

Gods Daily 125

Chapter 125: Expansion of Three Million

Lars gently shook his head.

"Marchin, never underestimate any monarch who has the blood of Emperor Aurek Veynar, the founder of the empire, running through their veins, no matter how young they appear. Arrogance is the quickest path to failure."

He pointed his finger at a region on the sand table, shrouded in a faint mist. There were no models, only a swirling nebula of light and shadow.

"Especially pay attention to the attitude of the Sigeits Parliament."

"The being who hides within the nebula, although few in his disciples, each one shines like the brightest star in the night sky."

"As far as I know, he has three students, two of whom remain at the fortress known as 'City of Wisdom.'"

"Among them, one seems to be attempting to decipher and master the legendary 'The Twenty-Four Temporal Laws.'"

When Lars mentioned the "Sigeits Parliament" and "The Twenty-Four Temporal Laws," his tone became noticeably serious, even tinged with subtle caution.

Marquis Marchin's gaze instantly sharpened. He was, of course, well aware of the mysterious, transcendent place and understood the profound power represented by "The Twenty-Four Temporal Laws."

"If the Sigeits Parliament decides to intervene in imperial matters, Lord Lars, would you personally step in?" Marquis Marchin asked cautiously.

Master Lars smiled lightly. "Intervene? Perhaps."

"But it may be too late. After all, the chessboard has already been overturned, and now, everyone is a player."

A glint of understanding flashed in Marquis Marchin's eyes as he looked at Lars with deep meaning.

"However, speaking of the chessboard and the pieces... did you not leave some... hm... 'guiding' marks on Sacco? He is a young prodigy highly favored by Karon, a shining new piece suddenly entering the game."

Lars' smile became enigmatic, like the mist surrounding Oracle Mountain.

"Karon's vision is indeed sharp. He chose this raw gem, like an uncut diamond."

"A young man like him, full of vigor, often breaks the deadlock, stirring up stagnant waters and pushing the situation in unpredictable yet full-of-possibility directions. This may not be a bad thing for all the forces awaiting change."

His tone suddenly shifted, and his gaze bore down on Marchin like a solid weight.

"On the other hand, your Marchin family, after thousands of years in hiding, are you truly prepared to face the storm that is about to engulf the entire empire?"

"When the tide rises, the steersman at the bow must be the one with the firmest will."

Marquis Marchin's expression instantly became extremely serious, his posture straightening.

"Lord Lars, with your strategic command behind the scenes, how could the Marchin family fail to meet your expectations and guidance?"

His voice was filled with an undeniable resolve.

"When the storm breaks and the imperial order is reshaped, our family will give everything to wash away the shame of that catastrophic defeat thousands of years ago! The flag of the Blue Hawk will once again soar at the peak of the empire!"

"Good."

Lars slowly stood, walking steadily to the far edge of the astrological platform.

He gazed down at the surging clouds beneath, as unpredictable as fate itself, his eyes seemingly piercing through layers of time and space, seeing countless possibilities in both the past and the future.

"Outside the empire, those who seek to stretch their claws over us, I will stop them. As for within the empire..."

He slightly turned his head, his peripheral vision sweeping across the Marquis Marchin behind him.

"Whether this game ends in a complete victory depends on your own methods, courage, and... the arrangement of fate."

Who could have imagined that, over the course of ten thousand years, time would slowly guide the Crossbridge Empire into the great whirlpool that defines its present situation?

Its origin, in the beginning, stemmed from a few private conversations between a handful of people.

Countless powerful families and influential forces had unknowingly become the weapons in the hands of others, cutting away at the flesh of the Crossbridge Empire, a massive beast that appeared unbreakable but had long since been hollowed out from within.

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Ten days later.

Eryndor City still bathed in the peaceful morning light.

Beneath this calm, however, there were hidden currents, with countless eyes closely watching the movements deep within the imperial palace.

Finally, at noon on the tenth day, as the bells of the cathedral rang the twelfth chime, a strong, restrained aura began to spread from deep within the emperor's chambers, like a sleeping lion opening its eyes.

Aurek had ended his seclusion.

He stepped out of his meditation room, his body exuding energy waves that were now more refined and harmonious. He had clearly reached master rank lv4.

This was not just an increase in power; it was a deepened understanding of the rules.

With a slight motion of his will, a pair of wings made of pure lightning elements flickered behind him, and the air crackled with a soft popping sound.

At this moment, even facing ancient monsters with peak master rank strength, he was capable of facing them head-on, perhaps even defeating them.

The progress in his cultivation brought joy, though it was subdued.

What truly excited him, however, was the system's feedback—over the past ten days, he had bred a total of six thousand Hero Rank summoned soldiers!

These soldiers possessed the strength to fight against, and even slay, master rank experts!

This powerful force, seemingly appearing out of nowhere, was like a hidden sword in its sheath—once drawn, it would plunge deep into any enemy who underestimated the royal power, plunging them into the deepest despair.

Without hesitation, Aurek immediately ordered his Captain of the Guard, Harland, to establish three exclusive military camps in strategic locations surrounding Eryndor City.

The three summoned armies, Elemental Assassins, Doom Legion, and Mountain Shieldbearers, had now been formally organized into "Elemental Assassin Legion," "Doom Legion," and "Mountain Shieldbearer Legion."

Their flags—intertwined light and shadow, lightning and swords, and towering mountains—flapped proudly above Eryndor City.

At noon, sunlight streamed through the stained-glass windows, casting dappled light and shadow on the deep-red velvet carpet in the palace.

Aurek sat on his throne, radiating an innate aura of authority without anger.

William, Heimerdinger, and several core officials had long been waiting respectfully, presenting him with a stack of parchments needing his review.

Aurek flipped through them one by one.

The contents of the documents covered various aspects of imperial governance.

But aside from matters related to the pacification, governance, and official appointments of the newly integrated four provinces, his sharp gaze finally rested on a thick dossier concerning the scale and budget of the imperial standing army.

The four provinces, vast in territory and rich in resources, were important buffer zones for the empire.

Although in times of peace, local city defense forces and provincial guards could maintain basic order and collect taxes, Aurek knew very well that once the empire fell into true turmoil, these local armed forces could easily collapse under the infiltration of various forces.

Only by establishing more core elite forces, like the Imperial Knights, who were loyal and powerful, could these scattered local forces be effectively integrated and commanded, tightening them into a cohesive force.

Moreover...

In his strategic vision, these four provinces were merely the first line of defense around Eryndor City.

Once the storm fully broke, the pressure from enemies both inside and outside the empire would exceed all expectations.

Relying on just these defenses would be far from enough.

"One million standing troops?"

Aurek closed the document.

"This number is a drop in the ocean; it's far from enough!"