

Gods Daily 529

Chapter 529: Fighting to the Death — The Upper Three Clans Reveal Their Full Foundations

The King Domain.

"Divine Court branch hall... annihilated?!"

"Crossbridge Empire has killed its way in!"

"What nonsense are you spouting?!"

"You've got to be joking!"

"Gods above—my entire wager is gone! Damn it!"

"Hurry—organize a defense—!"

Within the realm, the experts issued an emergency call to arms.

Yet years of indulgence and spectacle had numbed far too many. More of them were busy raging over their losses than moving to answer the call. Still, a small portion responded—following the leading powerhouses as they surged into the heavens to meet the invading legions of the Crossbridge Empire.

BOOM!

BOOOOOM—!

Earthshaking slaughter roared through the cosmos.

Broken bodies fell like meteorites.

Many who charged out were beaten until their forms were torn apart, fleeing back in tatters; those who arrived to reinforce them were stunned into silence the moment they joined the battlefield.

For a long time, they had lived in comfort within Styx Sector. Their ranks were generally at Sacred Radiance rank, and their methods were varied and plentiful—so they had always believed they held every advantage.

Besides, for ages the Upper Three Clans and the great experts of the King Domain had loudly proclaimed that life-forms from starfields beyond Styx were vastly weaker than they were.

But now...

A single ordinary Sage King rank soldier of the Crossbridge Empire could actually... slay a Sacred Radiance rank cultivator across ranks?!

And it wasn't just one person with this kind of combat power.

This... how was this possible?!

Spitting blood, they stared at the battlefield in disbelief—hearts boiling with fury at having been deceived for so long, yet also burning with the unwillingness of crushing defeat.

RUMBLE—!

The firmament of the King Domain was completely pierced through.

Summoned troops of destruction, soul, frost, and more poured into the realm one after another.

Though most of these invaders were only Sage King rank, no one within the realm dared to step forward to meet them head-on.

Comfort had made them dull. They had forgotten the taste of death. They had believed that with the Upper Three Clans seated above them, they could sleep soundly with no worries at all.

Reality struck them like a hammer.

A pure will of slaughter spread outward—so quickly that the entire King Domain seemed to transform into a land of death.

"Surrender... or be destroyed?"

Suggwoth's icy voice echoed through the starry void, making every survivor's courage shatter.

"We... we surrender!"

At last, the leaders of the various factions in the King Domain were terrified into submission.

At the same time, shocked cries rang out one world after another.

Every faction was stupefied. They had treated the Crossbridge Empire like a joke—

And now, no one could laugh anymore.

"Don't panic! They dared to charge into the depths of Styx—so the Upper Three Clans will make sure they die without a burial place!"

All eyes turned toward the direction of the Upper Three Clans.

A Divine Court branch hall had suffered a catastrophic defeat—such an uproar. The three clans could not possibly remain unmoved.

The watching experts held their breath and waited.

Shocking as it was, they understood in their hearts that this could not truly shake the foundations of Styx Sector.

Because everything in this starfield revolved around those three clans.

Their powerhouses were terrifying existences beyond ordinary imagination.

Now, the Sage Master of the Crossbridge Empire had been pinned down by the remnants of the Divine Court. Those dozens of ancient Sage Lord figures couldn't stir up too great a storm on their own.

As for the empire's legions—no matter how fierce their individual combat ability might be—so long as the three clans sent out even a few Sage Masters, the legions would be crushed like dust.

The number and quality of Divine Oracles, Sage Lords, ancient Sage Lords, and even Sage Masters possessed by the three clans were not something common sense could measure.

...

Riverhead Divine Realm.

Sangy watched everything unfolding on the battlefield through a rule-forged mirror-screen.

"Sword God—there must be a high-level mastermind plotting behind Crossbridge Empire," said a Sage Master after watching for a long time, voice grave. "We must uproot them early, to eliminate future trouble at the root."

To be honest, even he hadn't expected the Divine Court to lose so swiftly and so thoroughly.

Of course, it wasn't that the branch hall was weak—rather, the Crossbridge Empire's strength had far exceeded every estimate.

All of them had underestimated the enemy.

Sangy replied blandly, "Since they've stepped in, so much the better."

"Send some manpower to deal with those imperial legions. As for the Seraphim and the Star Sea Giant Ape clan... they will handle their own affairs."

He turned to the aged figure at his left.

"Great Elder—take two strong ones and go support the remnants of the Divine Court. They are, after all, the tether that keeps us connected to the Starfont Divine Court."

The old man nodded slightly.

A sharp light flowed through Sangy's eyes. In the blink of an eye, it condensed into a blade-like sword intent.

"Find the one orchestrating things behind the scenes. Do not let him... ruin the great matter of our clan."

The secret of Sacredwood Settlement could not be allowed to be probed, much less disturbed.

The reason Primordial Sword City had bowed its head to the Starfont Divine Court, agreeing to conscription, was above all to rely on the Divine Court's supreme might to stabilize Styx's situation—so that they could quietly seek the secret of Sacredwood Settlement in an environment of peace.

For Crossbridge Empire to leap in at this moment and stir chaos was nothing but courting death.

...

The moment Primordial Sword City moved, the Seraphim and the Star Sea Giant Ape clan also mobilized Sage Lord rank powerhouses and rushed to reinforce the Star Sea front.

At the same time, they began purging Crossbridge Empire legions that had invaded the starfields under their jurisdiction.

"A time of trouble... and Crossbridge Empire is the proof," said the Seraphim clan leader Aurelius, staring at the battle through the mirror-screen.

He had to admit it—he truly had underestimated the real strength of those imperial legions.

Even he felt shaken. One could imagine how little room there was to dismiss that power.

"Who could have guessed that this force would dare to be so brazen—so reckless—destroying a branch hall of the Sacred Hall and treating the Starfont Divine Court as though it were nothing?"

"Once the war in the Central Universe eases even slightly, the Divine Court only needs to sweep its gaze this way... and a catastrophe will descend."

"We must annihilate Crossbridge Empire completely before that happens," an elder at Sage Lord rank warned in a heavy voice, "lest the flames spread and implicate us all."

Aurelius fell silent, agreeing.

When two Divine Courts were at war, the wisest choice was to avoid being dragged in.

Once ensnared, even they might end as drifting ash.

If they wished to prevent the Starfont Divine Court from personally intervening later, the best solution was to act in its stead—to strangle the threat while it was still only a spark.

They watched the battle closely.

As the strength of the Upper Three Clans entered the fray, the situation changed abruptly.

Every imperial legion met fierce interception and devastating strikes.

Even Suggwoth—leading more than forty ancient Sage Lords and quasi-Sage Masters—could not bear the dual pressure of the three clans' powerhouses and Styx Sector's native forces at the same time.

Within the Star Sea.

Divine Court Hall Master Thomas drove the World Relic, the Star-Path Wheel, drawing upon the Star Sea's origin power as he battled the Lord of the Blazing Eagle and the God of Wisdom.

The other four branch-hall Sage Masters fought to the death with the likes of the War Executor.

The aftershocks of the battle caused planets to collapse one after another. Violent chaos-tempests tore across every world of Styx Sector, triggering calamity after calamity.

"Lord Thomas—we've arrived!"

A voice rang out in the starry void.

Three Sage Masters from Primordial Sword City charged onto the Star Sea battlefield.

Supreme sword intent transformed into a boundless flood of blades, mixed with a chaos storm spanning billions of meters, sweeping forward in a single overwhelming tide.

Across the endless universe, all matter seemed to become stained with that killing sword intent—turning razor-sharp beyond measure.

"As expected... when it comes to sword dao and sword arts, Primordial Sword City stands alone!"

"This kind of ultimate swordsmanship isn't something ordinary beings can withstand!"

Experts of Styx Sector—far from the battlefield—staggered back in terror.

The moment Primordial Sword City moved, it meant the war was escalating on every front.

Even across great distances, they instinctively feared that peerless sword-path.

And what's more—those who had come this time were Sage Masters!

RUMBLE—!

No sooner had Primordial Sword City's Great Elder entered the battlefield than three Sage Masters of the Seraphim also descended, wings of sacred light unfurling behind them as they stood upon the far end of the shattered Star Sea.

They were like three holy feathers radiating brilliance, drifting down toward the broken Star Sea battlefield.

But it wasn't over yet!