

Gods Daily 528

Chapter 528: A Clash Across the Void: The Divine Court Is Crushed

Starlight Sea, outside the Styx Sector

Alvin's expression tightened. He lifted the two broken halves of his wooden staff and drove them into the Styx Sector from afar.

"What happened?" Lucio asked.

Suggwoth, Tina, Ares, and the other commanders all looked toward Alvin.

"There's a powerhouse in the Styx Sector known as the Thousand-Faced Sage," Alvin said slowly. "He cultivates an ancient sacrificial occult art—offering up fortune as tribute, in exchange for merging his own rules into the great web of fate and order."

"By following that web, he can observe what occurs in every hidden corner."

Alvin's gaze turned cold.

"He must have sensed my arrangements... and is trying to use the opportunity to reverse-trace me."

Lucio and Philip were visibly shaken.

Working in the same domain, they understood better than anyone what this meant.

To reach such a rank, his attainments in divination and fate-reading were already extraordinary.

After all, the moment they set foot in the Styx Sector, they would leave traces upon the universe's web of order.

Following those traces, a sufficiently skilled existence could trace back to their source—perhaps even seize hold of a fate-line and pry into their destiny’s trajectory.

Those even more profound could glimpse a fragment of the River of Fate itself—and see through everything.

Yet neither of them panicked. They simply watched.

Alvin’s divination arts could touch fate-lines as well; clearly, he was a match.

Alvin formed seals with both hands.

A crystalline magic array diagram, translucent like jade, rapidly expanded—melding into the surrounding starry void and pushing forward, flat and unstoppable, into the Styx Sector.

Boom—!

On the altar, the Thousand-Faced Sage’s movements halted.

He smashed the soul-lamp in his hand onto the altar’s surface. Lamp oil splashed everywhere. Flames flared up, roaring as they burned—incinerating all things the totems beneath his feet had manifested.

He then drew out a beast-hide ritual drum and struck it with his wooden staff.

Thoom. Thoom. Thoom...

Long minutes passed.

Then—

Bang!

The ritual drum exploded.

The flames on the altar guttered out in an instant.

Blood seeped from the Thousand-Faced Sage's entire body as his figure swayed.

"Sage!" Several Sage Masters standing guard at the perimeter changed expression.

"Terrifying... such terrifying attainment..."

The Thousand-Faced Sage lifted his head and stared toward the Star Sea.

In this clash across distance, he had actually fallen into the lower hand!

"What happened?" the Sage Masters hurried forward.

Turning his face slightly to them, the Thousand-Faced Sage said, "An unbelievable powerhouse blocked my 窺探—blocked my sight."

"But even so... I caught traces."

"At the edge of the Great Star Abyss... within Seraphim territory... inside the Riverhead Divine Realm... and..."

His voice sharpened.

"Near the royal domain!"

"This is aimed at Sword Primogenitor!"

"Send people to investigate—immediately!"

The Sage Masters issued orders on the spot—then changed their minds in the next breath.

"No. That won't be enough. We go ourselves!"

This involved Sword Primogenitor. The situation had to be raised to the highest alert level.

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The Styx Sector frontier

Alvin withdrew his hands and said calmly, "Everything went smoothly. We can begin the war."

Suggwoth nodded, constructed a world-gate, and led one hundred million Sacred Radiance-rank void warlocks into the Styx Sector. The summoned troops of every attribute followed close behind.

"Damn it—Crossbridge Empire has charged all the way in!"

"I told you—so the earlier battle really was only a probe."

"They still won't give up? This time, once they come in, they won't be leaving. The Divine Court has been waiting."

Many Styx experts who had been watching in secret sensed the commotion.

The linen-robed elder and the young girl also stood at a corner of the Star Sea, watching quietly.

"Grandpa, why don't we wait and see?" the girl asked softly.

"This Crossbridge Empire is storming in without restraint. Maybe they really can deal with Primordial Sword City."

The girl looked at the old man.

The linen-robed elder shook his head.

"Crossbridge Empire may possess several Sage Masters, but Styx is waters too deep. They may not be able to stir this pool."

"Whether they can even handle the Divine Court branch hall is uncertain—let alone the fact that once they clash head-on with the branch hall's powerhouses, it's equivalent to becoming enemies of the Starfont Divine Court itself."

"Of course," he added quietly, "it may not even require the Divine Court to act personally... If the upper three races sense a threat, they will spare no effort to crush them."

The girl quickly grasped the tangled implications.

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The Divine Court branch hall

"No need to watch any longer. Move."

A branch-hall powerhouse manifested from within rules and order. Thomas stood before the hall, staring at the legion surging in from the Star Sea.

"The Peace Prelate has already gone to the Eastern Starfield. Once we resolve this, we can go take a look ourselves."

"The Peace Prelate went in person?" The four Sage Masters behind him were stunned. "Wasn't he meditating, preparing to break into quasi-Empyrean Sanctum?"

"If the Eastern Starfield hadn't suffered a major catastrophe, the Divine Court would never have disturbed him."

Thomas was puzzled as well.

What could possibly demand someone like that from the Divine Court's headquarters?

And if the Eastern Starfield's forces had already struck this far... had something happened to the Divine Court's regulatory apparatus over there?

"We'll discuss that later. End this quickly."

Thomas stepped out of the holy hall, the four Sage Masters following at once.

More than a dozen ancient sage lords, countless Divine Oracles, and Sacred Radiance-rank hall guards also surged out to kill.

This time, the branch hall had even reinforced with four additional Sage Masters—both as a response to the upper three races' deterrence, and because they were now equipped with a World Relic: the Star-Track Astrolabe Wheel.

"You arrogant Crossbridge Empire! This is Starfont Divine Court territory!"

"You rebels who stir chaos—what罪 do you deserve?!"

Thomas' voice was like a thunderstorm, rolling across the starry void.

"What Starfont Divine Court?" Ares roared. "Sooner or later, Crossbridge Empire will trample it flat!"

An immortal battle-axe, billions of meters long, split the stars. Blade-light tore the void itself as it cleaved straight toward the Divine Court's experts.

Every spectator's pupils contracted violently.

Not because Ares' strength alone was so shocking—

But because that sentence—Crossbridge Empire will trample the Divine Court—made everyone's minds quake.

This was Starfont Divine Court territory.

The Star Abyss Divine Court was one of the supreme overlords of cosmic chaos!

Even Styx's upper three races had to bow before such an exalted Divine Court—yet this man dared to openly proclaim he would trample it?

This was no longer provocation.

It was outright rebellion—an announcement to the universe.

How could he dare speak so?

Did Crossbridge Empire not understand the terror of the Starfont Divine Court?

Thomas was utterly enraged.

Before all eyes, these words were no longer merely a disruption of order or an invasion of Styx—

They were open revolt against the Starfont Divine Court itself.

If he did not grind this faction into dust, he would have no way to answer to the Divine Court headquarters.

"These rebellious thieves—kill without mercy!"

Thomas issued the command coldly.

"Kill—!"

Suggwoth was even more direct. He unfurled his army-domain, ignited a godslaying battle art, and drove his forces forward in a crushing push.

At the same time—

The Lord of the Blazing Eagle, the God of Wisdom, and the War Executor had already returned.

Six Sage Masters joined hands and charged Thomas and the Divine Court's four Sage Masters, while forty ancient sage lords followed behind, erupting into slaughter.

After successive bloody battles, Suggwoth and Ares had recently broken through into the Sage Lord realm; their combat power was enough to 跨境—cross realms—and cut down ancient sage lords.

The six Sage Masters entangled Thomas and the Divine Court's elite.

Meanwhile, Suggwoth, Ares, and the forty ancient sage lords locked onto the Divine Court's quasi-Sage Masters and ancient sage lords.

"Damn it! Crossbridge Empire has far more ancient sage lords than we do—split them up first!"

A Divine Court ancient sage lord's face turned ugly when he saw the enemy outnumbered them by two or three times.

He was just about to change tactics—

When that one hundred million Sacred Radiance-rank void warlocks did not rush the ordinary hall guards at all.

Instead, they collectively locked onto the Divine Court's ancient sage lords and quasi-Sage Masters!

Endless spatial laws instantly sealed the void, completely disrupting the Divine Court's plan.

"Die!"

Ares and Suggwoth hacked down savagely.

Boom!

A catastrophic combined strike instantly erased every top-tier Divine Court expert—killed in a single heartbeat.

Only then did the one hundred million void warlocks surge like a tidal wave toward the remaining hall guards.

Having gone through the earlier god-realm battle, many of those void warlocks had already broken into quasi-Divine Oracle. Joining hands, killing Divine Oracles was no longer difficult.

Space was one of the strongest laws in the universe—chaos itself was space.

Within a domain they dominated, one hundred million void warlocks were nearly invincible.

They blinked and shifted through space, flashing past the Divine Court's hall guards in an instant.

The Styx experts hiding in the dark to watch were struck dumb.

They saw Sacred Radiance—rank guards and Divine Oracles alike falling one after another—disintegrating under spatial decomposition!

"This is insane..."

"Crossbridge Empire... is this even an army anymore?"

A Styx expert swallowed with difficulty, nearly losing the ability to speak from sheer shock at the scene before him.