

Gods Daily 136

Chapter 136: Used as Draft Horses

Stearn's aged voice rang out.

Violet Thunder stopped his movements.

He turned his gaze toward Steurn, who was holding the Sacrospring Sword.

The Sword of Royal Authority was in hand; he held the highest authority to make decisions at this moment.

Stearn stepped forward and respectfully spoke to Violet Thunder.

"General, these Water and Flame Griffons, possessing the bloodline of magical beasts, are indeed extraordinary."

"They are willing to surrender. If presented to His Majesty, they could serve as royal steeds, a symbol of the Emperor's vast power. It would be a great honor."

"I humbly ask that you and your soldiers show mercy, spare their lives for now, and allow His Majesty to make the final judgment."

"That old fool!"

The two Griffons almost spat out blood in anger. Their teeth gnashed as they listened to Steurn's words.

"Used as royal steeds?" they thought.

They were ancient magical beasts, revered in any dominating faction and treated as sacred guardian creatures. To be reduced to mere draft horses for chariots was insulting beyond measure!

They wished they could claw the old man's mouth off!

Now, they realized that even the special treatment of being sacred guardian beasts of the Empire was in jeopardy.

However, with thousands of bloodthirsty Imperial soldiers staring them down, they had no choice but to swallow their pride.

If they truly had the courage to die, they wouldn't have called for surrender just moments ago.

Now, any defiance would only bring them certain death.

Stearn, however, didn't consider these emotional outbursts.

He knew there wasn't much he could do to aid His Majesty. But if he could preserve these Griffons, whose potential was immense, whether as mounts or as symbols, it would be his contribution to the Empire.

He was fully aware that if it weren't for the Sacrospring Sword—which represented the Emperor's will—these killing machines would never have halted their relentless assault.

Under the watch of the Elemental Assassins, Steurn walked toward the ruins of the Governor's Mansion, the Sacrospring Sword firmly in his grip.

Inside the mansion, Charles, disheveled and with his official robes torn, sat despondently on his once grand throne. His face was a deep shade of anger and frustration as he desperately tried to conceal the terror creeping inside him.

A powerful magical barrier had him bound in place, rendering him unable to move a muscle.

"To betray the Emperor... the consequence is inevitable," Steurn said, his voice filled with anger as he looked at the man responsible for the suffering of countless innocent lives in Truva Province.

"Old fool!" Charles raised his head, a cold, mocking smile stretched across his face.

"It's a pity. I never anticipated you, the old dog, still being around. Otherwise, your fate would have been just like that of old Jasper—dead and forgotten!"

He paused, his tone turning venomous.

"However... living may not be the best option for you. You will watch as the Empire you pledged allegiance to collapses under internal and external pressure."

"The royal power you believe in will soon turn to dust."

Steurn held back his seething rage. His voice wavered with emotion, but it was filled with unwavering conviction.

"The Emperor's grace is vast, like the sun and moon in the sky!"

"I believe in His Majesty! And I believe in the power that this sword carries—the will of the Empire!"

"You, as the governor of this province, have been granted the Emperor's favor, yet you chose to betray and rebel. Your crime is unforgivable!"

"You will face the ultimate punishment!"

Steurn turned without another glance at Charles, his back straight, his resolve firm.

The execution of the sentence would be handled by the Imperial army, and they would ensure that all traitors understood the grave price of betrayal.

The rebellion in Truva Province extended far beyond the central city.

Over the years, Charles had gathered many officials who secretly harbored ill will toward the Empire and conspired with external forces.

Stearn, wielding the Sacrospring Sword, not only had the authority to command the elite Imperial soldiers at his side but could also call upon the loyal provincial forces to help him cleanse and purge all treacherous officials across the entire province.

At the same time.

A portion of the Mountain Shieldbearers, under the command of their leaders, split into two groups and headed toward the Chaos Apostle and Count Blackcrow's territories.

Though the main force of Sky-reaching Tower had been wiped out, there was still reason to remain cautious as Diston and the others had escaped.

And though most of Count Blackcrow's and Chaos Apostle's forces had been decimated in the battle, their territories would undoubtedly still hold some defensive strength, and it was crucial to destroy them completely while they were weakened to prevent future problems.

In Stonehoof City, Stearn's family estate.

A hurried clan member barged into a quiet pavilion.

The clan leader, Percy, was discussing family matters with several core members.

Seeing the messenger's anxious expression, the group furrowed their brows.

"Why are you so panicked? What's happened?"

Percy felt a flicker of unease cross his mind.

"Leader! The old clan leader... he's in Truva City!"

"What?!"

Percy's face changed instantly, and the other middle-aged men looked equally alarmed.

"I knew it! I told you not to let him go alone! Now this is going to bring disaster to our family!" one man said, slapping his leg in regret.

"No! It's not like that!"

The clan member quickly waved his hands to clarify, "The elder didn't go to Truva City! He went to Eryndor City! He met with His Majesty, the Emperor!"

"He returned with an Imperial sword! It's said to represent the Emperor's authority and can command all of the Empire's forces!"

"Mm?"

Percy narrowed his eyes, and the other men fell silent.

"The old clan leader, holding that sword, led an army as strong as divine beings, and they've already breached Truva's provincial city!"

"They executed Governor Charles at the city gate, and his screams echoed throughout the city!"

"Charles's family was completely wiped out, and I don't know how many treacherous officials were slain!"

"What?!"

The other middle-aged men stood up in shock.

Percy's pupils contracted as his heart raced.

The messenger continued, his voice filled with incredible excitement.

"And that's not all! Leader, you know of Sky-reaching Tower, Chaos Apostle, and Count Blackcrow, right?"

"Their thousands of experts, including Master Rank, Hero Rank, and even the elusive Master Rank warriors, were all slain by the army the old clan leader brought with him!"

"Even the Chaos Apostle leader, Owo, is dead!"

Percy's mind was shaken to the core. He was at a loss for words.

"The old clan leader... he's this powerful now?!"

Several of the core members of the clan felt a storm of emotions in their hearts.

Sky-reaching Tower, such a powerhouse, was like an immortal entity in their eyes—something they had always looked up to!

And yet, it had been destroyed by their own clan leader?

"Not just powerful!"

The clan member's face beamed with pride, "With the sword, he was authorized to kill! The old clan leader wiped out all the disloyal officials in Truva Province! Wherever he went, no one dared resist! The army he led was a symbol of destruction—it could obliterate anything in its path!"

Percy, struck dumb by this barrage of news, was overwhelmed with shock.

He felt immense pride for his father but also profound shame.

When his father had called him a "spineless coward," he had been right!

Here he was, a grown man, yet he couldn't compare to an old man with the courage and determination to act!

He never expected the young Emperor Aurek to be so decisive, to place such immense trust and support in his father!

"This... this might be the brightest moment in our Steurn family's history!"

He muttered to himself.

"Big Brother, we should go see the old clan leader!"

Several of his younger brothers looked at Percy, their eyes full of excitement and anticipation.

Percy, however, smiled bitterly.

"How could I face him now..."