

Gods Daily 506

Chapter 506: With a Wave of His Hand, He Slays the Lord of God Mountain

Bang!

The holy body of the Office of Peace was nailed—deadly and humiliatingly—onto the gates of the Committee by that single sword. Sacred blood burst into the air and splattered across the ancient doors like crimson rain.

Rumble—!

The aftermath of the strike didn't stop there. The two Peace Envoys of Sun and Moon—both quasi-Sage Lord rank—along with the Seven Guardians of Light and the other surviving powerhouses, were all blasted backward by the residual might. One after another, they spat sacred blood, their auras collapsing into weakness.

"How is that possible?!"

"You've got to be joking— a quasi-Sage Master... instant-killed?!"

"He isn't even a Sage Master yet, and he can do this...?! That's beyond terrifying!"

Even a distant Sage Lord on the battlefield of the Devers Divine Empire lost composure and cried out in disbelief.

On the front lines, where Evelyn, Grace, Winter, and the others were locked in fierce combat, their momentum unconsciously slowed. They stared at that towering figure—vast as a divine mountain—standing with his back to the world, and for a heartbeat, daze flickered across their eyes.

Gulp—!

Countless experts watching from afar fell silent in unison, as though the entire world had been plunged into a dead, suffocating stillness.

One sword... had erased dozens of Divine Oracles, six Sage Lords, and even one quasi-Sage Master.

It was savage to the point of absurdity.

And this... was only a clone.

Sherana and Lora felt their breathing seize in their throats. Whether it was Vivien, Vane, the Serpent Woman, the Wolf King Diok, or Nalodebi, every formidable figure present was shaken to the core by the might of that sword.

"This man... is too terrifying."

No one knew how many geniuses and powerhouses were, in that very instant, dragged into utter despair by that single strike—how many ambitions were crushed, how many prides shattered.

Countless Divine Radiants, Divine Oracles, even Sage Lords, were struck senseless by that peerless radiance—by the sensation of an existence towering above all living beings, an overwhelming grandeur that seemed to trample the heavens beneath its feet.

The strange light in their eyes made the broken world appear bright again.

How many hearts trembled violently? How many wills surrendered in that moment, falling into unquestioning submission?

When even a quasi-Sage Master had been slain with one sword, the ancient Sage Lords within the forbidden region of the Starlight Colonnade fell collectively into silence.

This was merely a clone.

"A sword art like this is truly unprecedented across the ages—something no so-called genius, no monstrous prodigy, could ever hope to reach!"

Within the Primordial Sacred Land, a mysterious existence perpetually shrouded in shifting light and shadow couldn't help but exclaim in awe.

Those words stirred even Boild, the chief of the Flame Eagle Clan, along with numerous ancient taboos, because the presence hidden in that light and shadow was a true Sage Lord rank being.

To ascend into a Sage Master, one must comprehend the supreme rules of order, inscribe one's own origin law, bear the faith of endless living beings as the foundation of that law—only then could one possibly step into that rank.

And yet even such a being was moved.

Which meant the horror contained within that sword... was even more unfathomable than anyone dared imagine.

The remnants of Olympian God Mountain, led by Silas, were likewise paralyzed by the sword's might. They stood rigid in the void outside the Committee, not daring to advance even half a step.

Boom!

The holy body of the Office of Peace—still pinned to the gate in disgrace—detonated in a self-destructive explosion. Then, within the Committee, aided by the rules woven into that realm, he rapidly reconstructed himself and was reborn.

His gaze, now brimming with dread, locked onto the mirror-clone of Aurek outside the gate—an incarnation radiating an imperial divinity as vast as heaven's wrath.

"No more words," he roared, voice hoarse with fury. "All of you—follow me and attack!"

Without hesitation, the Office of Peace drove a Proto–World Relic, the Scepter of Peace, and charged out first!

The Peace Envoys of Sun and Moon, along with the Seven Guardians of Light, forced down the tremors in their hearts and surged out behind him, storming from the Committee in a single wave.

Layer upon layer of killing intent—power enough to annihilate entire starfields—collapsed upon Aurek’s mirror-clone like a devouring storm.

Boom! Boom!

Even the Committee’s true planar body, hidden deep within the void, was shaken by the collision. It was forced to manifest across the firmament of the Celestial Light God Realm, its vast outline emerging like a colossal world embedded in the sky.

Every clash between the two sides tore open the heavens. Catastrophic torrents of energy shattered space itself, blasting through into the starry void beyond, sending the god realm’s earth trembling for billions of miles.

Recognizing Aurek’s absolute threat, the Office of Peace joined forces with the Seven Guardians of Light and the two Peace Envoys, besieging him with everything they had—while also trying to carve open a route for the Committee’s trapped armies.

The remaining Sage Lords and Divine Oracles seized the moment. While four quasi–Sage Masters and seven ancient Sage Lords struggled to restrain the clone, these elites led the Committee’s guard forces—still clogged behind the gates—into a breakout.

Their intent was clear: charge toward the royal court of God Mountain, slaughter the imperial legions, and raze everything.

And then—

In the next heartbeat, six and a half million Sage King rank void warlocks rose from the depths of the void, appearing all at once like a black ocean surfacing from beneath reality.

They encircled the region outside the Committee's gates until it became airtight—no gaps, no mercy.

Countless cold eyes locked onto every single member of the Committee's guard.

Then they moved—together.

Space, already broken, was completely sealed.

More than five hundred thousand elite Committee guards—along with over a dozen Divine Oracles—were instantly swallowed by an infinitely nested dimensional labyrinth. In the blink of an eye, they vanished without a trace, as though they had never existed.

Only a small handful of quasi-Sage Lords and Sage Lords reacted quickly enough. Paying a brutal price, burning their origin, activating their Artifacts of Authority, they barely managed to tear themselves free and flee back into the Committee.

The Committee's own rules and sacred might immediately spread outward, suppressing the spatial slaughter and restoring stability within its domain.

RUMBLE—!!!

Behind Aurek, the imperial origin aura erupted, transforming into boundless void primal force. It unfolded into a Divine Aspect with a thousand arms—

Myriad Judgment Domain!

Each arm cradled a miniature void world. Then, with overwhelming violence, those worlds were hurled downward toward the Seven Guardians of Light, the two Peace Envoys, and the Office of Peace.

It was as if the very heavens were assimilated by worlds—like the entire universe was crashing down upon the Celestial Light God Realm.

The world shuddered.

Then came an endless chain of thunderous explosions.

All laws that formed heaven and earth—rules, origins, fundamental forces—were smashed into nothingness by the magnitude of that collision.

The Office of Peace was hit first, slammed straight into the depths of chaos.

A thousand hands fell at once—void worlds raining down like a storm of annihilation!

"Damn it!" one Light Apostle managed to curse—

BOOM!

RUMBLE, RUMBLE, RUMBLE!

World after world descended with no place to dodge, no path to escape.

And in the instant they were suppressed—

Aurek lifted the golden sword.

A golden sword-light, as if it had traveled across eternity, blazed again through the shattered void.

"AAAH—!"

That Light Apostle was cleaved in half with a single stroke!

Immediately after, Aurek's sword flashed again and again. Like slaughtering insects, he cleanly erased the remaining six light guardians one by one.

The sword-light did not slow. It roared onward and cut into the Sun Peace Envoy, pulverizing his sacred body into fragments.

Then—

The Thousand Sword Judgment Domain descended once more!

"Retreat! Now!!!" the Office of Peace bellowed in terror from within the chaos.

The Moon Peace Envoy and the newly reconstructed Sun Peace Envoy fled back into the Committee without hesitation.

But the Office of Peace himself was swept into the core of the Judgment Sword Domain—caught in its endless, rotating prison of blades—and he could not escape.

And at that very moment—

Silas launched the ambush he had been waiting for.

He drove a World Relic, the Olympian Divine Sword, and cleaved down with all his strength!

Boundless sword-light not only surged toward Aurek, it also sought to tear open the Thousand Sword Judgment Domain—to rescue the trapped Committee personnel.

Aurek's eyes narrowed, and brilliance condensed into a single point.

With a casual wave of his sleeve, an eternal barrier appeared—constructed from the empire's national fate and the will of its people. It slammed into existence and blocked the Olympian Divine Sword's strike.

In the same instant, the golden sword in Aurek's hand swept sideways.

A single, silent arc of condensed golden light passed through the void.

Silas—the former sovereign of Olympian God Mountain—along with several quasi-Sage Lords at his side, was erased as if brushed away dust.

Their sacred bodies became the finest particles of light. Even the trace of their existence was buried along with them—annihilated so completely that any possibility of resurrection was severed.

Witnessing Aurek erase an imperial emperor so effortlessly sent a chill of pure horror into every observer. Hearts stopped. Scalps went numb.

And within the Thousand Sword Judgment Domain, the repeatedly shattered Seven Guardians of Light, the Sun Peace Envoy, and the Office of Peace continued to endure endless dismemberment.

They died and revived.

Revived and died again.

Yet they could never escape that endlessly nested, ceaselessly flowing myriad sword-prisons.

Aurek activated Soul Law.

Seizing the fleeting intervals when their souls were at their weakest, he began to forcibly brand them with an eternal enslavement contract—a mark that would bind them forever.