

Gods Daily 321

Chapter 321: Appearing Only to Cause a Total Annihilation

Under the terrified gazes of all the Apostles and Temple Guards, the storm closed in, compressing rapidly.

It then transformed into countless solid energy arrows that whistled straight into the black mist!

Each arrow carried a mini vortex of wind. Upon striking a Temple Guard, it exploded instantly, turning into a destructive storm that swallowed the mist-like bodies completely.

"...Aaaah! W—What is this?!"

"No—!"

Shrill, miserable wails echoed throughout the canyon—but just as quickly fell silent.

Storm and arrow interwove endlessly, devouring everything.

This was none other than the signature battle technique of the Elven Marksman—

Galewind Arrow!

Once fired, the arrow dissolved into invisible wind mid-flight, merging into the void and making its trajectory impossible to detect.

By the time it reached the enemy, it had already gathered enough storm force, instantly condensing back into a physical arrow for a fatal, unpredictable strike.

"Unblockable! Damn it—what kind of power is this?!"

One Apostle after another panicked, attempting defense—but storms surrounded them everywhere.

There was no way to tell where the attacks were coming from!

Every inch of space around them felt fatally dangerous.

An arrow suddenly condensed in front of one Apostle.

He hurriedly summoned a crystalline shield of evil energy to block—

Boom!

The arrow slammed into the shield, dispersing again into a storm.

But behind him—

howling winds condensed into several more arrows and shot straight at his back!

In a desperate moment, his demonic body collapsed into countless streaks of mist to dodge.

The storm swept over him.

All Temple Guards were shredded apart under the endless slaughter of arrows, body and soul destroyed!

The twenty-four Apostles, including the Wrath Apostle, were battered and frantic, attempting to break out.

But ahead of them, faint ripples appeared in the void.

Blades of sharp light burst forth—

arrows inscribed with magical runes pierced through space and shot directly at them!

They recoiled instinctively.

"There are enemies behind us too!"

A horrified scream.

"On the left!"

"On the right too!"

"Above—above us, the sky is full of them!"

Shouts of terror erupted one after another.

Even the fearless Wrath Apostle trembled violently at such a sudden reversal.

Swish swish swish—!

Arrows from all directions poured in like a torrential storm.

"AAAH—!"

With a gruesome scream, one Apostle was pinned mid-air by a barrage of arrows, nailed into the void itself.

And then—

the void before him seemed to open countless cold eyes.

In the blink of an eye—

Ten thousand arrows were unleashed.

He tried to dodge.

But then something horrifying happened.

All those arrows disappeared into the void!

"What...?"

Was it reinforcements!?

Before he could process the thought, the sound of air being pierced grew sharp—terrifyingly close.

All those arrows suddenly appeared less than three meters in front of him!

In an instant, his demonic body was shredded into a sieve.

The witnessing Apostles nearly collapsed in terror.

What horrified them the most was this—

They still hadn't SEEN the archers.

Not even a shadow.

Could this be the kind of terror that destroyed the Four-Winged Demon Legion?

This wasn't "hell"...

This was hell.

...

In the void,

Suggwoth stood like an immovable mountain.

Before him, over a hundred thousand Elven Marksmen invoked their Archers' Mind, controlling the invisible arrow domain to continuously massacre the invading Dark Corruption Temple Apostles.

Their space-piercing arrows could kill across distance or merge into space to strike unexpectedly.

The Pure-White Gentleman Chiuseu, the black-robed Asmo, Guardian Adolf, and many others stared at the elven archers, shock and fear written across their faces.

In the last battle, the titans' power had already shaken them to the core.

Because of that, they had overlooked just how terrifying the Elven Marksmen truly were.

This arrow technique was the very definition of terror.

The Marksmen drew their bows again.

All pointed toward the sky.

The bowstrings tightened, runes lighting up on the arrows.

Endless elemental and origin energy surged toward them.

The arrows launched once more.

And the elves lowered their bows, observing quietly.

Long-distance control through the Archer's Mind.

This was the preliminary stage of their ultimate technique—

The Thousand-Realms Seeking Arrows.

Once their rank rose high enough, they could even shoot across realms!

Such attacks would be utterly catastrophic.

Far ahead on the battlefield, the remaining Apostles fought desperately.

All twenty-four possessed High God rank strength, and several exceeded level six.

But against these mysterious, ghostlike arrows, eight Apostles died almost instantly.

Then—

Tens of thousands more arrows pierced the void and descended once again.

As they tore through space, they devoured spatial energy and formed a special arrow domain around the remaining Apostles.

The Wrath Apostle took a single glance—

His demonic body trembled violently.

Panic-stricken, he sensed an ant scurrying below on the ground.

Without thinking, he dove straight into the ant's body.

The ant froze instantly.

Other Apostles hid within rocks, burrowed underground, or split their bodies into countless fragments to hide inside trees.

But—

The power of the Thousand-Realms Seeking Arrows exceeded all imagination.

The arrow domain descended like layered worlds of arrows, turning the land into a realm made entirely of piercing death.

The Marksmen's mind power instantly locked onto every object that the Apostles had fused with.

It was as if countless arrow worlds overlapped—

endless arrows rained down in irresistible torrents.

Shrill screams echoed through the canyon.

The Apostles' demonic bodies, fragmented into countless pieces, had already lost much of their strength.

They attempted to reform, but the arrow domain blanketed everything—

they were lambs awaiting slaughter.

The rain of arrows continued for a long time.

Only when the Thousand-Realm Arrow Domain finally collapsed did silence return.

"Targets eliminated."

An Elven Marksman captain reported to Suggwoth through the Archers' Mind.

Suggwoth pondered.

His mind power detected that these enemies were different from the Four-Winged Demon Legion—they possessed bizarre, splittable demonic bodies.

To ensure none had escaped, he sent void warlocks to investigate thoroughly.

They found only numerous corrupted demonic cores.

"Just a small group—looks like they were sent to probe the Eura continent," Philip said as he stepped forward.

Suggwoth nodded, his eyes cold as he looked toward the space passage.

He immediately ordered more attribute legions to reinforce the area.

Everything seemed to return to peace.

But—

In the ruins near the battlefield's edge,

a dead ant suddenly opened its eyes.

It trembled weakly, crawling away from Godfall Canyon, hiding deep inside a cave.

A streak of bloody mist emerged from the ant's corpse—

It was the Wrath Apostle!