

## Gods Daily 546

Chapter 546: Fists Against the Divine Court, Kicks Against the Giants

The godly phantom merely flicked its sleeve—lightly, as if brushing away a speck of dust.

PFF!

Hellshark didn't even have the thought of resistance. His entire existence vanished into nothingness in an instant—without leaving so much as a trace.

And yet, at the far end of chaos, Hellshark's figure reconstituted in miserable fashion, resurrecting once more. The terror on his face did not lessen—if anything, it deepened.

He stared fixedly at the godly phantom that was slowly turning its head.

"Withdraw—NOW!!!"

The order tore out of him like a howl.

He forcibly recalled Black Shark's Fang, then bolted straight back into his side's realm-gate without looking back—as if some horror capable of devouring everything was chasing him from behind.

The sudden spectacle left every observer dumbstruck.

A ferocious existence second only to the War-God of the Dark Keep—Hellshark—had been frightened into fleeing in such disgrace?!

Just how terrifying had that strike been, to make a quasi-Empyrean Sanctum powerhouse—one who even wielded a quasi-Origin Artifact—this afraid?

The surviving Undead Legion surged back toward the realm-gate as well, scrambling in panic.

The godly phantom did not give chase. It only pressed down remotely toward the gate with an empty palm.

BOOOOM—!!

The distant realm-gate shook violently. Spiderweb cracks spread across its surface—yet it managed to hold.

Apollo did not pursue further. His own consumption had been immense.

The godly phantom slowly dissipated, and Apollo's gaze shifted toward Gorgan, chieftain of the Primordial Giants.

The moment that cold gaze fell on them, warning bells screamed in the hearts of Gorgan and several quasi-Empyrean Sanctum giants beside him!

They didn't understand the full horror of that earlier strike, but the instinctive threat response born from the depths of life itself made them shiver.

They hammered at Cursefont Star God in an attempt to open a breach—yet at the same time, their bodies retreated involuntarily, inch by inch.

"What is going on? Even the Primordial Giants' chieftain fears him?!"

The chimera from the chaotic abyss couldn't comprehend it.

The other watching existences were equally confused.

But the Cursefont Star God seized the instant their minds wavered and unleashed a creation-divinity art once more. A terrifying slaughter-force surged forth, forcing Gorgan and the quasi-Empyrean Sanctum giants to meet it head-on with everything they had.

And precisely in that moment—when they were fully focused, power and spirit condensed to the extreme—

That eerie absolute domain expanded again.

Like an invisible prison, it swallowed them.

"This... what kind of power is this?!"

For the first time, clear panic appeared in Gorgan's enormous pupils.

He could feel his strength, his origin—even his very self-awareness—being forcibly dismantled layer by layer.

As a result, the power he could mobilize dwindled rapidly. His overall strength was falling at an insane speed!

No wonder Hellshark had been terrified!

If one's life-origin, divine soul, and even the concept of existence were stripped this thoroughly, then it meant a death that could not be reversed.

"Damn you—!!!"

"Impossible!"

The other quasi-Empyrean Sanctum giants also sensed that dreadful stripping sensation. Their roars erupted in pure terror.

Gorgan's expression turned frenzied. The supreme power that brushed the threshold of the Empyrean Sanctum burst out without reservation.

He punched again and again into the invisible boundaries around him, trying to smash this bizarre domain apart.

The other quasi-Empyrean Sanctum giants also fell into madness, striking different nodes of the domain without regard for cost—trying to carve a path out for their chieftain.

At last—after sacrificing several companions and paying a tremendous price himself—Gorgan seized a brief tear that had been forced open and escaped the domain's horrific range.

The first thing he did after freeing himself was not to rescue the trapped companions.

Instead, he swept up the last surviving core clansmen without hesitation and disappeared into the endless chaos—never looking back.

The Cursefont Star God tried to pursue, but Apollo stopped him.

Then the two of them joined forces, locking the remaining four quasi-Empyrean Sanctum Primordial Giants firmly in place within the domain.

Eternal Apollo Sunblaze's strongest trump card was the Fire God True Body—one of the three forbidden arts of source-origin.

Its core essence was to split and isolate every element of existence a target possessed: power, soul, origin, and more.

The moment the target tried to mobilize any kind of force or law, a corresponding isolating power would immediately form—cutting it off and rendering it unusable.

In the end, the target would be weakened step by step until it became a powerless ant—one that could be erased with a casual wave.

These four Primordial Giants were merely ordinary quasi-Empyrean Sanctum existences, far inferior to Gorgan. Even so, killing them completely was still difficult.

After finally killing one, it would use its connection to chaos—along with pre-laid contingencies—to resurrect.

Just like Hellshark: even after being erased by a single strike from the godly phantom, he could still revive at a distance.

If the Cursefont Star God had chased Gorgan alone, then Eternal Apollo Sunblaze, by himself, would have struggled to complete a thorough kill within the enemy's revival cycles.

With the two working together, the crushing eradication became far easier.

On the main battlefield, the remaining Primordial Giants had already been slaughtered to the last. The Undead Legion had also been wiped out.

Only the central region remained—an erasure war focused on the four quasi-Empyrean Sanctum giants.

The mighty races of the Star Sea and the ancient forces watched with grave faces as they looked upon this horrifying scene.

As quasi-Empyrean Sanctum existences themselves, they felt a chill rise from the depths of their hearts.

This suddenly appeared, unfamiliar faction was not only powerful—it was ruthlessly decisive.

It didn't even seem to care about the threat posed by outside forces like them. It simply continued its cruel eradication process with cold focus.

Was it killing chickens to warn the monkeys... or did it simply not care?

Or—was it both?!

Star God Merxis and Eternal Apollo Sunblaze went all out, killing the giants again and again.

The eradication dragged on for several days.

The four giants were killed repeatedly—more than a hundred times.

Their revival grew slower and slower. Their strength after resurrection grew weaker and weaker. Their connection to chaos became ever more blurred.

Finally, when they could no longer draw the origin needed for rebirth from chaos, when their life-imprints were completely ground away, the battle was at last declared finished.

In theory, Primordial Giants—born of chaos—so long as a single ember of will remained and could merge with chaos, still had a chance to awaken again after an unimaginably long span of ages.

But the time and conditions required were beyond comprehension—practically equivalent to eternal death.

"Go—now!"

On the eve of the battle's end, the Elven Goddess quietly collected a portion of the giants' flesh and blood and vanished into a realm-gate.

Experts of the Elysium Starrealm, the Primeval Law Clan, and other forces were deeply shaken by the final methods Eternal Apollo Sunblaze had displayed.

No one dared linger. They all withdrew into their realm-gates one after another...

The complete fall of four quasi-Empyrean Sanctum powerhouses rang like a funeral bell deep within chaos, filling every onlooker with unease and icy dread.

The Chaos Unicorn and the chimera had long since retreated back into the depths of the chaotic abyss.

"Return to the empire!"

Eternal Apollo Sunblaze gave the order without hesitation, stepping into the realm-gate together with the Cursefont Star God.

They had slain too many powerful enemies, and this battlefield lay at the edge of the Divine Court of Reincarnation's territory. The Divine Court would never let this go.

For now, the empire was not suited to wage an all-out war against an established Divine Court in a region far from its own core.

A timely withdrawal was the best choice at present.

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