

Gods Daily 117

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!