

Gods Daily 109

Chapter 109: The Truth of Blood Magic and Assassination

Buzz... buzz...

Elder Bloodblade's destructive sword-intent flooded every inch of space before the palace gates like a roaring tide.

Even the passing breeze was transmuted into invisible blades, shredding the air with bone-chilling screams.

This was nothing like his earlier probing strikes—

now Elder Bloodblade had fully unleashed the vast might of a Master Rank powerhouse.

The energy contained within such an existence surpassed mortal imagination.

Whether palace guards or ordinary citizens on the streets, all felt as though an invisible giant hand had clamped around their throats.

Elder Bloodblade rose into the air, scarlet beams of swordlight bursting from his eyes like tangible blades.

He stepped forward—

and with that stride, a tide of sword-qi, boundless and dreadful as a forbidden sea, crashed toward the towering imperial palace, as though to erase the very symbol of imperial rule from the earth!

Ten Mountain Shieldbearers leapt up in unison.

Their bulwark-shields shone brighter, grew heavier, madly absorbing the thick essence of earth.

The shield faces swelled, becoming an indomitable wall, standing defiant against the onrushing torrent of sword-intent.

BOOOOM—!!!

The collision resounded like a roar that could tear souls apart, shaking the entirety of the Glorious Capital!

The bloodthirsty tide, blocked by their barrier, churned into chaotic turbulence high in the air.

The Doomsday Warriors would wait no longer.

One by one, they drew the cross-shaped Judgement Swords hidden within rifts of void.

A boundless storm of destruction thundered forth, its might blotting out even the last rays of sunset.

Colossal pillars of ruin, veined with black lightning, pierced down like divine spears of judgment.

Together, they wove into a vast net of annihilation, shredding, devouring, and suppressing Elder Bloodblade's sword-intent.

The Doomsday Warriors gripped their colossal swords with both hands, bringing down fatal cleaves upon him!

Elder Bloodblade's entire being blazed with blood-red swordlight.

He looked like a primeval sword demon emerging from the abyss.

He raised one hand—

and unleashed his famed technique: Sigh of the Firmament!

The dreadful sword-intent brewing in the void seemed to gather all the world's will to slaughter, converging before him.

It shaped into a colossal crimson energy sword.

With a swing of his arm—

Ten-thousandfold sword-shadows burst forth!

Each cut overlapped, endless layers of killing edge cascading upon the Doomsday Warriors in a ceaseless barrage.

From afar, it looked as though a blood-red curtain of blades had spread across the heavens, blotting out the sky!

The onlookers across Eryndor City—the strongmen of all factions—blanched in terror.

"Such is the might of a Master Rank!"

The Cardinan siblings of the Hammer Guild wore grim expressions.

A Master Rank powerhouse could already commune with the elemental forces of the world.

Their strikes carried the weight of heaven and earth itself.

The gulf between a half-step Master Rank and a true Master Rank was an unbridgeable chasm—the universally acknowledged watershed on the path of ascension.

And Elder Bloodblade's swordsmanship was infamous for its bloodthirst and horror!

"May His Majesty be unharmed..."

Cardinan frowned deeply, eyes fixed on the palace. His instincts screamed: this was far from simple.

"Though Elder Bloodblade only recently broke through to Master Rank, his blood-soaked sword-qi is no weaker than any veteran. To launch this assault while Aurek has dispatched his two mysterious legions—it is timed to cruel perfection!"

Within the Thunder Guild, Carl's heart soared with secret joy.

With those two overwhelming forces absent, the palace's defenses had indeed thinned.

He was certain he was not the only one in Eryndor City whose killing intent had been stirred.

This was a heaven-sent opportunity!

Indeed, many others shared the same thought.

The Holy Sword Alliance, Storm Valley, and the Unicorn Guild's Bladecaller, among others, had all recognized the situation. Delight flickered in their eyes.

They had expected the capital's defenses to weaken once the legions were deployed, but never imagined the chance to strike would come so swiftly, so directly, to the palace gates!

Inside the court, Winston, Heimerdinger, and the other ministers seethed with fury.

Someone dared storm the palace itself!

They scrambled to rally the Royal Guard, rushing to the palace in support.

"Can he kill him?"

Lister asked the slovenly old man beside him.

The elder swigged his barley wine, his bleary eyes fixed on the battle.

"Thus far, he hasn't even breached the inner gate. Alone, he won't succeed tonight."

Lister's gaze lingered on the palace, a flicker of temptation in his eyes, though he suppressed it.

"This doesn't look so simple..."

He was arrogant, yes—but also supremely cautious.

In murky depths, he would never reveal himself lightly.

Moreover, that the Doomsday Warriors and the hidden Phantoms could hold back a Master Rank—it shocked him deeply.

Nearby, the burly man from the blacksmith's forge stood quietly on a street.

Sparks scattered across his protective aura as stray strands of murderous sword-qi carved against it, unable to break through.

The battle raged furiously.

Elder Bloodblade's might was overwhelming.

His understanding of swordsmanship and assassination had reached transcendence.

Thus he had forged his own path—Blood Magic Sword Control.

With his innate bloodline, he refined swords of blood itself.

His strikes were not only brutal and bloodthirsty but steeped in killing intent of terrifying density.

Yet the Doomsday Warriors' strength far surpassed what they had displayed at Hyrule War Academy.

They held fast even under a Master Rank's full-force assault!

Above, the heavens blazed.

Explosions from colliding blades and annihilation-thunder echoed like the roars of gods, detonating one after another over Eryndor City.

The brilliance was so fierce it seemed like a black sun was burning in the skies.

Perhaps wary of destroying the palace, the Doomsday Warriors restrained themselves.

But the Elemental Assassins seized the chance, striking from the shadows.

Even as vigilant as Elder Bloodblade was, he could not completely stave off those Hero Rank assassins' relentless, spectral stabs.

Before long, his teal robe bore several clear rents and wounds.

Bloodblade's brows darkened, his savagery nearly solidified.

With a metallic scream—

the cross-shaped sword strapped to his back leapt into the air, radiating torrents of blood-red light.

The killing aura was condensed from countless slaughters, suffocating to behold.

This was a blade nearing the ranks of pseudo-S-grade weapons!

He seized it in his hand—

and swung.

The blood-drenched blade, like the scythe of death itself, cleaved down upon the palace core.

It cut through the void, devouring even the pillars of annihilation-thunder that sought to resist it.

This strike seemed utterly unstoppable!

Its ferocity and bloodlust left all who watched in breathless horror.

A pseudo-S-grade weapon, empowered by the full force of a Master Rank—

its might forced even Winston, Heimerdinger, and the other rushing ministers to halt ten miles from the palace, unable to press closer.

One strike to cleave the world in two!

Even the palace guards' pupils shrank in despair, hearing death whisper in their ears.

The burly blacksmith's eyes darkened as well.

He stepped forward, as though readying to act.

But then—

From the palace depths, golden divine light erupted skyward!

Three hundred Mountain Shieldbearers lifted their heads as the Bloodthirsty Sword's shadow fell.

Their bodies blazed with golden radiance!

Five hundred layers of sacred bulwarks stacked atop one another, forming a colossal golden temple in the skies above the palace—indestructible and unyielding!