

## Gods Daily 552

Chapter 552: Make a Move—Shoot the Bird That Sticks Its Neck Out

At the royal court, in a street-side tavern.

Thoreau and Leon sat facing each other, their eyes locked on the street outside.

A squad of Sage Lord guards passed by.

Another squad of Sage Lord guards came through...

The one after that was still Sage Lord...

...

The seventh. The eighth. The ninth...

Their minds went numb.

"Guests, your coffee."

A server walked over with a tray.

Leon snapped back to himself and abruptly stopped the server.

"Friend, let me ask you something. Do you recognize those patrol guards?"

The server followed his gaze outside and smiled.

"Sir, you're joking. That's the Empire's permanent security force stationed at the royal court. They come down this street every day—how could I not recognize them?"

"Security force?"

Thoreau forced the words out with difficulty. "And you don't seem surprised at all?"

The server blinked, then laughed. "Guests... you're from out of town, aren't you?"

"What's there to be surprised about? We're imperial citizens now, protected by the Empire. As long as you don't cause trouble, they won't even bother with you."

The gathered powerhouses: "..."

Do you think that's what we're asking?!

We're asking why the entire patrol squad is Sage Lord!!

"You know they're all Sage Lord experts?" one Thunder clansman couldn't help frowning.

"Yeah, of course." The server answered casually.

In that instant, the powerhouses felt as if something had viciously clenched around their hearts.

So you do know!

Then at least show some reaction!

What's with this perfectly natural, 'nothing to see here' attitude?

You're making us look like clueless bumpkins who've never seen the world!

A profoundly absurd sense of wrongness swelled inside them like madness.

Sage Lords everywhere. Sage Lords worth nothing.

No—what kind of world is this?

Did they come to the wrong place? How could this possibly be the Eastern Starfield?

The server glanced at the table of complicated faces, baffled, and walked off with his tray.

After taking a few steps, he muttered under his breath.

"Happens every day. Every city has them. What's so rare about it? These outsiders just love making a fuss..."

The private booth fell dead silent.

On the way here, they had thought the Crossbridge Empire was nothing more than a puppet propped up by some ancient power.

They had even considered storming the imperial hall directly and forcing that puppet emperor to hand over the child!

But now, a dozen squads of Sage Lord patrols were like a basin of ice water poured from head to toe.

And the server's offhand attitude was colder down the spine than any overt intimidation.

Every arrogant thought was ground into powder.

"We should... not move for now. Watch and wait."

Leon spoke, his voice a little dry.

"I think..." a true Sage Master from Elysium Starrealm said with difficulty, "we may need to properly understand this Empire first."

"If we hadn't entered the city to see it for ourselves, we would never have known those soldiers..."

He stopped, not continuing.

Thoreau fell silent for a moment, then said quietly.

"A lot of people have definitely come to the Star Sea... but up to now, not a single one has made a sound."

"They're probably all lying low too, waiting for the ancient lineages to make the first move. Otherwise... no one dares go near that gate."

Leon nodded.

Calling it "understanding the Empire first" sounded nice—know yourself and know your enemy.

But bluntly put, they were terrified.

No one wanted to be the bird sticking its neck out.

...

And it wasn't just them.

The Saintess of Truth and a councilor of Silent Extinction stood atop a divine peak in the Chaotic Realm, gazing toward the direction of the Gold Giant Gate from afar.

Experts of the Primeval Law Clan hid among the ruins of the Devers Divine Empire.

Ancient gods and clansmen of the Godblood Scion lingered at the Starlight Colonnade, likewise staring up at the silhouette of that colossal gate at the end of the heavens.

Countless gazes pierced through the void and settled upon that gate—

yet not a single soul dared act rashly.

...

In a secluded hall.

An old man with dragon horns stood with hands behind his back, looking toward the sky.

He was more familiar with that gate than anyone else, because he was of the Primordial Dragon clan. He had personally witnessed the Stellar Divine Court at its peak—and had even set foot inside that legendary Twelfold Aetherian Sanctuary.

"Grandfather... will anyone really dare to break in?"

A youth stood at his side. Suppressing his inner shock, he couldn't help asking in a low voice.

The old man smiled, wrinkles gathering at the corners of his eyes.

"Don't underestimate that Divine Sanctuary. And don't underestimate the value of that child."

He spoke slowly. "This time, it's the forces of the entire Star Sea."

"It's not that they don't dare—they just don't want to be the first arrow to slam into the city wall. If those ancient lineages revealed themselves right now, given their style, they'd already have charged straight through that gate."

"You mean... everyone is waiting for the ancient lineages?"

The old man nodded.

The youth was silent for a long time.

"Grandfather," he finally said, "I think... maybe we shouldn't get involved."

"We don't even know what that secret is. It's not worth gambling our lives."

"If you're alive, opportunities will come. If you're dead, what's the point of grabbing anything?"

"And this Crossbridge Empire is too strange. Up to now we haven't even figured out its true depth. I just... feel like something's off."

The old man turned his head and looked at the youth calmly.

After a moment, a smile rose on his face—his eyes full of undisguised satisfaction.

"Good. As long as you understand that, it's enough."

...

BOOOOM—!

At that very moment, the heavens suddenly shuddered!

The old man and the youth both looked up.

At the same time, the powerhouses hidden across the royal court—

Lindsey, Leon, Thoreau, the Saintess of Truth, the Slaughter Angel, Silent Extinction's councilor, the Primeval Law Clan, the Godblood Scion... countless eyes snapped upward in unison, locking onto the sky!

A figure wrapped in annihilating demonic radiance shot into the air!

Oblivion Originkin had made his move!

The aura of a true Sage Master spread without concealment. Pitch-black Oblivion Origin churned around him like a surging dark tide.

Everyone's hearts surged with excitement—

but no one moved.

This was the bird they had been waiting for.

...

At the Summit of the Heavenlight Divine Pillar

A hazy figure stood in silence, looking down upon the entire god realm.

Mily stood quietly at her side, also gazing toward the distant black light.

Below the heavenly mountain, above a colossal city, Charlemagne looked toward the Gold Giant Gate from afar.

He gently shook his head, saying nothing.

Yet at the corner of his mouth lingered a smile whose meaning could not be read.

...

Oblivion Originkin's true Sage Master stood proudly in the sky, facing the Gold Giant Gate from afar.

His black robe was woven from Oblivion Origin itself; each fringe of cloth corroded fine cracks into the void.

He looked down at the gate guards arrayed before the colossal door—only a handful of them.

"Just you few think you can stop me?"

His voice was indifferent, mocking.

"You're not even enough for me to stretch my limbs. If you don't want to die, call out anyone inside who can actually fight."

He paused, then spoke coldly.

"I want to see what gives the Crossbridge Empire the right to occupy this Twelfefold Aetherian Sanctuary."

He was not arrogant enough to charge straight in and start slaughtering.

He knew nothing of what lay in the depths of the Divine Sanctuary. But just from seeing the Sage Lord foundation spread across the god realm, he could infer that the Empire's peak power had to be terrifying!

If he barged in and collided with some unnameable existence, he might not even get the chance to escape.

The best method was to lure them out.

It was as though the Gold Giant Gate understood his provocation.

Hmmm—!

In the next instant, the colossal gate trembled!

Upon its surface, those ancient divine inscriptions—silent for endless ages—lit up abruptly, like a sleeping behemoth opening its eyes.

Then, a figure stepped out.

Two figures. Ten. A hundred. A thousand. Ten thousand...

A hundred thousand. A million. Ten million...

Time Warlocks, Void Warlocks, Titans... all Sage Lords!

One legion after another streamed forth from the gate without end.

No war cries—only formations as orderly as interlocking machinery.

They filled the entire sky.

They filled every inch of the Oblivion Originkin Sage Master's field of vision.

Countless emotionless gazes simply locked onto him in silence.

At this moment, he was like a moth that had blundered into the Divine Sanctuary.