

Gods Daily 114

Chapter 114: The Rebellious Spirit Harder to Tame Than a Dragon

"Tch, you arrogant little brat, it seems you're not completely hopeless after all."

The disheveled old man next to him, reeking of cheap beer and tobacco, nodded in approval. One of his muddy boots casually rested on the polished redwood windowsill.

Without turning his head, he gazed at the starry night sky outside, and spoke with a tone of mild amusement.

"Compared to that scheming emperor in the palace, your petty little cleverness and paper-thin strategies could use a reality check. You'd be better off taking off that fancy robe of yours and heading back to the drawing board to learn properly."

Lister's eyes flashed with defiance, his face showing no attempt to hide his rebelliousness and intense unwillingness to accept the challenge.

His voice dripped with blatant provocation.

"Sure, his methods were unexpected, like a snake hidden in the shadows—catching people off guard. But tell me, old man, do you dare to bet with me?"

"I'll clean up all the little tin cans he carefully set up before Sacco even reaches Eryndor City!"

"I'll make sure that on the day of the Firstfall Festival, he's nothing but a helpless lamb waiting for Sacco to butcher him, unable to do anything but stretch his neck and wait for his noble head to be severed!"

A sly smile played on Lister's lips.

"The more you all praise Aurek, the more I can't accept it. The more I want to break that high opinion."

"This silent battle, I must win!"

Otherwise, wouldn't I be undermining my own title as the top student of the Skyeye Guild?

Aurek's end has already been marked by destiny—Sacco will be the one to finish him off. But before that, before the final curtain falls, I will fight him for this crucial moment and settle the score!

"Heh, kid, that competitive spirit of yours is tougher to tame than the wildest dragon. That's not a good thing," the old man chuckled, his tone light but with a hidden trace of concern.

"You'll have to take a serious fall, bruised and battered, before you finally understand how high the sky is and how thick the earth is."

Lister grinned deviously, his gaze fixed on the old man's nondescript, somewhat worn-out bag.

"If I succeed, old man, how about you give me the weapon you've been hiding in that bag of yours?"

The old man's playful expression instantly froze, replaced by a complex mix of bemusement and helplessness.

"Fine! You little greedy brat!"

"Your eyes are sharp! Alright, I'll take your bet! If you really pull it off, I'll give it to you!"

"A promise, by the stars and the Goddess of Nature!"

Lister laughed loudly, but when he turned his head to glance at the imperial palace in the distance, now bathed in the mysterious, imposing glow of the night, his expression turned as cold as the northern wind.

Let me try it for myself, and see if your imperial ship can weather the storm I'm about to stir!

Meanwhile, in the southern part of the empire, in the capital of Truva Province, Governor Charles stood with his hands clasped behind his back, gazing at a massive wall map of the province. His face was as grim as water, tightly holding a letter recently delivered by a magical messenger.

The wax seal at the bottom of the letter bore the emblem of a black eagle ripping through a lightning bolt—an urgent communication from Dorine Province.

Nearby, several key officials and the highest-ranking officer of the City Guard stood in silence, aware of the heavy atmosphere hanging over Charles.

One of the older officials finally gathered the courage to ask, his voice tinged with uncertainty.

"My lord, what news does the letter contain?"

Charles did not turn his gaze. His eyes remained fixed on the boundary line between Truva Province and Dorine Province on the map. His voice was low, like distant thunder.

"Aurek is no longer content with the power struggles in Eryndor City. He's mobilized the Imperial Knights, like a red-hot branding iron, aiming to scorch the four provinces of Katpiler, Dorine, Dahlby, and Landor, with the intent to purge them completely."

"The emperor intends to..."

City Guard Lieutenant's brow furrowed as he seemed to catch the strategic intent behind the bloody actions.

Charles slowly nodded, but his tone became heavier.

"Your assessment is correct. This is indeed the most effective and direct approach."

"But my concern is that once the Imperial Knights, the sharpest blade of the empire, are fully activated, it will become much harder to break or sheath them."

Upon hearing this, the officials stiffened, exchanging uneasy glances.

The grand, empty council hall was silent, the only sound coming from the crackling of the firewood in the fireplace.

"My lord... are we really going to take this step?"

"Are we really... raising the banner of rebellion against the entire empire?"

A younger official, his face pale, nervously repeated this fateful question, the kind of decision that could doom their family to eternal ruin.

To act against the Imperial Knights, the symbol of the empire, would mean standing openly against the entire Crossbridge Empire.

Charles abruptly turned around, his eyes flashing with cold fury like an enraged serpent. Without warning, he raised his hand.

A surge of magical power instantly gathered in the air, forming a nearly invisible wind blade that sliced through the air with a sharp whistling sound.

Szzzz—whoosh!

A head shot up into the air with a sickening crunch, its terrified expression frozen in place.

Hot blood splattered like cheap wine onto the silken robes of the surrounding officials, causing an uncontrollable gasp of fear.

The headless body staggered, then fell heavily to the ground.

"At this point, you still dare ask such a foolish question?"

"How can great things be achieved by hesitating and fearing the unknown?"

Charles didn't even glance at the twitching corpse. He slowly scanned the faces of his silent subordinates.

"The Crossbridge Empire is already riddled with wounds, rotten to the core!"

"Its fate is sealed, like a ship sailing into an iceberg. No matter how powerful that emperor is, he cannot save it. He can only delay its sinking for a time!"

"As for us in Truva Province, with our fertile land and strong defenses, why should we go down with this decaying behemoth?"

"Rather than be consumed by the gluttonous great lords or the charlatan mage councils eyeing us from all sides, we should take control of it ourselves!"

"We will become the true masters of this land!"

"From today onward, we will no longer acknowledge Eryndor City, that once-proud city now hollowed out by the forces of the great powers!"

"Whoever dares regret, retreat, or spread pessimistic words, shaking the morale, this is their fate!"