

## Gods Daily 127

Chapter 127: Strike First, Report Later, Royal Authorization

Clang—

Boom!

As the sword fell, the earth began to tremble slightly.

A relentless surge of heavily armored soldiers, radiating a terrifying aura, charged out from the royal palace like an unstoppable iron tide.

The heavy footsteps and the pounding of warhorse hooves blended into a heart-pounding torrent that swept through the entire Emerald Street!

The shops lining the street rattled as their doors and windows quivered, and cups and dishes on tables danced with every tremor.

The crowd, in a panic, hurriedly moved aside.

Soon, some of them recognized the familiar faces among the ranks—these were none other than the Doomsday Warriors, the ones who had previously destroyed Hyrule War Academy. The crowd's hearts jumped into their throats!

And this time,

There were even more of them!

A full two thousand black-armored Doomsday Warriors!

In addition to them, there were another two thousand gold-armored warriors from the Giant Shield Legion!

"By the Goddess! How... how is this possible?!"

The sunlight reflected off the golden shoulder plates, flashing a blinding light that no one could look at directly.

The black-armored warriors, on the other hand, seemed like cracks in the abyss, devouring the surrounding light and hope.

Carl, watching from a distance, felt his heart clutched by an icy hand.

Cold sweat soaked the back of his velvet robe, and his breathing became strained and erratic.

"Doomsday Warriors... even with just nine hundred of them, various factions were already overwhelmed, but now there are two thousand more!"

"And those two thousand gold-armored warriors... Aurek, is your royal palace connected to the Abyss?"

His inner fear grew like tangled vines, the invisible pressure almost crushing him.

It wasn't just Carl. All around the Imperial Capital, countless pairs of eyes were locked on this terrifying force.

Princess Isabella of Frostvale, clad in an ice silk robe, her beautiful face flickered with a hint of shock.

Her cold gaze followed the progress of the army.

"Such power... Where did the Empire get such strength?"

Julia and Cheryl stood behind her, their faces equally grave.

Spies from forces like the Holy Sword Alliance and Unicorn Trading Guild struggled to suppress the storm of emotions inside them.

"Gods above!"

A young man from Clover Auction House cried out in disbelief.

"I remember that nine hundred black-armored warriors had already left but never returned! Now, two thousand more appear! And those gold-armored warriors... How many of these monsters are hiding in the palace?"

Ordinary soldiers, even a million of them, wouldn't be remarkable.

But this army—the energy emanating from every soldier was akin to that of a seasoned knight commander!

The Empire could continuously deploy such a force. This completely shattered his understanding.

The streets of Eryndor City were packed with people, a sea of humanity filling every alley and rooftop, eager to witness this shocking sight.

Countless invisible mind powers swept over the silent army like unseen tendrils.

On the long bridge, Lister of the Skyeeye Guild could no longer maintain his usual composure.

His handsome face darkened, his azure eyes filled with disbelief and a hint of imperceptible frustration.

"Two thousand more... Is the palace's power truly inexhaustible?"

He had carefully planned to cut off the Empire's external influence, but now, he felt like a child trying to stop a tsunami with a stick.

Beside him, the scruffy old man seldom showed a rare sense of seriousness.

His powerful mind power locked onto the departing army like a hawk, muttering to himself.

"For the first time in a thousand years... I feel a sense of dread."

Inside the blacksmith shop, a burly man paused in his work, staring dumbfounded as the Doomsday Warriors surged past his shop.

"Light of the Gods... Where did these armies come from?"

He recalled the terrifying defensive power of the gold-armored warriors when Bloodblade attacked the Imperial Capital, his mind in turmoil.

All eyes ultimately converged at the Jade Gate of Eryndor City.

Angie stepped out from the military ranks, holding a royal decree.

"Stearn, receive the decree!"

Stearn, overwhelmed with tears, pressed his forehead heavily against the cold stone slab.

"This sword, named 'Divine Spring,' symbolizes the Empire's will!"

"Those who wield this sword, strike first and report later, with the authorization of the king!"

These few words, like thunderclaps, echoed in everyone's hearts!

To wield a sword and kill, with the king's authorization!

What kind of power and trust was this?!

Angie handed the decree to the trembling Steurn, her voice low but firm.

"Steurn, with this sacred sword, all Imperial legions, including the four thousand soldiers behind you, are at your disposal."

"Governor Charles of Truva Province has betrayed the nation and harmed the people. His Majesty commands you, with this sword, to carry out divine punishment in His stead!"

With trembling hands, Steurn took the decree, clutching the Sacro Spring Sword tightly to his chest.

His once cloudy old eyes now sparkled with a sharp light.

"For the Empire! For His Majesty!"

"For the eternal prosperity of the Crossbridge Empire!"

The four thousand warriors roared in unison, their voices shaking the heavens and earth.

The iron tide surged forward, heading towards Truva Province, carrying with it the Empire's fury and will.

"Royal authorization... this sword itself is the most powerful weapon."

Many commoners silently repeated the words "royalty" in their hearts, feeling a long-lost, comforting sense of immense power.

The Empire had chosen its loyal subjects!

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The display of the Empire's power was like a massive stone thrown into a calm lake, sending waves crashing in every direction.

On the bridge, Lister turned to the scruffy old man.

"We must immediately head to Truva, get there before them. I can't afford to miss this confrontation."

In his eyes burned a competitive flame.

The old man clicked his tongue.

"Kid, your temper is going to get you into trouble someday. But... it wouldn't hurt to see for yourself."

Nearby, Adrian looked worried. He had already sent urgent intelligence to Duke Frostborne—the situation in the Imperial Capital was now completely out of control.

Meanwhile, in several faction strongholds, panic began to spread.

Members of the Holy Sword Alliance were preparing to flee Eryndor City, only to be stopped by a ghostly figure.

It was Bladecaller, but he now wore a deathly pallor, his eyes hollow as if he had just crawled out of a grave.

"Bladecaller, you're back!"

"How is the Alliance?"

Bladecaller's voice was hoarse and filled with despair.

"The Alliance... is no more! The four Sword Elders, Juz... they all died in battle!"

"Our swordsmen... their heads were hung on the city walls by those demons!"

The others stood in stunned disbelief, unable to process the horror.

"No... this can't be true!"

"It was the Empire's Doomsday Warriors... and those ghostly figures hiding in the shadows..."

Bladecaller's voice broke with a sob.

"Leave now, get out of here!"

"We... we have no home left!"

Fear instantly overwhelmed hatred. The few of them fled like stray dogs, their hearts heavy with dread.

Similar scenes were unfolding in other places.

Carl from Thunder Guild immediately ordered a full retreat upon witnessing the destructive force.

People from Unicorn Trading Guild and Storm Valley were also fleeing in panic.

Only those from Count Blackcrow's faction chose to remain hidden, watching quietly from the sidelines.

Isabella of Frostvale made a decision, sending Julia back to the Northern Lands with urgent news, while she and Cheryl stayed behind to continue engaging with the Empire.

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