

Gods Daily 530

Chapter 530: Ultimate Oppression — Apollo Sunblaze

ROAR!

A gigantic giant ape, towering billions of meters high, charged in with a colossal Starlight Pillar—a massive column refined from condensed stars—sweeping aside the surging chaos storm as it rushed straight toward the heart of the battlefield.

Two slightly smaller giant apes followed close behind it.

As the Starlight Pillar smashed down—

BOOM!

Even the Styx Sector powerhouses far from the battlefield shuddered violently, retreating even farther in mounting horror.

"Crossbridge Empire... has really kicked the hornet's nest this time!"

Their hearts trembled.

...

"Nine Sage Masters from the Upper Three Clans have joined the fray... Now it depends on whether the one behind the layout can withstand it."

"If he can't, then I fear every last ounce of Crossbridge Empire's strength will be buried here."

The old man in hemp robes sighed softly.

Don't be fooled—Styx's living beings had been duped into mindless entertainment, but the Upper Three Clans were the true taboo of this starfield.

Countless forces had no choice but to kneel beneath them.

"Truly beyond expectations!" Even the Lord of the Blazing Eagle was shaken when he saw nine more Sage Masters arrive.

"Should we withdraw first?"

"And how far has Lord Alvin's plan progressed?"

The God of Wisdom and the other Sage Masters were equally uneasy.

At the edge of the Sea of Stars, Alvin hesitated. He glanced back once—yet there was no movement at all behind him.

After a moment's contemplation, he finally lifted his hand and carved a stellar magic formation into the void—an array diagram formed from tens of thousands of galaxies.

RUMBLE—!

At that very instant—

At the edge of the Sea of Stars, the starry sky convulsed violently, collapsing inward like a black hole—then, from within, a colossal realm-gate erupted into furious flame!

Fire swept outward in all directions as the gate expanded explosively.

A vast divine might flooded out in a heartbeat, enveloping the entire Styx Sector and even suppressing the raging battle for a brief moment.

"Hm? What is this?!" The nine Sage Masters of the Upper Three Clans frowned and probed toward the realm-gate in unison.

Thomas—still locked in a death struggle—and Sage Masters like the Lord of the Blazing Eagle also split their attention to investigate.

All the watching Styx Sector experts, the hemp-robed elder, and even Sangy, Aurelius, and others deep within the clans' core lands, turned their gaze that way.

An inexplicable sense of ominous danger weighed on them. Their expressions darkened as they extended their mind power, focusing tightly on the gate.

A towering realm-gate—billions of meters high—stood like a monument.

Endless silhouettes surged out from within.

"More Crossbridge Empire troops?!" Many people froze.

"Excellent—reinforcements!" The God of Wisdom and the others looked over, faces lighting up.

Alvin crossed the starry void and arrived before the gate.

The Eternal Sunfire War God entered the battlefield holding the Divine Radiant Pearl.

He released it.

The sacred pearl hung above Thomas and the other Sage Masters, then began crazily gathering elemental, law, and rule power from the entire starfield!

Centered on the pearl, thousands of golden, lightning-like beams rapidly split off, spreading outward and merging into every corner of Styx Sector.

As the Divine Radiant Pearl pressed downward over the Star Sea, countless worlds seemed pinned beneath an invisible force.

Thomas and the other Divine Court Sage Masters—along with the clans' Sage Masters, and even the Lord of the Blazing Eagle and the rest—

all spat blood at the same time.

"What kind of power is this...?!"

Aurelius and Sangy's eyes widened almost simultaneously, storm waves of shock surging within them.

"It seems... we still underestimated this opponent."

"Stop probing. Wipe them out in one strike!"

"...Fine!"

The Far Eastern Forbidden Zone

The chaotic starfield suddenly blazed with light. Endless radiance was born, piercing the fog of chaos.

A boundless river of swords—a sword-long-river made entirely of blades—punched through the boundary of chaos, surging out from one end of the battlefield!

Ancient sword artifacts poured out like a flood, as though they meant to drown all of Styx Sector.

BOOM!

The Styx Great Star Abyss suddenly erupted.

Abyss-water billions of meters high transformed into raging tidal waves, swallowing the starfields along both banks.

A Star Sea giant ape that had slept at the bottom of the abyss rolled over and rose, raising a terrifying wave tens of billions of meters high.

A pair of eyes—bright as stars—cast a cold glance toward the far pole of the battlefield.

And in the depths of that Starlight Sea—

a sacred feather, glowing with gentle light, drifted slowly toward the battlefield.

Across the myriad worlds of Styx Sector, everything shook violently. World order manifested, fused with chaotic origin, and streamed toward those directions.

"Sword River spanning the void—that's the Sword Primogenitor!"

"The Star Sea Origin giant ape!"

"The Sacred-Wing clan's Primogenitor!"

"These three taboo existences... were actually all stirred awake?!"

Countless beings in the starfield were terrified beyond belief.

No matter how wildly they imagined, none of them could have predicted that a mere imperial invasion could awaken these towering beings once more.

"Looks like Crossbridge Empire isn't simple!"

"If even the Primogenitors have taken action, then the trouble is enormous."

Within the Seraphim—

the Sage Masters and ancient Sage Lords stared toward the Star Abyss, expressions grave.

...

"All Seraphim powerhouses—follow your clan leader into the Star Sea and slay the strong enemy!"

Aurelius's majestic voice thundered across the clan lands.

In an instant, innumerable holy beams shot into the sky all at once—spectacular, overwhelming.

That scene alone made living beings in every world quake with fear.

To force the Seraphim to deploy their entire elite... only then did everyone realize:

This Crossbridge Empire was not something they could casually mock.

"What's happening?"

"The entire Seraphim clan is mobilizing?!"

"Who has been hiding Crossbridge Empire's true information from us—forcing us to live in ignorance?!"

"They're clearly that strong—why weren't we allowed to prepare earlier?!"

As worlds ripped apart and order collapsed, many people's minds were battered to the brink.

At this moment, all life in Styx Sector finally panicked.

Before, they had treated this war as a joke—甚至 as entertainment—opening betting pools, placing wagers, rewriting and dramatizing events, taking it as nothing at all, living inside a self-built dream of invincibility.

Only now, when war truly burned at their doorstep, did they wake up.

...

"Every powerhouse of Primordial Sword City—enter the Star Sea and slay the strong enemy!"

Within Primordial Sword City, the Sword God Sangy also led his people into the Star Sea. A million sword-lights carved across the heavens.

Razor-sharp sword qi crisscrossed the entire starry sky!

"What? Primordial Sword City is mobilizing everyone too?!"

"Crossbridge Empire isn't the clown—we are!"

"Hahahaha... who's to blame? Didn't they choose this themselves?"

"Hmph. I want to see whether the Upper Three Clans—those parasites sucking blood above all living beings—can actually win this war!"

...

"All powerhouses of the Star Sea giant ape clan—follow me and slay the strong enemy!"

The giant ape clan's experts also strode into the chaos storm as one.

As they ran—planets were casually slapped into explosions...

"The Upper Three Clans have deployed all their elites?!"

"Is Crossbridge Empire really this strong? Why was there not a hint of it before?!"

"Gods! All the ancient Sage Lords, the Sage Masters—even the clans' Primogenitors are moving. Is Styx Sector going to be destroyed?!"

Panicked cries echoed across world after world.

Wasn't it said that the Divine Court only needed to lightly intervene to crush Crossbridge Empire with ease?

...

RUMBLE!

The river of swords converged. Countless trillions of blades assembled into a resplendent suit of war-garb.

A sword-light burst forth—condensing into a majestic figure with a blazing sword-mark branded between his brows.

It was the Sword Primogenitor of Primordial Sword City!

From that drifting sacred feather, a man in a long robe threaded with golden patterns stepped out.

Endless pressure radiated from him—so great it actually offset a portion of the Divine Radiant Pearl's suppressive force.

This was none other than the Sacred-Wing Primogenitor of the Seraphim!

At the other end stood a giant ape towering tens of billions of meters. Chaos aura coiled around it, its pupils savage—revealing the most primal power of destruction as it stared fixedly at the Eternal Sunfire War God.

"I am under Emperor Aurek's throne—Eternal Apollo Sunblaze..."

RUMBLE—!

The moment Apollo's words fell, he had already launched into the air.

Behind him, a pair of blazing light-wings exploded open, and in an instant his figure transformed into a Sunblessed Goldenflame Phoenix with a wingspan of tens of billions of meters—lighting this shattered chaotic starfield as bright as day.

Golden flames that could incinerate all things roared around the divine bird, as if it meant to turn everything into ash.

A terrifying, absolute pressure swept out at once—

and stunned every powerhouse on the battlefield into stillness.