

Gods Daily 100

Chapter 100: The Doomsday Warrior Reveals Its Might

Crimson Hills, Western Frontier of the Empire

The mountains of the west blazed crimson, a boundless forest of maple leaves dyed blood-red beneath the autumn sun.

From a distance it looked less like nature and more like an oil painting, painted by a divine hand with strokes of fire and sunset.

The autumn wind swept gently over the cliff, carrying with it the rich, intoxicating aroma of Dragon's Breath Flamewine, whose half-emptied bottle rested upon a weathered stone table.

Two elderly figures sat facing each other across the ancient oakwood table set upon the cliff's edge.

One was tall and slender, his posture as elegant as a forgotten court earl.

The other was short and stout, his ruddy cheeks round as a baby's, his small eyes half-closed in pleasure as though savoring every heartbeat of life.

Their contrast was striking—the tall man like a sage who had lived through every twist of fate, the short man like a dwarf out of legend, hoarding wisdom in the form of laughter and indulgence.

"Tsk, tsk... this wine tastes different today. Deeper, heavier.

As if I can taste the very flavor of time itself."

The plump elder swirled the amber liquor in his cup with childlike delight.

"Marvelous. Ten thousand years of aging, and only now has it blossomed into perfection."

"Hmph," the tall elder replied, his tone laced with a trace of mockery though his bearing remained refined. "We've drunk from this same barrel for centuries. I don't recall you ever being so sparing with your praise before."

The short man chuckled, unbothered. "Timing, my old friend. Wine is like fate—it requires the right moment to be savored." He took another deep, satisfied sip, then set the cup down with a smile that curved into something far more calculating.

"Just like the grand game of the Empire. It has fermented for ten millennia, and now, at last, it is ready to be tasted."

The tall one raised a brow, silent.

"The royal fledgling—our little hawk—has finally cracked the shell that bound him," the short one continued, voice brimming with satisfaction.

"He has openly severed ties with the Ordon Theocracy. And now, in their eyes, his worth is far less than that of the so-called Chosen Child, Sacco. Abandoning the Crossbridge Empire? That is already a foregone conclusion."

The tall elder inclined his head, his long fingers brushing across the table's surface as though sketching the outlines of an invisible strategy map.

"Here in the western marches, fifty-one city-states lie ready—ripe fruits waiting to fall into our hands. Ricky, that promising youth, has already begun forming the Crimson Knights. At the proper moment, he need only plant the banner and the entire west will follow."

"Ricky has never disappointed me," the short elder said, eyes gleaming. "He has always done his work cleanly. Worth every century of investment."

"Indeed. Our efforts over these ten thousand years were not in vain," the tall man murmured. "The greatest obstacle has already been circumvented. There is nothing left to hesitate over. Tell him—let him act freely."

"The goddess of victory favors those who endure with patience."

The tall elder's gaze wandered to the ocean of blood-red maple leaves, their color deep as spilled lifeblood.

His voice grew solemn. "Perhaps we should fix the final act for the Firstfall Festival. Sacco will be present in Eryndor City at that time, destined to play the leading role in a grand... finale."

At this, the short man frowned slightly.

Sacco—the prodigy whose name now rang like thunder throughout the lands.

His rise was myth itself, swift as a comet blazing through night.

They had observed him from the shadows and found him every bit as extraordinary as the rumors claimed.

He was indeed the brightest star of this age.

To let him deliver the final blow to Aurek—nothing could be more fitting.

"But if we wait until the Firstfall Festival, then what we seek cannot be mere power transfer," the short elder said, his eyes narrowing into shards of ice. His voice dropped into a tone as cold as winter winds.

"Aurek must die. His decaying court must be uprooted and burned away entirely. With holy fire we shall cleanse it to the bone."

He sneered, as though discussing the pruning of weeds in a garden.

"And perhaps... we should grant young Sacco a 'small gift,' a little assistance to bolster his confidence. Something that can suppress those two strange armies Aurek relies upon.

Once those eerie legions are stripped away, Aurek's personal power is nothing more than a firefly before the moon.

Sacco will crown him with the diadem of death without obstruction."

The tall elder's eyes glimmered with agreement.

The short elder laughed triumphantly and raised his cup high, pouring the blood-red wine down his throat in one long swallow.

Meanwhile, within the palace, Aurek stood lost in thought.

The Cardinan siblings had already withdrawn with due reverence, leaving behind a vast territorial map infused with arcane light.

The map floated in midair within his study, rotating slowly, its shimmering glow painting every mountain, river, and province of the Crossbridge Empire in exquisite detail.

Aurek stood as straight as a pine, one hand resting lightly on the hilt of the Sacrospring Sword.

His gaze was sharp as a falcon's, sweeping coldly across the map, pausing on each mark that denoted treachery.

At the center lay Eryndor City, the empire's heart.

Yet around it, like malignant tumors festering in flesh, spread the domains of the Five Dukes.

Ugly, diseased growths gnawing away at the body of the realm.

The Crimson Hills, Blade City, Skyreach Tower, Frostfang Ravine... in the west.

The Guild of the Sky's Eye in the north.

The Sunlit Chapel in the south.

The White Goose Mercenaries, the Oracle Mountain, the Brotherhood of the Old Gods, and Marquis Marchin entrenched in the east.

Each name shimmered with baleful light upon the map, each a monstrous force lurking in the shadows, waiting to pounce.

And they were not alone.

Killer Guild. Thunder Guild. Sky-reaching Tower. Chaos Apostle. Storm Valley.

So many threats, each one like a bone-deep parasite feeding upon the empire.

Aurek's eyes burned with icy fire.

"Aurek the First... my forebear. Your mercy may have been a virtue, but it was never wisdom fit for a ruler."

His thoughts sharpened like a tempered blade.

"The thorns you failed to cut away, I will burn and cleave without hesitation. I will erase them root and branch from this land, until no trace remains."

His gaze fixed upon the most poisonous names: Killer Guild. Count Blackcrow. Chaos Apostle. Arcane Warlock Order.

At his silent command, streams of data surged across his mind:

[Elemental Assassin: 1890]

[Doomsday Warrior: 1000]

[Mountain Shieldbearer: 300]

...

Every unit had reached Elite Rank and above.

Daily recruitment stood at:

200 Elemental Assassins 100 Doomsday Warriors 100 Mountain Shieldbearers

Aurek's eyes flickered once in satisfaction.

With but a thought, two figures appeared soundlessly within the study.

One clad in radiant golden armor—Golden Armor—the other wreathed in violet lightning—Violet Thunder.

Without turning from the map, Aurek issued his orders.

"Golden Armor. Dispatch two hundred Elemental Assassins to infiltrate the Five Dukes. I want their every move, every plot, laid bare.

Then send four hundred more to assist General Pippin.

In Dorine, Katpiler, Dahlby, and Landor—eradicate every warlord and self-styled lord who dares hoard troops."

His voice hardened further.

"Violet Thunder. Lead four hundred Doomsday Warriors. Support the Imperial Knights. Crush every ounce of resistance with overwhelming might."

He paused, calculating, then gave the final decree.

"Golden Armor, you will personally lead a thousand Elemental Assassins. Violet Thunder, you will command five hundred Doomsday Warriors. Your target—the Killer Guild.

I want imperial banners planted upon their walls, and the heads of all defiant rebels hung from their gates."

"Remaining forces are to assist General Gaia. Guard Eryndor City. Let all see what the Wrath of the Empire truly means."

The map glowed ominously as Aurek's will sealed his commands.

Count Blackcrow. Chaos Apostle. Sky-reaching Tower. Killer Guild.

Touching one would alert the rest.

That was why Aurek chose the Killer Guild first—the most deranged and reckless of them all.

To annihilate them would send a shockwave of terror through every lurking beast.

They possessed master-rank champions, perhaps even ancient monsters brushing the threshold of titled master rank.

This was no foe to be underestimated, not like the petty Manhattan Legion of before.

To ensure victory, Aurek was prepared to commit the lion's share of his core armies.

For he must, before the Firstfall Festival, solidify his dominion over the hundreds of city-states that still bent knee to the crown.

The time for subtlety had ended. Now came the time of fire and steel.