Gods Daily 124

Chapter 124: The Chessmaster in the Mist

Sky-reaching Tower.

Located on the edge of Truva Province in the towering Dobimon Mountains,

This mountain harbored three mana convergence points in its deep veins, where mana was abundant to an extreme.

It was this rare mana that had helped Sky-reaching Tower rise to its present power, a formidable Grade Seven force.

At this moment, the Tower Lord, Diston, was in a heavy mood.

Upon hearing about the fate of Unicorn Guild, he had immediately sent powerful individuals to survey every corner of the tower, reinforcing the defensive barriers significantly.

"Lord, do you think Aurek discovered our plans and acted preemptively?"

A senior officer approached Diston, his face shadowed with anxiety.

Though the chairman of Unicorn Guild was away, seeking a way to break through to the pinnacle of Master Rank, the guild was still heavily fortified under Quin’s leadership, with four senior officers and the mighty "Eighteen Swordsmen Formation" at their disposal.

Even with all this, they had been completely wiped out.

Diston had personally inspected the city walls, where rows of severed heads were nailed to the stone, a scene so grim that even a veteran like him was left in shock.

"We can’t be sure yet," Diston replied, his voice deep with concern. "Continue to strengthen the defenses. We cannot afford to let our guard down. Send disciples to closely monitor the surrounding area. If we spot the Doomsday Warriors, report immediately."

"Tomorrow, I’ll meet with Count Blackcrow and the leader of the Chaos Apostle to discuss our next steps."

"As for Oracle Mountain... We need to send them an honest report. These enormous forces in the background can’t keep pushing us to the front while remaining distant themselves."

"Aurek’s power has become a serious threat to us. The issue now is no longer whether we should eliminate the Imperial Knights, but how we are going to handle this formidable army."

The senior officer nodded.

"Understood. I’ll send word to Oracle Mountain immediately."

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Eastern Eura Continent.

The Crossbridge Empire lay like a long-dormant golden lion, sprawled across the rich, vast land.

Its heart was the majestic Eryndor City, with its bloodline extending through the Roxia and Heigaoer provinces,

And these two vast territories were separated by the massive Anubichi Mountain Range.

This mountain range was no ordinary landform. In ancient legend, it was said to be the point where the veins of the Earth Mother Goddess converged, a "primordial vein" flowing with the world’s essence.

The energy here was incredibly pure, making the depths of the mountains a sacred place for scholars to meditate, knights to forge their will, and even various intelligent beings seeking enlightenment. The air was constantly filled with an energy glow that calmed the mind while subtly invigorating the spirit.

Deep in the mountain range, shrouded in eternal mist, stood Oracle Mountain, a towering peak that reached into the clouds.

Oracle Mountain was not just a single peak but a vast complex of buildings.

Ancient stone temples were built into the mountain, covered in glowing magical moss. Observatories with sharp spires pointed toward the heavens as though listening to the secrets of the stars, and there was even a stargazing platform suspended over the cliffside, held up by an invisible mana field. Those daring enough to step upon it walked in the sky.

Waterfalls cascaded from a thousand-meter height, their roar like the eternal beating of war drums, plunging into a bottomless gorge, and the mist they raised formed an unbroken rainbow bridge under the sunlight.

The winged horses in their nests called low, casting giant shadows over the land as their wings cut through the sky, while occasional flashes of pure elemental spirits appeared, natural manifestations of the mountain's energy.

This was Oracle Mountain, one of the most revered powers in the empire, even respected by the Ordon Theocracy.

An ancient force that transcended worldly politics yet was intricately tied to them.

At this moment, on a precarious stargazing platform, two figures sat across from each other at a sand table.

The sand table flickered with light and shadow, presenting a miniature model of the empire's vast territories, important cities, and various factions, their banners representing different powers. It was as if an invisible, silent war was unfolding within the sand.

One of them was wearing a deep blue mage robe, with silver threads embroidered into a complex seven-pointed star array on the fabric. With every breath, the stars seemed to subtly shift.

He was an elderly man, his hair and beard white, his deep eyes radiating wisdom and tranquility.

He was Lars, the Guardian of Oracle Mountain, respected as the "Old Guardian of the Mountain."

The man opposite him, Marquis Marchin, the actual ruler of Heigaoer Province,

Wore a perfectly tailored emerald green noble’s outfit, with a family crest of a falcon soaring through a storm embroidered on his shoulder.

His face was resolute, and his every movement exuded the absolute authority of someone accustomed to wielding life and death.

At this moment, he gently tapped the edge of the sand table, his sharp gaze scanning the shifting situation.

"I heard that the two old men hiding in their own Peach Blossom Spring in Crimson Hills are finally getting restless and starting to make their moves?"

Lars’ voice broke the silence.

He did not look up, his gaze fixed on the miniature peach tree model representing the Crimson Hills region.

A barely perceptible smile played at the corner of Marchin’s mouth, not a warm smile, but one of ironic understanding, as though he knew exactly how things were unfolding.

He picked up an obsidian chess piece and lightly placed it on the sand table near the border of Roxia Province.

"Lord Lars, your vision always seems to pierce through the mist."

"Indeed, they are like the most astute orchard keepers, always reaching out at just the right moment when the fruits are at their sweetest. Their timing is impeccable, truly awe-inspiring."

He paused, tapping the chess piece with his fingertip.

"But if they pick the most ripe fruit, those who are left to pick up the scraps beneath the tree will surely harbor resentment, like wildfire spreading."

"After all, a hungry wolf doesn’t know when to stop."

"Heh..."

Lars chuckled deeply, his amusement evident.

"Those two old tricksters, as shrewd as the dwarf chieftains who can sniff out gold three miles underground. They never make a bad deal."

His smile faded slightly as he gestured toward the temple model on the sand table, representing the Ordon Theocracy.

"The Ordon Theocracy now resembles a broken ship that’s collided with an iceberg. The keel has cracked, and it can no longer control this increasingly complicated game. The deck is filled with passengers pointing fingers, while the sailors are each acting on their own."

"For now, let them be. They are just opportunistic players on the edge of the board."

Lars’ tone shifted, immediately turning to the core of the matter.

"You, my dear Marchin, need to turn your attention to the highest throne in Valoria Palace."

"Our young emperor, Aurek... his recent actions no longer seem like those of a lion dozing quietly."

"I sense... a different kind of aura. It's as if the young lion is sharpening its claws in silence, preparing to let out its own roar."

Marquis Marchin's smile did not falter, but it deepened slightly.

"Perhaps it's the blood of the Veynar family lion finally waking up within him. Or perhaps there's a mentor in the shadows, one we don't yet know about?"

He picked up a golden chess piece representing the royal guards and idly played with it between his fingers.

"He certainly has shown some... unexpected tricks, like an apprentice eager to show off a newly learned magic trick to the audience."

"But rest assured, Lord Lars, everything is still under control. Before the storm comes, there must be some thunder to signal its arrival."

"The winds of change in Roxia Province will eventually culminate in a flash of lightning, and the Anubichi Mountain Range will be at the heart of it. You, Lord Lars, are the most adept at listening to the pulse of the mountain!"

"Under control?"

Lars' eyes narrowed slightly.