

## **Gods Daily 201**

### Chapter 201: Millennia of Heritage, Shattered in an Instant

This time, the Crimson Hills had clearly thrown every last hidden card onto the table.

An overwhelming tide of power swept across the land—so vast that even Freya, Isabella, and the other Frostvale elves felt their souls tremble.

They all knew how, over the long centuries, the Crimson Hills had used the Crimson Crystal Coffins and other forbidden rituals to seal and cultivate countless master and peak grandmaster-rank powerhouses.

Even without considering the fifty awe-inspiring divine aspects, the sheer number of high-tier combatants alone was enough to crush nearly any army on the continent.

High above the clouds, several powerful beings were silently watching the battlefield.

Among them were Jacob, the King of Albion, and Wolfgang the Ironbreaker, Lord of Blade City.

Other hidden figures—unknown but no less formidable—also cast their spiritual sight upon the skies above the Crimson Hills.

Their attention was fixed on those fifty towering divine aspects.

"Those two old monsters really went all in," Jacob muttered, brows furrowed.

"They've decided—they won't let Aurek leave here alive."

"If they hadn't been ruthless," Wolfgang replied, his hawklike eyes gleaming,

"they wouldn't have survived in the western territories for tens of thousands of years."

He knew much about the Crimson Hills' reserves—yet his curiosity about Aurek's hidden cards was greater still.

He did not believe that Aurek, of all people, would launch a full-scale invasion without fully understanding the true power of his enemy.

This was no fool's suicide march.

"Get back to your Paris City, boy!"

The fifty divine aspects roared in unison, their voices merging into an overwhelming wave of Law Power that crushed toward the lone figure standing before them—Aurek.

Aurek held the Glamer Holy Sword in one hand, its tip angled toward the ground.

Facing that immense surge of might, he simply spoke one cold word:

"Kill."

In the next heartbeat—

the battlefield changed.

The more than twenty thousand peak master-rank and thirty thousand master-rank powerhouses of the Crimson Hills suddenly froze midair,

as though they had slammed into an invisible wall.

"What's happening?!"

"My mana—it's not moving!"

"The space—it's sealed?!"

Terror spread among them like wildfire.

Moments ago, they had been brimming with murderous confidence. Now they were insects trapped in amber.

All two thousand peak masters instantly unleashed their inner mana, struggling to shatter the unseen force that bound them.

But they did not yet realize—

they had fallen victim to the signature skill of a Level 7 Void Warlock: Nether Cage.

Nor did they know that above the Crimson Hills' skies, hidden within the folds of space, lurked over one hundred thousand peak grandmaster-level killing units.

Each Level 7 Void Warlock commanded their own Space Domain—a pocket dimension of absolute control.

Aurek had arranged them in precision-engineered hunter cells:

one Void Warlock, paired with one or two Level 7 Doomsday Warriors, and one Level 7 Elemental Assassin.

Each team had only one objective—

a single target.

This was the death feast Aurek had prepared for them.

When the Crimson Hills unleashed their full might,

the Void Warlocks activated Nether Cage, sealing the air itself—

and before the trapped enemies could even resist, the killing began.

From the sky, invisible fractures spread like spiderwebs—

Spatial Fracture.

The two thousand master-rank warriors within the affected zones were instantly shredded by invisible blades of warped reality.

The twenty thousand peak masters, still struggling, suddenly found divine judgment raining down upon them—

the Doomsday Warriors' combined technique, Dawn Verdict, fell like divine retribution!

At the same time, the Elemental Assassins cast their Darkness element,

drowning everything in a sea of pure, lightless black.

Within that realm—where neither sight nor perception could exist—

the assassins became death incarnate,

cutting through the helpless like phantoms.

"AAAAHH—!"

"No! What—what is this—?!"

Agonized screams tore through the heavens.

In the stunned gaze of the two elders,

the twenty thousand peak masters were annihilated before the fifty divine aspects even had time to react—

slashed apart, shredded by energy,

or simply erased by collapsing space.

From the sky rained blood and fragments of flesh, splattering across the Crimson Guardian Barrier below.

The remaining forty thousand master-rank cultivators were frozen in shock—

a chill of death coursing through their bones.

Even the pupils of the fifty divine aspects contracted sharply.

Freya, Isabella, and the Frostvale elites stared, stunned beyond words.

"What... is happening?"

From afar, Jacob's fists clenched so tightly his knuckles cracked,

his eyes widening in sheer disbelief.

Even Wolfgang and the other observers were shaken to their core,

their vast mind power sweeping across the battlefield in frantic disbelief—

and rising fear.

Tens of thousands of years of accumulation—

the heritage of a near half-Overlord-rank power—

nearly sixty thousand peak master and master powerhouses,

erased in an instant!

Centuries of legacy—

extinguished in the blink of an eye.

"This... can't be..."

"It's impossible!"

The two elders of the Crimson Hills stood petrified, minds blank.

They had been struck dumb by the sheer scale of destruction.

They hadn't even reacted—

before their lifetime of heritage, their centuries of cultivation,

were wiped out before their eyes like blades of grass before a scythe.

The shock was so absolute it seemed to choke the very air.

Blood rained down like crimson mist,

thickening over the Crimson Guardian Barrier—

a suffocating weight pressing upon their chests.

The fifty divine aspects finally snapped out of their daze—

but in that same moment, a blinding sword light cut through the void—

and one of them was instantly torn apart!

Aurek appeared amid the chaos, the Glamer Holy Sword in hand.

While the grandmasters were still paralyzed by horror,

he invoked spatial power and leapt—

appearing right at the heart of their formation.

The Nether Cage expanded once more,

sealing all fifty divine aspects within a hundred-thousand-li radius of solidified space.

With a single swing, the Glamer Holy Sword—

its blade embodying the will to judge all creation—

fell.

A beam of sword light, condensed to perfection,

split a divine aspect cleanly in two from head to toe.

Another turned to flee—

but chains of spatial law pinned it motionless.

Aurek's figure flickered forward;

a cold arc gleamed, and its head flew from its shoulders.

The sound of a shattered soul-core echoed across the sky.

"GAAAH—!"

Screams filled the air again.

The surviving divine aspects erupted in panic, their combined mana battering against the space-lock—

but even together, they could not break free.

Aurek, veiled by elemental concealment, flickered between them like a phantom.

Each flash of swordlight meant another divine aspect shattered.

He did not aim to slaughter them all—

only for speed, efficiency, and terror.

He sought not total destruction, but total collapse of morale.

Before they could mount any counterattack,

he would cut their numbers and break their will.

The sheer precision and brutality of his assault left Freya breathless.

Isabella, still reeling from witnessing the attribute army's earlier onslaught,

was left blank-minded at the sight of divine aspects falling like wheat before the scythe.

She had known Aurek had ascended to grandmaster rank,

but this—

this apocalyptic level of power—

shattered every notion she had of what it meant to be human.