

Gods Daily 161

Chapter 161: A Horde of Undying Monsters

Insber's blow — strong enough to crush mountains — was forcibly intercepted by the defensive line forged by the combined might of the Mountain Shieldbearers.

In that fleeting moment of resistance, 1,400 Doomsday Warriors had already completed their encirclement, forming a tightening ring of death.

Meanwhile, the Elemental Assassins, like phantoms melting into the void, scattered through every shadow of the battlefield. They hunted for the most lethal angles of attack, swearing to pin down the peak master rank elder of the Violet Rose Institute.

"Damn tin cans!" Insber cursed under his breath, irritation and panic intertwining in his chest.

He brought his hands together — fingers weaving rapidly, tracing ancient sigils through the air.

From the motion of his fingertips, dark violet light spread outward, coalescing into a vast circular spell formation above his head.

The formation's intricate lines gleamed like amethyst engravings, each rune pulsing with a dreadful, oppressive energy.

"In the name of the Violet Rose — Suppress!"

With a guttural shout, Insber's fingers halted. The enormous purple array flared to life.

He slammed his right palm down upon the air, his long hair whipping wildly as a surge of magic burst outward.

The colossal formation descended like a falling heaven.

Thousands of violet light blades erupted from its core, slicing through the clouds, each carrying deadly sharpness and weight.

A crushing pressure followed, shaking the mountains below.

Entire forests shattered.

"Hold the line!"

The leading Mountain Shieldbearer bellowed.

Their glowing earthen shields blazed gold and ochre, holding fast beneath the falling violet canopy.

Purple radiance, golden light, and brown earthen currents clashed and tangled violently, detonating in an endless chain of explosions.

The ground quaked. Energy shields trembled, their reserves draining rapidly.

But the Mountain Shieldbearers didn't falter. They activated Holy Light Barriers, layer upon layer, their fists glowing gold as they hammered upward at the descending formation.

Each strike resounded like thunder, shaking the heavens.

"These damned lumps of gold..." Insber, standing at the formation's heart, twitched at the corner of his mouth.

Even though these warriors weren't true master ranks, they were enduring blows that would obliterate half-step peak masters!

"The Violet Rose Sword Array can crush even half-step peaks — how can they possibly withstand it?!"

Furious, he brought his palms together again.

All around, the energy of heaven and earth was ripped away by his will, flooding into the array overhead.

In the blink of an eye, dozens of massive violet pillars — like divine spears of judgment — tore downward from the array's core.

They pierced through the crumbling shields and shredded the Holy Light barriers one after another!

But before Insber's satisfaction could surface, the Doomsday Warriors struck back.

Thousands of lightning lances — as thick as water barrels — rained from the skies like spears cast by gods.

Halfway down, they converged under an invisible command, fusing into a single titanic thunder pillar, so vast it would take a thousand men to encircle it.

The pillar slammed into the violet canopy.

BOOOOOOM!

The sound ruptured the heavens.

The core of the purple formation was pierced clean through — the energy beam continuing down into the mountains.

The earth exploded like sandcastles under the tide.

A bottomless crater opened, swallowing everything.

Cracks like black lightning spread through the mountain range, severing rivers and swallowing forests.

Even in distant Horn Dragon Fortress, the ground shook.

Wooden beams cracked; walls split.

Terrified townsfolk screamed, believing the apocalypse had come.

Above, the enormous violet formation shattered into countless glowing fragments that drifted like dying embers.

"Urgh—!"

Insber coughed, eyes wide with disbelief.

"This... this can't be happening!"

With his strength, he could slaughter dozens of master ranks in a single motion — hundreds if he went all out.

But this—

These were a thousand Doomsday Warriors, each wielding Celestial Thunder.

Alongside them — invisible ghostly assassins, and those gold-armored freaks with inhuman defenses.

This combination was a nightmare beyond imagining.

His eyes gleamed coldly, the air around him tinged purple.

Vast peak master rank energy surged through him, merging with the elements.

With a wave of his arm, a long sword wreathed in violet radiance materialized in his grasp. He swung.

A storm of violet sword energy exploded outward, covering the sky in a raging tempest.

Behind him, the master rank elites of the Violet Rose Institute roared in defiance, unleashing their weapons and spells in all directions in a desperate attempt to break through.

The Doomsday Warriors met them head-on. Gripping colossal black destruction swords, they cleaved through every incoming strike.

Within a kilometer around them, the air itself twisted and collapsed, consuming stray energy and feeding on destruction — growing stronger with each swing.

They were a black tide of death, pushing forward against the rain of sword light, surging toward Insber and his allies.

Thunder screamed overhead.

Silver lightning arcs interwove into layered webs, falling from the clouds like cages of annihilation.

Insber raised his sword skyward. A smaller violet sword formation bloomed above him, releasing countless blades like a torrential downpour to hold back the thunder net.

But that was when the Elemental Assassins struck.

They emerged from the shadows at his flank and rear, perfectly timing their ambush to exploit the brief opening in his defense.

Insber had no choice but to divert part of his power, slashing wildly at the elusive ghosts. Each one vanished just before his blade hit, reappearing elsewhere — relentless, tireless.

For the first time in centuries, Insber felt something he hadn't known since his youth. Fear.

Meanwhile, on another part of the battlefield—

Chiler and Tuth, the other two peak master ranks, were trapped in their own desperate struggle.

A force of 1,500 Elemental Assassins, 1,000 Doomsday Warriors, and 1,000 Mountain Shieldbearers surrounded them, weaving an airtight net of death.

And as if that weren't enough — the three-eyed general Overthunder himself joined the battle.

If they could eliminate these two peak masters today, it would deal a devastating blow to every power in the Anubichi Mountain Range — and drastically weaken future threats to the Empire.

Chiler roared, swinging his sinister, S-grade war blade.

The strike ripped the air open, carving a twisted rift in the void itself.

Tuth seized the chance.

He stepped into the crack, attempting to teleport himself and the Morningstar Order's troops out of the encirclement.

But before the spatial tunnel could stabilize, a new wave of Elemental Assassins erupted from the shadows — blocking the exit with ruthless precision.

Tuth's eyes blazed.

Arcane power surged around him, and with a thunderous shout —

"Get out of my way!!"

A shockwave burst forth, the air detonating in rapid-fire bursts.

The sound itself became a weapon, a crushing wave of sonic and psychic force that hurled back the assassins blocking him.

Individually, a master rank assassin couldn't withstand a peak master rank's fury.

But there were too many of them — and they moved as one.

Even as the first line fell back, another squad silently filled the gap.

And then—

The Doomsday Warriors moved.