

Gods Daily 544

Chapter 544: Quasi-Origin Artifact — Black Shark's Fang

"Just what faction is this?!"

"Have they gone insane—striking the Divine Court of Reincarnation in public like this?!"

The Elven Goddess cried out in shock.

Existences from the Elysium Starrealm, the Thunder Warden, the Godblood Scion, and other factions all stared, stunned, at the suddenly arrived Apollo—and at the flames beneath his feet, from which a scream still echoed.

Apollo's gaze quickly locked onto the churning hell-sea.

With a single thought, the torrent of source-flame roared forth like a crimson molten dragon, plunging straight into the hell-sea!

The collision of supreme forces was violent beyond measure. In that region, the very structure of laws tore apart inch by inch like glass—an utterly horrifying sight.

And beneath Apollo's feet, that true Sage Master general had already undergone dozens of cycles of death and rebirth.

His life-origin, his law-imprints—everything was completely destroyed under the burning of the holy flames. In the end, he dissolved into pure energy and merged into the source-flame itself, never again possessing any possibility of revival.

From within the realm-gate—

Legions of Time Warlocks, Void Warlocks, Soul Warlocks, and Curseweavers surged out like a tide, charging into the battlefield the instant they arrived.

Their objective was clear: if it was an enemy, they would apply the most efficient form of killing—without exception.

Domains of time-stasis and spatial confinement overlapped and unfolded once more. Caught off guard, great swaths of the Divine Court of Reincarnation's forces were frozen in place.

And then came a one-sided slaughter—cold, merciless, absolute.

"AAAAH—!"

Shrieks rose and fell throughout the Divine Court's formations.

The Soul Warlocks' attacks were stranger still. Invisible storms of mind and spirit swept through; countless soldiers' eyes dimmed in an instant, their soul-fires snuffed out on the spot. Life withered like autumn leaves.

"You ignorant wretches! Daring to oppose my Divine Court of Reincarnation—seeking death!!"

On the Divine Court's side, ancient Sage Lords, Sage Masters, and true Sage Masters raged in both shock and fury, diving toward the Time Warlock and Void Warlock arrays.

Eternal Apollo Sunblaze flickered—

And transformed into a sky-covering Sunblessed Goldenflame Phoenix. His divine wings swept across the heavens!

The ancient Sage Lords rushing in were swallowed instantly, like dust caught in a firestorm.

Attacks from Sage Master and true Sage Master ranks slammed onto the phoenix's feathers, erupting into violent bursts of energy—yet failing to cause any real harm.

The divine bird counterattacked. Talons and beak tore through the enemy line, killing several Sage Masters and true Sage Masters on the spot!

The Sunblessed Goldenflame Phoenix's colossal body skimmed over the battlefield and flew straight above the hell-sea.

He opened his enormous beak and exhaled an even fiercer, even purer source-fire!

That blaze was so bright it could be seen from the far end of chaos itself.

A river of flame spanning the void crashed down into the hell-sea.

Like molten steel poured into ice water, the entire hell-sea boiled—and began to evaporate!

The pressure on the Cursefont Star God dropped sharply. He roared.

With his world-creation power fully unleashed, he cleaved apart the chaos with a single strike, taking the chance to blow apart several true Sage Lord rank Primordial Giants who tried to intercept him.

At the same time, he forcibly deflected Gorgan's pursuit—and swung back with a ferocious counterattack!

Apollo's eyes fixed on Hellshark. He no longer held back.

The secret art of source-transmutation and the secret art of creation surged at once, instantly manifesting countless burning worlds within the chaos—layer upon layer—crashing down on Hellshark like falling stars, suppressing him from above!

Hellshark's expression turned heavy. His entire arm, saturated with surging bloodlust and resentful power, smashed upward into those descending flame-worlds.

Rumble... rumble...!

Heaven-shaking thunder roared.

The Sunblessed Goldenflame Phoenix streaked in like golden lightning.

A gigantic claw wreathed in holy fire stamped down savagely toward Hellshark's head!

PUFF—!

Hellshark took the blow head-on. He spat a spray of blood, his aura instantly withering.

The chaos beneath his feet collapsed from the impact.

"DIE FOR ME—!"

Hellshark roared. Behind him, a massive, ferocious black-shark divine aspect phantom rose, radiating boundless vicious might.

The Sunblessed Goldenflame Phoenix answered without yielding—an extremely condensed pillar of source-flame, like a spear of judgment, slammed into Hellshark's divine aspect!

The divine aspect was as though drenched in God Fire that would never extinguish. It hissed and sizzled as it rapidly melted away.

Then, the phoenix's enormous claw pressed down again—harder, heavier!

CRACK!

A bone-splitting sound that made teeth ache rang out.

Hellshark's true head visibly caved in and shattered; his eyes were squeezed so violently they burst from their sockets, and his entire body began to disintegrate from the crushing force.

"What a terrifying powerhouse—War-God Hellshark actually lost?!"

"His aura... it can indirectly destabilize the laws on our side!"

"Clearly, these newly arrived warriors are with the same group as those who attacked the Primordial Giants earlier!"

"Right—those Divine Oracle legions that command time again! And curses, and space..."

"Where are these experts even coming from?!"

"The Undead Legion being slaughtered like this... it's simply unbelievable!"

Observers from the Primeval Law Clan, the Godblood Scion, Chaos Heaven, and other factions all looked shaken, staring in disbelief at a battlefield that was changing by the second.

A true Sage Master general—killed in a single strike!

An endless legion, butchering Divine Court troops without hesitation!

And a suffocating, terrifying existence—so overwhelming it nearly crushed the will—beating the infamous Hellshark to the brink of death!

"Across the entire Star Sea, aside from the Starfont Divine Court, what other force has this kind of nerve—and this kind of strength?"

Even the powerhouses of the Elysium Starrealm racked their brains and still couldn't find a single faction that matched.

The Chaos Unicorn stared fixedly at the Sunblessed Goldenflame Phoenix. A level of oppression born from the hierarchy of life itself—and a natural suppression of power—made it profoundly uneasy.

Even Gorgan, the Primordial Giants' chieftain, and the others were startled.

Outsiders might not recognize it, but they had been to the Celestial Light God Realm. They had a faint impression—an echo—of this empire and the aura of its blazing sun war-god.

The chain of thunderous strikes had already inflicted catastrophic losses upon the Undead Legion.

And Hellshark himself was being firmly pinned down by Eternal Apollo Sunblaze.

He tried again and again to retaliate—expanding hell-domains, summoning the dead—only to have everything burned to ash by the Sunblessed Goldenflame Phoenix's purer, more tyrannical flames.

Even Hellshark's divine aspect had been melted until only a blurred outline remained.

And then—

A sudden mutation!

Hellshark's quasi-Origin Artifact, Black Shark's Fang, flashed. Its blade became a dark-red trajectory, severing the Sunblessed Goldenflame Phoenix's law-connection in an instant—forcefully creating a vacuum of power!

Hellshark seized that razor-thin opening. His shattered divine soul and body turned into a streak of bloodlight, retreating at extreme speed to the far end of chaos.

At the same time, he frantically devoured the surrounding energy. His broken flesh rapidly reassembled, and his eyes blazed with absolute cold.

Hellshark's divine aspect solidified again behind him. Countless patterns imbued with slaughter-laws poured into Black Shark's Fang like living things.

The crescent-moon blade trembled violently. Scarlet radiance burned like tangible flame, and a ferocious aura that made all life tremble surged outward.

In an instant, centered on the battlefield, millions upon millions of vast starfields were forcibly overpainted into a suffocating dark red—like a wall soaked through with blood!

All living beings within that region felt as if they had become nothing more than insignificant patterns on that wall, suppressed from the very level of laws.

"Quasi-Origin Artifact—!"

Chieftain Gorgan cried out in horror.