

Gods Daily 542

Chapter 542: Beyoncé—Her Whole Heart Set on Eating

A corridor within the sanctified halls, where holy radiance interwove like flowing silk.

Several imperial consorts sat upon long benches carved from starstone, or leaned against crystal pillars that shimmered as if alive. Their gazes, without prior agreement, all settled on the tiny figure beside Belinda.

Beyoncé puffed out her round cheeks, her chubby little hands clutching a handful of divine fruits that glistened with different hues of light. She kept stuffing them into her mouth, making cheerful nom-nom sounds—utterly delighted.

Ever since the empire had integrated the resources of the Celestial Light God Realm and the Eastern Starfield, its reserves had grown so deep they were almost impossible to measure.

Precious magical elixirs by the ton, high-grade fruits of law, even sacred medicines infused with divinity—everything was being shipped back to the Divine Sanctuary in an endless stream.

Beyoncé had completely let her appetite loose. And yet, at the speed she was eating, she still couldn't keep up with how fast the resources were arriving.

She ate with such happiness, as if every bite were the finest delicacy in existence.

Perhaps feeling a little uncomfortable under so many eyes, Beyoncé lifted her small head. Her big eyes swept across the group before finally landing on the most familiar face—Belinda.

She extended her little hand, offering a divine fruit.

The gesture seemed to say: Do you want some too?

"..."

"This is... the Stellar Saint-Emperor?"

They exchanged looks, their expressions turning subtly complicated.

When Kaos had confessed that the greedy little munchkin before them was the former supreme ruler of the glorious Stellar Divine Court—the Luminous Empress—everyone had gone blank for a long moment.

A Divine Court emperor... even imagining such a being conjured an image of unmatched majesty, gazing down upon all life.

But the scene in front of them...

Crunch!

Seeing Belinda smile and shake her head, Beyoncé naturally popped the fruit back into her own mouth. Like a little rabbit gnawing on a carrot, she crunched two or three times and finished it cleanly, satisfaction blooming across her face.

From a terrace not far away, Aurek watched everything without missing a detail.

Since Kaos had already laid it bare—since Beyoncé was the key person who knew the Twelfold Divine Sanctuary's core secret—then once she recovered her memories in the future, she would naturally be able to unveil the answer for him.

Besides...

What Aurek wanted to understand even more, from the depths of his heart, was whether the "fated master" this Divine Sanctuary had been waiting for... was truly him.

For now, the empire's resources were abundant enough to support however much she ate. Aurek was more than happy to see it.

...

Beneath the Heaven-Pillar.

An elderly man in simple linen robes led a little girl into a mountain range shrouded in sacred aura.

The old man's expression was solemnly reverent. He fell to his knees toward the sky-reaching pillar of light, prostrating himself in worship.

The little girl beside him copied his movements, kneeling neatly and obediently.

In the next instant—

Light and shadow flowed. Space and time twisted.

Their figures appeared before a palace that was both illusory and hazy, as though it existed half inside a dream.

Eighty-one pillars of light held up the palace's outline. Upon each pillar were carved ancient beast-patterns and countless traces of divine power that were impossible to comprehend.

A blurred silhouette stood quietly upon the palace steps, cloaked in an indescribable presence and majesty.

"By the River of Forgetting, Charlemagne of Sacredwood Settlement greets the divine one!"

The old man bowed again, his voice hoarse.

"By the River of Forgetting..."

The silhouette seemed to recognize the place. A gentle yet irresistible invisible force lifted Charlemagne and the little girl to their feet.

Her voice sounded as though it came from the end of time itself.

"I already know what has happened to Sacredwood Settlement. All living beings of the settlement... will ultimately have a place to return to."

At those words, Charlemagne's heart surged with emotion. Genuine joy rose onto his face.

The little girl might not have understood—but he did.

Those clansfolk slaughtered by Primordial Sword City had not vanished completely. They had gone to another destination—one on a higher plane.

"I have come in accordance with my ancestors' final teachings, and I humbly ask the divine one for guidance!"

Charlemagne bowed deeply as he spoke.

He did not fully understand what connection Sacredwood Settlement had to the deity of this Celestial Light God Realm, but the ancestral instruction passed down through generations pointed here with absolute certainty.

However, he did not mention the Dark Abyss at all.

Because the threat it represented was far too immense.

From the faint traces left behind by that supreme existence, Charlemagne could infer that whatever was imprisoned within possessed a terrifying power—power that could effortlessly destroy the entire Star

Sea Universe. It was not something a quasi-Empyrean Sanctum—or even an Empyrean Sanctum—could be compared to.

Even if the divine one before him might know, he would not bring it up of his own accord.

If she truly watched over Sacredwood Settlement, then she surely also understood the crisis the Dark Abyss might bring.

The silhouette raised her eyes toward the depths of the Star Sea.

After a long time, her attention fell upon the little girl, still childish and confused.

"Leave her here."

Charlemagne was overjoyed beyond measure. He hurriedly turned to the child.

"Mily—quickly! Thank the divine one for her grace!"

Even among ancient existences on the verge of stepping into the Empyrean Sanctum, not everyone was qualified to become a deity worshipped by the Pantheon.

Those who were worshipped possessed staggering fortune.

If Mily could remain by such a being's side—even if only to serve—then it was a heaven-sent opportunity, an immeasurable blessing.

"Mily pays respects to the divine one..."

The little girl was timid, but still bowed obediently.

"Regarding the Dark Abyss, you need not concern yourself. Someone fated will go and handle it."

An ethereal voice entered Charlemagne's mind.

In the next second, he was already back outside the Heaven-Pillar—still maintaining the posture of prostrated worship, as though everything he had just experienced had been nothing but a dream.

But Mily was gone without a trace.

Charlemagne's heart turned cold with awe.

He himself was a powerhouse of Sage lord rank, and yet he hadn't sensed that teleportation at all.

The strength of that divine one... was unfathomably deep, enough to inspire reverence.

After offering one more respectful salute, he rose and stared up at the towering divine pillar that pierced the clouds and shone with immortal radiance. A great weight in his heart finally fell away.

Mily's safety was no longer something he needed to worry about.

His only lingering concern was that, in the future, the Crossbridge Empire and the Starfont Divine Court might choose that region as a battlefield—what if, by accident, the seal of the Dark Abyss was damaged...

But since the divine one also knew the Dark Abyss existed, there was nothing left for him to fret over.

...

Within the Chaos Ruins, the war had already entered its most brutal stage.

Chaotic lifeforms—hundreds of millions of meters tall, billions of meters tall—slaughtered each other with reckless abandon. Every strike carried power enough to collapse entire worlds.

These colossi born of chaos possessed bodies so monstrously strong it defied reason. If they stood within a complete world, a single punch would be enough to erase it into nothingness.

Fortunately, the battlefield lay in these star regions that were already shattered and disordered.

The Primordial Giants were intimately familiar with chaotic environments. They could partially harness chaos-origin for offense and defense—and that forced the empire's elite titans to pay a heavy price.

Cursefont Star God Merxis and Gorgan, the chieftain of the Primordial Giants, fought in a fever pitch.

Relying on powerful spatial light-speed movement and annihilating nirvanic force, Merxis barely managed to hold the opponent—who stood at the peak of quasi-Empyrean Sanctum—to a draw. Their battlefield tore from the depths of the Return-to-Ruin, all the way into the wider Chaos Sea.

Meanwhile, the Chaos Unicorn led many colossal beasts from the chaotic abyss into the fray, truly relieving enormous pressure from the imperial legions.

These predators—also born of chaos—adapted to the hostile environment even better than the Primordial Giants, and their impact on the giant race was devastating.

Several quasi-Empyrean Sanctum giants of the Primordial Giants, along with multiple true Sage lord rank giants, had no choice but to split off forces to restrain the Chaos Unicorn.

The commotion of this unprecedented melee was simply too vast. It had long since alarmed countless neighboring starfields—and the ancient beings and races hidden within them.

Besides those already watching closely—Elysium Starrealm, the Elven Starfields, Chaos Heaven, and the Divine Court of Reincarnation—

Other ancient powers as well, such as the Primeval Law Clan, the Thunder Warden, and the Godblood Scion, were now turning their gazes toward this boiling battlefield.