

Gods Daily 131

Chapter 131: Decisions of All Sides, a Complete Overrun

High above the city walls.

Lister stood calmly, like a spectator watching a dramatic performance.

He casually twirled an ancient rune in his hand, his gaze with great interest fixed on the rising smoke that would soon engulf Truva City below.

"Young master, do you really think these local forces can destroy so many of the Empire's elite warriors?"

Adrian couldn't help but voice his doubts.

"This time it's not a few hundred, but four thousand warriors!"

"This power is enough to flatten any seventh-tier or higher faction organization."

Lister smiled faintly upon hearing this.

"Adrian, you're underestimating these local powerhouses."

"Let's not even mention the lesser fish that follow them. Just Sky-reaching Tower, Chaos Apostles, and Count Blackcrow alone—publicly and privately, they have at least twenty Master Rank experts!"

"And there are hundreds, perhaps even more, at the Expert Rank and Hero Rank."

He paused briefly before continuing his analysis.

"Right now, they're lying in wait, hidden in the shadows, with the advantage of time, place, and their powerful formations and forbidden techniques."

"Meanwhile, the Empire's army is exposed, unfamiliar with the land. Think about it—what kind of devastation could a sudden strike from twenty Master Rank experts bring?"

"Even those mysterious assassins who can meld into the space around them would have a hard time reacting in time under such a concentrated, destructive assault."

Lister's smile deepened as he took great pride in his arrangement.

It was he who had leaked the Empire's movements to these forces, leading to this "grand welcoming ceremony."

This pit he had so carefully dug was enough to bury a large portion of the Empire's elite.

He couldn't help but glance at the scruffy old man beside him, his eyes lingering for a moment on the old man's seemingly ordinary satchel, as if thinking of something inside it.

"Kid, have you considered the possibility of an accident?"

The old man took a swig from his flask, his murky eyes seeming to see right through Lister's thoughts, lazily offering a reminder.

"Don't forget, that golden-armored army hasn't shown its true strength yet. They feel... quite extraordinary to me."

"Extraordinary? So what?"

Lister laughed dismissively.

"Under the combined assault of twenty Master Rank experts, even steel will melt into molten iron!"

"Old man, I don't expect this ragtag group to wipe out Aurek's elite army entirely—that would be unrealistic. But to cripple them, making them unable to pose a significant threat for the time being? That's very much within our reach."

A cold, sharp gleam flickered in his eyes.

"Before the Firstfall Festival arrives, we have enough time and methods to slowly wear down these elites."

"As for how much Sky-reaching Tower has to pay for this... well, that's what they have to bear. If they want to take a slice of the pie in the future, they must first stake something."

Below the city walls.

The soldiers of the Truva Province Legion continued to pour toward the city walls.

Powerful longbows and crossbows were aimed at the enemy's menacing formation, the arrowheads gleaming in the sunlight. However, the hands holding the bows trembled slightly, betraying their fear.

Stearn took a deep breath, forcefully suppressing the surge of excitement and grief within him.

His cracked lips whispered to himself.

"Old Jasper... the Empire hasn't forgotten us old bones. His Majesty has stood by us!"

He looked down at the Sacrospring Sword tightly gripped in his hands.

He couldn't fathom how much power the sword held, but the sheer weight of the Empire's will and the trust it represented made him feel as though he was holding a mountain in his hands.

"Clang—!"

A clear, dragon-like sword hum rang out across the battlefield!

Stearn drew the Sacrospring Sword with a swift motion.

A vast, chilling aura of battle instantly expanded from him, as if an invisible field enveloped the area.

"For the Empire!"

"Kill—!"

The old man let out a hoarse battle cry, but it was filled with iron-blooded resolve.

The cry seemed to pierce the very void, igniting the fervor of the four thousand Imperial soldiers behind him!

"Kill!"

At Stearn's command, the Doom Legion warriors were the first to respond.

With a swift motion, they leaped into the air, transforming into streams of black death, charging toward the towering city walls with unmatched fury!

"Release the arrows! Quickly, release the arrows!"

The officers atop the city wall screamed hoarsely.

In an instant, arrows shot through the air like a swarm of locusts, but as they neared the Doom Warriors' range, they seemed to strike an invisible, distorted force field—the "Destruction Zone."

The arrows either shattered upon contact or veered off course, falling helplessly to the ground with dull thuds.

None managed to even reach their target!

Next, the first group of Doom Warriors at the front brandished their massive destruction swords and brought them down with overwhelming force!

There was no need for fancy techniques—just pure, raw power unleashed!

Boom—!!

With a terrifying crash, half of the towering city wall seemed to be cleaved by a giant's axe, instantly shattering and collapsing!

The devastating energy burst out like a shockwave, sending the defenders flying, armor and all, as if they were nothing more than paper!

Shattered stone and blood-soaked bodies mixed together in a hellish scene.

This wasn't a battle—it was a one-sided slaughter!

Dozens of Doom Warriors, like wedges, plunged into the city, creating an opening for the follow-up troops.

Stearn swung the Sacrospring Sword, leading all the golden and black-armored warriors forward, surging into Truva City like a flood that had broken through a dam!

In the major streets of the city, the main force of the Truva Province Legion had already established tight formations.

Spears like forests, shields like walls, they tried to use their numerical advantage to engage in street battles.

This legion had long been a dominant force in Truva Province. While their combat power couldn't match that of the Imperial Knights, they were still a considerable force in the region.

The oppressive atmosphere of war spread, sending waves of fear through the citizens hiding in their homes, trembling at the sight.

However, in the face of absolute power, the numerical advantage seemed laughably insignificant.

The Doom Warriors' giant swords swung down, their destructive energy like the scythe of death.

Wherever they passed, whether it was solid shields or flesh and blood, everything was instantly shattered and annihilated!

The Imperial forces cut through the defenses like a red-hot dagger through butter, unstoppable!

Stearn led his army forward, crushing everything in his path!

Once proud, the fifty-thousand-strong provincial legion in Truva now lay scattered, like harvested hay, falling in great swaths.

Not even whole corpses could be found, as they were shredded by the collapsing void and destructive energies.

It was nothing but a brutal, overwhelming overrun!

Citizens peeking through their windows could only watch, dumbfounded.

They couldn't imagine that such a terrifying army existed, like the demon legions of myth, capable of destroying the world, making human resistance seem laughably futile.

"Not even on the same level!"

Far away in the clouds, Diston, Wilson, Owo, and the others watched in shock.

The scene before them was like a fully armed giant beating up an infant who had just learned to walk—complete, dimensional suppression.

Their last shred of hope had completely shattered.

"Thankfully... this army only numbers four thousand!"

Owo said dryly, his voice filled with unease.

If the Empire had forty thousand, or even four hundred thousand of such soldiers, just thinking about it made his skin crawl. The entire continent of Eura would likely be crushed beneath their feet.

"It must be destroyed! At least... it must be severely crippled!"

Diston nearly gritted his teeth as he spoke, his tone filled with determination.

At that moment, their resolve to destroy this Imperial force had never been more resolute.

No matter the cost, they had to break its spine today!