

## Gods Daily 165

Chapter 165: The Final Battle at Horn Mountain

Inside the Morningstar Order,

Ross received news of Horn Mountain's dire situation and immediately dispatched reinforcements.

At the same time, the Order's two remaining Peak Master Rank elders—one clad in a robe of pure white, the other in pitch-black armor—had also arrived on the battlefield.

They were known as Starlight and Darkness.

Their mind power swept across the devastated battlefield, and both felt their hearts tighten.

Nearly ten thousand soldiers fought below, and the vast majority of them were Master Rank!

Without hesitation, the two elders transformed into twin beams of light—one white, one black—that tore through space itself and dove straight into the fray.

A storm of spiritual shockwaves and violent magical energy surged outward, sweeping across all Imperial troops.

"Our reinforcements have arrived!" Chiler's voice carried a note of desperate relief.

Insber's face lit up—if the fight went on any longer, his old bones would have fallen apart.

The more they fought, the heavier their wounds became; meanwhile, these strange Imperial warriors only grew stronger, their destructive power climbing to an abnormal degree.

If the battle continued, death was inevitable. He was already at his limit.

Now that help had come, he could finally breathe again.

The three veterans began fighting their way toward the arriving elders.

After slaying many powerful enemies, Overthunder finally broke through to Master Rank—but he needed a stable environment to complete the transformation.

For now, he forcibly suppressed the surging power inside him.

With Starlight and Darkness joining forces with Chiler, Tuth, and Insber, the Imperial troops suddenly faced immense pressure.

These two newcomers were both Peak Master Rank Lv.3—their combined magical might exceeded that of the three veterans several times over.

Yet Overthunder's eyes held no fear.

Pressure did not mean defeat; it only meant the cost of victory would be higher.

Besides, Chiler and the others were nearly crippled—hardly the threat they had been.

When the three battered elders finally linked up with their reinforcements, the Mountain Shieldbearers and Doomsday Warriors retreated to Overthunder's position, reforming their defensive line.

The Elemental Assassins slipped once again into the folds of light and shadow.

"You're finally—"

Chiler barely managed to speak before blood burst from his mouth.

A gaping wound pierced through his chest; the moment he tried to talk, blood gushed uncontrollably from his lungs.

The two arriving elders' pupils contracted.

Even a Peak Master Rank like Chiler had been injured this badly by those soldiers?

Insber glanced at Overthunder and his terrifying troops, fear flashing in his eyes.

Without hesitation, he turned and fled deep into the Anubichi Mountain Range, abandoning the battlefield entirely.

He was truly at his limit.

The arrival of the Morningstar elders had reversed the situation—giving him the perfect chance to escape.

He would not take another risk.

He finally understood why those two old hermits from Monden Shrine had chosen to stay home—it was the wisest decision.

He had nearly lost his life meddling in this mess. Stay any longer, and he'd be a dead man for sure.

"Insber! You cowardly old bastard!"

Chiler's fury triggered another surge of blood from his throat.

The two elders frowned deeply.

Now that Insber had fled, the Morningstar Order would face the entire Imperial army alone—and that made them hesitate.

Just then, a vast cloud tore open the air above Horn Mountain and descended silently.

The elders focused their gazes and recognized the technique instantly—Skypeak Tower's Cloud Domain Protection.

"Which honored member of Skypeak Tower has come?" Darkness called out respectfully.

A proud female voice echoed from within the cloud.

"So many years have passed, yet you've made no progress at all."

The two elders exchanged wary glances—the tone was unmistakable.

It was Sainette, one of the current Saintesses of Skypeak Tower—a prodigy who reached Master Rank at sixteen and stepped into Peak Master Rank by twenty, leaving countless veterans in her shadow.

"So it's Saintess Sainette. Our apologies for not recognizing you sooner," Darkness said, bowing slightly.

Her arrogance was expected—but her appearance here could only mean one thing: she, too, sought the Energy Stone Mine.

"Then it seems Grand Duke Sentino truly desires this vein?" he probed.

No response came from the cloud.

Beside Sainette, the woman holding a long-handled broom—Maria—surveyed the battlefield below.

Her eyes widened in surprise.

"There were only a few hundred Master Rank soldiers before... how are there so many now?"

She had only just returned from the Grand Duke's estate—yet in that short time, over ten thousand Master Ranks had appeared!

She murmured softly,

"It seems everyone underestimated this Emperor."

Next to her stood another woman in a pale yellow gown, serene and flawless, her expression unreadable.

With one glance she had already assessed the entire situation, though even she was slightly astonished.

To field ten thousand Master Ranks at once—such depth of resources was unimaginable.

"If everything in life went according to expectation," she said coolly, "wouldn't it be unbearably dull?"

Her slender fingers rose gracefully.

A strand of pure white radiance formed at her fingertip, and the air instantly froze—the temperature plummeting as killing intent filled the sky.

Below, the elders exchanged glances and prepared to attack.

Overthunder's body was now wrapped in raging destructive energy, the third eye at his brow glowing with searing brilliance.

He stood at the brink of complete evolution.

Three thousand Doomsday Warriors stood behind him in iron formation atop Horn Mountain.

Suddenly, the dark sky was torn apart by an unseen force, opening a massive rift.

The sea of thunder was split aside, and a single beam of purest dawnlight pierced through.

The woman within the cloud paused—her fingertip light wavering slightly—as she lifted her gaze toward the rift.

Maria looked up as well.

Every elder on the field felt a chill of foreboding.

That soft-looking light... actually caused their Peak Master Rank mind power to shudder!

Hum—!

Overthunder's body erupted with power.

Streams of destruction coiled into a storm that reached the heavens—his breakthrough was complete!

The third eye of annihilation on his forehead snapped open.

Instantly, every Peak Master Rank mind wave in the air shattered as if struck by a hammer!

"These Imperial soldiers... are too strange!"

Starlight's face turned grim.

At that very moment, Wak led three thousand Imperial elites charging back onto the battlefield.

"More reinforcements?!"

Chiler's face twisted in disbelief, and blood gushed faster from his chest wound.

Even Maria was shaken.

Sainette frowned slightly.

Without further hesitation, the white glow at her fingertip shot forth, lancing through the cloud straight toward Overthunder.

Though it looked faint, it devoured elemental power as it flew, growing infinitely more terrifying.

Overthunder raised his palm.

The sky above him collapsed, and a colossal Sword of Destruction condensed in his grip, cleaving downward to meet the attack head-on.

At the same time, all the remaining elders unleashed their magic, hurling themselves into the Imperial formation.

From the rift above, the dawnlight exploded—its brilliance engulfing the world.

Everything the light touched was silently erased: matter, magic, even the cloud domain itself, revealing the two women behind it.

The elders cried out in shock, hastily channeling magic to defend themselves—but the surrounding Master Ranks were not so fortunate.

AAAH—!

Under the dawn's radiance, their bodies vaporized like mist.

This was the awakened joint skill of the Master Rank Doomsday Warriors—Judgment of Dawn.

There was no more need for words.

Overthunder transformed into a bolt of lightning and hurled himself toward Sainette and Maria.

At once, every Imperial soldier surged into motion, and above Horn Mountain, the fiercest and most apocalyptic battle erupted—a clash so violent it seemed to tear the heavens apart.