

Gods Daily 577

Chapter 577: The Empire's Territory — Emyrean Sanctum Forbidden

"If I let you get away, then what would I use to kill the chicken and scare the monkeys?!"

Aurek's voice swept across the entire Star Sea.

With the Law of Space pushed to its absolute limit, he crossed countless starfields in a single step.

His longsword fell.

In an instant, the Star Sea itself was cleaved in two!

Countless lines of fate snapped in response.

Boom—!

Storm Thunder God was forcibly blasted out of the void by that terrifying power.

The moment he emerged, Aurek appeared before him out of nowhere, and the golden sword thrust straight forward!

Crunch—pfft!

The sword tip pierced through the back of his skull!

At that very instant, the entire starfield was sealed shut by time and space.

This was to ensure that not even the faintest remnant of Storm Thunder God could escape!

Beyond the starfield, layer upon layer of time traps and spatial collapse locked the area down completely!

Even Dreamweaver, an actual Emyrean Sanctum expert, was left staring in shock.

Those old monsters hidden on the other side of the Star Sea were stirred as well.

With a single strike from his true body, Aurek had destroyed four divine bodies!

And with that same strike, he had slain Storm Thunder God!

Now he had even sealed him inside the Star Sea itself. Was he truly planning to erase the son of the Lord of the Formless completely?

He was not an Emyrean Sanctum, yet he had killed four divine bodies possessing sage-rank might, divine bodies capable of contending head-on with ordinary Emyrean Sanctum beings.

The Emperor of Crossbridge had delivered what could only be called the most dazzling battle of this era.

Even the figure standing atop the Heaven-Pillar revealed a trace of surprise on his face.

Aurek's rank had indeed not reached that step yet, but through time acceleration, he had frantically burned Emperor Points and forcibly stacked himself to an unimaginable level.

Tens of quadrillions upon quadrillions of points were enough to push him to a height no one could even begin to guess.

His full-power creation art had long surpassed the primordial return of all phenomena that could split heaven and create worlds.

Killing the divine son of someone who wasn't even Empyrean Sanctum—what difficulty was there in that?

In the end, Storm Thunder God had only borrowed the power of his father-god.

Alvin was stunned for a moment, then laughed.

He had always been using the strength of Aurek's mirrored avatar to estimate the power of the real body.

That had been wrong from the very beginning.

When the true body made a move, why would there be any need for so much nonsense?

The three drops of holy blood had already been subdued by the mirrored avatar.

As for that completely sealed starfield, no one dared to enter it.

Including Dreamweaver!

That was a dead-end trap specially prepared to completely kill Storm Thunder God.

The golden sword pinned through his brow.

Storm Thunder God's body was slowly turning into countless motes of light that drifted outward.

Each mote became a blindingly bright star, scattering across every corner of the Star Sea...

...

In the world of the Godblood Scions,

through countless divine temples, the statues of Storm Thunder God shattered at the same moment.

"What the hell happened?!"

"Storm Thunder God's statue has broken—!"

"What's going on? Has something happened to the god of legend?!"

All living beings in that world were terrified by the sight, panic spreading from person to person.

Who was Storm Thunder God?

He was the son of the Lord of the Formless, a supreme existence akin to the highest god!

In their hearts, he was eternal and undying, the supreme deity who spread profound truths throughout the universe.

But now...

The patriarch of the Godblood Scions and the group of quasi-Empyrean Sanctum experts behind him had seen it with their own eyes, their entire bodies trembling.

Nothing remained in their eyes except despair and helplessness...

Clearly, Storm Thunder God had been slain by the Crossbridge Empire!

A supreme god like that had not even been able to escape. They simply could not imagine what had happened over there!

...

Deep within the Chaos Singularity stood an ancient divine temple.

Its master, the Lord of the Formless, was in the middle of advancing toward a higher rank.

Suddenly, he opened his eyes.

The four drops of holy blood and the supreme divine art he had personally bestowed all reacted at the same time.

He separated out a strand of consciousness and probed into one corner of the River of Fate.

The line of fate that belonged to Storm Thunder God was fading into nothingness!

At that moment, the Lord of the Formless's face instantly darkened.

His five fingers clawed through the air, attempting to drag that dissipating line of fate out of the river.

By all logic, even if the physical body had been destroyed, as long as the line of fate had not been completely erased, he could still retrieve the person and reconstitute them.

Unfortunately, he was one step too late!

That line had already faded to a degree where it could no longer be touched.

In the end, he grasped nothing.

"Who was it—?!"

That furious roar from the Lord of the Formless carried a killing intent so overwhelming that it could be felt across countless starfields.

The old monsters scattered throughout the Star Sea all sensed it to varying degrees.

The Stellar Saint-Emperor, the Samsara Saint Emperor, Dreamweaver, the Silver Gentleman...

even that taboo existence hidden in the depths of the chaotic abyss turned its gaze in this direction at the same time.

"This is... that old thing Wuxiang's son has died?"

"Hahahahaha—!"

From the depths of the chaotic abyss, within that mass of irregular black fluid, came a hoarse burst of laughter.

"Good! Good that he died!"

Now things were about to become lively.

The wheel of war had already begun to turn. The shattering of the Star Sea was only a matter of time.

The Dark Abyss was about to appear!

...

At the edge of that completely sealed-off region of the Star Sea,

Aurek stood with his hands behind his back, expressionless as he watched Storm Thunder God's body continue to disperse.

Their eyes met.

The despair and unwillingness in Storm Thunder God's gaze were so dense they seemed ready to congeal.

Even at death, he probably still could not understand how he had fallen in a place like this.

No wonder... no wonder the Tablet of Destiny had undergone that kind of change...

Roar!

Roar, roar...!

Nine imperial dragons stretched across the Star Sea, pulling an imperial carriage as it came from afar.

Aurek stepped onto it in one stride, and the imperial carriage turned toward the Gold Giant Gate.

Just as he was about to enter, the corner of his eye swept lightly in one direction.

Dreamweaver was hidden there!

That single glance caused Dreamweaver—this true Emyrean Sanctum expert—to go completely rigid.

Only after the imperial carriage vanished through the giant gate did he let out a long breath.

"The Empire's territory... Empyrean Sanctum forbidden..."

Dreamweaver repeated those words softly, a complicated smile appearing on his face.

If one wished to transcend shackles, a price would always have to be paid.

...

Inside Aetherian Sanctuary,

Josephine and the others stood upon the holy palace, their hearts in a daze.

That man who had grown up alongside them had now become powerful to such a degree!

So majestic that it was almost beyond imagination!

Alvin and the others had already begun repairing the world barriers damaged by the battle.

The goddesses offered by the four Elysium Starrealms were also escorted through the Gold Giant Gate and all the way to the Supreme Sanctuary.

After witnessing the earlier scene, the resentment they had once harbored vanished completely. They knelt respectfully in the hall, not daring to raise their heads.

Aurek stood before the imperial throne, lowering his gaze to look at them.

The four women were all blonde and blue-eyed, with stunning figures, yet each of them also carried a unique sanctity and nobility.

"You may all withdraw."

Aurek spoke indifferently.

It was true that his Divine Sanctuary had gathered a great number of saintesses and beauties, but that did not mean he was the kind of man who accepted anyone who came.

Those who truly knew him all understood that, up to this point, the few imperial consorts he had taken all shared deep ties with him.

Only Belinda, the former princess of the Pood Empire, had originally entered his life through what was merely a political marriage.

And yet, among all of them, she had been the first imperial consort to become pregnant!

One could only say that she was a very sensible imperial consort...

As for the many women he had subdued afterward, he had not touched a single one of them, even though, in a certain sense, these daughters of defeated hostile powers already belonged to him.

Isabella stepped forward with a group of attendants and brought the four women away to the Crystal Moonlight Palace.

Alvin and the others stood to one side, their expressions unchanged.

But Otto and the Elysium Starrealm experts waiting outside the hall all let out long sighs of relief.

They had gambled correctly.

His Majesty the Emperor really did like beautiful women!

These four goddesses were the treasured darlings exalted by the countless trillions upon trillions of beings across the Elysium Starrealms, the embodiment of all their fantasies of beauty.

That divine aura of nobility they possessed was hard to describe. Even women found themselves captivated by it, let alone men!

This was also the best way Otto could think of to calm imperial wrath!

They still remembered clearly the moment Storm Thunder God was killed.

The Emperor's wrath could not be offended!