

Gods Daily 560

Chapter 560: Experience the Power of the Threads of Fate

"Retreat—!"

"This bastard isn't even human!"

Lindsey, the Apocalypse Hall Lord, roared.

Dragging his mangled body behind him, he hurled himself into a realm-gate.

The Saintess of Truth saw the director of Silent Extinction get cut down in an instant, and without the slightest hesitation, rushed into a gate as well.

The surviving quasi-Empyrean Sanctum experts began fleeing in despair.

Roar—!

Gorgan had fallen into the very core of the killing zone and could no longer escape.

With a sweep of Aurek's sleeve, the Annihilation Spear shot out like black lightning and pierced straight through his chest!

In the next moment, the Heart of Starfield Maintenance struck as well, mercilessly punching through his colossal body, tens of billions of meters tall!

The attacks of two quasi-Origin Artifacts were too sharp to withstand!

Aurek followed with a single sword stroke and severed his head.

That body, tens of billions of meters in length, came crashing down into the newborn world below!

His blood poured like rivers into that world, as if injecting the first thread of life into its newborn existence.

Blood flowed into rivers, lakes, and marshes.

"Is he... creating a world?!"

The Ancient Scions who had flown out from the Chaos Continent looked grim.

Aurek buried Gorgan within the Thousandfold Sword Judgment Chaos with a single strike.

Then he turned and charged into the battle zone where the eternal Apollo Sunblaze was clashing with the Ancient Scions.

The tens of billions of Sage Lord legions spread out toward the Star Sea universe as well!

They slaughtered the powerhouses pouring in from every side, pushing the front line all the way toward the Styx Sector!

Countless Soul Warlocks and Curseweavers surrounded the Chaos Continent completely.

"Emperor of Crossbridge!"

An Ancient Scion finally spoke.

His voice echoed directly within Aurek's consciousness.

He did not rashly step into the range of the Dimensional Horizon.

This Ancient Scion had already touched a certain threshold—he was on the verge of stepping into Empyrean Sanctum.

Because he had already grasped a trace of the threads of fate!

Through fate, he could bypass the Horizon and speak directly with Aurek. It was an ability beyond compare.

He was stronger than Gorgan by who knew how many levels.

Merely being able to glimpse that sliver of fate was enough to let him manipulate the Threads of Fate to a slight degree.

That was a rank beyond imagination.

Even the indistinct figure atop Heaven-Pillar glanced at him several times more.

Aurek leveled his longsword at that luminous being.

At the blade's edge, killing intent surged like tangible substance.

His voice was majestic, each word striking the soul like thunder.

"You—are not qualified to speak with me!"

"I already gave you your chance!"

BOOM—!

Aurek's sword split the void.

The terrifying sword-light struck the ancient luminous being entangled with Apollo like the opening of heaven and earth itself.

Its body of forged light shattered at once, scattering into countless motes that drifted toward the distant Chaos Continent.

The leading luminous being knew that there was no room for negotiation left between the two sides.

Two blinding beams shot from his golden eyes, instantly condensing into a spear of light that seemed capable of piercing fate itself!

The spear of light shot toward Aurek like black lightning!

This strike was completely different from every previous attack by a quasi-Empyrean Sanctum.

He had used the Threads of Fate.

Although his power was still insufficient to glimpse the River of Fate, and he could not capture the marks of fate belonging to Aurek's true body, he could invoke the marks of fate within this world as a medium and search for the tangled threads of fate intertwined with Aurek.

Then, by manipulating those threads, he could assist his strike in inflicting damage aimed directly at the very source of fate!

The spear of light pierced through the Star Sea, and countless strange light-patterns and sigils surfaced along its shaft.

Those sigils spread wildly like a spiderweb, instantly extending across the entire Eastern Starfield, as though linked by blood to the whole world.

"Careful—he's using the power of the Threads of Fate!"

From atop Heaven-Pillar, the indistinct figure suddenly spoke, the voice transmitted directly into the ears of Aurek's true body.

Aurek's gaze darkened at once.

He was surprised that the worshiped deity would take the initiative to warn him.

And he was equally intrigued—an attack that manipulated the Threads of Fate?

He was deeply curious whether such a strike could truly injure fate itself.

Fate was the most profound, unfathomable, and inexpressible existence in the universe.

If he could truly touch it—or even be wounded by it—then perhaps that too would become the opportunity for him to cross the chasm between quasi-Empyrean Sanctum and Empyrean Sanctum!

Inside the crystalline Moonshine Hall, Josephine, Natasha, Elizabeth, and the others all gazed at the battle projection outside.

Their understanding of the Ancient Scions was limited to what they had seen in this war.

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Within the Star Sea—

Aurek's mirrored clone swept out with a single sword!

The Annihilation Spear and the Heart of Starfield Maintenance flew out at the same time, crashing violently toward that spear of light!

Seizing the opportunity, the eternal Apollo Sunblaze condensed the origin of fire into a sacred orb and blasted it downward.

The void froze, and all order and law were completely sealed!

At the same instant—

All of the Ancient Scions from the Ancient Epoch moved.

They were all in a state of light, without physical bodies, drifting like wisps of smoke toward the legions of the Crossbridge Empire.

Several of the luminous beings at quasi-Empyrean Sanctum level charged directly at Aurek, coordinating with their leader in a joint assault.

"Nether Cage!"

The Void Warlock legions attacked in unison, and the Law of Space instantly sealed the universe!

The Time Warlock legions followed immediately after, sweeping those remnant clans into time traps!

The Blades of Time transformed into surging rivers, madly scouring those bodies forged from light!

Yet—

The life hierarchy of the Ancient Scions had evolved to the point where they could withstand the erosion of the Blades of Time!

Time's obliteration of them had been weakened far too much.

"Time Reversal!"

The Time Warlocks did not panic.

Within the time traps, they once again altered the speed of time.

A thousandfold!

Ten-thousandfold!

Even a hundred-thousandfold!

So long as you still existed in the real world, no matter how perfectly your lifeform had evolved, you would ultimately be suppressed by time.

Unless you had already stepped beyond the River of Fate, free from the constraints of all laws.

The remnant clans finally experienced the terrifying lethality of time.

They no longer dared underestimate these soldiers of the Sage Lord realm.

They flashed like light, piercing through the bodies of one soldier after another.

Anyone pierced through by them would ignite like ghostly fire.

"Bhasvara Nightmare!"

The Curseweaver legions unleashed the power of curses.

This time, they quietly borrowed the traces of law and laid down one curse formation after another across the battlefield!

In an instant, the formations spread across the entire war zone!

The remnant clans caught within were immediately surrounded by the curse formations and drawn into flickering layers of light and shadow!

A rotting black fluid began to flow over their bodies, as if devouring their very lifeforms!

Their bodies twisted continuously, trying to break free of the curse clinging to them like maggots on bone!

"Soul Dominion!"

The Soul Warlock legions struck while the moment was ripe!

Ring after ring of gray light shot into the bodies of the remnant clans!

Physical attacks and force-based attacks were ineffective against them.

But soul and curse did not belong to material attacks!

The instant the gray rings entered their bodies, the Soul Warlocks formed soul seals together.

"Origin Soulflame—ignite!"

The gray rings burst into flame!

Gray fire spread from the inside outward, intertwining with the light upon those remnant clans!

The black fluid formed by the curses was scorched by the flames, giving off a foul black stench!

And just then—

The Life Sorcerer legions moved.

This was their first time entering battle—and the moment they appeared, it was in a war of this scale, spanning the stars!

The Life Sorcerers' understanding of life was, astonishingly, even deeper than that of these remnant clans who had studied life for ages!