

Gods Daily 163

Chapter 163: The Past of Violet Rose Institute

The horrifying sight made the remaining half-step Peak Master Rank lose his wits.

He scrambled toward Chiler and the others in sheer panic.

Chiler, Tuth, and Insber — the three Peak Master Rank powerhouses — were equally shocked.

"If that arrow had landed on one of us, even if we survived, we'd be gravely wounded!" Tuth's voice was dry, and Insber instinctively tightened his grip on his Elder Sword.

"Don't even think about running!"

Tuth barked sharply at Insber, genuinely afraid that the old man would falter at the critical moment.

"Focus our strength and suppress their offense! Stall them!"

"The other Elders of Morningstar Order must have sensed this disturbance — reinforcements will arrive soon!"

At this point, there were only two ways to break the stalemate: either Skypeak Tower's people arrived, or the other Peak Masters of the Morningstar Order came to their aid.

Otherwise, facing these perfectly coordinated elite soldiers, even they — as Peak Master Ranks — were destined to fall here today.

The fact that they had already been wounded while fighting together was itself an alarming sign.

Insber looked at the tide of black-armored soldiers and flickering ghosts surrounding them and had to suppress his instinct to flee.

The three Peak Masters drew closer, their auras intertwining to form a defensive circle that managed to stabilize their situation slightly.

Insber swung his Elder Sword, slashing apart the thunder pillars raining down from above, trying to disperse the terrifying sea of lightning in the sky.

Tuth shifted his focus to the heavily armored Mountain Shieldbearers, attempting to shatter those nearly indestructible "turtle shells."

Chiler, relying on his keen senses and sharp blade aura, drove away the lurking Elemental Assassins hidden within the void.

The remaining Master Rank fighters gathered tightly around the three Peak Masters — attacking the Doomsday Warriors when they could while guarding against fatal ambushes from the shadows.

The battle turned into a war of attrition.

They were waiting — waiting for reinforcements that might never come.

Several other Peak Masters were stationed within the Morningstar Order.

If they could just hold on until those arrived, there might still be a glimmer of hope.

From afar, Overthunder watched coldly, not rushing into the fray.

He stood like a patient hunter, waiting for the perfect moment to deliver a killing strike.

The flames of war spread from the edges of Horn Mountain toward its depths.

Even in the distant regions of Revor Province, one could sense the terrifying shockwaves of energy rippling from the battlefield.

At the same time, in Violet Rose Institute—

Wak led three thousand Imperial elites, quietly slipping from the Horn Mountain side and advancing toward the central section of the Anubichi Mountain Range, where Violet Rose Mountain stood.

This was Insber's birthplace of glory — the land where he had received the ancient Violet Rose inheritance, risen to Peak Master Rank, and founded the Violet Rose Institute.

The mountain bloomed with countless strange violet roses, its scenery as breathtaking as a painting.

Beneath it flowed a unique energy vein, continuously nourishing the land.

Guided by Wak, the Elemental Assassins melted into shadow and infiltrated the mountain gate unseen.

As an eighth-tier-level force, Violet Rose Institute possessed a powerful Guardian Formation. It used the violet roses and surrounding peaks as nodes, drawing upon the energy of heaven and earth.

At its core was a control gem infused with Insber's magic power, allowing the formation to constantly absorb ambient energy for reinforcement.

This was one of the key reasons Violet Rose Institute had been able to establish itself here so rapidly.

Wak took a step into the air, preparing to launch an assault with the Doomsday Warriors —

but from within the Elemental Spire, Lighton, who constantly monitored the Elder Council's situation, had already sensed Wak's presence.

He stepped out of the tower in a flash, and with a wave of his hand, countless violet beams of light rained down like a storm upon the invaders outside the gate.

"Activate the defense formation! Maximum alert!"

Lighton's commanding voice resounded.

Thick pillars of violet light shot skyward, weaving together into a massive sigil that covered the entire mountain.

In an instant, a colossal, crystal-like shield enveloped Violet Rose Mountain.

Four half-step Peak Master Rank Elders soared into the air.

Dozens of Master Rank and Hero Rank mentors and students followed, eyes fixed tensely on the intruders beyond the gate.

Wak halted.

The Mountain Shieldbearers stepped forward, firmly intercepting Lighton's light-beam barrage.

Lighton flew to the edge of the violet barrier, his icy gaze locking onto Wak.

The coldness in his eyes seemed sharp enough to pierce flesh.

"It's Wak!"

Many senior students inside Violet Rose Institute recognized him immediately, their voices trembling as a wave of unrest spread.

Memories of the past began to resurface.

"Didn't expect that you — the traitor — would dare come back!"

Lighton's tone was glacial, like wind from the far north.

Wak's eyes swept slowly across the familiar Violet Rose Mountain before resting on a now-desolate peak to the south.

His expression grew complicated, emotions surging within.

Finally, he spoke — calm but resolute.

"It's time to settle our old score."

"Elder, be careful!"

The four half-step Peak Masters remained vigilant, their eyes on the silent, murderous Imperial soldiers behind Wak.

"The soldiers behind him are mostly Master Rank! They must be the same troops from Horn Mountain!"

Lighton's face darkened as he took in the powerful auras emanating from Wak's forces.

"What terrifying pressure..." he muttered.

Within the Elemental Spire, the younger students stared wide-eyed at the black-clad army in the sky.

Though they couldn't gauge the exact strength, anyone who could hover midair like that was at least Expert Rank or higher.

But most eyes inevitably turned toward the man at the center — Elder Sword Wak.

And with him, memories of a tragedy from twenty-eight years ago flooded back—

Back then, Wak had been the most dazzling genius of the Institute —a young prodigy who mastered an ancient runic sword art, reaching half-step Elite Rank at a young age and even able to duel true Elites.

Everyone believed it was only a matter of time before he broke through to Master Rank.

His brilliance even outshone Karych, the son of Elder Lighton.

Karych was proud and competitive by nature, constantly trying to surpass Wak.

Their rivalry was well-known throughout the Institute.

Among them was another gifted student — Alyssa Roel.

She and Wak had fallen deeply in love, and with their mentor's blessing, had even been promised to each other.

But their rivalry eventually dragged Alyssa into the storm.

Unable to bear being constantly overshadowed by Wak, Karych's resentment twisted into malice.

He turned his attention to Alyssa, using her family — House Roel — as leverage, trying to force her to sabotage Wak's cultivation and destroy his rank.

Yet he had gravely underestimated Alyssa's devotion to Wak.

After she refused him, Karych's rage exploded — he assaulted and murdered her in cold blood.

When Wak learned of the tragedy, his grief and fury knew no bounds.

He begged the Elder Council to deliver justice and punish the killer.

But Karych, acting swiftly, confessed everything to his father, Lighton.

To protect his son, preserve his family's honor, and bury the scandal, Lighton joined forces with other like-minded Elders to twist the truth —they pinned the blame on an unrelated student and tried to close the case quietly.

The upper echelon of the Institute chose silence and concealment.

They didn't want to lose their prodigy Wak, either, and tried to placate him — offering him compensation, urging him to "look at the bigger picture" and let the matter rest.

Outwardly, Wak appeared to accept.

Inwardly, he was waiting.

Three months later —when Lighton left the Institute on official business and the guards were lax —Wak took up his sword and went to find Karych.