

Gods Daily 129

Chapter 129: The Doom Legion Approaches the City

The capital of Truva Province.

On the massive stone walls, the sound of patrolling soldiers' footsteps echoed heavily.

Since Governor Charles had announced the reconstruction of the Truva Legion, this border town had been shrouded in a tense atmosphere, as though a storm was about to break.

Captain Ian furrowed his brows, absentmindedly stroking the hilt of his sword. He gazed at the vast plains outside the city, and the uneasy feeling in his chest grew stronger by the minute.

As an experienced officer, he could feel the unusual magical fluctuations in the air.

"My lord, what are you looking at?" the adjutant asked carefully.

Ian didn't turn around. His voice was low and grave.

"A storm is coming. Send orders down—double the vigilance on all watchtowers."

As soon as his words fell, an unnatural cloud of dust rose on the distant horizon. At first, there was only a faint tremor, but it quickly intensified, as though an army of thousands was galloping toward them.

The soldiers on the city wall began to stir, fear creeping into their hearts as they looked toward the ever-approaching dust cloud.

"Enemy attack! Prepare for battle!"

The alarm bells rang out, and the entire city was instantly thrown into a state of readiness.

As the dust cloud gradually cleared, every soldier on the wall gasped in shock.

The golden and black-armored formations of the enemy army appeared like a tide of death, gleaming ominously under the sun.

The most terrifying of all were the black-armored warriors—an aura of destruction surrounded them, and even from behind the city walls, their presence could be felt.

"Blessed by the God of Light..." a young soldier muttered to himself, his spear trembling slightly in his hands.

Ian's face turned pale instantly.

He recognized these soldiers—the very same ones responsible for the massacre at the Holy Sword Alliance.

Their presence emanated a pure, unmasked intent for annihilation, like a gaze from the abyss itself.

This time, he was no longer an observer. This destructive force was now aimed directly at the city he was sworn to protect, and there was nowhere for him to run.

He had witnessed the aftermath of the battle at Blade Edge City, seen the gruesome heads hanging on the shattered city walls.

Now, facing the army head-on, he truly felt the oppressive, soul-chilling weight of their power.

"In the name of the Empire's glory, by His Majesty's orders, I will execute the traitor Charles!"

Stearn's elderly but firm voice rang out like a death knell.

"Open the gates!"

Meanwhile, inside the most luxurious Governor's Mansion in the center of Truva Province, Charles was sitting in a grand hall adorned with magnificent tapestries and the heads of beasts, discussing important matters with a dozen Expert Rank warriors who had come to pledge their allegiance.

These warriors were not directly under Charles's command but had come from various places, sensing an opportunity. They were well aware of Charles's close ties to Sky-reaching Tower, the Chaos Apostles, and Count Blackcrow. There seemed to be a larger shadow behind him, and they were eager to lend their strength to counter the fearsome Doom Legion and Imperial Knights.

Charles was more than happy to see these powerful figures join his cause. It was the perfect time to make use of them, so he welcomed them as honored guests, offering promises of wealth and status.

The atmosphere in the hall was lively, with the warriors discussing how to cooperate with these powerful factions to set an ambush and eradicate the isolated Imperial elite.

Just then, an official from the Governor's Mansion rushed into the hall, rolling and stumbling in his haste.

He didn't even have time to observe proper etiquette, rushing in with panic in his eyes.

"Governor! There's trouble! Disaster is upon us!"

Charles furrowed his brow in displeasure. This lack of composure in front of the newly allied warriors was a huge loss of face.

The dozen experts also looked puzzled and turned toward the door.

"What's all this fuss about? Have some decorum!" Charles's voice was icy, like the frost of the northern lands.

"Speak! What is it that has you so flustered?"

The official's face was ashen, struggling to catch his breath.

"My lord... It's Steurn!"

"That old man from Stonehoof City... He's leading an army here, and he's specifically coming for you!"

"Steurn?" Charles's eyes flashed with cold malice.

"That old fool who's always in league with Jasper? He took down the Jasper family but forgot about this thorn in his side!"

His voice was filled with murderous intent. He had forgotten about Steurn, given his deep connections with Jasper.

"Governor, there's no need to worry!"

One of the burly Expert Rank warriors stood up first, cupping his hands and speaking in a tone of assurance.

"He's just an old man about to die, leading a bunch of rabble. Perfect! Let us brothers handle him. It will be a gift to you, to show our sincerity in joining your cause!"

The other warriors nodded in agreement. They saw that Charles still had some doubts about their strength and were eager to prove themselves.

Before the words had even left his mouth, the group turned and surged toward the door, their energy swirling around them as they prepared to take flight toward the city gates, their speed so fast that only afterimages remained.

"Wait! Everyone, please stay!"

The official finally caught his breath and rushed forward, trying to stop them.

"Let me explain... the army outside..."

"Governor, just wait here and expect good news!" The experts' voices interrupted the official, and their figures shot through the door, heading toward the gates.

They were eager to secure a quick victory to prove their worth and gain resources.

The official opened his mouth, but it closed with a helpless sigh. The warriors had already vanished into the sky.

Charles stood with his hands clasped behind his back, not attempting to stop them.

He truly needed to see what these new recruits were capable of. While Truva Province was large, its resources were tight after supplying the powerful figures in the back mountains and his own personal training needs.

He didn't want to waste time on useless individuals.

The official gave a bitter smile and turned to Charles, bowing deeply with a tremor in his voice.

"My lord... the army outside... They're from Eryndor City! They are Aurek's forces!"

"Eryndor City?!"

Charles's pupils contracted sharply. An ominous premonition instantly seized his heart.

"You mean to say, that Steurn old fool... is bringing the forces from Eryndor City?"

"Didn't he rally some ragtag army from Stonehoof City?"

The official nodded vigorously, still trembling with fear.

"There are about two thousand warriors in shining golden armor, and another two thousand black-armored soldiers... Their aura... it's... it's like that of the Doom Legion!"

"My lord, that destructive aura is so terrifying that even from behind thick walls, it made my legs go weak. It's exactly like the rumors about the Doom Legion!"

"What did you say?! Two thousand Doom Legion?!"

Charles's mind reeled. He grabbed the official by the shoulder, his sharp gaze seeming to pierce through him.

"Are you sure you're not mistaken?! Two thousand?!"

"Absolutely certain, my lord!"

"The aura—there's no mistake about it!"

The official spoke with unwavering certainty, still visibly shaking as he recalled the sight from outside the city walls.

"Two thousand... How is this possible?!"

Charles's face turned dark, almost monstrous.

He paced back and forth, like a wild animal trapped in a cage.

"To deal with the Holy Sword Alliance, we only sent five hundred soldiers! Why would Aurek send such a huge force for an old man on his last legs?"

"How could Eryndor City possibly have this many soldiers? Absurd! This is absolutely absurd!"

He couldn't accept the fact. It was far beyond anything he had anticipated or controlled.

After a few bitter laughs, trying to dispel his fear, Charles suddenly stopped in his tracks and barked:

"Send orders immediately!"

"Mobilize all of Truva's forces, and send reinforcements quickly! If the army outside dares to attack the city, kill them without mercy! Go!"

The official was trembling in fear but dared not defy the orders. He quickly cupped his hands and retreated, his steps unsteady.

Charles said nothing more. His eyes were filled with storm clouds.

He no longer cared for the image of the governor, as he turned and ran toward the hidden place in the back mountains of his estate.

At this moment, his only hope lay in the two deep and mysterious existences there.