

Gods Daily 107

Chapter 107: The Blood-Red Stream Rushing Toward the Palace

A killing intent, sharp and tangible, howled through the hall.

The temperature of the entire chamber plummeted in an instant!

Julia and Cheryl's faces changed dramatically. They immediately entered a battle-ready stance, cold aura spilling from their bodies.

"To covet the Empire's Earthvein Core?"

"Frostchill Ravine, how very bold of you!"

Aurek's voice was cold and weighty, like glacial ice forged over ten thousand years.

Long ago, when the founding emperor Napoleon chose this land to establish his Empire, it was precisely because of the Dragonspine Earthvein, the lifeline that carried the Empire's fortune!

This was the foundation of the nation—how could it ever be touched by another?

Even the portion of the Earthvein Core lying to the west was vital to the Empire's lifeblood. The royal family had always stationed heavy forces and entrusted loyal governors to guard the surrounding provinces, warding off any foreign designs.

For Frostchill Ravine to dare to open their mouths and demand it—unforgivable!

Isabella's ice-blue pupils contracted slightly, but her expression remained calm.

"If Your Majesty does not agree, Frostchill Ravine will not press the matter. Once the Ordon Theocracy's influence retreats, Frostchill Ravine will still provide a measure of support to the Empire, in repayment for the grace of the first Emperor."

"Greed is a poison that gnaws the bones. Once it spreads, it cannot be cured."

Aurek's warning was as cold as ice daggers, each word stabbing deep.

"Banish these delusions. Do not dare to test the edge of my blade."

Isabella stepped back lightly, offering a curt bow. She said nothing more, and together with Julia and Cheryl, turned and left.

"Wolves are hateful, but the covetous ones who wear sheep's clothing are even more brazen."

"Hmph."

With a cold snort, Aurek slid the Sacrospring Sword back into its sheath with a ringing clang.

Outside the palace.

Cheryl let out a long, heavy breath, as though a thousand pounds of weight had just been lifted from her shoulders. She looked back at the towering palace gates, her emotions still roiling.

"That aura... the pressure was overwhelming, it shattered my composure completely!"

Her ice-blue eyes still held shock.

"I had prepared myself before going in, yet I was crushed with ease. Just what is with this Emperor Napoleon...?"

She had come with a measure of Frostchill Ravine's pride, intending to show their bearing and heritage. But the instant she stepped into that hall, her lofty confidence was ground to dust.

Julia nodded, sharing the same lingering dread.

"Indeed! His dominance was absolute. From the very first moment, all my willpower was suppressed. And that sword strike just now... I couldn't even muster the thought of resisting. It's unthinkable..."

Her heart trembled with both fear and bewilderment.

Isabella's icy eyes flickered faintly as she spoke coldly:

"Because his strength... is terrifying enough to suppress everything, even me..."

She did not finish her sentence.

"What!?"

Julia and Cheryl looked at her in shock.

"We underestimated that man from the very beginning."

Isabella turned her gaze back toward the imperial palace. That lightning-fast blade, brimming with murderous will—had it not shaken her as well?

But as Frostchill Ravine's envoy, she had to keep her composure.

Many believed him to be nothing more than a lucky emperor, fortunate enough to command two powerful armies.

But the sheer, immovable dominance they had just felt—like the towering mountains of the snowfields—was not something luck could grant.

"Once we return, we must reconsider. Things are far more complicated than we imagined."

Her cold voice lingered in the air as she led the two women away, vanishing into the streets of the capital.

That evening, on the southern avenue of Eryndor City.

A hazy crimson figure walked amid the bustling crowds. His steps appeared unhurried, yet with every stride, his body blurred forward dozens of yards, like a phantom weaving through space—seamless, continuous teleportation.

In one instant, he was still hundreds of yards away at a street corner. In the blink of an eye, he was already in front of you. Another moment later, he was gone again, leaving behind only a chilling scarlet afterimage in the depths of the avenue.

Passersby felt a swordlike sharpness sweep past them, making them halt instinctively. They frowned, glancing around, yet saw nothing unusual.

That blood-red figure, bearing a strangely shaped longsword on his back, was striding straight toward the imperial palace!

A streak of crimson light, like a falling star trailing an ominous tail, finally descended before the towering bronze gates of the palace.

When the glow faded, the figure revealed himself.

He was an elderly man clad in a deep teal robe embroidered with dark runic patterns. His gray-white hair was tied back with a simple hemp cord. His face was lean, yet his bearing stood tall and unyielding, like an ancient pine.

His presence radiated razor-edged menace, as though he were a blade freshly drawn.

Across his back rested a jet-black, cross-shaped greatsword. His hands remained tucked into his wide sleeves.

His eyes—steeped in years of slaughter—swept contemplatively over the massive palace gates.

"Halt! This is the royal palace! Loitering is forbidden!"

A squad of palace guards in bright silver armor and deep blue cloaks rushed forward, their voices sharp as they moved to drive him away.

The old man seemed not to hear them. He remained still, and an invisible surge of mind power flowed outward from him like spilled mercury, spreading across the grounds in an attempt to probe the palace's defenses.

Seeing this, the guard captain's eyes went cold. He gestured, and the soldiers closed ranks, long spears bristling as they advanced.

At that moment, the old man drew back his gaze.

He merely took a single step forward.

In that instant—his body blurred, and suddenly he was behind the squad of guards.

Their bodies convulsed as though struck by an unseen blade, tossed into the air at crooked angles, flung helplessly skyward.

As he took a second step, his figure flickered again, now appearing directly at the palace gate.

Behind him came the dull crashes of heavy bodies hitting the ground—a rain of guards.

"An intruder!"

Alarms blared as more palace guards scrambled. The shrill horns of warning echoed, and platoons of armored soldiers poured from corridors and bastions, converging like a steel flood.

"Ants."

The old man's face remained devoid of expression, as though brushing dust from his sleeve.

Hands still folded, he ignored the swelling army before him, striding calmly into the palace grounds.

Every soldier who neared him was instantly overwhelmed by the invisible force cloaking him, their bodies thrown off balance, swept up like dry leaves in a gale, tumbling helplessly into the air.

He walked with detached indifference.

For a Master Rank powerhouse, these mortal soldiers were no different from insects. If he wished, a flick of his hand could annihilate them by the tens of thousands.

But today—he had come to kill Aurek.

He would waste no time on rabble, nor did he care for fame or spectacle.

He wanted only one thing: to slay the emperor who had dared to declare the extermination of his assassin order and the butchery of his kin.

To cut this damned Empire in two with a single sword.

Under his overwhelming Master Rank might, the guards could not even touch the hem of his robe.

He strolled forward, as though walking through his own courtyard.

Then suddenly, he stopped.

His sharp eyes lifted toward the plaza inside the gates.

There, ten towering soldiers clad in heavy armor stood in formation, their bodies like an unyielding wall of bronze, barring his way.