

## Gods Daily 115

### Chapter 115: Ascend to the Throne or Fall into Hell

The officials' faces turned as pale as paper, all lowering their heads deeply, not daring to meet his gaze.

"Understood, my lord!"

At this point, the situation had become as tense as a drawn bowstring, with no room for retreat.

The road ahead either led to the throne or straight into hell.

"Since the Imperial Knights have already mobilized, our previous plans must be adjusted. We must urgently negotiate again with the Sky-reaching Tower and the Unicorn Knights to see how they plan to respond to this sharp weapon of the Empire."

"Our Truva Province can provide necessary support and coordination, waiting for the right moment to act."

"Since the feast to divide the Empire's legacy has already been laid out, even if we cannot get the juiciest piece of meat, Truva Province must be the first to drink the hottest soup!"

Charles' voice was filled with an unassailable iron determination, as if he had already seen the future political landscape.

"But, my lord, the Imperial Knights must be dealt with quickly. We cannot allow them to build pressure at the borders."

"Moreover, I've heard that the mysterious legion that Aurek commands is extraordinarily powerful. Even a deeply-rooted fifth-tier faction like the Manhattan Legion was uprooted by them. We must be on our guard,"

the City Guard Lieutenant warned with a grave tone.

He was an old military man, well aware of the consequences of military negligence.

Upon hearing this, a dark shadow crossed Charles' face. His fingers unconsciously tapped on the table.

"That power... indeed, it has caused concern even among the likes of the Unicorn Guild, Sky-reaching Tower, Count Blackcrow, and Chaos Apostle. They all take it seriously and even fear it."

"According to the reports from Dorine Province, this power has already been integrated into the Imperial Knights' action teams, playing the role of a vanguard and shock force."

"If we are to eliminate the Imperial Knights, we will inevitably have to confront this mysterious and powerful force head-on, which will not be easy."

He suddenly lifted his head, his gaze sharp as he looked at the lieutenant.

"Tomorrow morning, at dawn, you will personally lead the fastest knights to Unicorn Guild. Meet them in person, express our concerns, and suggest our strategy."

"Can we concentrate the power of our four factions to set a perfect trap, lure out the Imperial Knights and that mysterious power, and then... destroy them all?"

Only by thoroughly crushing the Empire's claws could Truva Province rest easy. His crown dream could then come true!

The City Guard Lieutenant slammed his right hand to his chest and saluted with a standard military gesture before taking his leave.

His footsteps echoed in the vast hall, gradually fading away.

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"Charles!"

"The royal favor once bathed you like holy light, entrusting you with the heavy responsibility of guarding a province! And now you repay this trust with a wolf's heart, attempting to usurp the sacred land of the Empire—you treacherous traitor, the gods will punish you and condemn you to the fires of hell forever!"

"Charles—Governor Charles!"

"You have committed sacrilege and treason, slaughtered the loyal, coveted the throne! The people of Truva will despise your name for generations. Your crimes will be turned into satirical songs by bards and spread to every tavern and market!"

"You do not deserve to be called a knight, nor do you deserve to be human!"

"Charles—Governor Charles is rebelling! He wants to crown himself as the King of Truva!"

"The royal family treated him with unparalleled favor... what a shameful man! A shameful usurper!"

On the gray stone streets of a city-state in Truva,

An old man leaning on an ancient oak staff staggered forward, his hoarse voice booming like a declaration.

The surrounding citizens stepped aside, not daring to walk with him.

But he paid no mind.

He dragged his heavy steps forward, loudly denouncing.

His voice pierced through the bustling street noise and the sounds of hooves, spreading far and wide, drawing countless fearful or silent gazes.

"It's Old Jasper! He's practically summoning death!"

"The Jasper family was purged for its loyalty to the royal family... I heard the old lord was visiting friends in Stonehoof City at the time and narrowly escaped... Now it seems he's walking right into the trap."

The crowd whispered, fully aware of this tragedy.

The Jasper family had been loyal for generations, and their enmity with Charles was irreconcilable.

Charles would never allow them to survive.

"He's a stubborn old fool, valuing honor above life. His descendants are just as hard-headed,"

someone sighed quietly.

"Full of loyalty, yet rotten like swamp mud at their core!"

"Charles, you fake believer! Despicable traitor!"

Old Jasper did not retreat, cursing sharply as if he were the one passing judgment.

Not far off, near a building with stained-glass windows,

Governor Charles stood with a dark expression, his eyes as cold as the deep sea before a storm.

"How dare he bark like a wild dog in the streets, tarnishing the reputation of the governor—permit me to silence him forever."

An official behind him whispered, his hand already on the hilt of his sword.

Charles said nothing, only slightly raised one finger.

The official immediately bowed and stepped back.

Soon, a group of ragged, ferocious-looking thugs blocked Jasper's path.

"You old fool, making the whole street restless..."

The leader, a scar-faced brute, grinned maliciously as he approached.

"Charles sent you, didn't he?"

"Is he feeling guilty? How could he, after committing treason and usurpation, still fear the condemnation of an old man? He will be reviled by all, and never find peace in death!"

Old Jasper's eyes burned with intensity, showing no fear.

"You're all just wasting your breath—teach him a lesson!"

The scar-faced man barked, and the thugs raised their ironwood clubs, rushing at him.

Despite his age, Jasper had once been a trained knight.

He wielded his ancient oak staff with impressive skill, keeping the thugs at bay.

But among the thugs, there was one with steady steps and restrained breath—it was the official who had been given the order earlier.

He moved suddenly, striking a powerful blow that shattered the sturdy staff!

Then, another heavy strike sent the old man flying.

The thugs swarmed him, iron clubs falling like rain, the sound of bones breaking chilling to the spine, and the screams of agony echoed through the street.

The onlookers' faces turned pale, averting their gazes.

"Beat him to death!"

The scar-faced man ordered harshly, his eyes devoid of compassion.

The beating continued until the old man lay motionless, his bloodied body no longer moving.

They dragged his leg, treating him like an animal, leaving a long trail of blood on the stone road.

"Sigh... what a pointless sacrifice, Lord Jasper..."

People whispered, but no one dared to step forward.

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In the cold, damp dungeon, a bucket of ice-cold water was splashed on Jasper's face.

He slowly regained consciousness.

His immense vitality was his only curse—his bones shattered, yet he still lived.

Charles stood in front of him, gazing down as if looking at filth, his expression dark.

"Charles..."

The old man opened his swollen eyes, hatred burning in his pupils.

"You old fool, you're challenging my patience."

Charles' voice was as cold as iron.

"Hahaha... yes, I came seeking death... but before I die, I will make sure everyone in Truva sees your true face—you treacherous scoundrel, filthy usurper!"

Jasper laughed hoarsely, as if death were the home he had longed for.

"The Empire is dead... only you old relics are still guarding its ghost."

Charles spoke coldly.

"The fate of the Jasper family was written by your own hands."

"Your family had every glory granted by the Empire! Charles—what about you?"

"Do you even remember where you came from? You were once just a street thug, and it was the Empire that gave you identity and status! Who gave you all of this?"

"The Empire still stands, but you colluded with foreign enemies to rebel. This is the vilest of betrayals! Those who conspire with tigers end up being devoured..."

Old Jasper glared at him.

Charles' murderous intent was unmasked.

"You won't see that day."

He turned to the jailer behind him: "Chop him into pieces, feed him to the dogs."

"The Empire you served is doomed, but I, Charles, will soon be the King of Truva!"

"And your decaying Empire will be left to gaze up at my rise from the ruins."

He waved his sleeve and left without a second glance.