless desperation!

Ares merely turned his head coldly and glanced at him.

Just a single glance.

Auviel's soul plunged into an ice abyss; the blood in his veins nearly froze solid.

"Damn it!"

He cursed in terror and instantly abandoned the attack.

With frantic wingbeats, he tried to retreat.

Ares extended a massive hand and grabbed through the air.

Crack!

That patch of space shattered like glass under his grasp!

Auviel felt as though an invisible pair of colossal pincers had clamped down on him. His prideful golden wings were seized by an irresistible force and violently yanked back!

Ares gripped one golden wing in each hand.

Riiip—!!!

A teeth-grating tearing sound rang out!

Feathers flew. Tendons and flesh were forcibly ripped apart. Golden divine blood sprayed like a fountain.

"Aaah—!!!"

Auviel let out a soul-rending scream. The pain nearly made his eyeballs bulge from their sockets!

Ares was doing it on purpose—torturing him.

A punishment for the disrespectful words Auviel had spoken to Elizabeth earlier.

Then, like tossing away a blood-soaked rag doll, Ares casually flung Auviel aside—straight into the wing clan Divine Radiant who had just struggled up from the rubble.

Boom!

Both bodies slammed into the ruins even deeper.

Only then did Ares reach back and take down the God of War's Axe.

His figure blurred—he was already above that wing clan Divine Radiant, the axe blade carrying a heaven-splitting momentum as it hacked down!

Slash!

Golden holy blood dyed the sky. The wing clan Divine Radiant—along with his divine soul—was cleaved apart and extinguished, leaving no possibility of rebirth.

The other two wounded Divine Radiants were already terrified out of their minds. Seizing this chance, they fled madly toward the depths of the Chaotic Realm.

Ares carried the battle axe in hand, stepped forward once—then chased after them.

His terrifying killing intent and combat fluctuations pierced across national borders, startling countless hidden powerhouses throughout the Chaotic Realm.

Meanwhile—

The ten million imperial attribute legions moved like the most efficient killing machines ever forged.

They began exterminating every surviving wing clan life-form within the Sanctum's ruins, then rapidly spread into the rest of the Skywing Kingdom's territories, launching indiscriminate cleansing operations.

Wing clan citizens fell into unprecedented panic and despair, fleeing their homeland in madness.

...

Territory of the Scions of the Sacred Dragon.

Boom—!

A God King-level expert bearing draconic traits charged into the solemn Dragonblood Sanctum.

Inside the great hall,

Clan Leader Herbert sprang to his feet.

"Clan Leader! Something catastrophic has happened!"

The God King's voice trembled uncontrollably.

"The Skywing Kingdom... has been annihilated!"

"The kingdom's people have been slaughtered almost to the last! King Auviel and all three of the kingdom's Divine Radiants have perished!"

Herbert's expression changed drastically.

"How is that possible?!"

"Who did it—could Olympian God Mountain be moving against us?"

"No!" the God King said, spitting out a name that made Herbert's heart jolt.

"It was Elizabeth. Elizabeth has returned!"

"Elizabeth?! Impossible!"

Herbert roared, disbelief twisting his face.

"The entire SpiritSong Kingdom was corroded by that curse—where would she get the power to do this?!"

The God King added in a low voice, "Now... she has become an imperial consort of a nation called the Crossbridge Empire. That empire's strength is terrifying. They crushed the Skywing Kingdom with a horrifying legion of over ten million True Gods."

Buzz—!

Herbert's mind rang violently. He staggered and dropped back into his throne, fear clamping down on his spirit.

What exactly the Crossbridge Empire was, he didn't even have time to investigate.

But the moment Elizabeth became tied to such an empire—everything changed.

Because back then, when the SpiritSong Kingdom was destroyed, the Scions of the Sacred Dragon had been one of the primary forces.

What happened to the Skywing Kingdom might very well be the Scions' fate tomorrow!

Extermination. Nation-ending slaughter.

A disaster the Scions of the Sacred Dragon could never endure.

Herbert was completely thrown into panic.

Crossbridge Empire... where in the world had this terrifying power emerged from?

And Elizabeth had actually latched onto it?!

Herbert rose and began pacing back and forth in agitation, racking his brain for a response.

The God King expert lowered his voice and reminded him, "Clan Leader... should we request the Observer to intervene again? At present, perhaps only he can handle this."

Herbert's steps stopped abruptly. A ruthless glint flashed in his eyes.

The Observer...

That was an existence who hated the SpiritSong bloodline to the bone.

The depth of that hatred could be seen from the vicious curse he had laid down back then.

If he learned that Elizabeth had returned, he would definitely strike again.

And just how powerful the Observer was—anyone with even modest standing in the Chaotic Realm understood all too well.

If the Observer personally acted to kill Elizabeth and the power backing her, perhaps they could avert this calamity.

With that thought, Herbert made an immediate decision.

"Dispatch trusted confidants to the River of Silent Extinction at once."

"Report, word for word, without omission, the news that SpiritSong Kingdom's survivors have appeared—and that Elizabeth has returned—to the Observer!"

"And also—contact the Darkfang Empire immediately. With a great enemy upon us, only an alliance gives us even a sliver of hope!"

The God King clasped his fists and accepted the orders, then hurried out of the hall.

"Everyone—assemble at the Dragonblood Sanctum immediately for council!"

Herbert's voice spread throughout the entire clan territory in an instant.

...