

## Gods Daily 545

Chapter 545: Crushing Slaughter — The God of Fire

The Elven Goddess, the experts of the Primeval Law Clan, and countless other onlookers all changed expression.

They felt an oppressive force so overwhelming it was almost stripping something away from them—enough to make them ready to flee at any moment.

Every pair of eyes locked onto that blade—Black Shark’s Fang—as it continued to expand, its scarlet radiance growing ever more piercing. Deep dread settled into every heart.

Above an Artifact of Authority came a World Relic... and above that, an Origin Artifact.

An Origin Artifact was a supreme treasure born alongside the very source of cosmic rules and order—bearing power beyond comprehension.

A single strike could shatter the structure of the universe itself. It could directly interfere with, even sever, the threads of fate—erasing an enemy from the root of existence.

A quasi-Origin Artifact possessed only a trace of origin aura and might... yet even that granted it a portion of ultimate slaughter. It could sever the connections of most rules and orders, its power far surpassing a World Relic.

Black Shark’s Fang was precisely such an infamous quasi-Origin Artifact!

In the war that had annihilated the Stellar Divine Court, the reason Hellshark could serve as one of the forward main battle forces was, to a great extent, because of this divine weapon.

With his quasi-Empyrean Sanctum rank driving a quasi-Origin Artifact at full power, he had slain more than one existence of the same tier. Even a powerhouse like Gorgan, who had touched the threshold of the Empyrean Sanctum, feared him by three parts out of ten.

"Mad Shark—Rending Fangs!"

Hellshark's pupils fully transformed into blood-red eyes, like a vicious ghost crawled up from the deepest hell—feral and hungry for slaughter.

Gripping Black Shark's Fang, he slashed savagely across that monotonous dark-red world!

CRACK!

CRACK! CRACK—!

The dark-red void, as if struck by an unimaginable force, instantly filled with countless black fractures crisscrossing in every direction!

Those fissures spread at terrifying speed. Wherever they passed, all matter, energy—even portions of rules themselves—split apart in their wake.

A Primordial Giants Sage Master, too close to one of the cracks, was caught directly upon it. He didn't even have time to scream before his massive body was carved into innumerable chunks—then ground into dust.

And more intersecting fractures, like a web spun by death itself, surged wildly toward the position of the Sunblessed Goldenflame Phoenix!

The phoenix released a clear, piercing cry. His blazing wings shook as if they meant to overturn the entire firmament.

He opened his enormous beak and unleashed a flame pillar condensed to the absolute extreme, blasting into the space ahead—trying to block the fissures that annihilated all things.

BOOOOM—!!

But Hellshark used that moment to execute a spatial leap.

One hand re-gripped the hilt of Black Shark's Fang; his body and the giant blade merged into one—then he drove a supreme strike straight at the Sunblessed Goldenflame Phoenix!

The mirrored planar world collapsed completely, breaking into countless dark-red shards that carried laws of destruction.

With the crescent blade's swing, a sky-swallowing sea of blood drowned everything, surging to engulf the phoenix!

The Sunblessed Goldenflame Phoenix pushed his source-flames to the limit. The transmutation forbidden art and the creation secret art formed a holy-flame sword before him to intercept—yet it still could not withstand the erosion of shards infused with origin aura.

Many shards pierced the flaming defense and slammed heavily into the phoenix's divine body.

Golden divine blood spilled from the wounds like molten solar fire. Each drop became a burning flame that bored through the void itself.

Black Shark's Fang followed immediately, cleaving toward the phoenix's head!

The quasi-Origin Artifact's ultimate edge collided violently with the phoenix's undying holy fire. Countless burning divine feathers were cut loose and drifted away.

The sight made the scalps of many true Sage Masters and quasi-Empyrean Sanctum powerhouses go numb.

"Too terrifying... worthy of a quasi-Origin Artifact!"

Even the Chaos Unicorn retreated again and again—pulling back several great starfields' worth of distance.

The terrifying might of such a top-tier divine weapon could practically help Hellshark kill any enemy below the Empyrean Sanctum.

Cursefont Star God Merxis spared part of his attention to this battle, but did not rush to support.

He trusted his companion's strength. And he himself was locked in a fierce struggle with Gorgan, all while killing several true Sage Masters of the Primordial Giants who sought to take his life.

Even so, multiple quasi-Empyrean Sanctum giants remained to restrain him—the pressure on his side was equally heavy.

At this moment, the Sunblessed Goldenflame Phoenix let out an enraged shriek, his colossal body suddenly surging upward.

Radiance burst from him like a star igniting, temporarily forcing Black Shark's Fang back.

Hellshark pressed the advantage. He swung Black Shark's Fang with full force, sending slash after slash that tore through chaos, chasing the phoenix.

Even the surging source-flames were struck into collapse, greatly reducing the breadth and lethality of Apollo's offensive domain.

In the aftermath of one clash, half a starfield directly collapsed—becoming an absolute void that no longer existed!

Primordial Giants, hell-undead warriors, and even portions of the empire's legions that had been fighting there—none were spared. All were erased together.

The sheer destruction shocked even Gorgan. He had to break away temporarily from his entanglement with the Cursefont Star God and order the remaining giants to withdraw from the battlefield's core at once.

The Sunblessed Goldenflame Phoenix streaked through chaos at extreme speed, trying to draw Black Shark's Fang's edge away.

The quasi-Origin Artifact's might truly was peerless. If Eternal Apollo Sunblaze had not possessed such deep foundations, he would have already fallen.

If he were currently quasi-Empyrean Sanctum himself, then even a true Origin Artifact might not have made him this wary.

Hellshark, killing in a frenzy, let one slash drift off its line—striking toward the realm-gate opened by Chaos Heaven.

The powerhouses before the gate went pale with terror and instantly retreated into it.

A thunderous boom followed. That sturdy realm-gate—along with an entire star region behind it—was cleaved into nothingness by Black Shark's Fang.

And at the very instant when Black Shark's Fang and Hellshark's true body suffered the slightest delay in control—

The Sunblessed Goldenflame Phoenix's enormous form suddenly dispersed, returning to Apollo's true body. He stood quietly in the heart of roaring holy flames.

His expression turned solemn.

Both hands formed an ancient, profound seal. From his lips came a low, resonant mantra.

"By the law of God Fire—

let the world undergo Silent Extinction nirvana;

let the eternal blaze gather all divine might..."

Eternal Apollo Sunblaze's red hair lifted upward, like flames burning toward the sky.

Within his eyes, that phantom fire-world abruptly manifested.

From that universe of flame, a godly silhouette stepped forth—wearing a crown, draped in firelight stretching ten thousand meters, radiating an invincible presence—as it walked into the void.

The apparition ignored the spinning, slicing Black Shark's Fang entirely. Its gaze pierced every obstruction and descended in an instant directly before Hellshark.

An absolute domain—irresistible, unquestionable—spread outward with the godly silhouette at its center.

Hellshark had just tried to recall Black Shark's Fang—

And in the next heartbeat, he froze in sheer horror, as if turned to stone.

"The power of a deity...?!"

"Impossible!!"

Hellshark let out a terrified roar.

Before that godly silhouette, his will, his laws, his surging divine power... were melting away of their own accord!

His rank seemed to be peeled off layer by layer by an invisible giant hand—plummeting from lofty quasi-Empyrean Sanctum in a rapid collapse, growing weaker and weaker.

As though a god had been cast down into a mortal insect—

No—worse.

As though he had been reduced across countless tiers of life, falling again and again into ever smaller insignificance.