

Gods Daily 547

Chapter 547: The News Leaks — The Star Sea Stirs

The Western Nuo Starfield, the Elven Divine Empire.

Using the Fountain of Life, the Elven Goddess barely managed to rouse the Primordial Giant's consciousness—so faint it was on the verge of extinguishing entirely.

"What faction were you fighting?" she asked softly. "Where did they come from?"

Her voice carried a power that soothed the soul.

But within the giant's remnants of awareness, there was only endless venom and savagery. It howled:

"Damn the Crossbridge Empire!"

"It came from the Eastern Starfield! That child... that child is in Crossbridge Empire's hands!!"

"Crossbridge Empire!"

"It really is an outside force!"

The elves around her were shaken.

"Crossbridge Empire..."

The Elven Goddess rolled the name across her tongue. On her exquisite face, curiosity and contemplation rose together.

"I will go there personally," she declared suddenly to the elves at her side.

Whether it was a clue related to the Luminous Empress, or the mysterious and powerful Crossbridge Empire itself—both ignited a fierce curiosity within her.

...

At the far end of the Chaos Ruins.

A powerful existence from Chaos Heaven had likewise, through certain secret channels, captured fragments of intelligence regarding the Crossbridge Empire.

"Master," a true Sage Master standing respectfully at his side murmured as a reminder, "the identity of that side as Crossbridge Empire is now certain. But the strength this empire has displayed... is far from ordinary."

"They dared to openly challenge the authority of the Divine Court of Reincarnation. I fear this will not be easy to interfere with."

The sovereign of the heavenly domain fell silent for a moment.

"Go to the border of the Eastern Starfield first," he said at last. "Probe the truth."

"Now that the news has spread, forces in other starfields will learn sooner or later. And those ancient remnant clans lurking at the very pole of chaos... their speed of learning will only be faster. We must set out early."

The domain's experts around him nodded one after another.

Almost at the same time—

The upper echelons of the Primeval Law Clan, the Godblood Scion, and other ancient powers made similar decisions.

Invisible tentacles quietly stretched out from every corner of the Star Sea... toward the territory where the Crossbridge Empire resided.

...

Deep within the Chaos Ruins. Endless chaotic storms roared without cease.

"Chieftain! The Crossbridge Empire's army... has withdrawn!"

A Primordial Giant reported to Gorgan.

Gorgan forced down the injuries boiling within him and stared at the pitiful handful of clansmen remaining. Boundless rage and hatred threatened to ignite into something tangible.

"The news of the Luminous Empress has already spread throughout the cosmos..."

His mutter echoed within the storm as he repaired his damaged origin.

"The Divine Courts—and those ancient remnant clans hiding at the pole of chaos—will never let this chance go. They will certainly go to the Crossbridge Empire."

A near-cruel sneer appeared on his cracked face.

"What's the hurry? All of this... is only just beginning!"

...

The Divine Court of Reincarnation, core of the Darkest Starfields.

Hellshark had returned to his territory and was repairing his heavily damaged origin.

Even in complete safety, the terror Apollo's methods inspired still lingered in his bones.

If not for Black Shark's Fang, that quasi-Origin Artifact protecting him at the critical moment, he very likely would have been completely erased—without any possibility of rebirth.

What crushed him even more—what he could not understand—was this:

What kind of faction could raise such a horrifying war-general?

Apollo was not even quasi-Empyrean Sanctum, yet his battle power already did not lose to the War-God of the Dark Keep!

"General," an ancient Sage Lord arrived to deliver an order. "The Saint-Emperor summons you."

Hellshark interrupted his recovery and nodded.

"It must be about her."

Beside him, another quasi-Empyrean Sanctum powerhouse—Blade of the Demon Prison—rose as well.

He already knew the intelligence from the great battle and had reported everything to the Divine Court.

Hellshark said nothing, only nodded again.

Before they left, Blade of the Demon Prison spoke in a heavy voice.

"You must warn His Majesty to be on strict guard against this Crossbridge Empire. This is absolutely a threat that will fester in the heart."

Hellshark's steps paused. A dim light flickered in his eyes.

"Perhaps... the Divine Court won't even need to act personally."

Now that the Luminous Empress's news had detonated across the Star Sea, Crossbridge Empire had already been pushed onto the cusp of an endless storm.

Those greedy ancient powers would swarm in. The empire would have nowhere to hide.

And more than that—those ancient remnant clans whose history was even older than the Divine Courts themselves would likely be alarmed as well!

...

The Starfont Divine Court.

The Divine Court's territory was divided into five great regions:

Starwell, Sacred Mountain, the Archaic Starfields, the Fallen God Domain, and the Endless Forest Sea.

Starwell consisted of eighty-eight primordial continents—each thousands of times larger than the Celestial Light God Realm. It was the undisputed center of power and strength within the Starfont Divine Court.

The Starwell Sacred Hall stood at the very heart of the core region, suppressing the cosmic veins of the Star Sea universe and commanding legions beyond counting.

Encircling the Sacred Hall were the court's nobility and magnates, along with numerous vassal ancient forces.

The eighty-eight primordial continents together formed a terrifying Sacred-Source Grand Magic Array—it was rumored that even the Emyrean Sanctum would struggle to break it head-on.

The array established four magnificent Sacred Gates, corresponding to:

the Sacred Mountain in the east,

the Archaic Starfields in the west,

the Fallen God Domain in the south,

and the boundless Endless Forest Sea in the north—directly connected to chaos.

At this moment, within the territory of Sacred Mountain—

"I heard War-God Nightingale suffered a huge loss in the Styx Sector and was seriously wounded?"

"You're behind. The war at the Chaos Ruins is even crazier. They say several starfields were shattered, and the Primordial Giants nearly got exterminated!"

"That brutal? Did our Divine Court go into full-scale war with the Divine Court of Reincarnation?"

"No. They say it was an outside force called Crossbridge Empire. Even Hellshark got killed once—then fled back to his lair in disgrace."

"What?! Hellshark is a powerhouse ranked on the Half-God Throne list!"

"Exactly—if Empyrean Sanctum doesn't appear, who can kill him?"

"What kind of background does this Crossbridge Empire have—daring to slap the faces of two Divine Courts in a row?"

In every prosperous city across Sacred Mountain, similar discussions boiled over.

Yet compared to the Crossbridge Empire's terrifying strength, the true focus of every faction remained the ancient legend concerning the Stellar Saint-Emperor!

...

The Council of True Knowledge.

Upon a sword-platform built from starstone, a Sage Lord reported in detail everything that had happened in the Styx Sector, along with the horrifying battle report transmitted from the Chaos Ruins.

Before the sword-platform stood three figures radiating frigid presence.

They were the three controllers of the Council of True Knowledge:

the Saintess of Truth, the Slaughter Angel, and the Silent Extinction Councilor.

All three were quasi-Empyrean Sanctum powerhouses ranked on the Half-God Throne list—each one a name that shook entire regions.

"The Stellar Saint-Emperor..."

After hearing the report, rare ripples appeared in the Slaughter Angel's emotionless eyes.

"Confirmed to be within the Crossbridge Empire?"

"All major forces have already moved at the scent," the reporting Sage Lord answered, head lowered.

The Silent Extinction Councilor toyed with strands of silver-white hair, his voice hollow.

"Even the Starfont Divine Court is moving troops in grand fashion. The news is unlikely to be false."

"What do you think?" he asked, looking toward the Saintess of Truth and the Slaughter Angel.

The Saintess of Truth held a dagger as crystalline as jade. Her voice was cold and clear.

"War-God Nightingale isn't on the Half-God Throne list, but as the arbiter of border judgment, her combat strength is not to be underestimated—yet she still fell in Styx."

"And the Chaos Ruins battle was also led by Crossbridge Empire. The Primordial Giants were nearly wiped out. Hellshark—also a Half-God Throne powerhouse—was killed once... This empire's power is unfathomable."

The Silent Extinction Councilor continued, "Perhaps an ancient remnant clan is backing them."

"But the news about her will also alarm those old fossils at the pole of chaos. When all sides converge, and with the Divine Court of Reincarnation suffering a crushing defeat in Styx, they will certainly take the chance to intervene."

A faint smile—cold and empty—seemed to curl in his voice.

"Let's go join the fun as well."