

Gods Daily 555

Chapter 555: The Black-Skinned Giant—An Ancient Lineage

Leonel fully understood their reactions and said sternly,

"There is not the slightest falsehood. What's even more baffling is that this Crossbridge Empire, ruled by Emperor Aurek, has risen for only four or five years."

"And that Emperor, in five years, advanced from a mortal ant to quasi-Empyrean Sanctum."

"What?!"

"What kind of joke is this?"

The Silverstar God General blurted out, his expression freezing on his face.

"Lo—Lord Leonel, you mustn't joke about this!"

War-God Nightingale also spoke at the right moment.

He had clashed with the Crossbridge Empire before and knew some of their details.

To grow to this extent in only four or five years—this already shattered the peak of understanding. The entire Star Sea had never produced such an existence.

One had to remember: the founding of the Starfont Divine Court had taken hundreds of millions of years, accumulated step by step.

And how long it had taken before that was even harder to verify.

Yet this tiny Crossbridge Empire had cultivated over a hundred million Sage Lord legions in just four or five years?!

And their Emperor had, in the blink of an eye, climbed from mortal to quasi-Empyrean Sanctum.

It all sounded like a dream—let alone that it was happening to their enemy.

Who would believe it if you said it out loud?

The Starwatcher God-King frowned deeply.

He didn't state a position, but inwardly he was also doubtful.

If Leonel weren't the head of the Divine Court's inspection apparatus and a key minister of the court, he would have suspected Leonel had been bought off!

At the same time, he asked himself: how was this even possible?

Leonel ignored the others and looked only at the Starwatcher God-King, his peer.

"Your Highness, we must treat this Crossbridge Empire seriously."

"I've already briefed you. Your Highness may dispatch people to verify and arrange deployments."

"After this, the Sanctuary of Peace will send a detailed dossier to you."

He paused.

"I must hurry back to the Star-Origin World and report these matters to His Majesty the Saint-Emperor."

The impact was too great—already beyond what the Sanctuary of Peace could control.

He had to return to the Divine Court immediately to avoid even greater losses.

Moreover, the temple's scouts he had dispatched had already penetrated deep into the Celestial Light God Realm—and even into the Endless Continent—to investigate everything and compile the most detailed report possible.

Leonel soon turned and left.

The Starwatcher God-King fell silent in thought and did not refute Leonel's words.

He issued an order to War-God Nightingale:

"Heavenwolf will accompany me to the Eastern Starfield. You and Silverstar will hold this place!"

"Remember: if anything abnormal happens in the Eastern Starfield, I will immediately send someone back to notify you. At that time, you will open the planar gate and push in at once."

"Yes, Your Highness!"

War-God Nightingale, Silverstar God General, and the other commanders cupped their fists and obeyed.

The Starwatcher God-King looked toward the far end of the Star Sea, took a single step, and vanished into the depths of the starry expanse.

As for reinforcements and how to respond to the Crossbridge Empire's Sage Lord legions...

Since Leonel had already rushed back to the Divine Court, he would be the one to speak of it.

News that factions from across the Star Sea were pouring into the Celestial Light God Realm soon reached the Styx Sector.

Within Primordial Sword City, Alvin, Philip, Suggwoth, and the others discussed for a long time.

"Since the storm's center is in the Eastern Starfield, the pressure on Styx is actually lighter."

Alvin looked at the star-map projection, at that region now focused upon by countless gazes.

"Eternal Sunfire War God, please return to the Celestial Light God Realm at once."

After repeated bloody battles in the Chaos Ruins, Eternal Apollo Sunblaze's rank had approached the threshold of quasi-Empyrean Sanctum without limit; his true combat power was even more terrifying.

His return would be enough to deter those with ill intent who were peering in from the shadows.

"The Empire... really has Sage Lord legions?"

The one asking was the Lord of the Blazing Eagle. His voice carried unmistakable shock—along with a trace of doubt.

After all, the word "legion" implied an enormous number!

The God of Wisdom, the War Executor, the temple priests who were Sage Masters, and dozens of ancient Sage Lords all looked at Alvin together.

The news was too horrifying. They needed confirmation.

Alvin smiled faintly. "I've already received His Majesty's message. Before long, a portion will be dispatched here."

"When the time comes, all of you will naturally see whether it's true."

Hiss...!

A chorus of cold breaths sounded through the hall.

Alvin hadn't answered head-on, but his attitude already said everything.

Once upon a time, in the Celestial Light God Realm, a force capable of producing a few dozen ancient Sage Lords was already considered an incredible foundation.

But now, the words "Sage Lord" seemed to have been devalued countless times.

Only those who had truly stepped into that rank understood how difficult it was to reach.

Precisely because of that, one could imagine the shock in their hearts.

...

BOOM—!

Right then, the entire Styx Sector shuddered violently.

At the same time, tremors also came from the Eastern Starfield.

Chaotic mist spread wildly.

A circular magic formation—dozens of billions of kilometers across—slowly rotated in the void.

Thick, roiling Chaotic Origin energy erupted from the formation's center.

And then—

A gigantic pair of hands reached out from within the formation!

Those hands seized the edges of a crack and tore outward with savage force, ripping open a massive chaotic rift.

Soon, a head pushed out of the rift.

It was a bald, one-eyed monster.

Around its head surged a dense chaotic storm; its single eye quickly locked onto the direction of the Celestial Light God Realm...

Rumble—!

The starry sky of the Eastern Starfield was torn apart, triggering violent quakes.

The chaotic storm it raised ground worlds along its path into dust.

Within the Styx Sector, Suggwoth and the others sensed that dreadful aura at the same time.

Alvin stood up immediately, a star-orbit compass spinning rapidly around him.

After a moment, his expression turned grave.

"The ancient lineages have arrived. The Empire will face an unprecedented crisis!"

Eternal Apollo didn't hesitate for a second—he instantly transformed into a Sunblessed Goldenflame Phoenix and teleported toward the Eastern Starfield.

"This place is in your hands," Kaos said in a deep voice. "I have to go back as well."

With ancient lineages revealing themselves, the situation was anything but optimistic.

...

Rumble!

Rumble...!

The quakes grew even more violent.

The one-eyed giant forced its entire body out of the chaotic rift.

It was a black-skinned giant tens of billions of meters tall—its body smooth, featureless, with only a single enormous eye occupying its entire face.

Countless ancient chains wrapped around it. The other ends of the chains extended into the depths of the rift, as though connected to something.

It stepped forward and crushed endless stars.

Vast stretches of worlds became nothingness beneath its feet.

Each step was a world-shaking catastrophe.

What it dragged behind it gradually revealed its true form: a chaotic continent shaped like a gigantic leaf!

And on the other side of the rift, another equally massive black-skinned giant was lifting the other side of the continent, advancing in tandem.

They would walk a distance, then tear open chaos again.

Moments later, they would rip out from another end of the void—cooperating step by step, pressing closer and closer toward the Celestial Light God Realm.

Within the Celestial Light God Realm—

some powerhouses ranked on the Star Sea's Demigod Throne had already glimpsed the commotion deep within the Star Sea.

When the one-eyed giant's figure entered their sight, many faces changed abruptly.

"The Chaotic Demon Race—Aberrant Demons!"

The horned dragon elder's expression turned vigilant as he yanked the silver-horned youth behind him.

"Grandfather... are they the ancient lineages?" the youth asked, looking up.

From their bearing, the two black-skinned giants were both quasi-Empyrean Sanctum—pressure boundless and terrifying.

The elder shook his head. "They're only the ancient lineages' slaves. The lineage itself is still on that continent."

The youth was puzzled. "Are those ancient lineages really that terrifying?"

"If they possess such overwhelming power, why have they been hiding at the Chaotic Extremity all this time, not daring to set their sights on the two Divine Courts?"

The elder kept his gaze fixed on the distance, explaining patiently.

"Ancient lineages are beings left over from the previous epoch—also called the primordial beings of this Star Sea universe. They are older than the Divine Courts, born when the universe first opened."

"These existences chase the ultimate extreme of power. They have been exploring the secrets of life's origin, and in the end, they evolved into life-forms completely different from ours."

"The resources of this universe are no longer enough to support their continued evolution. So they withdrew to the edges of the Chaotic Extremity to observe the life-evolution of all beings, seeking a method to break their own shackles."

The youth listened, chilled to the bone. "So... by your meaning... we're all experimental subjects they're observing?"

The elder's face darkened. He neither confirmed nor denied the youth's words.