

Gods Daily 539

Chapter 539: Fleeing, the Garrison Collapses Across the Line

"Damn you!"

The three true Sage Masters trapped within the flames roared again and again—yet they could only watch helplessly.

The Divine Court soldiers blasted apart by the titans were immediately sliced again by spatial rifts torn open by the void warlocks, then worn down by the Blades of Years condensed by the Time Warlocks, until they were utterly erased before their eyes.

In desperation, the three true Sage Masters drove a powerful World Relic into the sealed region.

BOOM!

The starry dome shattered. A wave of ruinous energy exploded outward, colliding with time and space laws—offsetting, corroding, and canceling them.

"Full army—retreat!"

Several Sage Masters seized the opening and surged in, frantically trying to tear apart the Time Warlocks' and void warlocks' formations—using rule-order to suppress law-power—while the surviving soldiers, terrified out of their minds, tried to break away from the battlefield.

The three true Sage Masters struggled wildly, their bodies twisting as they attempted to escape beyond the flame domain.

But the moment they took to break the domain was already enough.

The divine bird's claws completed their lock.

Those talons clamped down like iron, dragging them back into the blazing origin of fire.

"AAAAH—!"

Three shrill screams ripped through the void.

The Nightingale War God's face changed drastically.

"In the name of Star Origin—forge a sword of Starlight!"

He bellowed.

From within the Boundary Arbiter, torrents of starlight surged out, condensing into a colossal greatsword made purely of starlight. With a single strike, it cleaved toward that roaring mass of fire-origin.

Sword-light rolled like waves upon a sea of starlight—one wave higher than the next—seemingly intent on extinguishing every flame.

He stepped through chaos, and the quasi-Empyrean Sanctum pressure he released was so heavy it felt as if it would crush all of Styx Sector.

At that very moment, the sacred flame divine bird manifested by Apollo shook its wings and swept out a horizontal slash, splitting the starlight sword intent apart—

And it crashed head-on into that starlight greatsword.

BOOM—!

It was as if the universe itself detonated.

An origin storm swept outward in all directions, blasting the Nightingale War God backward.

Only after several successive spatial jumps did he barely avoid being torn apart by the aftershock.

He turned to look at the main battlefield—

And saw that the situation had already been completely reversed.

No longer were the Border Garrison crushing the empire.

It was the empire's legions that were slaughtering the Divine Court army in mad bloodshed.

"Retreat!"

The Nightingale War God issued the command without hesitation.

The eleven Sage Masters knew they had taken a catastrophic loss today. They prepared to cover what remained of their troops as they withdrew.

"Hold them!" Alvin ordered the Lord of the Blazing Eagle and the other imperial Sage Masters.

With the cooperation of the Time Warlocks and void warlocks, the Lord of the Blazing Eagle and the others successfully cut off the eleven Sage Masters' retreat.

The Nightingale War God had no choice.

He poured his full power into the Boundary Arbiter again.

With a single sword-strike he cleaved the starry void—forcing Styx Sector to split in two, ripping open a path for the remnants of the Border Garrison to flee back toward the world gate.

For the moment, the Crossbridge Empire's legions were blocked on the other side of that sundered star-sky by the Boundary Arbiter's terrifying blow.

The Divine Court's scattered survivors stumbled to the gate, souls still shaking. Seeing the gate at last, they finally breathed a little easier.

Just as they prepared to rush through and escape—

The divine bird spat out a pillar of destruction forged from flame, detonating violently in front of the gate!

BOOM!

The gate shuddered violently and began to collapse, making the Divine Court soldiers who were about to enter freeze mid-step.

BOOM—!

A second pillar slammed down.

The gate collapsed completely.

The Divine Court soldiers standing on the edge went blank.

They had arrived safely...

And now... they couldn't go back?!

The Nightingale War God's face turned hideous in an instant.

Without hesitation he crossed the starry void, swinging the adjudicating holy sword, trying to forcibly carve an escape route out of Styx Sector.

But the three peak true Sage Masters—

Could no longer break free.

The sacred flame divine bird, formed from Apollo, swept over the boundless sea of fire. Its enormous talons—capable of rending star rivers—reached for the three true Sage Masters.

First claw.

Pure force crushed their thousand-times-tempered, undying sacred bodies.

Their divine forms shattered. Laws wailed.

Yet true Sage Lord—rank existences had life cores deeply bound to specific laws.

In flickering light-flame, their figures re-formed in the void—this was conceptual rebirth founded upon law.

The divine bird's eyes remained calm, as though it were merely repeating a fixed procedure.

Second claw.

It came with even more blazing origin flame.

This fire did not merely burn matter and energy—it scorched the very concepts of existence and the law-links upon which their rebirth depended.

The rebirth process was forcibly interrupted.

Their forms collapsed again.

Then the divine bird performed an action that made every watcher's soul tremble.

It opened its massive beak—one that seemed capable of swallowing star rivers—and inhaled violently.

"No—!"

A scream filled with unwillingness and despair exploded through the void.

The three peak true Sage Masters' not-yet-fully-dispersed forms—together with the divine flames wrapping them—were seized by an invisible monstrous force, twisted, and dragged entirely down the divine bird's throat.

Inside it, a terrifying process of energy aggregation began.

All of the three peak true Sage Masters' divine power—along with the laws they commanded—was forcibly compressed and refined.

In the blink of an eye, a blazing fireball formed within the bird's mouth.

It was not a true star...

Yet its energy density and law-disorder were comparable to a destructive singularity created by forcibly kneading hundreds of stars into one!

The divine bird turned its head toward the Nightingale War God's fleeing direction and opened its beak.

That annihilating singularity was spat out.

At first it was only the size of a fist.

But the instant it left, it expanded violently—becoming a terrifying body of light that illuminated countless decaying worlds, dragging behind it a tail that burned red as it roared toward its target!

The Nightingale War God turned back in horror.

The shadow of death swallowed him whole.

With a howl, he recalled the Boundary Arbiter that had been blasted away and poured every last drop of his remaining divine power into it.

The holy sword erupted with unprecedented radiance.

Defensive divine inscriptions and offensive sword intent burst forth together, meeting that "destructive star" head-on.

CLANG— — —!!!

An indescribable impact, like two small universes colliding face-first.

The Boundary Arbiter let out a wail of overload. The starlight within the blade dimmed instantly, and it was blasted away by an irresistible force.

That force followed the connection of the divine weapon—

And struck directly into the Nightingale War God's true body.

PUCHI!

The holy sword, flung back, twisted of its own accord—its tip carrying that ruinous power—and pierced straight through the Nightingale War God's chest, then detonated his divine body into a sky full of dancing shards of light.

"Ugh—AAAH!"

His divine soul screamed amid the fragments.

He frantically activated life-saving secret arts, burning nearly all his life-origin and divinity before he barely managed to reassemble his body in the distance.

The new body was covered in cracks, his aura withered to the extreme.

But he did not dare linger for even an instant.

He tore open a wildly unstable temporary passage, swept up the surviving remnants, and fled out of Styx Sector without looking back.

Meanwhile—

The Lord of the Blazing Eagle and the other imperial Sage Masters were fully entangling the Starfont Divine Court's eleven Sage Masters.

The terrifying aftershock of Apollo's final strike swept over, instantly blasting three unprepared enemy Sage Masters until their divine bodies exploded.

The remaining eight Sage Masters were heavily wounded. The imperial Sage Masters seized the chance to lock them down completely.

Then they fell into layer upon layer of encirclement—Time Warlocks and titans closing in—

And were focused down and shredded.

And the Time Warlock and void warlock legions, guided by Eternal Apollo Sunblaze's will, did not pause in the slightest. They pursued out of Styx Sector, continuing the hunt for the collapsing Nightingale War God and his remnants—determined to expand this victory to its utmost extreme.

Far away, the watching powerhouses of the Star Sea Giant Ape clan and the Seraphim were already pale as death, the final traces of luck and greed in their hearts extinguished completely.

"Withdraw! Withdraw immediately from Styx Sector—never come back!" the Sword God Sangy said hoarsely, fear impossible to conceal.

"Crossbridge Empire... this is a monster we can't even understand."

A time-controlling Divine Oracle legion numbering over a hundred million...

When they recalled that they had once stood against the empire, the belated terror made their blood run cold.

If even three peak true Sage Masters could be butchered like chickens—

What in the universe was impossible?

The remnants of the three tribes vanished into the depths of the star rivers at top speed, silent and unseen—never daring to look back even once.

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