

## Gods Daily 135

### Chapter 135: The Complete Destruction of the Major Factions

Stearn suddenly understood.

He lifted his gaze to the decapitated head before him, its eyes still wide open in death, and then looked down at the humming Sacrospring Sword in his hands.

The will and power that this Imperial sword represented were fully revealed at this moment, making him feel a burden heavier than ever before.

Lister, watching the ambush he orchestrated unravel in such an unexpected manner, didn't feel pain for the fallen members of the various factions, but rather frustration that not a single Imperial soldier had been killed by his carefully laid plan.

This was a massive setback for him.

Once again, in his covert battle with Aurek, he had failed.

"If it weren't for that unexpected factor—the golden-armored soldiers—maybe... maybe the outcome would have been different..."

He thought bitterly to himself.

"Kid, your calculations weren't wrong, but they still lacked a bit of rigor,"

The scruffy old man spoke at the right moment, his tone carrying a slight reproach.

"Without a deeper understanding of Aurek, you'll never be able to predict his next move or the trump cards he'll use."

In the old man's view, Lister had made a good calculation, but it still carried the overconfidence of youth that required more honing.

Lister fell silent. He couldn't argue with this lesson.

The old man had indeed warned him about potential unforeseen circumstances, but he had placed all his bets on the success of the surprise attack, overlooking the possibility of failure.

But who could have known that the defense of those golden-armored soldiers would be so absurdly powerful?

It completely defied logic!

He knew deep down that in the face of the Empire's army—an indestructible, flawless force—any faction that lost the first strike would never come out on top.

He wasn't foolish. He knew better than to throw himself into the fray and die now.

He was merely an "advisor"—he never promised Diston that he would personally get involved.

Diston, wielding the pseudo-S-rank energy weapon Shadow Hammer, released a burst of black killing light that struck at the void around him, searching for hidden assassins.

One by one, the strongmen he had brought were slain by invisible sword lights, their bodies falling lifeless to the ground, even Half-Master Rank experts were not spared.

A Sky-reaching Tower Master Rank senior officer was even instantly torn into several pieces!

"Retreat! Quickly retreat!"

Diston yelled desperately, no longer concerned with anyone else.

The prerequisite for their challenge to the Empire's army was that the first wave of surprise attacks had to cause massive casualties.

The plan was to kill at least half of the enemy forces, making the rest of the battle more manageable.

But now, the first strike had been utterly ineffective, and the fight was impossible to win!

Now, retreating to preserve their strength was their only option.

As soon as he shouted, Wilson immediately echoed the command, desperate to escape this battlefield of death.

However, even the two powerful Griffons couldn't escape.

Five hundred Elemental Assassins had already surrounded the perimeter, and those who tried to flee from the city were instantly slain without warning.

In the sky above the city, the scruffy old man furrowed his brows, sensing a deeper problem.

"This doesn't feel like they are the hunters... It's as if they've walked into a trap set by someone else!"

"What?"

Lister exclaimed in surprise.

Before he could ask further, the old man suddenly lowered his voice and said, "Move!"

With a sudden twist of space, he pulled Lister and Adrian with him, vanishing from the spot in an instant!

"Dammit! We've been ambushed!"

"It's Lister! That bastard set us up!"

"Son of a bitch!"

Diston realized instantly that the ambush they had believed they were executing was, in fact, a deadly trap that had lured them all into the open!

If it was a trap, the one who had informed them about the enemy's movements—Lister—was the prime suspect!

"Concentrate our forces, break through the gap! Move quickly!"

Several Master Rank experts swung their weapons desperately, and with a combined effort, they shattered the already weakened Chaos Array.

The remnants of Chaos Apostle, under Owo's leadership, attempted to flee first.

However, the Mountain Shieldbearers moved in.

They stood like golden walls, holding off the Master Rank experts attempting to cover the retreat.

The Imperial army in the city surged forward like a flood breaking free from a dam, starting the efficient hunt.

The Waterwave Griffon and Flame Griffon attempted to break through the city's defenses, but ten Mountain Shieldbearers blocked their path.

Watching the numerous powerful enemies falling like wheat under the sickle, including many Master Rank experts, the two Griffons became anxious.

The Flame Griffon let out a mighty roar, triggering the remaining strength of its Griffon bloodline. A massive Griffon shadow enveloped its body, and with no regard for its safety, it charged toward the Mountain Shieldbearers!

"Boom! Boom!"

The massive impacts resounded as the Holy Light Barrier shattered hundreds of layers.

The ten Mountain Shieldbearers were knocked back, their feet stepping on air as explosions echoed around them.

But the Flame Griffon was also blasted backward, dazed, its enormous head shaking as if it had crashed into the mythical wall of sighs.

Driven by the will to survive, it charged again.

But this time, over a hundred Mountain Shieldbearers formed a golden barrier, an impenetrable chasm of light.

The Griffons, seeing the endless layers of the Holy Light Barrier, had their jaws twitch in frustration.

Even if they rammed their heads into it, they would never break through.

They quickly turned to flee, but over a hundred Elemental Assassins and Doomsday Warriors had already surrounded them, preparing for the kill...

Diston, clutching the Shadow Hammer, fled with only a few of the surviving elders, leaving the city in disgrace.

Wilson, covered in injuries, also managed to escape.

However, Owo didn't make it. He was cornered by a Mountain Shieldbearer commander, whose massive fist crushed his heart, along with his divine consciousness!

The pseudo-S-rank weapon Chaos Spear in Owo's hand turned into a streak of light, falling helplessly.

It landed on a street, causing the ground to crack violently.

In the end, only four or five Master Rank experts managed to escape.

They fled with Diston and Wilson into the distant mountains, hiding behind giant rocks, coughing up blood and filled with terror and intense hatred for their close call.

As for the rest of their forces—Half-Master, Hero Rank, and Expert Rank subordinates—only a few lucky ones managed to escape. Most of them were left behind, their bodies littering the now bloody and ruined Truva City.

The roles of the hunter and the hunted had completely reversed on this day.

With the last of the Master Rank experts fleeing, the remaining factions' forces, without their top-tier strength, quickly crumbled under the Empire's relentless and efficient pursuit.

The diehards were mercilessly slaughtered, and the surrendering forces were taken prisoner.

Above the once-chaotic Truva City, the cries of battle slowly subsided, leaving only the buzzing hum of still-churning elemental energy and the lingering stench of blood.

Before long, the battlefield was left with nothing but the two injured, almost depleted Griffons—the Waterwave Griffon and Flame Griffon—still desperately holding on.

As thousands of cold, unfeeling eyes focused on them, the immense pressure finally broke their will to resist.

"We surrender!"

The Flame Griffon let out a deep, thunderous roar.

The voice carried a hint of humiliation, but more so the raw desire to survive.

"We are ancient magical beasts bred by the Water and Flame Mountains, born from the essence of rivers and mountains!"

"We carry the sacred Griffon bloodline, and in the future, we may even reach the realm of the Saints! We are willing to submit, to become the Empire's holy beasts, guarding the borders of the Empire!"

They knew they couldn't escape anymore and quickly presented their greatest value in a final bid for survival.

After all, as long as they were alive, they still had a future.

Violet Thunder's eyes were cold as ice, and the Sword of Destruction in his hand was already raised.

Behind him, the Doom Warriors gathered their energy, preparing to strike the final blow.

"Wait a moment!"