

Gods Daily 121

Chapter 121: The Cold Death Continues to Spread

Violet Thunder didn't even glance at the fallen warriors.

He led his troops into the city once again to complete the final cleanup.

They systematically slaughtered the remaining Holy Sword Alliance swordsmen and apprentices who had lost their will to resist.

They ransacked the alliance's accumulated wealth over countless years—resources, secret books, and exotic ore—and packed everything into specially designed space storage equipment.

A force rated as Grade Seven had accumulated an unimaginable amount of wealth. Now, the empire was in dire need of vast resources for various plans.

Aurek would not let a single thing slip by, and this was one of the key reasons for his attack on the guild and the surrounding factions.

This process continued until afternoon, as the sun began to dip in the west.

Only then did Violet Thunder, leading the heavily wounded Doomsday Legion, leave the Holy Sword Alliance's ruins, which had become a death zone, now filled with only broken walls and frozen blood.

The powerful figures who had been anxiously watching from afar for almost an entire day only dared to breathe freely once they confirmed that the terrifying black-armored warriors had completely vanished.

One by one, they realized their backs were drenched in cold sweat.

Cautiously, these strong figures approached the remains of the guild, stopping outside the massive city wall, now scarred with sword marks and charred imprints.

What they saw made their skin crawl with horror.

Heads, contorted and frozen in expressions of fear or rage, were crudely nailed to the city wall with broken ancient swords, densely packed, as though part of some sinister sacrificial ritual. The entire massive wall was nearly covered with these gruesome trophies!

Among them were the four esteemed senior officers of the alliance.

There were the renowned Mad Swordsmen of the Eighteen, whose mere name could silence crying children!

There were countless swordsmanship masters, mentors, and elites!

Stonehoof, the city captain, turned pale as paper, his hand trembling slightly on the hilt of his sword.

Many powerful figures from various factions stood frozen, a chill running down their spines, as if the icy death had passed on to them as well.

"Those black-armored Doomsday Legion... and those invisible assassins... are they the emperor Aurek's hidden forces?"

Many voices trembled, dry with fear, as they speculated.

They had only heard fragmented rumors and whispers from Eryndor City about the emperor's mysterious legion.

But they never imagined the terrifying power, the coldness, and the terrifying efficiency of such a force!

This wasn't an army—it was a natural disaster!

"Go! Move quickly!"

Many of the experts were utterly frightened, unwilling to stay even a moment longer.

They didn't dare enter the ruined city that still reeked of faint destruction and overwhelming death, fleeing as if avoiding a plague.

Stonehoof also quickly turned and left without a second glance.

He had made up his mind to write a report as soon as possible, and from now on, he would avoid any involvement with anything related to the royal family.

The elderly man holding an emerald pipe stood alone on a distant hill, gazing at the city wall filled with heads, a gruesome hellish mural, for a long time in silence.

Masters who had once been so powerful, who had commanded respect!

Countless Hero Rank experts with bright futures ahead!

All were slaughtered, as though they were mere livestock!

"Is this... really the long-dormant power of the empire?"

He muttered to himself, his voice hoarse and weary. "It... still remains terrifyingly powerful."

"Old Jasper... my dear old friend, if only you had waited a little longer before heading to Truva!"

"If you had waited, you could have seen them... You were meant to lead them, to lead His Majesty's invincible power with them. Then, you wouldn't have..."

His voice cracked, choked with emotion.

Tears, murky and heavy, slid down the deep wrinkles of his face, falling onto the dry earth.

The emerald pipe in his hand hung limply.

From the moment Jasper had decided to leave Stonehoof City and head to the Truva Governor's office to rebuke him, he had known.

With his old friend's stubborn nature, that trip would inevitably be his last, stepping into the twilight of the night!

But...

He left too early.

If only he had waited one more day, no, even just a few more hours.

Even if it meant risking his life, abandoning his noble status, he would have tried to stop this terrifying force.

Beg them, no—plead with them to go with him, to seek justice for his old friend.

Because this ancient empire should not have betrayed such a loyal, steadfast old knight.

A stubborn old fool who upheld the knight's oath until his dying breath!

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Figures wrapped in glowing energy, like fireflies, appeared before the ruins of the Holy Sword Alliance.

The sight before them made each of the newcomers' faces pale, as if an invisible hand had gripped their throats.

The towering ancient city wall, once adorned with unicorn and great sword emblems, now stood desecrated and cruel, nailed with heads whose faces were twisted in agony. It resembled a sacrificial totem in a dark temple, silently bearing witness to the destruction that had befallen.

They clenched their teeth, feeling the energy within them stir restlessly. Despite the overwhelming horror, they gathered the courage to step into the city.

Once a place of gleaming sword light and bustling voices, the Holy Sword Alliance now lay in silence, its ground littered with corpses.

The thick scent of blood mingled with the lingering aura of destruction, making it almost unbearable.

"These famous swordmasters... never imagined they could be uprooted like this."

A voice was dry and trembling, filled with disbelief and fear.

"Four senior officers... They ended up like this."

"These were legendary swordsmen!"

"...A thorough search has been conducted, but there is no sign of Lord Quin's body."

Several men frowned deeply, their expressions grave.

Moments later, two more figures arrived.

One of them landed and immediately spoke.

"According to witnesses from Stonehoof City, it was a terrifying black-armored legion, along with mysterious assassins who can merge with light and shadow. Lord Quin... he escaped."

Black-armored legion?

Mysterious assassins?

The faces of those investigating changed suddenly.

They exchanged uncertain glances, all seeing the same fear and realization in each other's eyes.

"The descriptions match the terrifying rumors from Eryndor City."

"Some say that the Holy Sword Alliance, Sky-reaching Tower, Chaos Apostle, and the Blackcrow family had once conspired to strike at the Imperial Knights. Perhaps... this was the emperor's wrath descended upon them."

One man pondered aloud.

Now, they could confirm that the emperor's actions were not mere rumors but an actual destructive force.

Hearing rumors was one thing, but witnessing the ruin of this city with their own eyes truly allowed them to grasp the terrifying might of the emperor's power, enough to make any faction or family shudder in fear.

The man leading the group spoke with a low voice.

"If even the Holy Sword Alliance, a Grade Seven power, can be erased so easily, my Starlight Adventurer Guild would probably turn to dust in the divine flames in an instant."

"This storm sweeping through the empire... we are better off staying far away from it."

The others nodded in agreement, shivers running down their spines, cold sweat soaking their backs.

The destruction of the Holy Sword Alliance was a warning that would resonate deeply in the hearts of all smaller factions.

As for whether the Sky-reaching Tower or other factions would seek revenge?

They didn't care in the slightest.

Although the Holy Sword Alliance was distant from the Sky-reaching Tower and other forces, this event would undoubtedly spread quickly.

They had no desire to be caught up in such a perilous mess.

After another quick search, they realized that all the valuable resources had already been looted. Without wasting any more time, they quickly left, unwilling to remain any longer in this deathly place.

Numerous smaller factions had also sent people to spy.

None of them stayed long, their fear spreading far and wide.

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Stonehoof City

An elderly man holding an emerald pipe sat alone in a garden pavilion, his shadow stretching long under the setting sun.

Jasper had been his last true friend.

In their youth, they had ridden side by side, earning the title of "The Thirty Wolf Riders of Truva." Now, only he remained.

After a moment, a dignified, golden-haired middle-aged man entered the pavilion, bowing respectfully.

"Grandfather, you called for me?"

"How are the investigations going?"

Stearn picked up his pipe and gently tapped it on the cold stone table, the dull sound echoing.

The middle-aged man's face flickered with discomfort, and he hesitated before speaking.

"Grandfather... Jasper... he met with misfortune."

Stearn's hand froze mid-tap.

The middle-aged man paused for a moment, then, with great reluctance, continued.

"Grandfather, you... you shouldn't keep pushing on this. You don't know, Charles that scoundrel... he had Jasper... torn apart and fed to the hunting dogs!"

"This is the consequence of opposing him. You must not stir up this trouble anymore!"

Snap!

Stearn suddenly lifted his head, his old eyes blazing with a fire so intense that it seemed to burn through the middle-aged man.

"You say what? That wretch Charles dared to do such a thing?!"

"It's absolutely true!"

"This has already spread through Truva!"

The middle-aged man had intended to frighten the elder into silence.

"Scoundrel!"

Stearn's fury exploded, and with a mighty slap on the stone table, the sturdy stone shattered with a deafening crack.

"Charles, that shameless traitor!"

"How dare he?!"

"Grandfather! You can speak about it in private, but never, ever mention it outside!"

"Otherwise, not only you, but our entire family might be dragged down!"

The middle-aged man's face turned pale, his voice trembling.

The tragic fate of the Jasper family was a bloody lesson.

Stearn's chest heaved violently, his eyes burning with fury, but he struggled to suppress it.

Having lived to his age, he knew full well the concerns of his descendants.

His voice was hoarse with rage as he spoke.

"I won't drag the family down... but I will never pretend I don't know about Jasper's death!"

"Grandfather! Can't we just pretend we don't know? Don't you want to live the rest of your days in peace?"

The middle-aged man nearly begged.

"Live in peace? Hmph!"

Stearn let out a cold laugh, tinged with bitterness and mockery.

"That's what's wrong with you young ones—you've lost all your spine!"

"He was my old comrade in arms! I may be old, but my blood still runs hot!"

"When someone dies, they're no more than dust in the ground!"

Stearn spoke to himself, his murky gaze staring into the grey sky.

The ruins of the Holy Sword Alliance filled his mind.

Those mighty black-armored warriors could wipe out the Holy Sword Alliance with ease—how terrifying they must be.

He had confirmed that this power truly came from the empire.

"I'm going to Eryndor City!"

"I will accuse that traitor Charles of rebellion and the murder of an imperial loyalist!"

"I will plead with His Majesty to avenge him!"

"I'm going, whether it's useful or not!"

Stearn's voice was quiet but filled with unwavering determination.

"No matter the outcome, I will have no regrets in this life."

"If... if His Majesty refuses to intervene, if he won't seek justice for an old subject... then I will have no more illusions."

With those final words, Stearn slowly stood up, his old body even more hunched than before. He grabbed his emerald pipe, took a step, and then paused.

His voice drifted back in the wind.

"From now on, consider me dead to the family... if you have any filial piety left, build me a tombstone."

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