

Gods Daily 532

Chapter 532: Pantheon Moves — The Conquest of Styx

On the battlefield.

Aurelius, Sangy, and the others underwent drastic changes in expression. Shocked as they were, an even deeper dread took root in their hearts.

All three Primogenitors were already nearing quasi–Empyrean Sanctum, yet every one of them had been suppressed by a single person.

That Imperial War God possessed at least quasi–Empyrean Sanctum combat power!

If that deduction held true, then the hidden foundations of the Eastern Starfield were likely far beyond anything they had imagined.

With the entire Styx Sector suppressed by thirty percent, even they had not been spared.

Ares, Suggwoth, and the others seized the opening, launching ferocious assaults and cutting down many of the three clans' experts.

"Damn it—retreat! The entire clan, withdraw!"

Aurelius had no choice but to make the call.

And it wasn't only him. Sangy also attempted to pull the surviving forces of Primordial Sword City out of the battlefield.

However, the magic array Alvin had set up intercepted thirty percent of Styx's fortune-flow, channeling it entirely to drive the Olympian Divine Sword, the Ouros Disc, and the Feather of Sacred Flame—steadily suppressing all living beings in the starfield.

Even if Sangy and the others wanted to flee, it was nearly impossible to shake off this invisible trap.

The Sunblessed Goldenflame Phoenix glanced at them coldly. A sweep of scorching fire-origin power surged out—countless ancient Sage Lords, and even Sage Masters, were swallowed by blazing flames, their divine souls and origin cores burned to nothing!

That sight made Sangy, Aurelius, and the rest feel their hearts and guts split in terror.

"Damn it—this is absolutely quasi—Empyrean Sanctum battle power!"

"Break the spatial boundary with everything we have—evacuate Styx Sector!"

Fury and panic twisted together in Aurelius's face. He took out a World Relic, attempting to pierce through both poles of the Star Sea and tear a way out of Alvin's layout.

ROAR—!

The Star Sea giant ape, still pinned beneath the phantom of the Divine Radiant Pearl, roared madly.

Its body continued to swell. One after another, dazzling beams of chaotic radiance and giant-ape phantoms hammered the sacred pearl with thunderous, drum-like impacts.

The Sword Primogenitor, nailed through by the Olympian Divine Sword and swallowed by the river of flame, drove a terrifying sword dao—forcing open a sword-realm within the fire domain, trying to break the seal and escape.

The feather-shaped galaxy where the Sacred-Wing Primogenitor resided shrank violently, struggling to break free from the divine bird's talons.

Apollo, in the form of the Sunblessed Goldenflame Phoenix, committed all his force to the Sacred-Wing Primogenitor.

To completely kill three existences that were each close to quasi-Empyrean Sanctum, even he couldn't do it easily at his current level—

unless he crossed the ninth level of Sage Master and reached a true Sage Master, or even quasi-Empyrean Sanctum.

Thus, the best strategy for now was to break them one by one.

The Sacred-Wing Primogenitor was torn apart by the phoenix's claws. Endless galaxy-light shattered into dust, and the starfields under his domain began to collapse.

The phoenix continuously spewed holy flames, crazily erasing the sacred feather that the Sacred-Wing Primogenitor had become.

"Damn you—!"

The Sacred-Wing Primogenitor was terrified beyond measure.

Though he had transformed into galaxy-phantoms spanning hundreds of millions of li, he could not escape the divine bird's sustained damage.

If this continued, he would be erased completely!

Alvin moved as well.

A magic-array diagram evolved in his palm and flew toward the Sacred-Wing Primogenitor, intending to assist Apollo and accelerate the kill—so they could free their hands to deal with the other two Primogenitors.

Yet at that very moment—

At the very center of Styx Sector, a world-gate forcibly shattered the seal of the Fate-Triangle Etched Magic Array, and descended into the battlefield's core out of nowhere!

The sudden intrusion made Alvin and the Eternal Sunfire War God instantly go on guard.

Soon, an incomparably grand temple—radiating mysterious, profound light—slowly emerged from within the gate.

"That... that's the Pantheon!"

"Pantheon!"

The hemp-robed elder cried out in shock.

Aurelius and Sangy shouted in alarm as well.

Even Alvin showed a look of surprise.

Many powerhouses who knew the truth were stirred.

Deep within the Star Sea universe, there was a Pantheon—a place that enshrined primeval gods born across various starfields and within chaos.

For example... the one atop Heaven-Pillar Peak.

No one knew its true origins, but one thing was certain: it had appeared the moment that Emyrean Sanctum existence descended into this universe.

The beings within were unfathomably strong—so strong that even the two Divine Courts had to yield it some measure of respect!

That was precisely why, in the Celestial Light God Realm, the Peace Committee could not interfere with the Sea God Temple—

because it was a branch of the Pantheon, built to enshrine the deity of Heaven-Pillar.

Now, this boundless Pantheon phantom suppressed the entire Star Sea in an instant!

"No—!"

Suddenly, the Sword Primogenitor let out a howl of utter despair!

Before anyone could even react—

the tightly shut temple doors of the Pantheon slammed open, erupting with three sacred beams so brilliant they pierced the universe itself.

One blasted into the Fire-Universe where the Sword Primogenitor struggled.

One punched through the phantom of the Divine Radiant Pearl and struck the Star Sea giant ape.

The last slammed into the feather-shaped galaxy phantom.

"AAH—!"

"No!"

Three screams rang out almost simultaneously.

In the next instant, those three sacred beams hooked backward like barbed lines—yanking the Primogenitors' figures toward the Pantheon at terrifying speed.

As they were dragged, the forms of the Origin Star Sea giant ape, the Sword Primogenitor, and the Sacred-Wing Primogenitor kept shrinking!

By the time they reached the majestic temple doors, the three had transformed into—

a single strand of fur, a streak of sword-origin, and a sacred plume...

"W-what... what is this?!"

Alvin, the Lord of the Blazing Eagle, and even Thomas and the other branch-hall Sage Masters were all stupefied.

The Primogenitors' true bodies were actually...

a strand of fur, a thread of sword qi, and a feather?!

It overturned everyone's understanding.

Alvin hurriedly tried to calculate—

only to discover that from this moment on, the threads of fate surrounding this matter had been completely shrouded by some higher-level power.

"Unnameable!"

Alvin's face changed violently.

At his rank, even if he couldn't peer into the full River of Fate, glancing at a specific fate-line should not have been difficult.

Yet now there existed something that could conceal his sight from the source itself...

That meant one of two things:

either an existence whose attainment far surpassed his—

or the supreme might of Empyrean Sanctum!

The thought made his heart sink with gravity.

The battle was already at a critical pitch, and whether this newly arrived Pantheon was friend or foe remained unknown!

RUMBLE—!

Those three "things" were dragged into the temple doors.

Then the temple's radiance withdrew, the doors closed, and the Pantheon phantom paused slightly—before sinking back into the world-gate and vanishing.

No one understood whether it had appeared to help Crossbridge Empire, or whether it had come specifically for those three Primogenitors.

"It seems... what that person from Sacredwood Settlement said wasn't false."

The hemp-robed elder murmured.

The little girl looked up at him. "Grandpa... what do you mean?"

"Hard to say." The old man shook his head.

Apollo's divine bird paused briefly. It did not pursue the disappearing Pantheon—instead, it turned and slaughtered the remaining enemies on the battlefield.

With a war god capable of threatening quasi-Empyrean Sanctum holding the line, the ancient Sage Lords and Sage Masters of the three clans and the Divine Court had only one fate left—

to be ground down and killed.

"Find a way back to Divine Court headquarters and tell them the situation in Styx Sector has completely spiraled out of control!"

"This Crossbridge Empire has become the Divine Court's greatest hidden peril! You must... deliver the message!"

In secret, Thomas dispatched a few trusted Sage Lords, helping them escape.

He knew he himself would be hard-pressed to break free. All he could do was cover a small number of people and send intelligence back to the Starfont Divine Court—

otherwise, he sensed the situation would grow into something that could no longer be contained.

"Whole army—advance!"

The legions of Crossbridge Empire began a full sweep—crushing and annexing Styx Sector.

And in the Eastern Starfield, within the Celestial Light God Realm...

Atop Heaven-Pillar Peak...

When the Pantheon phantom appeared, that peerless figure also gazed beyond the boundary of worlds. A faint, ethereal divine voice seemed to proclaim the turning of an era.

"It seems the time... is almost here."

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