

## Gods Daily 162

### Chapter 162: Slaughtering Half-Step Peak Masters Like Chickens

They gripped their black greatswords and cleaved apart the turbulent energy eddies on both sides of the spatial rift.

With their movements, pillars of annihilating lightning slithered like living thunder-serpents; guided by their blades, they suddenly transformed into ceaseless pulsing bolts that blasted toward the fleeing Tuth!

The arcs burst, silver lightning leaping everywhere, turning that section of sky into a purgatory of thunder.

Behind Tuth, the void twisted. His black warhammer soared up once more.

Ebony radiance coiled around the hammer's head; with a savage sideways smash, he drove it down!

Thick black miasma spread in an instant, like ink diffusing into clear water.

Several shadow wolves, four to five meters tall and formed entirely from darkness and demonic power, burst out howling.

They ran upon the void itself, stamping out even the annihilation arcs beneath their paws.

These shadow wolves were the manifested spirit of the warhammer, tainted with the ferocity of abyssal beasts.

They ignited Tuth's magic to the utmost as they crashed headlong into the Doomsday Warriors one after another!

Even the terrible "heaven's-wrath" thunder pillars were trampled and shattered by those ferocious apparitions!

However, the Mountain Shieldbearers seized the opening!

Hoisting their massive earthen shields, they charged like armored cavalry straight into the roaring abyssal wolves!

Layers of Holy Light Barriers flared at the same time!

Bang!

Bang! Bang!

Earthen shields shattered on impact, and the stacked holy barriers were snuffed out layer by layer.

The Shieldbearers were hurled back by the brutal recoil — yet they stabilized themselves in midair by force of will.

As for those savage shadow wolves, they too collapsed and dissipated under the fearless, repeated collisions!

The Elemental Assassins returned to their specialty, seizing the moment to strike at the Morningstar Order master ranks around Tuth, trying to split his attention.

Seeing this, Chiler stepped across the void with blade in hand to rescue him.

But just as he was about to attack, the sea of thunder above seemed to be yanked down all at once — a destruction pillar even thicker than before gathered horrifying power and smashed toward him from overhead!

Chiler had no choice but to raise his blade, cleaving out a dazzling slash dozens of meters long.

Magic and the forces of heaven and earth condensed to the extreme within that strike; with domineering will to cut through all things, it collided with the thunder pillar!

Boom!

Pillar and blade-light shattered together, bursting into countless crackling arcs and shards of edge.

They fell like a violent rain, exploding madly around Chiler, Tuth, and their surrounding master ranks.

The Elemental Assassins would never waste such a chance.

In an instant, shrieks split the air!

Aah—!

A dozen master ranks had their throats pierced by blades from the shadows, or were decapitated, or hewn in half!

In a heartbeat, the casualties were dire.

Even Chiler's back was opened by a ghostly stroke, a deep gash down to the bone that dyed his robes red in an instant.

"Bastards!"

Chiler, shocked and enraged, whipped his blade in a frenzy, sending out chaotic, annihilating edges to force back the unseen assassins.

Cold sweat beaded down Tuth's spine as well.

A peak master rank... injured!

A mere flesh wound, yes — but an extremely dangerous sign.

These Imperial soldiers didn't just have the means to resist a peak master rank.

They truly possessed the power to slay gods.

"Elder! There are too many of them!"

"We have to combine forces to stifle their offensive!"

A master rank Lv. 9 expert, struggling to withstand the thunder pillars, shouted a trembling warning.

The sheer number of master rank enemies made his scalp crawl.

If they continued to be split up and fight alone, even peak masters might not withstand this endless, frenzied assault!

Chiler knew it as well: relying on just the two of them to segment and suppress such perfectly coordinated soldiers was impossible.

But what else could he do?

Old fox Insber was too intent on saving his own skin; the moment the battle began he tried to bolt, dragging the two from Monden Shrine along with him.

Now everything was a scattered mess.

"Insber, you old bastard!"

"If you only care about running, none of us are leaving here alive! Work with us and pin down their assault!"

Tuth roared toward Insber's direction.

And truth be told, Insber also wanted nothing more than to flee this meat-grinder of a battlefield.

But the situation no longer allowed him to go as he pleased.

Retreat? He couldn't.

Fight? He couldn't hold alone.

He hesitated for a heartbeat, then gritted his teeth.

"Fine! We do it the way we planned before!"

With that, he swung his sword with all his might and moved to converge on Chiler and Tuth.

Chiler's eyes were stormy.

The plan had been sound — all of this passivity came from that old man's cowardice at the start.

Even so, they suppressed the urge to break away and instead began to close with Insber.

Now, cooperation meant a chance to live; divided, they were doomed.

By comparison, the two half-step peak masters from Monden Shrine weren't nearly as fortunate.

In just this brief time, they were drenched in blood.

The twenty master ranks they had brought were split apart and slaughtered one by one.

Between half-step peak and true peak master rank lay a gulf like heaven and earth.

The three peak masters — Chiler and the others — could barely hold against thousands of elites, but the two half-steps couldn't even withstand one hundred.

Dragging their injured bodies, they desperately forced their way toward the three peak masters.

Only by relying on those three did they have even a sliver of hope; otherwise, the elusive ghosts and raging Doomsday Warriors would grind them to death sooner or later.

Just then—

Overthunder drew back his terrifying Thunder Bow!

On the bowstring, the power of annihilating tribulation thunder crazily gathered, forming a blinding lightning arrow, as if draining the entire ocean of thunder from the sky.

The gathered energy soared at a frightening pace!

Overthunder's own strength was climbing without pause, already nearing peak master rank.

As a special-type warrior, his growth in might and destructive power vastly outpaced the norm.

The force compressing into that Thunder Bow now was more than ten times what it had been before!

"Not good — he's locked onto me!"

One of the half-step peak masters, sprinting toward Chiler, felt the hairs on his body stand on end as a chilling sense of death engulfed him.

He spun around just in time to see the thick, coiling lightning on the bowstring condense into a lethal arrow, locking hard onto him!

He didn't think — he simply pulled out his last-resort lifesaving tool: an ancient shield radiating vibrant life force.

This was a top-tier A-grade defensive artifact, more precious even than a pseudo-S weapon!

He poured power into it madly.

Runes blazed across its surface, and layers of phantom barriers stacked one atop another before the shield, emanating an aura of unbreakable endurance.

At the same time, he and the other half-step peak master sprinted for their lives toward Chiler's group.

At that exact moment, Overthunder released the string.

The lightning arrow predicted their path and spanned the distance in an instant!

BOOM—!!

Emerald light-barriers exploded on contact.

The bolt tore through the priceless artifact shield as if it were paper, then punched clean through the half-step peak master's body!

Dense annihilation arcs raged, lashing his frame without mercy.

The shield, pressed hard against his shattered torso, was hurled away by the violent thunder, tumbling into the distance.

Even so — unlike the assassin Bloodblade who had been killed in a heartbeat — this half-step peak master, bolstered by his strength and the shield's partial mitigation, barely clung to life.

His consciousness, however, had already gone dim.

Overthunder's face remained impassive. He closed his hand in midair.

The space beside the half-step peak master collapsed.

A pitch-black destruction greatsword condensed out of nothing and nailed him in place, piercing his ruined body — and the broken artifact shield with it — pinning him in midair like an insect.