

## Gods Daily 102

Chapter 102: The Iron Flood Plows the Earth

"Aurek has finally started to get serious!"

Carl of the Thunder Guild watched the movements of the Doomsday Warriors with equal vigilance.

He understood that by revealing this force now, Aurek intended to steady the Imperial Knights and thereby intimidate the provinces around Eryndor City.

Without the backing of the Ordon Theocracy, such a maneuver was hardly surprising.

"Vice President, many factions are already quietly swallowing up counties and districts. Even if the Thunder Guild waits until the Firstfall Festival, we ought to take action now," a Hero Rank man behind Carl warned at the right moment.

"Otherwise, by the time others finish carving up the table, there may be nothing left for us."

Carl fell into thought.

Indeed, with everyone else already lifting their knives and forks at the feast, if the Thunder Guild remained idle it might not even get a sip of soup.

He finally issued an order.

"Send messengers back to the Sanctum at once. Report the situation in Eryndor City and the movements across the empire to the Guildmaster. Let the Guildmaster decide everything."

Yet Carl himself had no intention of leaving. "I will stay in Eryndor City. I can't shake the feeling that Aurek is unfathomable—I must watch with my own eyes until the Firstfall Festival arrives." Caution had always been his hallmark; once his mind was set, no one argued.

The man behind him said no more and immediately set couriers in motion.

Beyond the Thunder Guild, Count Blackcrow, Storm Valley, the Holy Sword Alliance, the Unicorn Guild—all of them were staring fixedly at the annihilation legion.

Scouts dispatched by true titans of power had long since stealthily tailed the Imperial Knights, observing their every move.

With the Doomsday Warriors openly appearing on Eryndor City's streets, rumors about the mysterious army exploded through the city like wildfire.

And just then another five-hundred-strong destructive host thundered forth from the palace's north gate.

They marched down North Street; the aura of annihilation around them extended for thousands of meters, suffocating anyone who drew near.

In the lead rode Violet Thunder, astride an armored warhorse; her long hair whipped in the wind, and the destructive pressure radiating from her was breathtaking.

The people on the sidewalks sank into a deathlike silence, watching the flood of death pass. Many dared not meet the eyes hidden beneath those black visors; they felt as if a single glance would scorch their souls.

"Four hundred came by just now—now five hundred more!"

"Their aura is just as terrifying!"

"Who said there were only five hundred of them?!"

"Word has it they recently razed a powerful mercenary company to the ground—tore up even its board of directors!"

"No way. Where did you hear that?"

"It's true! My brother-in-law works at the Silverfin Trading House. He overheard the guild's heavyweights talking. Each of those knights has the power to cut down a Hero Rank!"

"Even the headmaster at Hyrule War Academy, so formidable, got dismantled by them?"

"If that's so, then it's no wonder His Majesty could break with the Ordon Theocracy—he must have confidence!"

"His Majesty is extraordinary. He handled Jacoff's parasites, suppressed arrogant mercenary bands, and trampled those lofty highborns beneath his feet—truly satisfying!"

On the street, the chatter fermented rapidly, briefly dispelling the panic that had erupted after the imperial schism with the church.

Everyone's attention now riveted on this terrible army.

"They're very strong—at least comparable to Hero Rank... It seems the power hidden around him far exceeds imagination."

A figure in the crowd, face shadowed by a white mage's hood, murmured. From the tone it was a woman.

She watched Violet Thunder and her cohort vanish down the long avenue, then slipped like a shadow into the infamous red-light district known as the Fragrant Garden.

"Five hundred more!" The Unicorn Guild members who were preparing to leave felt their hearts seize.

Elder Bladecaller's steward clenched his fist until knuckles whitened; his expression turned grim. Same overwhelming might.

Same aura of destruction.

The only difference was the increased headcount.

And that was no small difference.

Each one was at least Hero Rank—meaning Aurek had now casually deployed five hundred Hero Rank combatants in addition to the earlier four hundred.

The sheer reality of it struck Elder Bladecaller dumb; his earlier calculations and confidence evaporated under this merciless fact.

Those from the Thunder Guild also fell silent. "Better... to be cautious," the Hero Rank warrior behind Carl said, throat dry. At that moment he felt the wisdom of the vice president's choice more keenly than ever.

"Damn! How can there be so many?" Rod, the Killer Guild's steward, seethed with rage, his fists cracking.

Ten—five hundred—now another five hundred!

These were not ordinary soldiers, but terrifying beings each capable of killing him with ease. Nine hundred in total.

Perhaps far more—God only knew how many other cards Aurek still held.

"Steward! This may actually be good news!" an Expert Rank subordinate behind Rod blurted in. Rod, still hot with fury, nearly exploded at the remark.

The subordinate hurried to explain, "Aurek has sent his strongest forces out. Eryndor City's defenses are likely weakened; the guards near him are now thin! Think: if Elder Bloodblade strikes now, taking his life might be easier."

Rod's blood cooled into a cold smile.

That made sense.

Although it was unknown what other aces Aurek might possess, removing nine hundred Doomsday Warriors from the city's immediate defense would undeniably blunt Eryndor City's protective sword.

"Let's hope Elder Bloodblade arrives in Eryndor City—successfully—before these destructive hosts can return!" Rod swept away the last of his fury and immediately dispatched couriers with this crucial intelligence back to the Killer Guild.

Pippin, at the head of ten thousand elite Imperial Knights, rode until they reached Pinnan City—one thousand miles from Eryndor.

Pinnan was an important satellite fortress of Eryndor City, equipped with a large teleportation array that connected to many surrounding provinces.

Eight centuries ago, Emperor Aurek I had requested the Ordon Theocracy's help to build such arrays; each of the empire's sixteen provinces had a major city with a similar gate.

Without those arrays, the empire's vast domain would be impossible to traverse quickly, which would have severely weakened centralized control.

Activating a teleportation array consumed mana stones.

Thus, while gold coins were crucial in the empire, mana stones were the core strategic resource.

Eighty thousand Imperial Knights were garrisoned across the Dorine, Katpiler, Dahlby, and Landor provinces.

Pippin resolved to march first to the most volatile of those—Landor Province. Landor lay southeast of Eryndor City; the area to its east was in utter disorder.

The Killer Guild and Count Blackcrow nursed treacherous designs.

Many local powers, emboldened by the emperor's rupture with the church, were openly rebelling and nibbling at territory.

They had to secure Landor first, to erect a solid eastern bulwark for Eryndor City.

"Men, we ride for Landor Province at once!" Pippin announced to the Doomsday Warrior commander, making a courtly gesture.

A Doomsday Warrior's voice, cold and flat, asked, "Within Landor Province, what entities qualify as a 'threat'?"

"In accordance with His Majesty's will, any non-imperial force capable of overturning provinces or towns shall be deemed heretical and must undergo final destruction," the Doomsday Warrior intoned with cold zeal.

Aurek's order was explicit.

Destroy all unofficial armed forces and potential threats—root them out completely.

Only imperial forces would be allowed to exist.

Only through such ruthless consolidation could imperial will be concentrated and the throne's rule solidified.

Several deputies' expressions hardened at the declaration.

Pippin felt a private chill: the edict was not merely about cutting down weeds.

It was about plowing the entire land clean—leaving nothing to rise again from the ashes.

The Domsday Warriors' mission was clear: this would be total cleansing.

They would scour the soil as if the world itself were a field to be plowed by an iron flood, eradicating every seed of rebellion until the earth lay bare and obedient.