

Gods Daily 108

Chapter 108: Mountain Shieldbearers, Unmoving as a Mountain

Ten figures stood like a silent mountain range.

The tidal surge of power that had just lifted an entire squad of palace guards into the air failed to budge them in the slightest!

"Get out."

The lead greatshield soldier barked the order, his voice dull and thunderous, carrying a metallic rasp through the visor.

"Heh... it's been a very long time since anyone dared to speak to me like that."

Elder Bloodblade's lips curved into an icy arc.

He stepped forward.

Blood-red swordlight, viscous like congealed gore, erupted from him, coiling and weaving around his body as if alive!

Those palace guards still floating helplessly in midair were brushed by that peerless, razor-edged glow—and were sliced apart like paper, torn and killed in an instant!

The lethal crimson radiance then surged in a sweeping tide toward the line of greatshield soldiers!

All ten Mountain Shieldbearers raised their hands in perfect unison.

Before them, enormous bulwarks of light—thick and weighty, shining with an earthen-yellow magical luster—blossomed to life, then slammed forward as one!

Shhh—shhh—shhh!

The blood-red blades hacked furiously against the light-bulwarks, eliciting a tooth-gnashing screech of friction.

A momentum as heavy as mountains rebounded at once, blocking the storm of crimson swordlight in its entirety!

Elder Bloodblade's eyes narrowed. His vast mind power probed the strange squad with care, sensing energy fluctuations wholly unlike those of ordinary soldiers.

He slid his hands from his sleeves.

His index and middle fingers pressed together.

From his fingertip seeped a drop of blood so thick it was nearly black; it stretched and drew itself out, condensing into a tiny yet impossibly dense crimson flying sword.

With a casual flick of his wrist—

The blood sword shot forth!

In a heartbeat it expanded into a titanic energy greatsword several meters long, wrapped in an ominous aura as it howled through the air.

With every inch it advanced, its might swelled, the edge drinking in the world's will to slaughter!

"Defend!"

The Mountain Shieldbearers showed not a shred of fear. Their unified roar shook the air.

Boundless earth-element surged from the ground in dense, earthen-yellow streams, pouring into the bulwarks before them. The shields blazed brighter; their ponderous heft doubled in an instant!

BOOM—!!!

The giant blood blade smashed into the reinforced bulwarks of light!

The collision of powers birthed a devastating shockstorm that made even the massive metal palace gates buckle inward, twisting out of shape!

Bracing together, the Mountain Shieldbearers withstood the annihilating blast zone—then bellowed again as one and heaved their shields forward!

Elder Bloodblade, against his will, slid half a step back!

For the first time, strong emotion rippled across that long-placid face; his brows knitted tight.

Just then—

A deathly chill of mortal peril coiled around him like an invisible serpent at his throat. His expression changed at last.

"So this is the infamous ghost that's been the talk of the city..."

"Blending into light and shadow; vanishing into nothingness..."

He had heard the descriptions.

An eerie, troublesome kind of foe.

Even so—

He did not feel truly threatened.

From the palace gate, a colossal pressure erupted—an overawing might unique to a Master Rank—and spread like tangible force across every inch of space within a radius of over ten miles!

Countless crimson sword-shadows webbed into existence, crisscrossing densely around him.

They continued to split and multiply, filling the space about him in a blink, forming a defensive domain wrought from myriad blades of killing light!

As the slaughter-aura laced through the air, even the void around him showed fine distortions—like a silk veil shredded by a thousand knives.

Such a domain could shut out the vast majority of physical and magical assassinations.

The sword-aura field of a Master Rank was not something just anyone could touch—much less break.

He withdrew his attention from the hidden threat and locked onto the ten Mountain Shieldbearers before him.

He strode forward.

The death-domain shrouding the area moved with him—

seeking to engulf those ten golden-armored soldiers whole.

The Mountain Shieldbearers braced behind light-bulwarks pulsing with the deep power of earth—pure magical shields that could absorb and block energy attacks such as sword-qi.

Their orders were simple and absolute: this intruder was not permitted to damage even a single brick of the royal palace.

As for the rest—

the Elemental Assassins hidden in the dark and the Doomsday Warriors would handle it.

Rumble!

Boom—Rumble!

One after another, figures rocketed out from the depths of the palace like artillery shells, their land-quaking steps shaking the square as they descended at the gate!

They wore pitch-black heavy armor, their bodies ringed with a ruinous aura that made space itself collapse and knit back together. Their sphere of influence spread even wider than Elder Bloodblade's sword-domain!

Where that absolute, annihilating power met the blood-red sword-shadows, it was like scalding soup hurled onto snow—melting, corroding, unmaking them by the dozen!

"Doomsday Warriors!?"

"So you've finally come out..."

Seeing another of the emperor's mysterious forces, Elder Bloodblade understood—it was time to get serious.

Thus far, he hadn't even broken through the palace gate. The pace infuriated him.

"Aurek dies today. No one will stop me!"

He no longer held back.

The sword-intent he had kept leashed surged skyward in a single, savage burst—

coalescing into a colossal blood-red phantom blade, as if possessed by a demon, erupting above the palace gate—chill and crimson, terrifying beyond words!

Endless, grim sword-intent rampaged like a breached flood through every corner of the sky around them.

Under his raging sword-qi, the very space of this quarter of the city groaned.

Murderous will and cutting edge whirled together into a cataclysmic tornado of destruction, sweeping across all of Eryndor City. The torrent of power made countless people tremble where they stood!

—Huh!?!—

Imperial Cathedral.

Austin halted his daily prayer, unleashing his powerful mind power at speed.

In a neglected corner forge, a musclebound man snapped his head toward the palace, his mind power flaring toward it as well.

"A Master Rank powerhouse!"

A startled whisper fell—and only two heavy footprints remained where he'd been.

At a newly reached inn, Isabella stopped mid-step, her potent mind power surging to the palace.

"Master Rank!"

Her ice-blue eyes tightened; her body became a streak of light, launching skyward.

In an upscale restaurant, a slovenly old man paused with his wine, gaze growing grave as he turned toward the palace.

"..."

"It's Elder Bloodblade!"

"No mistake. By the goddess—Elder Bloodblade has made his move!"

In a secret chamber, Rod, in the midst of council, felt the familiar, terrifying aura.

He froze, surprised that the Elder had gone straight for the palace!

He immediately led his people in a headlong rush toward the royal grounds.

At the same time—

Within the Centennial Blossom Garden,

a mysterious woman in a white hood stepped silently onto a terrace, looking toward the palace without a word.

Moments later, her figure faded like a shadow dissolving into deeper shade—vanishing from the balcony altogether.