

Gods Daily 510

Chapter 510: The Godslayer Clan Invades the Lesser Wayshift Realm

The war between the Devers Divine Empire and the Eternal Winter Divine Empire was still raging.

By now, the armies of the Snowbound Kingdom had already broken into Devers's main province, steadily absorbing places like Red Mountain and the Silent Death Dunes into the dominion of winter.

The situation left Kichin furious—yet powerless.

One step behind, and every step after became a struggle.

What he had never expected was this: even if the Devers Divine Empire mobilized its full strength and paid any price to reclaim the lost territories, the Eternal Winter Divine Empire would still match them with the same ruthless resolve—intercepting every counterattack while continuing to drive deeper into the heartland of the main province.

The Office of Light arrived with terms.

If the Peace Committee could help the Devers Divine Empire retake Red Mountain and the other occupied regions, then the Divine Empire would be required to submit to Peace Committee command and join forces against the Crossbridge Empire.

After all, the Devers Divine Empire also possessed territories along the heights of Olympian Peak.

Now that Crossbridge Empire had consolidated its Divine Empire, their next target was all but certain—Devers included.

Helping Devers retake its lands was, in effect, removing a looming threat ahead of time.

However, the most urgent matter was still this: Devers had to pull itself out of the quagmire that was the Eternal Winter Divine Empire.

The Office of Light immediately went to the Eternal Winter Divine Empire.

White Lady Shirino's response was just as direct: help the Eternal Winter Divine Empire destroy the Devers Divine Empire first—only then would cooperation be considered.

At the same time, she made a further point: only if all other forces expressed agreement would the Eternal Winter Divine Empire join any alliance.

It was a decision she reached after weighing multiple sides—and after receiving a subtle signal from her mentor, Alvin.

If all factions truly could unite, then the Eternal Winter Divine Empire might become a decisive piece at the critical moment—perhaps even seizing an opening to strike, helping Crossbridge Empire stabilize the situation in the Celestial Light God Realm in one fell swoop.

The Office of Light then traveled to the Chaotic Realm, visiting the forbidden zone known as the Starlight Colonnade...

In the end, he returned empty-handed and withdrew to the Peace Committee.

"A bunch of damned bastards!"

The emotion he had suppressed for so long finally erupted the moment he returned.

He slammed a fist forward, shattering the void beside him.

"To dare defy the Peace Committee... you will all pay the price!"

It was all evasion.

All vague, noncommittal answers.

In the past, who would have dared?

But the war against Crossbridge Empire had utterly shattered the Peace Committee's authority.

Now no one took them seriously anymore—and the humiliation burned deeper than anything he had ever suffered.

All they could do now was wait.

This matter had already been reported to Peace Committee headquarters. There would be a response.

The Celestial Light God Realm was a special place, and Crossbridge Empire had a true Sage Master seated at its core. Headquarters would not ignore this.

...

Within the royal court of God Mountain, experts from every direction arrived one after another to pledge allegiance.

At present, nearly ten sage lords had come, along with more than twenty quasi-sage lords. There were over two hundred Divine Oracles, while sage kings and quasi-Divine Oracles were too numerous to count.

No matter what schemes they carried in their hearts, no matter whether their submission was sincere—so long as they could be driven like tools, this mass of power would greatly accelerate Lucio and Philip's plans to reshape the Celestial Light God Realm.

The war on the Devers front had not yet ended, leaving no room for distractions.

But the powers within the Chaotic Realm were scattered, and Lucio and the others decided to seize total control first.

He dispatched Ares and Tina, commanding a million-strong legion of the sage king rank, to march on the Dochena Empire, the Orel Forest Clan, the Huenra Empire, and more.

The army had barely left the royal court when the ruler of Dochena, the clan chief of Orel Forest, and the leader of Huenra personally arrived with their retinues to swear loyalty.

All other major and minor factions followed, publicly declaring their submission.

If the lessons of the Darkfang Empire, the Skywing Kingdom, the Scions of the Sacred Dragon, and the Litaran Empire had not been enough, then the fall of God Mountain, the disgrace of the Peace Committee, and the might of millions of sage kings were more than enough to awaken everyone.

As for the hidden sage lords and ancient sage lords within the Chaotic Realm—ever since the Office of Light's visit, they had concealed themselves completely, unwilling to be dragged into any conflict between sides.

A Divine Court war was about to erupt. Once it began, it might last hundreds of thousands of years—perhaps even longer.

When that time came, even sage lords could be reduced to mere cannon fodder.

Crossbridge Empire's decision to rule the Chaotic Realm was not something they dared oppose—nor did they dare speak against it. They could only watch and silently accept everything.

Even the Peace Committee had been beaten back at its own gate. What chance did they have?

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Inside the Sea God Temple, within an island garden surrounded by the ocean.

A hazy figure stood amid a swirling halo of multicolored pollen—its aura profound and unfathomable.

Outside the garden stood three grand stewards of the Sea God Temple: the God of Wisdom, the War Executor, and the High Priest of the Temple—all three were Sage Masters.

Behind them stood nine priests, each an ancient sage lord.

Within the garden, that shadowy figure was shrouded in a sea of flowers, its depth impossible to measure.

"Temple Master."

Everyone bowed.

The Temple Master watched them calmly while drawing in the mysterious divine radiance rising from the sea.

"The Office of Light paid a visit," the High Priest reported respectfully. "His intention was to request that the Sea God Temple take action against Crossbridge Empire. From his wording, he meant to force us to choose a side."

"And what of the Star-Source Divine Court and the Reincarnation Divine Court?" the Temple Master asked, voice airy and distant.

The War Executor took over. "They have already clashed. For now, it remains limited to small-scale conflict."

"But the powers across the starry skies are already stirring in secret," he continued. "Even the Pantheon Temples have been pressured repeatedly, demanded to declare their stance."

"Then observe first," the Temple Master said without hesitation. "See which forces within the Celestial Light God Realm will lean toward the Peace Committee before we decide."

Then the Temple Master added, "I must travel to Heavenly Mountain. While I am gone, the affairs of the Sea God Temple will be decided entirely by you."

"You won't return to the Pantheon Temples?" the God of Wisdom asked.

Hearing this, the Temple Master's gaze turned toward the direction of the Celestial Light God Realm.

"No," the Temple Master replied softly. "The story here has only just begun."

...

Beyond the Abyss Demon Realm, on the far shore outside the heavens, lay the lesser Wayshift Realm.

Boom!

A streak of radiance smashed into the Star-Realm Gate, causing the entire lesser Wayshift Realm to quake violently.

A power originating from the depths of the Star Sea pierced through the gate, forcing its way in.

Within the lesser Wayshift Realm, the Wayshift Clan, Starfall Wardenhold, and the Judicatory Sanctum—which survived here only because of support from the Court of Prophecy—were all jolted into alarm.

The Wayshift Clan was a powerful race that lived along the edge of the Star-Realm Gate. Starfall Wardenhold, meanwhile, was formed by a group of wanderers exiled from the Star Sea—cursed experts who, generation after generation, guarded the gate alongside the Wayshift Clan, making their home in the lesser Wayshift Realm.

The Wayshift Clan had once intended to invade the Abyss Demon Realm.

But after learning that a Divine Court war was imminent, they abandoned the plan. Instead, they joined hands with Starfall Wardenhold, sealing the Star-Realm Gate in an attempt to avoid the coming storm.

Yet now, a mighty race from the Star Sea—the Godslayer Clan—had forced its way in.

The Godslayer Clan cultivated an exceptionally brutal Godslaying Law. Their bodies and souls were tempered together, and within the Star Sea their battle power was especially terrifying.

This invasion was led by one quasi-Sage Master and three sage lords.

In addition, they had ten quasi-sage lords, over a hundred Divine Oracles, and countless Divine Radiants and sage kings.

Their foundation was so deep it eclipsed the Council of the Dark Order by several entire tiers.

Although the Wayshift Clan and Starfall Wardenhold each possessed a sage lord, the enemy had arrived with a quasi-Sage Master and three sage lords.

There was simply no way they could hold the line.

As for the already-wounded Judicatory Sanctum—it was hanging by a thread.

Miles and the other adjudicators wore grave expressions.

To clash head-on with the Godslayer Clan would be suicide.

But if they fled back to the Abyss Demon Realm, they would inevitably be hunted down and eradicated by Crossbridge Empire.

Either way, it was a dead end.

And yet the Ancient Starwatchers of the Court of Prophecy only laughed.

"Lead the Godslayer Clan into the Abyss Demon Realm," they suggested lightly. "Let them slaughter one another with Crossbridge Empire. Perhaps, by borrowing their hands, we can destroy Crossbridge Empire in a single stroke."

At those words, a sharp gleam flashed across Miles's eyes.