

Gods Daily 569

Chapter 569: A Killing Trap Aimed at Aurek — Storm Thunder God

In the blink of an eye,

only Kanja and the other true Sage Masters and quasi-Empyrean Sanctum experts were left alive on the battlefield.

But when they looked around at the empty spaces where their people had stood, they were completely stunned.

Hold for two hours?

Heh... what a joke. They couldn't even hold for ten minutes!

Eternal Apollo Sunblaze crossed the Star Sea and charged straight at Kanja.

"Damn Crossbridge Empire—let's all be destroyed together—!"

Driven mad by the Crossbridge legions, the true Sage Masters began choosing self-destruction one after another!

Boom!

Boom! Boom! Boom—!

Wave after wave of destructive storms devoured everything!

"Hahaha! All of you die with me—!"

More true Sage Masters started detonating themselves, and even the quasi-Empyrean Sanctum experts began self-destructing!

The Annihilation Starfield was blasted open with cracks, and countless worlds collapsed along with it!

Eternal Apollo Sunblaze struck Kanja once, driving him to the brink of collapse.

Kanja soon died once and began re-forming his body.

Looking at the cold, expressionless imperial war god before him, he completely lost the courage to fight back.

Even before, when Apollo had still been a true Sage Master, he could kill quasi-Empyrean Sanctum experts.

Now he was already a quasi-Empyrean Sanctum himself.

Fight him?

Kanja wouldn't even dare dream of that.

He couldn't hold.

A deep desolation filled his heart.

Even facing a Divine Court had never frightened him this badly.

But the terrifying might of the Crossbridge Empire had utterly shattered his will.

Powerlessness. Despair.

He detonated his sage-rank body.

At this point, even his courage to fight had been worn away.

Apollo watched coldly.

Ares, War Bear, and the other generals continued driving the army forward, invading world after world.

"Honored lords, we are willing to surrender—!"

"Under the great Crossbridge Emperor, my Firewing Clan is willing to submit..."

Seeing the butcher's blade of the Crossbridge army about to fall on their heads, experts from all factions who had been hiding in the shadows rushed out and knelt to beg for mercy.

Another portion slipped away in secret, planning to wait for a chance to strike back later.

Within the core Annihilation Origin Realm, the Oblivion Originkin who had been preparing to evacuate were forced to open the planar gates ahead of schedule.

Their plan to stall for two hours had failed. They could only flee at all costs.

To avoid being pursued, they directly shattered the planar gates after passing through.

"Some of those Oblivion Originkin still escaped. Shall we pursue?"

Inside the Annihilation Origin Realm, War Bear frowned as he asked.

"No need."

Apollo stood with his sword lowered.

"Clean up the battlefield, then immediately attack the Elysium Star Realm."

"General!"

At that moment, a Void Warlock tore through space and arrived before Apollo.

With both hands, he presented a glowing magic stone radiating divine light.

"This was found in the Voiddark Realm."

Apollo took it and examined it.

Aside from the cyan patterns embellishing its surface, there seemed to be extremely fine runes within the stone—so tiny they were nearly invisible.

He injected a thread of origin power into it.

In the next instant, the sacred magic stone emitted rings of light.

An arcane star-disc slowly appeared.

After sensing it briefly, Apollo's pupils contracted.

Within that star-disc, one could actually glimpse the Threads of Fate!

Anything that could make the Threads of Fate manifest was definitely no ordinary object!

He quickly put away the sacred magic stone.

"Send this back immediately and present it to His Majesty!"

...

Outside the Annihilation Starfield.

At the edge of the Elysium Star Realm, in the Kaboe Star Realm.

Inside the clan hall of the Godblood Scions, the clan patriarch and a group of quasi-Empyrean Sanctum experts stood respectfully.

Their eyes were all fixed on the divine throne at the center of the hall.

Seated there was a young man with a lightning sigil branded on his forehead.

Like a god made flesh, his aura was sacred and noble!

If any citizens of the Kaboe Star Realm had been present, they would have been horrified to discover that this young man looked exactly like Storm Thunder God, the messenger beneath the Lord of the Formless, the supreme deity they had worshiped for generations!

The Lord of the Formless was one of the supreme gods worshiped by the entire world of the Godblood Scions. He had bestowed primordial divine power upon living beings and established the world's origin.

And Storm Thunder God was the messenger who delivered divine decrees to all living beings—and also the child of the Lord of the Formless!

But both existed only in ancient myths and legends, and had always been worshiped only in the form of statues within temples.

Now, he had appeared in the flesh.

"Patriarch!"

A sage lord hurried into the hall, just about to report something.

"Insolence!"

The patriarch spun around sharply and barked out a rebuke.

The pressure of a quasi-Empyrean Sanctum came down like a mountain, forcing the sage lord to his knees on the spot, blood spilling from his nose and mouth.

The sage lord looked up in shock, his eyes falling on the young man seated on the divine throne. His pupils shrank violently.

Storm Thunder God!

The young man spoke calmly, "It's fine. Handle your affairs first."

The patriarch bowed deeply, then turned to the clansman. "What happened? Where are your manners?"

The sage lord came back to himself and hurriedly reported.

"The Crossbridge Empire has sent one billion sage lord legions to sweep through the Annihilation Starfield!"

"Kanja has died in battle. Conrad has already fled the Annihilation Origin Realm with the remnants. The Crossbridge Empire is clearly preparing to move against all the major powers—and our Godblood Scions are within their target range."

Earlier, the Godblood Scions had also sent experts to the Eastern Starfield.

The Crossbridge Empire would not forget that score.

"You may leave."

The patriarch dismissed the sage lord with a wave, then turned and bowed deeply to Storm Thunder God.

"My lord, I beg your mercy upon your servants."

Though the patriarch was a powerhouse among quasi-Empyrean Sanctums and ranked on the Star Sea Demigod Throne list, in front of this young man his posture was still humble as dust.

Because the one before him was none other than the great Lord of Thunder from the myths of the Godblood Scions!

And that mythology originated from the Primordial Epoch, before the Ancient Epoch.

The Lord of the Formless was a Primordial Epoch Empyrean Sanctum powerhouse, and Storm Thunder God was his offspring—an unsurpassable existence who sheltered all living beings!

"Crossbridge Empire... Aurek..."

Storm Thunder God's expression was solemn and detached as he murmured words the patriarch and the others could not understand.

He too seemed to be calculating something, and only after a long while did he speak.

"As recorded in the Tablet of Destiny, it is indeed correct."

He paused.

"I shall personally bring his throne to an end."

The patriarch and the quasi-Empyrean Sanctum experts in the hall were instantly overjoyed.

This was the Lord of Thunder of their sacred myths, backed by a Primordial Epoch Empyrean Sanctum powerhouse.

And according to those myths, Storm Thunder God himself possessed four Wind-Thunder Holy Bodies—four avatars condensed for him by the Lord of the Formless using his own bloodline and supreme methods. Each one possessed the killing power of an Empyrean Sanctum!

He had also been personally instructed by the Lord of the Formless, and ultimately became the Lord of Thunder who ruled the universe.

For someone like him, killing quasi-Empyrean Sanctum experts like them would be effortless.

As for what Storm Thunder God was plotting—whether it was for the secret of the Starborne Divine Court or some other scheme—the Godblood Scion experts no longer had the heart to investigate.

They were no more than servants of such beings, serving Primordial Epoch existences in exchange for protection. That was all.

"That Aurek can use a single avatar to easily kill quasi-Empyrean Sanctum experts and erase the remnants of the Ancient Epoch. His true body has likely already touched the threshold of an Empyrean Sanctum..."

"In that case, killing him completely will probably not be so simple."

Storm Thunder God slowly rose to his feet.

"From this moment onward, I will lay a killing trap for him."

Storm Thunder God did not underestimate the power Aurek had displayed in the earlier battle of the Eastern Starfield.

A being who had stepped into quasi-Empyrean Sanctum in only five short years, an emperor who had forged an immortal legend—killing him would certainly be fraught with difficulty.

Aurek's own strength was extraordinary as well; careful planning would be required.

"My lord, why not ask the Father God to act in person?"

the patriarch asked respectfully.

Storm Thunder God stood, thunderlight flashing around him.

"Father God is currently attempting to break into a higher rank and has no time to concern himself with such matters. If necessary, I will invite the Disc Sage to act."

He paused, then continued.

"However, Aurek already controls the Twelfold Aetherian Sanctuary, and he is connected to the secret left behind by that supreme existence. The hidden giants will not sit by and do nothing."

He had already received word that, after the ancient scions' crushing defeat last time, an Emyrean Sanctum among the remnants of the Ancient Epoch was preparing to enter the field personally.

They had merely refrained from appearing openly because of the Emyrean Sanctums who had risen in this current epoch.

In addition, the Primordial Epoch was also watching the Eastern Starfield closely.

Because of the Tablet of Destiny, even certain beings of the Chaos Epoch and Origin Epoch would not ignore this matter.

And then there were those existences...

Only the barriers between several epochs were currently preventing them from entering.

But the Tablet of Destiny matter was too significant, and it involved that supreme existence.

Those taboo beings would no longer remain so restrained. And when that time came, the Crossbridge Empire too would be torn to pieces.

All that was missing now was a single trigger.

Storm Thunder God gave the patriarch a series of instructions, and then his figure directly transformed into a bolt of lightning and vanished.