

Gods Daily 550

Chapter 550: Imperial Might—A Flick of the Hand to Forge Sage Masters

Vivian, Smith, and the other cadets who had just been invested were completely dumbfounded.

They knew this was the empowerment of national fortune... but this jump in strength was far too terrifying, wasn't it?

They were no longer fledglings who understood nothing.

Grand Divine Cleric, High God, God General, True God, God King, Sage King, Divine Radiant, Divine Oracle, Sage Lord...

...and only then came Sage Master!

Yet a single imperial Sacred Envoy decree had catapulted them straight to that tier!

It might not be a breakthrough they achieved by their own cultivation, but as long as they remained people of the Empire, as long as the Sacred Envoy decree was not revoked, this dreadful power would follow them forever!

This was a rank they might not touch even if they exhausted their entire lives.

No one could recover for a long time.

Hearing their cries of shock, Gloria's heart was equally thrown into a storm.

Only at this moment did she truly realize: this Sacred Envoy decree was fundamentally different from all previous ones.

Because that Emperor had already risen above everything—he seemed capable of anything, supreme beyond compare!

Sage Master—!

Even she wanted to beg for such an investiture.

But she understood: what Aurek wanted was for her to rise by her own strength.

He had already provided her with more than enough resources and opportunities.

It was just that managing the Imperial Academy for so many years had consumed far too much of her time.

She suppressed the shock in her heart, handed over the academy's affairs to Benjamin, and then returned to the Divine Sanctuary.

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At the same time, Aurek was condensing even more sealed-wax Sacred Envoy decrees.

Winston, Heimerdinger, Harland, Gaia, and the assembled ministers...

Wak, Chuck, Steurn, Rand, and the old guard...

and even the ancestors of the Abyss Demon Realm—Ancestor Aurek, Griffith, and the rest...

...

Lucio returned to the Divine Sanctuary with urgent military intelligence.

Just as he was about to step through the Gold Giant Gate, his footsteps halted.

His gaze fell on the guards posted on both sides, and his pupils immediately constricted violently.

"Sage Lord..."

He sensed something—faintly.

An absurd thought suddenly surfaced in his mind.

"Don't tell me... the entire gate guard is Sage Lord?"

It wasn't one or two guards—it was a whole squad!

In the past, those stationed here were only True Gods or God Kings. At most, you might see a Sage King.

But now they had been replaced by Doomsday Warriors, all of them—uniformly—Sage Lord!

He couldn't help suspecting it, yet the thought was too outrageous.

Lucio forced down his emotions and entered the First Layer of the Divine Sanctuary, heading all the way toward the Supreme Sanctuary.

Along the road, the stationed Doomsday Warriors, Mountain Shieldbearers, and Elven Marksmen were all Sage Lord realm as well—

all the way up to the gates of the Supreme Sanctuary!

"They're all Sage Lords..."

He was stunned senseless.

After standing frozen for a long time, he finally stepped into the hall.

"Your loyal subject Lucio pays his respects to Your Majesty!"

Lucio bowed respectfully.

On the throne, the mirror-clone's pressure was vast as the sea—no one dared look directly at it.

"How is the Styx Sector situation?"

The Emperor's voice echoed through the star-vaulted hall, as though it came from everywhere at once.

Lucio reported, "The Eternal Sunfire War God and the Cursefont Star God have withdrawn from the Chaos Ruins. At present, the Styx Sector defense line has been fully constructed, but—"

He paused, then continued.

"Lord Alvin has deduced that the Empire is about to face a tremendous storm!"

"Your Majesty, Beyoncé is an orphaned remnant of the Stellar Divine Court. She bears a heaven-shaking secret upon her."

"Now, the powerhouses of every faction across the Star Sea universe are searching for her whereabouts. The Primordial Giants have already spread the news of her, and I fear that the forces of the entire Star Sea will descend upon the Celestial Light God Realm."

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Aurek fell silent in contemplation.

In truth, he already knew all of this.

He had known Beyoncé's identity would be exposed—sooner or later this day would come.

He was not surprised.

"Then let them come."

His voice was calm, without the slightest ripple.

"If they want to see my Empire, then I'll let them get a good look."

"I won't hold back a single 'surprise' meant for them."

Hearing that, a flicker of doubt passed through Lucio's eyes.

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Beyond the Styx Sector

Thoreau, a powerhouse from Elysium Starrealm, and several golden-haired, blue-eyed clansmen had arrived here as well.

"As expected—it's those legion soldiers!"

One clansman's gaze pierced the void, seeing the Time Warlock legion encamped deep within the star domain.

All of them—uniformly—Divine Oracles!

"Oh? Thoreau? Even your Elysium Starrealm is here to join the fun?"

A cold laugh drifted out from the Star Sea.

Several clansmen's expressions changed sharply as they instantly locked onto the source.

Thoreau raised a hand to stop them.

"Don't make a commotion here."

The others forcibly suppressed their auras.

Thoreau looked toward the Star Sea.

Seven or eight figures stood within the storm.

At a glance, he recognized the leader: Leon, clan head of the Thunder Warden race—

a quasi-Empyrean Sanctum powerhouse ranked near the top of the Demigod Throne list!

Behind him followed several figures whose auras were vast and profound—true Sage Masters.

"If your Thunder clan can come, then why can't our Elysium Starrealm?" Thoreau warned coldly.

"Leon, do you want to start a fight here and draw the Crossbridge Empire's people over?"

"No, no, no—don't misunderstand!"

Leon extended an invitation. "I just didn't expect you'd come as well."

"How about... we travel together to the Eastern Starfield? It'll be good to watch each other's backs."

"A lot of people are coming this time—you should be feeling it too."

Thoreau hesitated for a moment.

"Since you've spoken, I have no reason to refuse."

"Let's go. Let's see what kind of nerve this Crossbridge Empire has, to stir up such a commotion."

Thoreau smiled, not mentioning that child even once.

Everyone knew what the other was really here for.

As for the Crossbridge Empire... no one truly took it seriously.

Leon didn't expose it either.

Too many had come. Better to grab a temporary teammate—so if trouble came, someone else could stand in front.

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Starlight Colonnade

Inside a grand floating-city hotel, a man in a robe patterned with star sigils spoke with excitement.

"I heard the Empire has already pushed into the Styx Sector—and even fought a Divine Court legion."

"How did the battle go?" someone immediately leaned in.

The star-robed man glanced at him. "Have you ever seen the Empire lose a war?"

"Hiss—!"

The entire hall sucked in a breath.

What did "Divine Court" even mean?

It was the pinnacle of order, ruling the galactic universe itself.

And the Crossbridge Empire was nothing more than a faction that crawled out of a small world beneath the Celestial Light God Realm.

A latecomer like that—and it straight-up crushed a Divine Court legion?

Then there was nothing to say. One word: fierce.

Two words: invincible!

"So what's the Crossbridge Empire's background, exactly? Where did those Divine Oracle legions come from? Does anyone know the inside story?"

In a private booth, a richly dressed middle-aged man asked the crowd at the neighboring table.

Six men sat beside him, their auras extremely restrained.

Of course, that wasn't because their ranks were low.

On the contrary—these people were all true Sage Masters, and even quasi-Empyrean Sanctum existences.

The middle-aged man asking the question was none other than Lindsey, the Temple Lord of the Apocalypse Sanctum!

The others were the Apocalypse Sanctum's experts.

They had all sealed away their auras, and had even deliberately altered the law-imprints upon their bodies.

"Hm? You lot aren't locals of the Celestial Light God Realm, are you?"

The star-robed man sized them up.

If they were locals, it would be impossible for them not to know the Crossbridge Empire's origins.

Lindsey smiled, doing his best to appear casual.

"We're merchants from the Eastern Starfield. We passed through the Celestial Light God Realm, and specifically came to admire the Empire's grandeur!"