

Gods Daily 113

Chapter 113: Reassessment of the Major Factions

In that brief moment of mental confrontation, Aurek left an impression on her that was etched deeply in her mind, as if branded by a searing hot iron, an impression she could never erase.

He was more composed than her, the seasoned hunter who walked on the edge of a blade. He was more patient than her, a hunter who didn't just end lives for a living but waited calmly for his prey to step into the lethal trap of his own making!

The only difference was this.

His hunting grounds were the entire empire, the vast lands inhabited by colossal beasts, each with deep roots spread across the continent.

However, this feeling of unease did not last long.

Her will quickly regained its focus, returning to the absolute calm and calculation she was known for.

This was merely a test, a stone tossed into the deep well to see if it would sink or float.

She wasn't afraid of the ghost that could slip into the void, despite the trouble they posed.

Her true concern was to experience firsthand how this style of assassination—so different from the Shadow Sanctuary's—worked.

She needed to feel them, analyze them, understand their methods!

After all, the storm that was destined to sweep across the empire had just begun to form its first ripple.

The leaders of the Royalist Party met Gaia and the Royal Guards outside the palace corridors.

They unexpectedly encountered Rod and his notorious Killer Guild assassin team.

Without any warning or negotiation, the battle erupted in an instant, like fire meeting oil.

The sharp blades clashed with vile blood-colored magic, and ultimately, seven or eight members of the Killer Guild were swiftly executed.

Rod, relying on a blood escape technique that came at a great cost, escaped the scene in a desperate and disheveled retreat.

Meanwhile, countless civilians in Eryndor City were left in a state of shock from the thunderous lightning arrow that had torn through the sky, resembling divine retribution.

Whispers in the taverns and marketplaces were filled with awe and unease.

The battle at the palace gates created an energy fluctuation that was the result of a full-force attack from a master rank powerhouse, its impact spreading for hundreds of miles.

Everyone near the palace could clearly feel the heart-stopping pressure and the violent magical turbulence.

The assassination within the power center of the empire continued to send ripples through the city, its aftershocks ongoing.

However, the fear, the suspicions, and the hushed discussions in the streets were slowly swallowed by the deepening night.

The burly, muscular man quietly emerged from the shadows on the side of the palace.

Before heading back to his blacksmith shop, he needed to visit the hidden residence of House Tascher.

There were still those who kept watch there, and he had to provide an explanation.

The Cardinal in red, Austin, returned to his Imperial Cathedral.

Like a statue devoid of soul, he had not spoken a word.

Master rank had been his starting point for ambition.

Now, however, he had witnessed a powerful individual of the same rank being casually slaughtered, like livestock at a slaughterhouse, with no dignity whatsoever.

The psychological shock was far more brutal and profound than any wound that could cut to the bone.

Ramos and the other followers, who had once secretly hoped to seize greater power with the approaching Firstfall Festival, fell into a deathly silence.

Bloodblade's tragic death was like a bucket of icy water mixed with northern frost, dousing them entirely.

They realized, clearly now, how foolish their reliance on power had been. It was akin to stealing treasure from the mouth of a dragon.

Isabella, Julia, and Cheryl stood as perfect statues of white jade in the quiet, deserted crossroad.

Their white gowns fluttered in the night breeze, resembling three snow lotuses blooming in the darkness.

They stood in silence for a long time, as though communicating wordlessly.

Finally, they quietly turned and vanished like melting snowflakes.

Carl, Bladecaller, and the others, like frightened animals, silently retreated to their hidden locations in the city.

Each of their faces was grim, as if they were about to burst into water.

A master rank powerhouse—an existence they had believed to be nearly a force of nature—had been swiftly and decisively slain.

The power hidden deep within the palace now needed to be reassessed for its danger level.

A master rank—such individuals could only be born in strategic organizations or ancient powers rated as level six across the continent.

For an alliance like the Holy Sword Alliance, a tier five power, it was completely incapable of training such figures.

This was a blood-written warning and a threat to all tier five and below factions, and anyone with ill intentions toward the empire.

They could no longer afford to dismiss or take risks with this newly emerged force. They had no choice but to treat this suddenly revealed behemoth with unprecedented respect.

"I must return immediately!"

Bladecaller's voice broke the silence, hoarse and urgent.

Several of his Hero Rank companions turned toward him with questioning gazes.

Bladecaller furrowed his signature thick brows.

"The guild president's previous plan was to target the Imperial Knights. But now, we must place those mysterious warriors at the top of our priority list!"

"Are you saying... we should take this opportunity to mobilize more forces and eliminate those damn mysterious warriors along with the Imperial Knights?"

A sharp glint flashed in the eyes of one of his companions.

Elder Bladecaller nodded solemnly.

"The mysterious warriors deployed by Aurek—so far, we've been unable to uncover their origins or which faction is backing them."

"However, what we do know is that a large portion of their operational units is on missions abroad. If we seize this opportunity to destroy them along with the Imperial Knights, it will truly sever an important arm of the palace."

"Otherwise, our forces, which are closely situated near the empire's core provinces, will be the first to face this unfamiliar, terrifying power, and the consequences will be unimaginable."

Unicorn Guild, located in the vast borders of Landor Province, adjacent to Dorine Province, was preparing for action. With the Firstfall Festival just three months away, if they proceeded with their original plan to target the Imperial Knights, Aurek would undoubtedly dispatch these terrifying warriors to suppress and retaliate.

Instead of waiting passively for disaster to strike, it was better to take the initiative.

Bladecaller needed to return immediately to Unicorn Guild to report everything he had witnessed to the guild president. He would persuade him to ally with Sky-reaching Tower and other factions to destroy the Imperial Knights while simultaneously annihilating the scattered Doomsday Warriors within the borders.

The Hero Rank figures quickly discussed the plan and saw the seriousness and resolve in each other's eyes.

Finally, they all agreed that this might be their only way forward.

On the rooftop observation deck of the tavern near the long bridge, Lister sipped a small taste of amber tea from the Southern Dwarven Kingdom, his gaze drifting toward the darkening sky.

He murmured thoughtfully to himself.

"Aurek does indeed have some surprising trump cards and determination. We can no longer view him as just a typical fallen king."

"Now, I think I understand why my mentor gave him such extraordinary praise..."

At this moment, Lister suddenly had an epiphany.

He understood why his nearly omniscient mentor had made such an unusual evaluation of the emperor, who had once been considered nothing more than a puppet.

To be above all others, enjoying unparalleled glory and power, one must walk the path of the most fragile footing, ever cautious with every step.

For a single misstep, the fall is not just failure.

It is utter, bone-crushing annihilation.