

Gods Daily 524

Chapter 524: The Blazing Sun That Burns the Starry Sky

Swish!

Kaos, who had been lounging leisurely in a tavern, snapped his eyes open. In the next instant, his figure vanished—reappearing at the very edge of the Celestial Light God Realm.

At the same moment, more than a dozen ancient sage lords stationed within the god realm all turned solemn. Their mind power surged outward, probing beyond the Starlight Colonnade.

An incomparable might descended upon the Celestial Light God Realm like a vast dome, hammering the world barrier. The entire god realm shook violently. Countless beings panicked, seized by dread.

Rumble—!

At the forefront of the heavenly ark, the prow was like a blade meant to pierce the void itself. It tore through the Starlight Colonnade and manifested beneath the dome of the Celestial Light God Realm.

The vessel's scale was magnificent—colossal beyond measure—its sheer presence suffocating.

All the experts present turned their gaze toward the ship's bow.

There stood a towering figure with hands clasped behind his back, the very image of authority. Behind him were several silhouettes, each emanating a terrifying aura.

This was none other than the Peace Prelate dispatched from the headquarters of the Starfont Divine Court, along with the elites under his command.

The Peace Prelate swept his mind power outward.

In an instant, he had mapped out the foundations of the Celestial Light God Realm.

His eyes flicked first to the summit of the Heaven-Pillar—where a peerless figure stood in quiet stillness, elegance and detachment woven into their very presence.

Then his gaze shifted to the other side, landing upon Kaos.

"Kaos!"

The Peace Prelate recognized him at once.

The moment that name rang out, those behind the Peace Prelate lit up with excitement. Their eyes burned as they stared toward the far end of the heavens.

"No wonder the Reincarnation Divine Court laid down plans in this star sector... So you were hiding here all along!"

"And this Crossbridge Empire—that was your handiwork too, wasn't it?"

"Looks like this trip won't be wasted after all."

The Peace Prelate laughed.

Within the upper echelons of the Star Sea, Kaos—and the importance of the one he protected—was not a secret.

Yet Kaos' aged face remained grim, heavy as iron.

"An amusing conjecture," he said coldly. "But I'm afraid that once you've come... you won't be going back."

The Peace Prelate's expression did not change.

"Whether I return is irrelevant," he replied calmly. "So long as I can bring you—and that child—back with me, that will be enough."

As he spoke, he looked once more toward the Heaven-Pillar.

"This is an internal matter of the Starfont Divine Court. I hope Your Excellency will refrain from intervening."

Silence.

The direction of the Heaven-Pillar offered no response at all.

The Peace Prelate did not waste another word.

To him, the value of Kaos and that key existence was worth any price—no matter the cost.

As for the so-called true Sage Master behind the Crossbridge Empire?

Nine times out of ten, it was Kaos himself. Suppress Kaos, and a mere Crossbridge Empire could be erased with a thought.

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Inside the divine temple.

Aurek stood with hands behind his back, head slightly turned toward the person beside him.

Beyoncé was shoveling berries into her mouth with one hand, her eyes sparkling as she watched the unfolding scene. Her face was practically screaming: Fight! Fight! Hurry up and fight!

A flicker of understanding passed through Aurek's gaze.

He had long harbored suspicions about Beyoncé's identity. But seeing how obsessively the Starfont Divine Court—and even the Primordial Giants—were pursuing her, he became even more certain: there was something far deeper behind this.

"Deal with them."

Aurek's voice was flat, almost casual, as he issued the order to the Cursefont Star God and the Eternal Sunfire War God standing at his side.

Yet that single, offhand sentence snapped the atmosphere taut like a drawn bowstring.

Kaos—and the figure atop the Heaven-Pillar—both tore their attention away from the Peace Prelate at once, turning simultaneously toward the temple's direction.

From the beginning, a portion of their awareness had always remained anchored to that Emperor.

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Aurek's words fell.

The Eternal Sunfire War God took a single step.

In the next breath, his figure appeared before the heavenly ark.

The gazes of Kaos and the Heaven-Pillar's summit converged on him at the same time.

"This aura...!"

Kaos' heart shook.

Even the Peace Prelate felt it—an oppressive force utterly different from anything he had expected.

His eyes tightened. He launched himself from the ark in a flash.

Behind him, two Sage Masters, several ancient sage lords, and the Peace Maintenance Guard all surged forward to attack as one.

"In the name of the blazing sun—let absolute judgment descend!"

Holy flames erupted from the Eternal Sunfire War God's body, detonating outward. They ignited the surrounding sources of law itself—crimson-gold fire staining the sky, then spreading beyond it, crawling into the starry void.

With a reverse sweep of his hand, he slammed down the starry pearl he had been holding aloft.

"I am the Sun."

His voice rolled across the world like divine thunder.

"By my decree—let heavenly punishment fall!"

The starry pearl drank in the boundless power of the entire sector—pulling in the starfield's immeasurable force and condensing it into a tangible strike that crashed down upon the Celestial Light God Realm!

Boom—!

The Heaven-Pillar shuddered violently.

The figure atop it released twelve pillars of divine radiance that pierced heaven and earth—like colossal nails anchoring the void—struggling with all their might to stabilize the world.

Kaos' surprise turned instantly into horror.

The power of rules and order exploded from him completely. In his pupils, the phantom silhouette of a world manifested. Layers upon layers of true sage-lord-rank divine marks surged outward like raging tides.

In that instant, the countless beings of the Celestial Light God Realm were crushed beneath an overwhelming might.

And high above—

That magnificent heavenly ark—an object that had reached the level of an Artifact of Authority—fractured beneath the suppression with a deafening crack. Its prow snapped away and plunged straight toward the Starlight Colonnade.

The two Sage Masters, the ancient sage lords, and the many members of the maintenance guard were pulverized into dust in the blink of an eye.

Even the Peace Prelate's true Sage Master divine marks and source essence were forced down under the same crushing suppression.

At the critical moment, he forcibly linked his divine marks to his lines of fate. His soul dissolved into the void.

A holy sword—symbol of the Divine Court’s boundless authority—shot forth from the center of his brow, attempting to tear open a path through the endless pressure.

But the Eternal Sunfire War God was faster.

A sacred sunfire sigil at his brow flared abruptly, blazing with golden radiance.

He unleashed one of the three primordial forbidden arts—Source Conversion.

In an instant, he converted starry essence, world will, spatial substance—everything tangible and intangible—into pure flame.

Then, all the beings of the Celestial Light God Realm witnessed a scene destined to be recorded in history.

At the upper end of the Starlight Colonnade—together with everything beyond it in the Star Sea—everything transformed, in a single heartbeat, into a domain of pure fire!

Matter vanished.

The concept of time and space blurred.

Only chaotic, rampaging sacred flames remained—burning away even the traces of laws and the imprints of rules and order.

Under that ultimate, annihilating sunfire, the two Sage Masters dispatched by the Starfont Divine Court and their accompanying elites were burned into nothingness.

Even life essence hidden within the fabric of order itself was scorched and destroyed.

This was the origin of the Sacred Solar Golden Flame!

The Eternal Sunfire War God stepped into that blazing domain.

In that moment, the entire Eastern Starfield trembled.

The Peace Prelate's holy body began to collapse under suppression. His holy sword, too, was wrapped and gnawed at by layers upon layers of devouring flame.

After a violent quake, the blade barely tore through the chaotic firesea, streaking away at terrifying speed toward the depths of the Star Sea.

At the same time, he dragged countless rule-mark imprints together within the chaos, trying to reconstruct his holy body.

He slashed away the rule-marks that had been infected by the flames. His eyes, filled with shock, stared toward the Celestial Light God Realm.

He had been killed once already—so quickly!?

And the other party hadn't even truly made a move yet.

Two Sage Masters—numerous ancient sage lords—obliterated with ease. Crushed. Erased.

Reversing all existence... converting everything into one's own source...

This was...

A quasi—Empyrean Sanctum?!

In this remote world... there was a hidden existence this terrifying!?

Pfft—!

With his source continuously damaged, the Peace Prelate's holy body began to split, wither, decay. Skin peeled away like dry earth, as though he were suffering divine collapse.

He had believed Kaos was propping up a puppet empire to tamper with fate.

Now he realized he had been catastrophically wrong.

A lethal misjudgment.

If he had not made preparations in advance, even as a true Sage Master, he would have already fallen completely.

Whether the opponent truly stood at quasi-Empyrean Sanctum level or not, the fact remained: they possessed the power to kill a true Sage Master.

That alone was the ultimate threat.

Kaos, too, was struck dumb.

His eyes locked onto the Eternal Sunfire War God.

This person—he had never appeared before. Not once.

When did Aurek come to possess such an impossibly terrifying, peerless powerhouse?

Strength infinitely close to quasi-Empyrean Sanctum—yet already wielding the supreme killing might of quasi-Empyrean Sanctum...

It was simply unbelievable.

Kaos had always thought everything about Aurek was within his observation.

Now, he realized Aurek was still wrapped in layers of fog and shadow.

He had been far too complacent.

Far too certain.

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