

Gods Daily 568

Chapter 568: Erasing the Courage of Moths Flying into Flame

Across every corner of the Star Sea, countless starfields were fiercely discussing the battle in the Eastern Starfield and the Crossbridge Emperor.

But in the Annihilation Starfield, where the Oblivion Originkin resided, the atmosphere had grown heavy to the extreme.

Those true Sage Masters and quasi-Empyrean Sanctum experts sent to the Eastern Starfield had not only failed to deal with the Crossbridge Empire—they had all been slain instead!

Even worse, they had completely enraged that emperor!

The more terrifying the power displayed by the Crossbridge Empire, the more fear spread among the lifeforms of the Annihilation Starfield.

In the great hall of the Oblivion Originkin.

Patriarch Conrad sat in the hall with a dark expression.

Both sides were lined with powerful members of the clan, all true Sage Masters or quasi-Empyrean Sanctum experts.

Every face bore the same gravity and anger.

The Oblivion Originkin was, after all, one of the super races of the myriad-star sky—ancient in origin, with deep foundations.

But now their quasi-Origin Artifact, the Annihilation Spear, was gone.

They had also lost several quasi-Empyrean Sanctum experts, and worse still, provoked an enemy they absolutely could not afford to provoke!

Most humiliating of all—they not only dared not retaliate, but were now in panic because of Aurek's single line: "Though distant, I will strike."

This was a humiliation beyond measure!

"Patriarch,"

one quasi-Empyrean Sanctum expert spoke up.

"In the short term, the Crossbridge Empire probably won't make a move. We can lean toward the Starfont Divine Court or the Reincarnation Divine Court, then pull in some other strong races and jointly resist the Crossbridge Empire."

"Exactly."

Another expert picked up the thread. "The Crossbridge Empire controls the Twelfefold Aetherian Sanctuary, and it also holds that secret left behind by the Starborne Divine Court."

"Before Aurek hands over that secret, he is the public enemy of the entire universe. As long as we can hold out until then—"

Rumble—!

Before he could finish, the entire annihilation hall shook violently.

The whole Annihilation Starfield was trembling!

Conrad and the assembled experts instantly probed outward into the Star Sea.

All the Oblivion Originkin powerhouses rushed out.

Countless lifeforms throughout the starfield also sensed it, and expert after expert flew toward the edge of the starfield...

What they saw froze everyone on the spot.

More than ten planar gates, each millions of meters high, burst open in the Star Sea.

Under the command of Ares, War Bear, and the others, nearly a billion sage lord legionaries poured out like a tide!

The imperial army swept in, covering sky and sea!

Eternal Apollo Sunblaze stood at the center of the starfield, divine might surging, directly suppressing the will of the entire starfield.

His gaze locked onto the Annihilation Origin Realm.

"Enemy attack! Black Eaglewing banners—it's the army of the Crossbridge Empire!"

"Th-this... is this the power of the Crossbridge Empire...?"

The experts hiding at the edge of the Star Sea stared at the sage lord legions filling the Star Sea, despair flooding their hearts.

At this moment, they truly understood what real power looked like!

The billions of sage lord legions were real!

Because of one sentence—"Though distant, I will strike"—they had sent nearly a billion sage lord-realm legions at once...

This was dominance so extreme it was horrifying.

Countless experts trembled in body and soul, yet could not force out a single word.

Even Patriarch Conrad felt a deep powerlessness.

The Oblivion Originkin experts who had just been discussing how to endure now stood with shrinking pupils as despair washed over every one of them like a tide.

Any thought of counterattacking was crushed down hard.

They had come too fast!

And every unit they sent was sage lord rank?

How were they supposed to fight this—fight with their heads?

Conrad stared for a long time at that boundless army in the Star Sea.

Then he turned and looked at the experts behind him.

His voice was low, but resolute.

"We, the Oblivion Originkin, cannot stop them."

"But if Aurek thinks he can completely wipe out the inheritance of our Originkin bloodline—that is impossible!"

His gaze swept across everyone.

"I will leave behind part of our people to block the Crossbridge Empire's legions. The rest will immediately take the Oblivion Originkin bloodline and leave the Annihilation Starfield."

"We can only hope to preserve at least a part of our bloodline inheritance."

The experts looked at the planar gates beyond the boundary, their faces pale as they nodded.

Faced with nearly a billion sage lord legions, no matter how arrogant they were, none of them believed they could win.

Everyone knew what the outcome would be.

But if death could buy even a sliver of hope, then dying would be worth it!

"I'll stay!"

A quasi-Empyrean Sanctum expert stepped forward.

He looked at Conrad and said seriously,

"Patriarch, I am willing to remain!"

"I'll stay too!"

"And me. It's just death, isn't it..."

Several true Sage Masters and quasi-Empyrean Sanctum experts also stepped forward.

At a time like this, someone had to stand in front.

Better for a few of them to die than for the entire Oblivion Originkin to be exterminated.

Conrad said to the first expert who had spoken up,

"Do your best to hold the Crossbridge Empire army for two hours!"

Kanja nodded solemnly.

The experts moved immediately without wasting a second.

They drew out part of the Oblivion Originkin elite, then mobilized other forces from the Annihilation Starfield as well and charged into the Star Sea.

Conrad, meanwhile, tore through layer after layer of void with the remaining clansmen and began an emergency evacuation.

"Damn that Crossbridge Empire..."

Many experts watching Kanja and the others march to certain death gnashed their teeth, hatred surging in their eyes.

"If you've got the ability, then just hold out a little longer!"

"That's right—we'll settle this score with you sooner or later!"

...

Kanja led the army into the Star Sea.

Behind him, several million experts stood at the other end of the battlefield, facing the endless Crossbridge legions.

At such close range, the unstoppable pressure of that force was even more terrifying.

"Th-this... with only our strength... can we really hold for two hours?"

A true Sage Master's face was deathly pale as he muttered to himself.

Compared to the Crossbridge Empire, their army was like ants before giants!

A single spit from a giant might be enough to drown them...

Everyone behind him felt their scalps go numb.

Unease quickly began to spread through the crowd.

The fear of death—even sage lords, true Sage Masters, and quasi-Empyrean Sanctum experts were no exception.

After all, the longer one lived, the more one feared death in a certain sense.

"Do... do we really have to face an opponent like this?"

"I think... we're going to die horribly."

Another expert spoke in despair.

"Kill—!"

Apollo's gaze was ice-cold as he looked down and issued the order for war.

The next moment—

Boom—!

"KILL!"

The killing roar of a billion imperial troops exploded like thunder!

Some of the ancient sage lords behind Kanja trembled violently in fright.

A portion of them turned and fled on the spot.

Rumble—!

A billion sage lords began their charge!

The terrifying military might made the entire Annihilation Starfield tremble!

"Charge forward and kill—!"

Madness before death flashed in Kanja's eyes.

With a violent roar, he rushed straight into that sky-filling storm!

The other clansmen had gone mad as well.

They knew this was the final moment.

They unleashed every method and all their power!

"They're seeking their own destruction..."

The Annihilation Starfield experts hiding in the shadows and watching the battle held their breath involuntarily as they looked at the several million figures charging forward.

The scene looked exactly like moths flying into flame!

This was a war with no suspense at all—the gap in strength between the two sides was too vast.

There was only one possible outcome!

But everyone understood—they were buying time for their kin.

"Hold for two hours..."

"As long as we can hold for two hours..."

Countless people repeated this silently in their hearts.

Then they rushed into the battlefield.

In the very next second, the billion sage lord legions surged past like a flood!

Rumble, rumble, rumble...

The several million experts were instantly submerged, trampled, and crushed to death!

Almost in a single instant, all the experts who had charged up vanished without a trace.

The Annihilation Starfield experts hiding in the dark clenched their fists until their joints cracked.

Others stared in total shock, nearly suffocating from the horror.

This wasn't a war.

It wasn't even a delaying action.

This was a massacre by suicide.

Several million experts—gone in a single clash!?