

Gods Daily 149

Chapter 149: What the Empire Grants, It Can Also Take Away

"Something's happening at the Governor's Mansion!"

"Run! Get out of here!"

The crowd of onlookers erupted into chaos, their screams and panic spreading like wildfire. People scattered in every direction, desperate to get away from the scene of impending slaughter.

"Revor Province is under the protection of Grand Duke Sentino!"

"Rand, you're overstepping your authority!"

Henry's face was twisted in fury and fear as he struggled under the crushing, invisible weight pressing him to his knees. He could barely breathe, but he forced his trembling voice into a roar, hurling his last desperate threat at Rand.

"Grand Duke Sentino?"

Rand's expression turned glacial. His voice rolled through the air like the cutting winds of winter.

"He was first—and will always be—a subject of the Empire."

Henry's teeth ground together. His pride and desperation ignited into madness.

He bellowed toward the soldiers and guards beyond the gates:

"What are you waiting for?! Kill these traitors! Kill them all!"

Clang!

Clang, clang—!

Before the city's knights and archers could move, an icy wave of killing intent swept over them. The air thickened with death. Shadows flickered—Elemental Assassins had already taken action, surrounding the soldiers unseen.

Cold sweat poured down the guards' faces in thick beads. They trembled, unsure whether to draw weapons or flee. They were mere soldiers, obeying orders—not fools seeking to die in vain.

Rand's sharp gaze slid to the black-armored Domsday Warriors standing silently nearby.

One word fell from his lips like a hammer striking an anvil.

"Execute."

The command was absolute.

Blades sang through the air.

Kchh—! Kchh—! Kchh—!

Like a farmer harvesting ripe wheat, the massive greatswords cut through necks with mechanical precision. The snapping of vertebrae echoed—a crisp, sickening sound that made even the hardened soldiers flinch.

Blood gushed forth in crimson streams, splattering the stone steps and pooling at the base of the mansion gate. Severed heads—still bearing looks of disbelief, terror, and confusion—rolled across the blood-soaked ground.

"No—!"

"Stop! I'll kneel! I'll kneel!"

"I'll receive the decree! Please, I'll receive it!"

Henry's screams tore through the air as he watched his kin slaughtered like livestock. His mind burned with unbearable grief and rage. But the invisible power pinning him down was unyielding—a shackle forged from pure will. He could do nothing but watch, powerless.

One by one, the people he had ruled beside, his family, his retainers, were dragged forward.

Blades flashed.

Heads fell.

The stench of blood grew so thick it was almost tangible, coating the air like a miasma of iron and despair.

The lone official beside him was trembling uncontrollably, shaking like a leaf caught in a storm. His face was pale, his knees quivering.

Within moments, almost everyone tied to Henry's name was dead.

Henry's heart felt as though it were being torn apart. Pain, fury, and hatred fused into one suffocating tide. He glared up at Rand, his eyes blood-red and filled with venomous hate—enough to shatter the mind of a weaker man.

Rand met that murderous stare without flinching. He had long since steeled his soul in the furnace of imperial authority. The will of the Emperor flowed through him like iron blood.

He looked down upon the kneeling governor, surrounded by the corpses of his family, and spoke with icy calm.

"The Empire that granted you power and glory..."

"Can just as easily take them back."

"You—damned tyrants!" Henry roared hoarsely, his voice cracking. "A dying, decaying monarchy! I curse it! I curse your entire Empire!"

"The southwest belongs to Grand Duke Sentino now!" he spat, his eyes burning with madness.

"The Crossbridge Empire is finished! Its time is over! That brat Aurek Veynar—his end is near!"

Rand didn't bother to argue. Words were wasted on the dead.

He raised a hand.

A Doomsday Warrior stepped forward.

The sword fell.

A flash of cold steel.

Henry's curses were cut short.

His head tumbled from his shoulders, spraying a fountain of blood across the stones.

It rolled through the crimson-stained courtyard, eyes still open with fury and disbelief, until it came to rest among the corpses of his kin.

Silence fell over the Governor's Mansion.

Where moments ago there had been chaos and screaming, now there was only death.

The crowd beyond the gates had vanished. Only one man remained—the official who had fainted and now knelt trembling amidst the carnage, his sanity shattered.

He blinked blankly, then collapsed forward, weeping uncontrollably.

"I submit!" he wailed. "I submit to the Empire!"

Tears and snot streamed down his face as he crawled toward Rand, pressing his forehead repeatedly against the blood-slick ground.

"Glory to the Empire! Long live His Majesty! May the Emperor's light burn eternal, brighter than the sun itself!"

Rand didn't even glance at him. His voice was steady, practical.

"The mineral veins of the Venus Mountains—where are they located?"

The official scrambled to answer through sobs.

"I-I know! They're near the Horn Dragon region of Revor Province—in the Horn Mountain range! The precise entrance... the Roel family—they know it best!"

Rand turned to Overthunder.

Overthunder's voice rumbled like distant thunder, calm and unwavering.

"I will leave a thousand warriors here to protect General Rand and stabilize Revor City. The rest will march with me to Horn Mountain at once."

Rand nodded.

Henry's death was merely the beginning—a statement of dominance. But Revor Province could not be left in chaos. Someone had to assume command and restore order.

As for Horn Mountain... he knew it would not be an easy campaign.

But with General Overthunder leading the expedition, Rand felt little concern.

He still remembered vividly that blood-red sunset long ago, when the assassin guild Bloodblade infiltrated the royal palace.

It was Overthunder's arrow—a blazing comet streaking across the dusk sky—that turned the tide of the battle.

That divine strike had seared itself into Rand's memory forever.

"I'm familiar with the terrain and the routes around Horn Mountain," came Wak's voice.

He spoke quietly, with a hint of heaviness in his tone.

"Allow me to guide General Overthunder there."

Overthunder inclined his head in acknowledgment, then turned his horse.

Without another word, he led his detachment forward.

More than four thousand Doomsday Warriors moved in perfect unison behind him—an unstoppable tide of black steel and killing intent. The ground trembled beneath their hooves as they thundered toward Horn Mountain like a living storm.

Horn Mountain.

A vast range straddling the border of Revor Province, its jagged ridges rose and fell like the bones of some colossal dragon. It was from this resemblance that the mountain took its name.

Legends claimed that deep beneath its foundations lay a faint resonance with the ancient ley lines of the old Empire—an echo of primordial power. Because of this, the very air around the mountains shimmered faintly, saturated with spiritual energy and misty luminescence.

The range stretched for miles toward the Venus Mountains, a sweeping wilderness of towering peaks, dense primal forests, and deep, echoing ravines. The scenery was magnificent—and perilous.

But now, that tranquil grandeur had become the eye of a storm.

Around one of the tallest peaks, countless figures from various factions gathered—watching each other in wary silence.

At the mountain's base, the newly unearthed mine entrance gaped like an open wound.

Commander Roz, head of the city garrison, had hastily conscripted ten thousand troops from nearby fortresses to form a defensive perimeter. Spears and shields were raised, but the soldiers' hands trembled.

Above them, high in the air, floated powerful beings—awakeners and emissaries representing the ambitions of different lords. The soldiers below knew the truth: against such monsters, their weapons were as useless as paper.

Were it not for the presence of several envoys sent by Grand Duke Sentino himself—each radiating the overwhelming pressure of high-tier combatants—the garrison would have been wiped out long ago by these circling vultures.

Near the mine entrance, members of the Roel family, who had first discovered the veins, huddled in a wooden holding pen. Their faces were pale, their spirits crushed.

They had been reckless—greedy enough to secretly pocket fragments of Energy Stones when they first stumbled upon the deposit. But compared to the vast mineral bed buried within the mountain, what they had taken was insignificant—no more than a few scales fallen from a dragon’s body.

Yet even such a small fortune was enough to change a family’s destiny.

Unfortunately, possessing treasure invites disaster.

Now, the Roels could only watch helplessly as the power they uncovered—once their chance at glory—became the spark for a gathering storm.

The feast was about to begin.

But they were no longer invited guests.

They were offerings on the altar.