

## Gods Daily 116

Chapter 116: Frost and Flame Magical Beasts

At the foothill behind the Governor's residence,

Charles entered a hidden cave that slithered downward, leading into an ancient underground palace.

The massive stalactites reflected dazzling, ethereal light under the glow of red and blue magical crystals, resembling a descent into a dream.

At the deepest part of the palace, two pairs of massive, furnace-like eyes suddenly opened—

These were two legendary magical beasts resembling griffins, but far larger!

Towering like spires, their bodies were covered in scales like metal, and golden horns shimmered with light.

One was surrounded by a mist of deep blue water, while the other bathed in scorching flames, majestic and divine, intimidating to the point where one dared not look directly at them.

Their bloodlines, ancient and fierce like griffins, seemed to emanate from mythic times.

Even with their pressure contained, the overwhelming aura was enough to terrify anyone with weak hearts.

"You've come?"

"Surely you seek something."

Two low, thunderous voices echoed through the underground palace.

"Is this how you view me?"

Charles smiled.

These were two magical beasts that had survived since ancient times, embodiments of fire and water powers, top-tier existences within the Master Rank, with unfathomable potential.

It was with their support that Charles had risen to the position of Governor.

The power behind Truva was upheld by them in the shadows.

Charles knew well the risks of collaborating with such mighty forces, but with these magical beasts stationed here, he felt confident in negotiating with any enemy.

He took out the rare magical potions and elemental gemstones he had prepared earlier and respectfully presented them.

"Good."

The fire-based magical beast rumbled.

"I owe my current position entirely to your protection."

"Once Truva is fully independent, the resources here and the energy from the Earthvein Core... will belong to you both."

Charles' voice was humble yet tempting.

"Act according to your will, don't worry too much about Unicorn Guild."

The water-based magical beast responded slowly, its voice like a deep spring.

"Thanks to your words, I am at ease."

Charles felt great joy inside and bowed, retreating.

"Earthvein energy... if enough is harvested, it might awaken deeper powers in our bloodlines."

The fire-based magical beast's pupils shimmered with burning light.

"The time will come."

The other magical beast responded.

They craved not subjugation to any power but mastery over the source of their strength—this was the true path to invincibility.

Charles knew this very well, and he was confident he could continue to control this dangerous alliance.

As he exited the cave, he gazed at the horizon, the flames of ambition burning wildly in his eyes.

"Unicorn Guild, Sky-reaching Tower... they should respond soon."

"Once the Imperial Knights and those strange legions are eliminated... when the Firstfall Festival arrives, the crown will change hands."

...

The golden-armored figure stood motionless in the void, with Violet Thunder standing respectfully at his side.

"Not ready yet?"

Violet Thunder asked, his tone devoid of emotion.

"Unicorn Guild is not something the Manhattan Legion can compare to. This place is full of powerful individuals. To avoid oversight and retaliation, we need to mark each target precisely."

The golden-armored figure replied.

Based on previous experience, he adjusted the strategy.

A thousand Elemental Assassins had taken their positions.

Each one had locked onto a powerful figure in the guild—one thousand targets, one thousand death sentences.

They would execute at the exact same moment.

The goal was to incapacitate the entire guild in a single strike, avoiding protracted battles.

Time was the invisible assassin's greatest enemy.

Violet Thunder silently waited.

Aurek's orders were clear: utterly destroy Unicorn Guild.

As for the method? It didn't matter.

By the afternoon,

One of the Elemental Assassins finally materialized before the two.

...

Located outside Truva, this ancient city was a stronghold for knights and heavy swordmasters.

Not far from Stonehoof City,

It was ranked as a seventh-tier faction, with deep roots.

The guild's president, Quin,

Led four senior officers: Lorne, Lighton, Lars, and Sworn—each of them was a well-known Master Rank warrior.

Under them were eighteen Mad Swordsmen, each fiercely skilled in combat, fearless of death.

When Ian, the Truva City Lieutenant, entered the city, he felt countless auras piercing his skin like needles.

He had to proceed with the utmost caution.

These were madmen even Sky-reaching Tower and Chaos Apostle dared not provoke lightly.

The entire city felt like a drawn sword, oppressive to the point of suffocation.

He was unable to meet Quin, only to be received by one of the Mad Swordsmen, Juz.

Ian carefully explained the movements of Caterpillar and the other four provinces, especially the intelligence concerning the "Doomsday Warrior."

Upon hearing this, Juz's brow furrowed sharply.

"Please be sure to relay to Quin, the guild's president, that Governor Charles has reached an agreement with Sky-reaching Tower and others."

Ian respectfully cupped his hands.

In a stern hall,

Quin and the four senior officers sat.

Their powerful spiritual senses had already overheard everything outside the door.

"Since they've mixed with the Imperial Knights, they must be eradicated together."

"That power itself is not much to fear, but if it hinders us from eliminating the cavalry, it becomes an obstacle. We'll strike first and control the situation,"

Lorne said to Quin. "What is the guild president's view?"

Quin slowly spoke.

"The Oracles' Mountain has pushed us to act and promised corresponding rewards."

"If we refuse, these guarantees will naturally become void. Compared to the Empire's remaining forces, the will of Oracles' Mountain... is even harder to defy."

"Destroying the cavalry is not difficult, and annihilating that force is not hard either. But Unicorn Guild should not claim all the credit. Sky-reaching Tower, Chaos Apostle, Count Blackcrow... they must contribute too."

"Therefore, Charles's proposal has its merits."

The senior officers exchanged glances and nodded one by one.

Quin gathered his thoughts, and a sharp voice directly pierced Ian's mind.

"Go back and tell Charles—Unicorn Guild agrees to his plan."

Ian trembled all over.

The sharpness of the voice almost tore through his mind.

He hastily bowed to the void.

"I will relay the guild president's will!"

With that, he quickly turned and left, unwilling to stay a moment longer.

"This coward actually holds the position of Lieutenant in the city? It seems Governor Charles has no capable men left under him,"

Juz sneered, vanishing in an instant.

Ian fled Unicorn Guild, only letting out a long breath after he had distanced himself from the gates.

"Anyway... Governor's plan will proceed smoothly."

Thinking of the fall of the Imperial Knights and the independence of Truva, his heart lightened.

He adjusted his robes, straightened his chest, and prepared to return to the path to his rightful position of power.

But the moment he looked up,

He was met with five hundred soulless, destructive eyes!

Clang!

Ian stumbled backward.

His finely crafted silver cloak was trampled by his hasty steps, emitting a soft tearing sound.

His pupils contracted sharply.

The noble composure he had forced himself to maintain shattered completely, crushed by those five hundred destructive eyes.

His body trembled uncontrollably.

Before him stood five hundred warriors clad in dark, heavy armor!

The armor was etched with twisted, unnameable runes, their bodies wrapped in an aura that seemed to emanate from the very depths of hell, carrying the scent of annihilation!

Unlike Unicorn Guild's sharp and oppressive aura, this was far more primal, suffocating, and seemed to carry the hellfire that could burn all things to ash!

He forced a smile, stiffer than a gargoyle's, and awkwardly bowed to the silent black tide.

Then, he dragged his legs, as if laden with lead, to the side of the street, attempting to declare with this humble gesture: please, go ahead, I would never dare to block your way!

#### Chapter 117: The Duel of Destruction and the Great Sword

The five hundred Doomsday Warriors paid no attention to him, silently passing by his side.

The suffocating aura of destruction felt like a tangible nightmare, causing his mithril chestplate to creak under pressure.

As the terrifying army marched past, Ian felt as if he were being dragged for miles along the riverbank.

Cold sweat clung to his hair.

He dared not look back. His form turned into a streak of light, and with all the speed his legs could muster, he fled in a mad rush toward the distance.

He silently swore to the gods that he would never set foot on this land again, a place that chilled his very soul!

...

The Doomsday Warriors, like a torrent of death, arrived beneath Unicorn Guild's massive city, engraved with countless sword-shaped carvings.

They charged forward without hesitation, heading straight toward the massive sword-shaped gate that glowed with magical light.

"By the blade's name, halt!"

The gatekeeper, a swordsman, shouted fiercely. His silver-blue light armor gleamed in the sunlight.

He swung his longsword, sending a wave of sharp sword Qi slicing through the air toward the oncoming army.

However, the wave of destruction did not pause for a moment.

Several swordsmen, stepping lightly, charged with their jeweled sword sheaths flashing like arrows.

Yet, before they could even get within ten yards, they were torn apart by the twisted light of the destructive aura.

Their fine armor and bodies shattered into red mist and iron fragments,

and their enchanted swords, etched with runes, snapped into pieces, clattering against the ancient gray-white city walls.

The Doomsday Warriors stormed into the sword city.

Those who tried to block them, dressed in various leather and chain armors, were knocked away by an invisible hammer of war, screaming as they fell from the air.

"Arrogant demons!"

Swoosh— swoosh— swoosh—!

Seven or eight figures descended like sword light splitting the heavens, blocking the path of the destructive army.

They wore luxurious high-ranking swordsman attire, their half-body silver armor embroidered with the unicorn crest.

Their killing intent was as chilling as the northern wind, their eyes fixed firmly on the intruders.

...

Inside the Central Hall of the City, Beneath the High Dome

Quin, the president of Unicorn Guild, stood wearing a deep blue velvet robe, with a meticulously crafted silver-white paladin's heavy armor over it, each plate engraved with defensive runes.

His brow furrowed, then suddenly turned grim.

Unconsciously, his hand rested on the hilt of his legendary sword, Sky Judgment, embedded with a massive sapphire.

Several other senior officers, similarly dressed in formal mage robes or light combat leather armor, also sensed the identity of the incoming force, their faces showing varying degrees of shock and seriousness.

"This overwhelming aura of destruction... it must be the rumored Doomsday Legion under the Emperor's command!"

Lorner stroked the magic crystal atop his staff and spoke in a low voice.

Lighton, however, frowned deeply, his star-embroidered mage robes fluttering without wind.

"This aura is identical to the residual waves from the destruction of the Manhattan Legion."

He recalled those vague yet unsettling reconnaissance reports.

At that moment, the light filtering through the stained glass suddenly dimmed.

The sky above Unicorn Guild darkened instantly!

"They've come to sever the spine of the guild!"

Quin's voice still echoed in the hall, but he had already transformed into a streak of blinding sword light, crashing through the beautiful glass dome and appearing in midair before the Doomsday Legion, his silver armor still shining brightly under the oppressive light.

The four senior officers followed closely, either flying on the wind or teleporting.

Juz, wearing a sleek green ranger outfit, stopped his steps, looking up at the sky.

His form suddenly shot upward, turning into a streak of green light.

"Enemy attack—highest alert!"

A sharp cry, infused with magic, rang through every corner of the city.

In an instant!

From every sword tower, training ground, and residence in Unicorn Guild,

Three thousand beams of swords of various colors erupted!

Swordsmen, dressed in various armors—from ornate plate armor with embedded gemstones to practical studded leather armor—filled the scene, dazzling and deadly.

Countless streaks of light zipped through the streets and rooftops, the sound of the wind and the soft hum of swords ringing constantly.

The city's swordsmen, magic apprentices, and even commoners looked up, stunned and fearful, witnessing this historic moment.

Led by Juz, the eighteen Mad Swordsmen—golden swords, silver swords, black swords, white swords, wooden swords—like falling stars, screamed through the air with the piercing sound of the wind and unmatched sword energy, forming a battle stance with a hidden sword array behind Quin.

Quin stood with his hands behind his back.

His Master Rank aura was overwhelming, his sharpness seemingly capable of splitting the space itself!

The unicorn totem on his silver shoulder armor seemed to be breathing.

"You have come to my Unicorn Holy City, yet you slaughter my guild's swordsmen. Do you not think this is sacrilegious and disrespectful?"

Quin's tone was as cold as ice, each word a massive sword of frost, filled with murderous intent.

"By the Emperor's command!"

"Today, Unicorn Guild shall perish!"

Violet Thunder's voice rang like a whisper of destruction.

This was not an answer but the Empire's final verdict!

No words or options remained.

She shot into the air, warping and collapsing the space around her.

The remaining Doomsday Warriors followed suit, their destructive aura spreading like a tsunami, devouring everything in its path.

"Since they've come seeking death, let us leave none alive. This will be a 'Firstfall Festival' gift for His Majesty Aurek,"

Lars said coldly.

He stroked his luxurious purple mage robes, his voice devoid of awe, filled only with frigid killing intent.

Unicorn Guild earned its reputation as "the madmen" because they dared to draw their swords against any threat and would respond with endless pursuit from their thousands of swordsmen.

Since they had already decided to eliminate the Imperial Knights and the Emperor's mysterious force, only the great sword of protection and judgment would speak!

What emperor?

What imperial law?

None were greater than the will of the guild, which had lasted for millennia!

"Kill! Kill! Kill!"

Behind him, the swordsmen roared in unison!

The entire city was filled with the boiling, near-mad atmosphere of slaughter!

Countless sharp, sword-trained eyes gleamed brightly as they glared at the five hundred Doomsday Warriors.

The overwhelming sword intent and pure destructive killing intent collided and condensed in the air, creating a sizzling, eerie sound.

Violet Thunder ignored it all.

Her destructive eyes were slowly engulfed by pure darkness that absorbed all light.

Massive cross-shaped destruction swords, forged from solidified darkness and thunder, erupted from each Doomsday Warrior's hands, their twisted runes glowing ominously red.

The sky above the guild city tore open, and violent black thunder began to dance like dragons and serpents!

"Kill!"

The eighteen Mad Swordsmen roared in unison, their voices hoarse with determination.

Behind them, from the heavily armored fortress swordsmen wielding massive greatswords, to the duelists wielding swift twin swords, and the sword mages wielding magic-infused blades...

Everyone raised their swords, stepping forward together!

This single step was enough to make any coward's heart stop, while real warriors' blood boiled!

The sword light fell like a galaxy in freefall, and figures darted like a swift wind.

However—

Pssh-!

Suddenly,

Just beside the guild's swordsmen, beneath their feet, from corners where sunlight could not reach, and even from places where the light twisted in the air,

The Elemental Assassins, hiding in the shadows, launched their surprise attack!