

## Gods Daily 126

Chapter 126: The Last Loyal Soul of the Empire

William, Heimerdinger, and the others exchanged worried glances upon hearing Aurek's decree.

William took a deep breath.

"Your Majesty, your will is the empire's direction."

"However, while the imperial treasury is still full, maintaining a standing army of a million is already at the limit."

"To further build it into a well-equipped and well-trained legion would require resources that are astronomical enough to drain the empire."

His words were filled with caution and concern.

"You need not worry excessively about resources."

Aurek's gaze was sharp, like that of an eagle.

"My decision is final: the imperial standing army must be expanded to three million on the current foundation!"

His voice was not loud, yet it thundered in the ears of the ministers.

The faces of William and the others instantly changed.

Heimerdinger could not help but speak, his voice filled with urgency.

"Your Majesty, please reconsider!"

"The taxes the empire can currently levy are insufficient to support such a massive army..."

"I've already said, there's no need to rely on taxes."

Aurek's tone turned cold, tinged with a hint of murderous intent.

"The empire's resources are like a fertile pasture. Over the years, it has fattened too many wolves that only know how to take and even bite the hand that feeds them."

"It is time for a thorough reckoning. We shall hunt them down, and the wealth they have accumulated will be used to nourish the empire's armed forces."

Hmm?

William and the others froze for a moment, then immediately recalled the recent destruction of the local noble forces in the four provinces. They suddenly understood.

The Emperor was aiming directly at those entrenched local nobles and independent forces that had grown too powerful!

Eliminating forces like the Holy Sword Alliance and Sky-reaching Tower—those who disobeyed orders yet were rich enough to rival nations—would not only eliminate massive security threats but also seize vast resources.

Moreover...

Aurek's mind stirred, and the "Chapter of the Empire," which bore the empire's fortune, slowly unfolded in his consciousness.

This was not just a symbolic trinket, but a supreme secret technique capable of activating and controlling the empire's destiny.

Through it, Aurek could formally appoint generals and legions, granting them the empire's fortune, greatly enhancing their cohesion, battle spirit, soldiers' potential, and overall combat power.

Its effects were far beyond what ordinary training could achieve.

The ministers fell into deep thought, beginning to discuss the specific execution plans in low voices.

The atmosphere in the hall became tense, filled with a sense of excitement and ambition due to the Emperor's earth-shattering decision.

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Meanwhile, outside the Jade Gate of Eryndor City.

An old man, whose clothes were slightly worn and who carried an old pipe, stopped and gazed up at the towering, gleaming city walls.

The Jade Gate... he had been here before.

At that time, he was a member of the "Truva Thirty-One Wolf Warrior" and a proud soldier of the empire's legion.

Now, he was nothing but an old man with one foot in the grave.

He stood there for a long time.

The old man trembled as he pulled out a blood-soaked petition from his chest.

Then, he kneeled down, bowing deeply towards the gate.

"Truva Province, Stonehoof City, Steurn!"

"I beseech the Emperor! I have been wronged, and I beg your Majesty for justice!"

His voice was both mournful and resolute, echoing through the Jade Gate.

The bustling crowd was drawn to his sudden shout, stopping to watch.

The guards at the gate cast wary glances.

"I am Steurn from Truva Province! I beseech the Emperor!"

"I have been wronged. I beg the Emperor to take action!"

Steurn rose, taking a few steps forward before kneeling again.

"What's with this old man? Making noise outside Eryndor City's gates. Does he not fear being caught by the guards?"

"First time I've heard of someone coming from the outer provinces to Eryndor City to file a complaint. Will it even matter?"

"Who has time for that old fool? He's just a dying old man!"

"Exactly, the empire's in such a state, who has time to deal with a lowly man like him!"

The crowd murmured among themselves.

Stearn paid no attention to their gossip.

His voice, hoarse from age, became even more sorrowful.

"I seek justice! Truva Province's Governor Charles harbors ill intentions and defies the empire's glory!"

"I seek justice against Charles for endangering the people of the empire!"

"The Jasper family, steadfast supporters of the empire, was massacred! The loyal veterans of Truva Province have been trampled! I beg your Majesty for justice!"

"Please, Your Majesty, I beg for justice for the empire's veterans!"

By the end of his shout, his voice choked with emotion.

When he reached the base of the Jade Gate, the sound of hooves suddenly broke the silence.

A cavalry officer, clad in imperial armor, rode up and dismounted.

He looked at Stearn, whose forehead was stained with blood, and his eyes were filled with tears.

"Old man, who are you accusing?"

"General!"

Stearn knelt, his bloodshot eyes looking up.

"I, Steurn, an old veteran of the Truva legion's Wolf Warrior regiment, seek justice today!"

"I accuse Truva Province's Governor Charles of rebellion!"

"I accuse him of murdering the old veterans of the Truva legion's Wolf Warrior regiment, and the Jasper family!"

"I accuse him of harming the empire's blood and trampling on the glory and loyalty of its citizens!"

"Please, Your Majesty, I beg for justice!"

The officer's expression instantly darkened like water.

He clenched the blood-soaked petition, mounted his horse, and sped off toward the palace!

In front of the palace gates, Captain Harland was inspecting the defenses.

"My lord!"

The officer dismounted and saluted, handing over the blood-soaked petition.

"An old man claiming to be an imperial veteran has arrived at the Jade Gate, presenting a blood petition, accusing Truva Province's governor."

"An imperial veteran?"

Harland frowned.

"He claims to be from the former Truva legion, though that unit was disbanded years ago. I'm not sure if it's true..."

The officer added.

Harland quickly skimmed through the blood-soaked petition, and a sharp light flashed in his eyes. He immediately turned and hurried toward the Emperor's chambers.

Inside the imperial palace, the discussion about the army expansion had just concluded.

"Your Majesty!"

Harland's voice sounded from outside the door.

"Enter."

Aurek's voice rang out.

Harland entered and presented the blood-soaked petition.

"Your Majesty, an imperial veteran is outside Jade Gate, accusing the governor of Truva Province."

"An imperial veteran?"

William and the other veteran ministers looked on in surprise.

Aurek took the petition, his eyes sharp as he read each word carefully.

In an instant, an unparalleled murderous aura emanated from him, and the temperature in the entire chamber seemed to drop several degrees.

"Your Majesty, how shall we handle this matter?"

Harland asked respectfully.

Aurek did not answer immediately.

He set down the document in his hand, gripped the heavy blood petition, and strode out of the imperial chambers.

Standing at the top of the palace steps, his deep eyes seemed to pierce through the walls of the palace, directly locking onto the Jade Gate.

His powerful divine sense spread like mercury, instantly covering the entire Eryndor City.

"These imperial veterans are the last ones with any loyalty left to the empire!"

Aurek's voice was icy, filled with undeniable killing intent. "Whoever dares to disappoint them... I will kill them!"

Before his words had even finished, the Sacrospring Sword, hovering in the emperor's palace, suddenly emitted a clear hum. It transformed into a dazzling streak of light and shot out!

Whoosh—!

The light streaked across the sky above Eryndor City.

As all the citizens watched in shock, a resounding boom echoed, and the sword embedded itself three inches into the stone in front of Steurn, who had been kneeling at the Jade Gate!

The sword hummed softly, resonating like a deep, low note.