

# SUMMONING MILLIONS OF GODS DAILY, MY STRENGTH EQUALS THEIRS COMBINED

## Chapter 44 -44-Bloodbath of the Dark Order

### *Chapter 44: Chapter44-Bloodbath of the Dark Order*

Even Matthews himself had not realized it yet.

Just moments earlier, the entire network of the Dark Order within the city of Eryndor had already been completely annihilated.

The only ones left alive, the last traces of this secret organization, were those gathered together inside a small tavern, holding what they thought was a safe and hidden meeting.

And in this very tavern, the one who personally led the assault was none other than the infamous Gold Assassin.

For this operation, he had brought with him a force of fifty Elemental Assassins.

Such a number was not chosen at random.

It was a deliberate show of overwhelming force, a guarantee that his master's orders would be carried out flawlessly.

There would be no mercy, no hesitation, and certainly no survivors.

Within the tavern, under the cover of darkness and silence, the Elemental Assassins moved like living shadows.

Their blades glimmered faintly, flashing only for a fraction of a second before disappearing again.

Throats were slit without a sound, and in several cases, entire heads were severed from their bodies before the victims even realized they were under attack.

In the underground chamber, Matthews, the one in command of this local cell, was speaking to members of the First Squad when his keen senses caught something unusual.

The faint, metallic tang of blood.

Immediately his brows knitted together.

The assassins of the Dark Order were trained in many secret techniques, but one skill was especially prized among them—the heightened sensitivity to the smell of blood.

It was not a glamorous technique.

In fact, outsiders might have thought it was useless.

But for assassins who lived and died by the unseen and the unheard, it was a divine gift.

Even the faintest trace of blood could alert them to danger.

It was a passive skill that required immense resources and painful training to acquire, but once mastered, it could mean the difference between life and death.

In the blink of an eye, every Dark Order operative in the chamber had noticed the same thing Matthews had. Something was wrong.

They were all elite members of the organization.

Though fear gripped their hearts, their years of training kept them calm. Without panic, they slipped wordlessly into the shadows that clung to every corner of the chamber.

The smell of blood was growing thicker.

What had happened outside?

Before anyone could answer that question, Matthews suddenly felt a tremor of danger.

His face grew grave as he whispered in a low, cold voice, "Someone has entered. Be on guard."

Almost as if in response to his warning, the chamber was plunged into complete darkness. The faint glow of the lamps snuffed out in an instant.

The assassins of the Dark Order had long since prepared for such a scenario.

One by one, they melted into the darkness, activating their unique ability to merge seamlessly with the shadows.

In this state, they were practically undetectable, hidden from even the sharpest eyes.

Normally, no enemy would ever be able to find them.

From the depths of his hiding place, Matthews watched, his heart pounding.

A grim expression formed on his face. He could scarcely believe it.

This secret base, hidden for so many years, carefully concealed from the eyes of empires and great factions alike, had been discovered tonight.

Why? How?

Had there been a traitor?

Or had someone betrayed them, leaking the location of this stronghold?

The questions burned in Matthews' mind, but he knew now was not the time for answers.

The only truth that mattered was this—the enemy was already inside the chamber.

The quiet efficiency of the intrusion unsettled him even more.

Meanwhile, outside the chamber, countless Dark Order members were being cut down.

Heads rolled across the floor, blood spread in thick streams, and corpses piled high.

The few survivors fought desperately, but their struggles were futile.

Here, in the darkness that should have been their advantage, the Dark Order's members were being overwhelmed.

Their most honed skills, their greatest strengths, were utterly meaningless against this foe.

The atmosphere in the chamber grew unbearably heavy.

Every assassin was on edge, their eyes fixed on the entrance, waiting, straining to hear the faintest sign of their attackers.

Matthews, the strongest among them, drew deeper into the shadows.

He summoned his Hero Rank ability—spiritual perception. With it, he could sense even the subtlest movements within his surroundings.

Almost instantly, he felt a number of dark shapes moving around the tavern.

But something disturbed him greatly.

There were others—others he could not sense at all.

Certain presences remained completely hidden from his spiritual perception, shrouded in an aura too deep, too refined to pierce.

The reason was simple.

Those assassins were enveloped within the oppressive aura of the Gold Assassin himself.

Under his concealment, the Elemental Assassins had become indistinguishable from the environment itself.

Then, from within the chamber, a faint breeze stirred.

The assassins of the Dark Order tensed. The sudden draft in this sealed room was a clear sign—something unnatural was happening.

Before they could react, several of the First Squad's operatives collapsed silently, their throats slit open by invisible blades.

Blood sprayed across the floor, soaking into the stone. The stench of iron filled the air, making it almost suffocating.

Matthews' face darkened in fury.

Never—never had he imagined that an enemy could slaughter his subordinates right before his eyes, and yet remain unseen.

These were not weaklings. These were elites, some even of Elite Rank or Expert Rank.

But they had been dispatched like children, struck down without resistance.

The most chilling part of it all was that Matthews had sensed nothing.

He, a Hero Rank level 9 powerhouse—someone who could even stand against a Master Rank adversary—had not even glimpsed the enemy's shadow.

It was absurd. It was terrifying.

In the Crossbridge Empire, few could match him. Perhaps only Austin, the Cardinal of the Church, could truly be said to suppress him. Beyond that, there should have been no one.

And yet here he was, surrounded by an enemy so terrible, he could not even locate them.

Every instinct screamed danger. His heart pounded in his chest as his breath slowed. He forced himself to remain still, to remain sharp.

Though his perception told him nothing, he felt the weight of many eyes upon him.

And he was right.

Not far away, concealed in the darkness, no fewer than a dozen Elemental Assassins watched him intently, Gold Assassin himself among them.

Then, the strike came.

A wave of killing intent surged toward Matthews. He barely had time to react. Pure instinct drove his body to dodge, moving before his conscious mind caught up.

But even so, a dagger sank deep into his shoulder.

Matthews gritted his teeth, his lips twisting in pain. With a surge of energy, he repelled the attacker, blasting the assassin backward into the wall.

Then, without hesitation, he leapt away, his body flickering as he attempted to escape.

His original plan had been to use the chamber to his advantage. In this confined space, he believed his overwhelming power could turn the tide.

But he had been terribly wrong. Fatally wrong.

These assassins gave him no opening. No chance to unleash his strength.

Instead, they used the simplest, most brutal tactics of their kind—hit, vanish, bleed the enemy dry.

Already, his body bore several wounds.

If this continued, death was inevitable.

His jaw clenched tight. Matthews made his decision.

In mid-flight, he released a burst of energy, twisting his body's trajectory in an instant.

And his target was clear.

The chamber's door.

If he could smash his way out, escape into the open, then he might have a chance. Once free of this suffocating space, tracking him would not be so easy.

With a resounding crash, the chamber door splintered apart like paper.

For the first time since the ambush began, Matthews saw the light of the outside. Relief flickered in his eyes, a fragile spark of hope.

But before he could take another step, a blade as black as midnight pierced cleanly through his back, driving into his heart.

The last sound he heard was the faint whisper of steel sliding through flesh.

And with that, the proud Hero Rank assassin, Matthews of the Dark Order, fell into darkness.