

Gods Daily 534

Chapter 534: A Voice from the Starfont Divine Court

In the Central Universe, within the territory of the Starfont Divine Court.

This expanse of star domain was formed from tens of thousands of primordial worlds—each one more advanced than the Celestial Light God Realm—and it constituted the very heartland of the Starfont Divine Court.

The headquarters of the Sanctuary of Peace was located here.

As the Divine Court's supervisory institution, the Sanctuary was responsible for overseeing all territories ruled under the Divine Court's dominion. Wherever living beings multiplied and worlds were born, the Divine Court's influence would extend its reach—drawing upon fortune and destiny to consolidate its rule.

Sanctuary of Peace Headquarters

Inside the grand hall, a Sage Master named Leonel sat in solemn silence.

He wore dark-red sacred armor, and his towering form rose tens of thousands of meters high. His brows were tightly knit; the turbulence of his mind seemed to ripple through the surrounding laws themselves, dimming even the lights within the hall.

Seven or eight figures stood respectfully below him, all clad in heavy robes. Their auras were unmistakably those of true Sage Lord rank.

"Peace Prelate has fallen in the Celestial Light God Realm," a voice reported, low and grave. "And his fate-track has been completely veiled—impossible to calculate."

Another true Sage Master let out a long sigh.

"It seems... we all severely underestimated the situation and power within that star region."

Peace Prelate had left behind a soul imprint within the Sanctuary. The moment he perished completely, the Sanctuary would know.

"Lord Overseer," another true Sage Master warned, "this matter must be reported to His Majesty the Emperor at once. The war with the Reincarnation Divine Court is growing more intense by the day. If this hidden danger erupts, the Sanctuary of Peace will not be able to bear the responsibility!"

He understood Leonel's intent in gathering them—Leonel hoped the Sanctuary could resolve this matter internally.

But the total annihilation of a Peace Prelate meant only one thing: the enemy either possessed quasi-Empyrean Sanctum-level combat strength, or held a method capable of erasing a true Sage Master completely.

The Sanctuary of Peace was a supervisory institution—not a primary war legion. Its capabilities were limited.

If the Starfont Divine Court's direct legions were deployed, suppressing unrest in that remote region would be effortless.

Leonel truly had entertained the thought of handling it on the Sanctuary's own—after all, it was his dereliction. The Sanctuary's reputation would suffer greatly if word spread that a chief prelate had been slain under its watch.

Reputation, however, was secondary.

To bring shame upon the Starfont Divine Court—that would be a sin.

Just as Leonel weighed the matter—

The doors of the hall burst open.

Several ancient Sage Lords hurried in, their expressions pale with alarm.

"...Lord Overseer!"

They entered and bowed deeply to Leonel.

"Why have you returned?" one of the stewards demanded, confused.

These were the powerhouses who had narrowly escaped from Styx Sector.

One of them bowed again, voice trembling with dread.

"Styx Sector... something catastrophic has happened!"

"Lord Thomas has already fallen."

"The three ancestral founders of the tribes... have been suppressed and taken away by Pantheon."

"Styx Sector has been completely lost—captured by the Crossbridge Empire from the Eastern Starfield. The elites of the three tribes have been wiped out. Lord Thomas ordered us to report this to you no matter the cost."

"What?! The upper three tribes of Styx Sector have been exterminated?!"

The hall erupted in shock. Every face changed.

Leonel's eyes turned icy beneath his dark-red battle armor.

Crossbridge Empire again.

That fringe empire had clearly become a mortal threat.

"What exactly happened? Explain it in full!" a Sanctuary powerhouse barked, forcing down his astonishment.

The ancient Sage Lord immediately recounted the upheaval in Styx Sector in detail.

When words like Time Legion, Space Legion, and quasi–Empyrean Sanctum powerhouse were spoken aloud, the entire Sanctuary fell into a dead, suffocating silence.

"Withdraw for now," Leonel commanded, waving the messengers away.

They bowed and retreated.

All eyes in the hall fixed on Leonel.

"This is no longer a minor trouble," someone said hoarsely. "It is a calamity that reaches the heavens!"

"They have a quasi–Empyrean Sanctum guarding them, and they command multiple World Relics... this kind of threat must be eradicated."

"Lord Overseer, this situation has exceeded everything within our control," another steward said, face grim. "It must be reported to the Divine Court."

He was shaken to the core.

He could not imagine that a remote star region could nurture a power so terrifying. It was absurd—yet all the more alarming.

The Starfont Divine Court was locked in war with the Reincarnation Divine Court, and yet behind them lurked such a dreadful hidden danger—one that continued to devour Divine Court territories.

Thankfully they had discovered it early.

If it were allowed to grow into full strength, the consequences would be unimaginable.

Leonel understood the stakes. He nodded slowly.

"For now, you will handle the Sanctuary's daily affairs, and send additional powerhouses to Styx Sector and the Eastern Starfield to probe the truth of the situation."

"As for me—"

"I will personally go to the Divine Court and request an audience with His Majesty."

"Understood!" the stewards rose and accepted the order.

Leonel then opened a World Gate and departed for the primordial world where the Starfont Divine Court resided.

The Primordial World

The primordial world was the original continent of the Central Universe, condensed from the earliest source of chaos. It was built from countless laws and orders, encompassing endless star seas and connecting directly to the depths of chaos—vast beyond measure.

Outside the Divine Court's domain, a true Sage Lord—rank God General stepped forward and saluted Leonel.

"Lord Leonel—why have you come personally?"

"I have urgent matters to report to His Majesty," Leonel replied, returning the salute.

"Please enter!"

The God General did not dare obstruct him. Yet as Leonel was about to pass, the general lowered his voice in warning.

"Lord Leonel... the front lines are going poorly. The Dark Keep War God of the Reincarnation Divine Court has personally entered the battlefield. He has slain multiple God Generals of our Divine Court."

"His Majesty is furious. You... must be cautious."

"Thank you for the warning, General," Leonel said quietly, his brows drawn even tighter.

The Dark Keep War God was the Reincarnation Divine Court's foremost war deity. If even he had entered the fray, then the war had escalated into all-out conflict.

Leonel steadied his mind and stepped into the Star-Origin Holy City.

The holy city floated within chaos itself—boundless, magnificent.

Four sacred gates served as the Divine Court's entrances. Leonel entered through the Western Holy Gate.

Within the city, grand sanctuaries and ancient halls stretched without end, beyond counting.

The Imperial Palace of the Divine Court was forged from an entire Star Sea world.

The Imperial Hall

Above the palace hall, a Divine Cleric prostrated in the void and reported reverently:

"Your Majesty! Lord Leonel requests an audience."

"Let him enter!"

A majestic voice rolled through the hall.

Moments later, Leonel strode into the imperial chamber and knelt in fear and reverence.

"This minister greets Your Majesty."

"What has happened?" the majestic voice asked.

An overwhelming divine pressure filled the space. Even Leonel—already quasi-Empyrean Sanctum—felt his very soul shudder under it.

Leonel dared not lift his head. His voice was cautious, respectful to the extreme.

"Your Majesty—"

"Catastrophic changes have occurred in the Eastern Starfield and Styx Sector!"

He reported everything in detail: the fall of Peace Prelate, the extermination of Styx's upper three tribes, and the appearance of Pantheon.

"Pantheon's intervention... Crossbridge Empire..."

"Legions that wield time and space..."

From the imperial throne came a low murmur—tinged with surprise, especially at the mention of Pantheon.

"This Pantheon is of mysterious origin. When the Stellar Divine Court collapsed, it once revealed itself."

"Many of the universe's secrets are hidden within it. And now it appears again in Styx..."

"It seems the situation is far from ordinary."

After a moment of contemplation, the majestic voice sounded again.

"Investigate thoroughly whether Pantheon and Crossbridge Empire are connected."

The imperial decree fell into Leonel's ears like thunder.

Leonel hurriedly kowtowed.

"Your Majesty—should we dispatch troops at once to suppress Styx Sector?"

"I will send a legion," the Divine Court Emperor said. "The responsibility of the Sanctuary of Peace is to uncover the root of all causes."

"And in addition—send more manpower deep into the Reincarnation Divine Court. Determine their legion movements. Since Dark Keep has taken the field, this is now a full-scale war."

"As you command, my Emperor," Leonel replied.

He then withdrew from the imperial hall.

From beginning to end, he never raised his head—never dared to gaze upon the peerless figure seated upon the throne.

That unmatched pressure was something he could not endure.

But at least now, the threat of Styx Sector finally had a solution.

Once the Divine Court's legions moved, their effectiveness was not something the Sanctuary of Peace could compare with—even if it emptied its entire strength.

...