

## Gods Daily 562

Chapter 562: Prelude — The Warning of a Universe-Scale War

That golden-eyed leader was blasted apart by that strike, his body scattering instantly.

With Apollo unleashing a ferocious burst of power from the front and Aurek looming behind him like a predator, an inexplicable suffocating dread rose in his heart. He dissolved into flowing halos of light and frantically tried to break out of the Eastern Starfield.

Another portion of those halos followed right behind, re-forming his life-body beyond the borders of the starfield.

As for the other surviving scions, they became part of that void star-pit, withering away completely.

"Unless an Emyrean Sanctum comes in person, no one can eliminate him..."

The golden-eyed Ancient Scion leader stared fixedly at Aurek's mirror-image avatar, intense fear and wariness surging in his eyes.

Killing Ancient Scions was not the terrifying part.

What was terrifying was that they had slaughtered countless Ancient Scions at the quasi-Emyrean Sanctum level so effortlessly...

That was already far beyond the bounds of ordinary life-ranks.

And the wall of light before Aurek seemed capable of isolating all things, creating an unbridgeable gulf between them and him.

Even the attacks he launched through the Threads of Fate could do nothing to Aurek.

And what he found most unacceptable was—

This was only one of Aurek's avatars!

Boom—!

The Sunblessed Goldenflame Phoenix leapt into the starry sky!

Brilliant radiance drove away the endless chaos mist and spread outward along the Eastern Starfield.

"Aurek—!"

The furious voice of the golden-eyed leader echoed through every corner of the Eastern Starfield.

"You have ignited a war of the ages!"

"Remember all of this well—one day, you will reap what you have sown!"

"Someone will come for you!"

As his voice fell, all surviving remnants fled through the scars of law and vanished completely from this starfield.

But this was not the end.

The surviving powerhouses—the Starwatcher God-King, the Saintess of Truth, and the others—looked toward the Ancient Epoch scions who had escaped.

They understood exactly what the golden-eyed scion's threat implied.

Ancient Epoch. Primordial Epoch. Chaos Epoch. Origin Epoch.

In all four eras, ancient scion lineages had produced Empyrean Sanctums.

The Crossbridge Empire had endangered lifeforms of the Ancient Epoch.

A force capable of killing Ancient Epoch scions on a massive scale—of wiping them out in droves—

There was no way those scions would let such an empire go.

The Ancient Epoch scions had studied the field of life evolution, surpassing all lifeforms in the current universe, and had long maintained an invincible position.

But now, here in the Crossbridge Empire, they had been countered.

This was the most fatal threat possible to their race.

If they did not erase this threat, then the "transcendence of life" they had pursued through endless ages of research would become a joke.

If the Crossbridge Empire continued to grow stronger and eventually launched war upon the Ancient Epoch, it would become a catastrophe of extinction.

The best way to eliminate fear was to destroy the source of that fear.

And beyond the Ancient Epoch, there were still the Primordial Epoch, Chaos Epoch, and Origin Epoch.

What they pursued was the secret carried by the Empress of the Starborne Divine Court.

Was the rise of the Crossbridge Empire connected to that secret?

That question would become the doubt and suspicion of every force across the entire Star Sea.

They cast one final glance at Aurek's mirror-image avatar and the Sunblessed Goldenflame Phoenix, then fled without hesitation.

To kill countless quasi-Empyrean Sanctum beings with a wave of the hand, to shatter a Chaos Continent belonging to an Ancient Epoch scion host—

Such ultimate combat power was enough to drive anyone into despair.

There was no meaning in continuing the fight.

Not to mention the billions-strong sage lord legion, a nightmare spanning the Star Sea.

A nightmare that would make all life tremble.

The Star Sea universe was about to enter its most turbulent and chaotic age yet.

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Killing intent surged within Aurek's eyes.

Even the golden sword in his hand trembled uncontrollably, as if yearning for an endless slaughter without end.

Lucio, Heimerdinger, and Winston looked toward the depths of the Star Sea, their hearts heavy.

This exposure of the Empire's strength would likely fail to produce deterrence—instead, it might draw even stronger enemies.

Because now, the Crossbridge Empire was a colossal threat to everyone.

The rise of one overlord was bound to trample upon the interests of other overlords. The Empire would become the mortal concern in every power's heart.

An even more terrifying cosmic war was about to be triggered!

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Apollo led the legions in sweeping pursuit of the fleeing experts, killing all the way into the Styx Sector.

By then, the Styx Sector had already descended into complete slaughter.

The Starwatcher God-King's order to withdraw could not be delivered in time.

The Cursefont Star God was still locked in battle against War-God Nightingale, the Sky Wolf God General, the Silver StarGod General, and other quasi-Empyrean Sanctum experts.

Even the invincible killing authority of the Boundary Arbiter could not withstand the Cursefont Star God's terrifying power.

The Cursefont Star God was a being capable of taking on Gorgan, chieftain of the Primordial Giants, plus several quasi-Empyrean Sanctum giants at once.

Placed on the ranking of the Chaos Demigod Throne, his battle power would still rank in the top ten.

The Silver StarGod General was mercilessly slain.

Both the Sky Wolf God General and War-God Nightingale had already been killed once.

As for the Sage Masters and true Sage Masters—the backbone of the battlefield—they were being crushed and slaughtered in droves.

Boom—!

The Sunblessed Goldenflame Phoenix spread its wings, crossing the boundaries of starfields as an ocean of blazing fire swept in!

The billions-strong sage lord legion surged into the Styx Sector battlefield like a tidal wave!

In an instant, the frontier defender legions all froze in place.

They looked up, their pupils contracting violently.

The sky was completely filled—nothing but sage lord-realm warriors!

Helplessness and despair instantly enveloped every single person.

War-God Nightingale's heart trembled fiercely, and even he could not help but suck in a cold breath.

"...Th-this... how are we supposed to fight this?"

For the first time in his life, he felt a despair unlike anything he had ever known.

"Withdraw from the battlefield—all forces retreat—!"

The Sky Wolf God General suddenly roared.

"Move—! Full retreat, now!"

That thunderous shout jolted awake the defenders who had been paralyzed by fear.

The next moment, the legions fled the Styx Sector in a flood, retreating frantically beyond its borders!

One world-gate after another opened in the distance!

And from the other side of the starfield, an even more overwhelming imperial host came sweeping in!

From afar, it looked like a raging ocean tide crashing into a river, rolling forward without end!

The native lifeforms of the Styx Sector were completely dumbstruck.

Countless experts stood there as if turned to stone,

staring at this absurd, unbelievable scene.

"Another overlord of the Star Sea... has risen!"

Lindsey, Hall Lord of the Apocalypse Hall, hid within a corner of the Star Sea, his emotions in turmoil.

Even now, he still could not forget that wall of light—an unbridgeable barrier.

That seemingly ordinary screen had divided that figure from all living beings into the supreme and the insects.

He could not forget this sky-covering sage lord legion.

This would be the age of the Crossbridge Empire's rise—the age in which that legendary Emperor would shine with unrivaled brilliance!

Lindsey could not deny it.

And no one else could deny it either.

The balance of the war had tilted completely.

The mirror-image avatar that had stood there for so long finally dissolved into countless motes of light, slowly fading away.

The golden sword streaked across the heavens and flew into the Gold Giant Gate.

The two quasi-Origin Artifacts that had made countless experts covet them—the Annihilation Spear and the Heart of Starfield Maintenance—were forcibly seized and followed behind, disappearing into the gate.

The surviving remnants of the God Mountain Royal Court, who had once resisted to the death, now had nothing left in their eyes but reverence.

They gazed at that colossal gate, at that sky paved over by the sage lord legion, and in their hearts not a single stray thought remained.

The royal court they had once worshipped now seemed no more than insignificant dust beneath this empire's feet.

From Frostwinter Realm to the Devers Divine Empire to the Cloudreach Domain... living beings across countless regions all felt that same grandeur and supremacy.

It was not the Celestial Light God Realm that had made the Crossbridge Empire.

It was the radiance of the Crossbridge Empire that illuminated them.

And that wall of light was likewise an eternal heavenly chasm no living being could ever cross.

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