

Gods Daily 507

Chapter 507: If You Dare Step One Foot Past the Thunder Pool

Deep within the chaos.

The Office of Light was blasted out of the churning abyss by a single heavy strike from Kaos, tumbling in utter disarray as he crashed back into the Peace Committee's interior.

His life aura was draining at terrifying speed.

In a panic, he recalled the World Relic—the Crystal of Peace—and suspended it before the Committee's main gate, forcing it to bloom with radiance. In an instant, it activated an absolute defensive barrier, one that drew upon the deepest rules and order interwoven between the Committee and the Celestial Light God Realm itself.

Kaos stood at the edge of the chaos, unhurried and composed, idly toying with a strand of rule-thread he had peeled from the void. A playful smile hung at the corner of his lips as he looked toward the barrier—and toward the pale, weakened Office of Light behind it.

The Office of Light let out a muffled grunt, his face ashen.

Inside the chaos, he had been utterly suppressed by Kaos. His holy body had been destroyed three times; his rank had been forced down from Sage Master Level Three to Sage Master Level One. A million years of accumulation—gone. The flames of fury in his chest nearly scorched his sanity.

Then, from the very core of the Committee, a cold, ethereal voice drifted out—icy enough to pierce bone.

"Aurek, Emperor of the Crossbridge Empire!"

"Very well... The Peace Committee will remember today's humiliation!"

Clang!

Aurek swept his sword horizontally, sending the Thousand Sword Judgment Domain—the prison that had trapped the remnants of the Committee's forces—fully into the depths of chaos.

Then he turned. His eyes locked onto the Office of Light behind the barrier.

The golden sword hissed with kilometer-long, razor-sharp sword radiance, its point aimed straight at the Committee's gate.

"Do you dare step out one step... and speak to me?"

For a moment—

Every surviving powerhouse within the Committee instinctively retreated half a step.

And Aurek, instead, stepped forward.

RUMBLE—!

It was as if the rules and order of the Celestial Light God Realm itself answered his will. A deeper resonance surged, and an even heavier pressure rolled toward the Committee like a divine tide.

The Committee plane flashed wildly—then, unbelievably, began to accelerate backward into the depths of chaos, revealing a clear intention to withdraw.

Aurek lowered his sword and turned his gaze toward Kaos at his side.

Kaos chuckled. "The Committee's rules are deeply interwoven with the Celestial Light God Realm. It hides in the seams of order—slippery as a star-eel. External force finds it hard to truly seize, let alone destroy..."

He tilted his head, smile widening.

"You've felt that yourself, haven't you?"

Aurek's clone said nothing more.

In the next instant, it shattered into a dazzling rain of law-light, dispersing before the countless gazes raised in awe.

And yet—immediately after—

A far more majestic figure appeared.

A human silhouette, towering ten million meters high, manifested upon the mirrored vault of the heavens like the projection of the most magnificent god. He stood upon the highest step of a supreme staircase built of authority and laws, his back to all living beings.

In his hand was the Emperor's Scepter, the symbol of ultimate imperial sovereignty.

Suddenly, he turned his head slightly—barely, almost casually—his peripheral glance sweeping across the entire Celestial Light God Realm.

That fleeting look—

was enough to make countless experts quake violently, their souls shuddering in terror.

All living beings who had dared raise their eyes immediately lowered their heads, no longer daring to look directly at the supreme figure in the sky.

The entire Celestial Light God Realm fell into a dead silence so heavy it suffocated.

"Hmph."

A single cold, weighty snort—like a final warning—echoed in the depths of every soul.

The golden sword traced a brilliant arc through the heavens, then came to rest in stillness, suspended at the very pinnacle of the royal court's divine temple.

From that day onward, it became a symbol.

A symbol of the Crossbridge Empire's inviolable imperial authority—

a symbol of Emperor Aurek's absolute will, towering above all beings and even above rules themselves!

Soon, countless eyes—shocked, stunned, unable to look away—locked onto the force that had appeared without warning and buried hundreds of thousands of Committee elites in an instant:

Six and a half million Sage King rank void warlocks.

Every faction stared at that legion.

If Aurek's personal arrival had shown the peak of his individual might, then this army represented something else entirely—

the Crossbridge Empire's unfathomable war foundation, and its terrifying capacity for conquest.

To old-established powers like the Devers Divine Empire and the Cloudcrown Sanctum, this was not merely shocking.

It was a threat taken to its ultimate extreme.

No one failed to regard it as a mortal danger.

The Crossbridge Empire had already stepped into the ranks of the Celestial Light God Realm's top-tier powers—so mighty that even the Peace Committee had been beaten into helpless silence.

And if the Crossbridge Emperor's ambition did not stop here, then conflict with the other great forces was practically inevitable!

Six million-plus Sage King rank.

At the edge of the Cloudcrown Sanctum's territory, standing outside the void, the God General Terrence sank into a long, heavy silence.

In the past, the mobilization of a mere one hundred thousand God Mountain Imperial Guards had been enough to shake the realm and draw every faction's attention.

But now, what had appeared was equivalent to sixty such forces—manifesting all at once.

Worse still, the coordination they displayed—and their instantaneous erasure capability—was far more terrifying than the God Mountain Imperial Guards could ever match.

Tens of thousands—no, hundreds of thousands—of elite Committee guards dispatched from the Star Sea hadn't even managed to organize a proper counterattack before they were wiped out on the spot.

Some of the dead had even been Divine Oracles.

At equal numbers, this legion's combat power surpassed the God Mountain Imperial Guards by far more than a single tier.

After this battle, the beings of the Celestial Light God Realm finally understood the horror of that empire from the lower realm.

This battle also utterly crushed—ground into dust—the last remnants of faith and arrogance among the former citizens of Olympian God Mountain.

Countless people had witnessed with their own eyes the God Mountain sovereign Silas being erased by a single casual sword stroke.

And the one who struck was merely a clone of Emperor Aurek.

Great powers such as the Flame Eagle Clan, the Primordial Sacred Land, and the Starlight Colonnade all quietly withdrew and watched from the shadows, waiting for the situation to settle.

The World Relic: Olympian Divine Sword was seized by the Crossbridge Empire, suppressed, and carried back to the royal court.

The six and a half million Sage King rank void warlocks returned to defend God Mountain's territory. Across the entire Olympian God Mountain domain, no one dared stir in the slightest— even the Chaotic Realm fell silent, too afraid to act rashly.

The Office of Peace, the Sun Peace Envoy, and the Seven Guardians of Light had their soul marks purged, then were branded with enslavement contracts, and were forced to follow the imperial legions back to the royal court.

The Office of Peace was an existence that had once touched the threshold of Sage Lord rank. Though repeated deaths had caused his rank to fall, he remained a terrifying powerhouse at quasi-Sage Lord rank.

As for the Sun Peace Envoy and the Seven Guardians of Light, their overall strength had suffered losses and their soul origins were damaged. Yet under Aurek's soul dominion and the continued suppression of the Thousand Sword Judgment Domain, they still retained a deterrence comparable to ancient Sage Lords.

The remaining Divine Oracles of Olympian God Mountain who attempted to force their way into the royal court were intercepted and slain. Sherana and Lora, together with three bone clan Divine Oracles, drove the Ouros Disc and cut them down. Only a scattered few managed to escape.

Sherana, though secretly relieved by the power the empire had displayed—and thankful she had made the right choice—became incomparably cautious.

From the battle at the Committee gate, she had seen the Crossbridge Empire's terrifying strength with absolute clarity.

They truly had the ability to help her reclaim the Eternal Winter Divine Empire. On that point, she had gambled correctly.

But the empire's power had already surpassed her control... even surpassed the highest limits of what she had ever dared imagine.

If they could beat the Committee into silent submission and erase Olympian God Mountain, then crushing the Eternal Winter Divine Empire would be no difficult task at all.

She had to be extremely careful—lest she invite a wolf into her house and, in the end, bury her own kingdom with her own hands.

Because from that clone, she had seen not only Aurek's domineering majesty—

but also a conquest-desire so intense it was almost tangible.

A monarch like that...

would he truly be satisfied with occupying only one corner of God Mountain's territory?

Sherana deeply doubted it.

But for the moment, she had no choice but to remain within the Crossbridge Empire, relying on this alliance.

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