

Gods Daily 527

Chapter 527: The Taboo Existence of the Dark Abyss: Conspiracy

The Supreme Existence was the discoverer of countless rules within the Star Sea universe—and the founder of the current system of ascension.

No one knew where it came from.

The Dark Abyss, and the one imprisoned within it, had also been brought here by that Supreme Existence.

Though the linen-robed elder had lived through endless ages and set foot in innumerable ancient ruins, even he had only learned scattered legends of the Supreme Existence from ancestral oral traditions.

The reason Primordial Sword City sought to destroy Sacredwood Settlement was partly because the Supreme Existence had once paused there, leaving behind the Dark Abyss and that "thing."

That existence—lurking within the forbidden extreme eastern zone—was attempting to break into quasi-Empyrean Sanctum. Thus, it tried to trace the Supreme Existence's footsteps, hoping to glimpse a chance at breakthrough.

Moreover, the secret of that being's existence was itself something Primordial Sword City desperately wished to unravel!

Yet everyone understood one point clearly:

Back then, the Supreme Existence did not choose to destroy it. Instead, it suppressed it with the Dark Abyss.

That alone was enough to prove that it was a terrifying existence capable of making the entire universe tremble.

It was precisely for this reason that the white-haired elder's worry grew heavier by the second.

As for where the Supreme Existence ultimately went...

Why it left behind the Dark Abyss and that being, and why it traveled across the universe's ruins...

No one knew.

But the traces it left behind—the lingering aura of its passage—had forged countless terrifying powerhouses.

Even the two near-quasi-Empyrean Sanctum existences behind the Star Sea giant ape clan and Primordial Sword City had reached their present heights only because they pursued that Supreme Existence's residual aura.

Very few knew these secrets.

The white-haired elder knew them only because he had once shared deep ties with Sacredwood Settlement.

"Sigh..."

He let out a long breath, and the unease in his heart only intensified.

Primordial Sword City must have learned something of the truth—otherwise it would never dare to risk everything by attempting to release that taboo being in exchange for clues to the Supreme Existence's secrets.

And now the Crossbridge Empire's intrusion had made the situation even more bizarre—more unpredictable.

The exact location of the Dark Abyss was still a mystery.

But if war truly shattered this entire star sector, it could very well disturb the Dark Abyss!

Sacredwood had already been destroyed. The power of guardianship was no longer there.

The linen-robed elder, taking the young girl with him, quietly departed from the River of Forgetting.

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Styx Sector — Riverhead Divine Realm

"Unbelievable... This place is thousands of times more prosperous than the Celestial Light God Realm! No wonder it's the Starfont Divine Court's recruitment ground."

The Lord of the Blazing Eagle, Boyd, and two ancient sage lords descended quietly into a divine city.

Sensing the world's sheer prosperity, all of them were secretly stunned.

Compared to the Celestial Light God Realm, the numbers of Sage Kings, Divine Radiants, and Divine Oracles here were vastly higher.

No wonder the Starfont Divine Court chose to recruit in this star sector.

"Latest news! After the Divine Court experts made their move, the Crossbridge Empire's army has tucked its tail and run... Hahaha!"

"It ran just like that? It couldn't even beat a branch hall of the Divine Court, and it still dared to send a challenge letter to the upper three races?"

"I thought we'd get to watch the fun a little longer—who knew it'd end this fast?!"

"Don't talk nonsense. It's probably not over. This was only a probing clash—they haven't even really fought yet!"

The divine city buzzed with debate, which surprised the Lord of the Blazing Eagle and the others.

Not because of the contempt—

But because these people were treating a potential war like entertainment.

There were betting pools. Some even adapted it into plays performed on stage. All kinds of "war-themed" amusements exploded in popularity.

It was as if the entire city had found a massive outlet for release. Every topic, every conversation, centered on this.

They seemed to have even put their cultivation aside.

A kind of decadent, entertainment-to-the-death prosperity had taken shape here—its "level" truly surpassing the Celestial Light God Realm by multiple ranks.

"Spiritual anesthesia... nothing surpasses this," the Lord of the Blazing Eagle sighed.

After investigating, they finally understood why.

It turned out the upper three races sat above Styx Sector. Combined with the sector's status as the Starfont Divine Court's recruitment ground, external threats were almost nonexistent.

Thus, to consolidate their rule and safeguard their power and interests, the upper three races had promoted a policy of deliberate dulling—an ignorant-masses strategy—across endless ages.

The beings of Styx lived long lives. The three races guided them to pour their minds into amusement and diversion—burning time away—while controlling resource distribution through countless means, thereby gripping power firmly in their hands.

If anyone emerged, breaking through into a higher rank, the three races would either recruit them—or quietly erase them.

And those recruited elites ultimately became the "troops" the three races offered to the Starfont Divine Court.

At the core, the Lord of the Blazing Eagle and the others saw through the truth:

The upper three races treated the beings of Styx like livestock in a pen.

The three races lost nothing by it. On the contrary, they maintained their rule and grew ever stronger.

"Just as Lord Alvin said—the upper three races are the core threat," Boyd said.

"If we crush them, Styx Sector will be nothing but an empty shell."

"Don't overthink it. Start the preparations first," the Lord of the Blazing Eagle ordered.

They had come secretly this time to lay down a formation.

After all, three existences close to quasi-Empyrean Sanctum were too great a threat. A forced assault would not only have a low chance of success—it could end in total annihilation.

They passed through the divine city and slipped into a hidden node of the Riverhead Divine Realm.

There, they concealed a formation foundation Alvin had entrusted to them, and placed the Flame Eagle Clan's World Relic—Divineflame Feather—into the array's core. Then they departed silently.

Elsewhere—

The God of Wisdom entered another world and laid down the Ouros Disc together with another formation foundation at the edge of the Styx star abyss.

The War Executor placed the Olympian Divine Sword deep within a sea of chaos.

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"Something's wrong. Styx Sector has changed—someone has laid down a grand array!"

Within Primordial Sword City's territory, a tall figure with multiple faces suddenly rose.

His words echoed into the Sword God Hall, and in the same instant his body shifted through space, arriving there.

The Primordial Sword God, Sangy, stood within the hall, looking at the towering multi-faced figure.

If one ignored the figure's body, it was impossible to tell front from back, left from right.

Facing Sangy, the figure spoke respectfully:

"A powerhouse has set up the Fate Triangle Corrosion Engraving Magic Array, intending to plunder the fortunes of all Styx's beings—and sever the fortune of the Sword Primogenitor."

Killing intent and razor sharpness filled Sangy's sword-like eyes.

"A powerhouse? Was it someone from that Crossbridge Empire?"

A method capable of cutting off the fortune of an entire star sector might not even be achievable by a quasi-Empyrean Sanctum—one could imagine how profound the array-setter's attainments were in astrological deduction.

They had to be a top-tier oracle... a fate-weaver of the highest order.

Sangy asked aloud, "Thousand-Faced Sage—can you deduce their origin?"

The existence called Thousand-Faced Sage spoke with an eerie cadence.

"I'll try."

"And also," Sangy added, "deduce what this Crossbridge Empire truly is."

He had a persistent feeling that there was something deeply unnatural behind all of this.

The Thousand-Faced Sage's figure quickly dispersed—then, in the next instant, appeared atop an altar engraved with ancient runes and totems.

He wore a ritual robe interwoven with green, blue, and violet. In one hand he held a soul-lamp, in the other a ceremonial wooden staff, and he began to dance an ancient ritual.

Strips of cloth on the robe fluttered with each movement; bells hanging from it chimed softly.

The eyes upon his many faces gazed in all directions.

The totems beneath his feet seemed to come alive, circling him and forming a miniature world.

Around him, several Sage Master experts of Primordial Sword City stood watch in silence, guarding the rite.

After a long time—

Above the Thousand-Faced Sage's head, threads of rule-imprints sank into the void, as if merging into the colossal web woven from the universe's rules and order.

Following that web, they began to seek out every hidden truth.

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