

## Gods Daily 103

Chapter 103: The Deterrent Power of the Doomsday Warrior

Pippin pondered for a moment before replying.

"In Landor Province, the main threats include the Sky-Cloud Tower, Thunderwind Fortress, the Crimson Cult, and Count Dalik."

"In fact, there are over a thousand different groups of various sizes recorded in the official ledgers. The provincial governor's office should have detailed dossiers on them all."

"Then we shall begin by eradicating these enemies of the empire," declared one of the Doomsday Warriors. "We will assist the general in carrying out the purification."

These warriors had once razed the Manhattan Legion to the ground.

At that time, their average strength was only at Elite Rank.

Now, however, they had universally advanced to Expert Rank—more than enough to crush the scattered local powers of a single province.

Furthermore, Landor Province hosted at least two hundred thousand Imperial Knights, far superior to the ordinary watchmen and garrison troops who normally assisted the governor in keeping order.

Not only were they fearsome in battle and highly disciplined, but they could also be mobilized with great speed.

Pippin nodded his agreement.

Soon after, ten thousand Imperial Knights began stepping into the teleportation array, their silver and black armor flashing as they vanished one after another in streams of light, bound for Landor Province.

Upon arrival at the provincial capital, Pippin wasted no time.

He immediately rallied one hundred thousand Imperial Knights stationed in the region and divided them into four armies.

Each division numbered twenty-five thousand and was directed toward one of the major threats: Sky-Cloud Tower, Thunderwind Fortress, the Crimson Cult, and Count Dalik's family stronghold.

The Doomsday Warriors also split their numbers, sending one hundred to accompany each division.

Their grim presence added a terrifying weight to every army's momentum.

The ordinary knights glanced at these silent, black-clad figures riding beside them.

Though they had sworn loyalty and discipline for years, they could not suppress the fierce mix of trepidation and anticipation bubbling inside their hearts.

To march alongside such avatars of destruction was a privilege, a blessing—and a burden that set their souls aflame with both pride and fear.

Thunderwind Fortress sat six hundred li to the south, on the Broadleaf Plains. Across from it, on the other side of the plains, stood the ancient Eagle's Roost City.

Eagle's Roost was one of the historic core cities of Landor Province, with more than fifty thousand garrison troops permanently stationed within its walls.

These troops were commanded entirely by City Defense Captain Jesse, who maintained order in Eagle's Roost and protected the nearby towns and trade routes.

Jesse's position was one of special honor, directly appointed by the imperial throne itself. For that reason, his loyalty to the Crossbridge Empire was like the dwarves' sworn loyalty to their mountains—unyielding, immovable, and eternal.

His service stood as one of the proudest achievements of the Royalist Party, painstakingly cultivated by men such as William and Heimerdinger to preserve stability across the provinces.

"Captain! The empire's Royal Knights have been sighted on the Broadleaf Plains!"

A messenger burst into the captain's residence with a breathless report.

Jesse, however, was quietly reading through a handwritten letter from the governor of Landor. He did not immediately respond.

After a moment of heavy silence, Jesse rose to his feet. His decision was like a mountain—firm, weighty, and immovable.

"Transmit my orders immediately! Gather twenty thousand guards from the eastern quarter of the city. Our target—Thunderwind Fortress!"

The messenger faltered, hesitating.

"Captain, Thunderwind Fortress... is no easy opponent. Rumor says they've recently birthed a Hero Rank powerhouse."

"Hmph!" Jesse's snort was sharp as steel. His eyes gleamed like drawn swords.

"Thunderwind Fortress harbors treason. That a Hero Rank has appeared in their midst now can only mean one thing: their ambition is aimed at Eagle's Roost City itself. Such rebels, daring to shake the foundations of the empire—their end has arrived!"

He had heard whispers of the empire's unrest. Being so close to the capital, even faint breezes of its storms reached his ears, carrying the scent of upheaval and dread. Now that the Royal Knights had appeared on the Broadleaf Plains, their target was plain. Thunderwind Fortress.

And more than that—the emperor's rumored mysterious force...

Without further hesitation, Jesse strode out, mounted his horse, and personally led twenty thousand garrison troops from Eagle's Roost.

They surged forward across the plain like an iron flood, rolling toward Thunderwind Fortress.

Within Thunderwind Fortress, the atmosphere was no less tense.

More than fifty thousand men had gathered, drilling according to military formations, their killing intent filling the air.

"Lord Commander! Royal Knights have been spotted twenty li away!"

In the main hall of the fortress, the report fell heavily upon the ears of the three Storm Brothers who ruled this bastion: Blake, Garl, and Karn.

At the words "Royal Knights," their faces darkened like thunderclouds.

"Damnation!" Garl roared, slamming a meaty fist onto the oak table, splintering it. "It must be that lapdog Jesse who caught wind of our movements and tattled to the governor, bringing these imperial hounds down on us!"

"I'll wring his neck with my own hands!"

The Storm Brothers had long been preparing their fortress.

Gathering warriors and mercenaries until their numbers exceeded fifty thousand, they plotted to strike on the day of the Firstfall Festival, seizing Eagle's Roost City for themselves.

It had taken years of scheming.

Blake had even drained a fortune in resources to force his way into the Hero Rank, seeking the capital to challenge imperial authority.

The arrival of the Royal Knights was a thunderbolt crashing upon their plans.

Blake's brows knotted. His voice rumbled deep, like thunder rolling inside storm clouds. "The Royal Knights are no ordinary soldiers. Each one is elite, their strength beyond measure. Even though I have broken into Hero Rank, enough to fight them head-on, a frontal clash would bleed Thunderwind Fortress dry. If we lose too many, our dream of taking Eagle's Roost will be shattered."

"Send envoys to them first. Probe their intent. If some concessions can appease them and send them away, that may still be acceptable."

Karn nodded, his expression calculating. "Who in the empire is not greedy? A few concessions are unavoidable. It is not yet time to bare our full strength. Let me go and meet them."

"But if the Royal Knights refuse to turn back..."

Blake's eyes flashed with a lethal brilliance, like lightning splitting the horizon. "Then Thunderwind Fortress will test itself against the empire's edge! If need be, we won't wait until the festival to strike Eagle's Roost—we'll take it by storm now!"

The hall erupted with fervor.

Spirits blazed.

Karn gathered two hundred cavalry and rode out from the fortress to parley.

Behind him, the fifty thousand troops began forming ranks in readiness.

The shadow of war spread across the Broadleaf Plains.

On the plains, the First Legion of the Royal Knights under Captain Cole had already arrived, twenty-five thousand elite soldiers massed outside Thunderwind Fortress.

Pippin and his deputies remained on a nearby high ridge, their eyes fixed upon the front of the formation—where one hundred figures stood like incarnations of the abyss.

The Domsday Warriors. Their aura of annihilation pressed against the heavens themselves.

At that moment, Jesse and his cavalry galloped up, drawing rein beside Cole.

"Subordinate Jesse, Captain of Eagle's Roost City Guard, reporting to the general!" he called, dismounting to salute.

Cole returned the salute with courtesy. "Captain Jesse, why have you left your city? Why come here?"

"By the governor's order, I march with twenty thousand to support the Royal Knights in their action!" Jesse answered loudly.

Cole nodded without objection.

The purpose of the Royal Knights was shock and destruction; but the aftermath—the securing of land, pacifying civilians, rebuilding administration—these matters required the cooperation of the local guard forces who knew the terrain.

After some hesitation, Jesse finally asked, "General... is your mission truly to destroy Thunderwind Fortress?"

Cole confirmed with a single, steady nod.

Jesse's heart quivered.

He added quickly, "General, Thunderwind Fortress has received aid from shadowy sponsors in recent years. They've gathered many mages and knights. Not long ago, their leader Blake succeeded in ascending to Hero Rank. His strength is formidable. I beg you to exercise caution."

"Hero Rank?" Cole repeated under his breath.

His eyes, however, turned instinctively toward the hundred silent black riders standing before his army. As he looked upon them, flames of battle-lust lit in his gaze.

Jesse followed his eyes—only for his own vision to freeze.

His pupils shrank violently, his breath hitched, and he tore his gaze away as if burned.

The aura radiating from those black knights—just one moment's exposure had made his very soul tremble!

It was...

A staggering possibility struck him.

His heart thundered in his chest like war drums, reverberating in his bones.

These were no ordinary soldiers.

They were something else entirely. Something monstrous, something divine, something utterly inhuman.

And if they were truly what he suspected... then the balance of power in Landor, in the empire, in the entire continent, had shifted forever.