

Gods Daily 320

Chapter 320: Based in Twilight City

"Please rest assured, my lord, we will complete the mission as quickly as possible."

There was a faint, bloodthirsty excitement in the Wrath Apostle's tone.

Being bound by all kinds of rules inside the Dark Corruption Temple had long made them impatient.

Once they set foot on the Eura continent, that world would be theirs to rampage through and destroy as they pleased!

"Go."

Bone Reaper waved his hand and gave the order.

The twenty-four Apostles accepted the command and turned into streaks of shadow, flying out of the great hall.

"Sending twenty-four Apostles at once... there shouldn't be any problem this time, right?"

Bone Reaper looked toward the rolling demonic clouds outside the hall.

Wraith Hunter let out a chilling laugh. "The Dark Corruption Temple doesn't raise useless trash."

"The one who should be worried now is the Eura continent. Those fellows are all restless lunatics—once they arrive, they'll definitely turn the place upside down."

Bone Reaper didn't respond, as if lost in thought. Only after a brief silence did he speak.

"The powerhouses of the Eura continent have already come in. We must find them as soon as possible and completely eradicate them!"

All this time, it had always been the Dark Corruption Temple silently erasing its enemies. Now the situation was reversed.

The other side was stealthier and more bizarre than they were, and to a certain extent, even restrained the Dark Corruption Temple's methods!

This could be seen clearly from the deaths of those two Apostles. With their particular forms of existence, they had practically been killed without any chance to resist!

This threat could not be underestimated.

"I'll take charge of this matter. You focus on keeping an eye on the situation on the Eura continent," Wraith Hunter said, his body turning into a wisp of black smoke as he drifted out of the hall.

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Subsequent Demon Wing, outside the space passage.

The twenty-four Apostles and two thousand Temple Guards fixed their gazes on the mirror-like entrance to the passage.

"Just a mere lower plane, yet it's being talked about like some forbidden hell," the Wrath Apostle snorted.

At his side, an Apostle with a twisted face let out a wicked chuckle.

"Isn't that perfect?"

"Without those useless fools failing first, how would our Dark Corruption Temple's power truly stand out?"

"We should still be cautious. The sixty thousand Four-Winged Demon Legion really did perish there. That's an undeniable fact."

"Since Lord Bone Reaper took the trouble to warn us, there must be great danger."

Another Apostle, who was relatively more cautious, spoke up to remind them.

"I can't wait any longer!"

One impatient Apostle turned into a streak of light and charged straight into the passage.

Seeing this, the Wrath Apostle no longer hesitated. He led the remaining twenty-three Apostles and the two thousand Temple Guards as they surged into the space passage together.

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On the southeastern border of the Dawonru Empire lay Twilight City.

This city sat on the border between the Dawonru Empire and another empire, yet was not controlled by either side. It was an independent, powerful force that maneuvered between the two great empires.

The lord of Twilight City, Tusson, was the absolute overlord of this place.

Aside from him, there were two major forces in the city: the Eborwen Family and the Blood Magic Society.

The Eborwen Family controlled the city's main industries and had a deep, complex connection with the city lord.

The Blood Magic Society had a nature similar to that of the Violet Rose Trade Guild. It led the trade of resources while also running mercenary services, underground black markets, and other shady businesses.

City Lord Tusson possessed power at quasi-True God rank. Under his command were three God General rank powerhouses, and he controlled a powerful Shadow Legion whose overall combat strength far surpassed that of the previous Four-Winged Demon Legion.

He also wielded a formidable demonic weapon—Doomspear.

The Eborwen Family had a God General rank guardian seated in town.

The Blood Magic Society likewise had a God General rank guild's president.

By comparison, the Blood Magic Society maintained closer ties with the officials of the Dawonru Empire and the Demonwing Empire, with deeper roots and wider influence.

Thus, its power was slightly greater than that of the Eborwen Family.

After Natasha finished gathering these basic details, she silently slipped into this chaotic yet powerful city.

She did not rush to establish the Violet Rose Trade Guild. Instead, she first used the Elemental Assassins to gather intelligence on the Abyss Demon Realm and sent it back to the Eura continent.

Of course, she knew very well that if she truly wished to understand this vast Demon Realm, merely staying cooped up in Twilight City would be far from enough.

Once the initial intelligence network was in place, Natasha began to set up a base of operations.

She decided that the Violet Rose Trade Guild's name in the Demon Realm would be—Court of Darkness.

She was fully prepared to bear the brunt of any counterattack.

The army of one million Elemental Assassins spread out like an invisible web, quietly covering every corner of Twilight City.

With Cyriel—a level eight God General rank powerhouse—by her side, she was now the true ruler in the shadows of this city!

All she needed was an opportunity—

A single explosive event that would make the name Court of Darkness resound throughout the city!

...

In the main hall of the Blood Magic Society.

A thin middle-aged man reported respectfully,

"Guild's president, a force called the Court of Darkness has appeared in the city recently. Their business overlaps completely with that of our Blood Magic Society."

"Court of Darkness?"

Murphy, the guild's president of the Blood Magic Society, stood on the dais with his hands clasped behind his back. He was clad in a crimson robe, his broad shoulders imposing, and his blood-colored eyes were soul-shaking.

He did not take this news lightly!

Everyone in Twilight City and the surrounding major forces knew what the Blood Magic Society did, and they were also clear about its power.

For someone to blatantly snatch away the Society's business—Murphy did not believe the other party was simply foolish.

There was only one truth: the other side had something to rely on.

"Have you figured out their background?" Murphy asked in a deep voice.

The thin middle-aged man spoke with a strange expression,

"The owner of the Court of Darkness is a woman, and her strength is quite weak—she hasn't even reached Divine Envoy rank."

"Not even at Divine Envoy rank, yet she dares provoke my Blood Magic Society?"

"Heh, she's probably just a puppet."

"Hehehe..."

Murphy was momentarily stunned, then let out a cold laugh.

Very soon, his smile faded.

"Such a trivial matter—you go deal with it."

...

Godfall Canyon.

The space passage suddenly trembled violently.

Large numbers of Temple Guards charged out first, turning into endless black mist that spread into the void and began to scatter outward.

The twenty-four Dark Corruption Apostles followed, slipping through quietly with their auras suppressed.

With the lesson from the Four-Winged Demon Legion, they naturally knew how to avoid risks. They had made meticulous plans and were not worried about being surrounded and wiped out.

As long as the Temple Guards could draw attention away, they would be able to hide in the shadows.

Swish!

Suddenly—

An arrow wreathed in natural energy tore through the air, piercing straight through the mist-form body of one Temple Guard.

That peerless, slaughter-imbued arrow nailed it firmly into a fissure in the void!

The other Temple Guards froze for an instant, then scattered in panic in all directions.

Whoooosh—!

At that moment, elemental storms surged from all directions like raging seas, rising thousands of meters high!

Like towering walls of annihilation, they closed in on the fleeing Temple Guards.

A killing will of absolute extremity spread within the storm, making the Temple Guards, who were in spirit-form, shudder instinctively. Their mist bodies shook violently, as if they might collapse at any moment.

"What is this power...?"

The Wrath Apostle's figure halted.

The other twenty-three Apostles stared fixedly at the sudden storms.

It wasn't that they didn't want to move.

It was that elemental storms were rolling toward them from all sides, leaving them no path of escape!

Moreover, the storm was far too strange—

It was as if it were formed from countless arrows!