

## Gods Daily 157

### Chapter 157: Annihilating the Empire's Remaining Forces

Ross nodded slowly.

Most of the elders had only seen the profit before them, overlooking the threat hidden behind Eryndor City's rising power.

Now that he had reminded them, realization dawned across their faces.

One elder exclaimed in sudden understanding,

"Indeed! This legion is most likely the core force supporting the Veynar royal family. For the sake of that massive energy mine, Aurek was willing to send them across such a great distance. If we can destroy them now, it would deliver a fatal blow to that already crumbling empire!"

"To ensure their destruction, we must mobilize Peak Master Rank elders—and not just one, but at least two of our Guardians," an aged elder cautioned.

Then, his tone shifted gravely.

"However, if this operation fails to meet expectations, the damage to our Order would be disastrous."

"Hmph."

Ross let out a cold chuckle.

"Grand Duke Sentino wants to split the realm and establish his own kingdom. Then he must face the inevitable retribution from the Veynar Empire. He may not have paid much attention to this imperial force before, but now that they've shown the ability to threaten even Peak Master Rank combatants... do you really think he'll be able to sit still once he learns of it?"

The elders instantly understood the implication.

After all, it was Grand Duke Sentino who stood in direct opposition to the Empire.

The one who should fear this imperial army most was him.

Ross continued his analysis.

"Grand Duke Sentino will surely dispatch more powerful reinforcements—determined to completely eradicate this hidden menace. To eliminate any future threat, the number of Peak Master Rank powerhouses he sends won't be few. Our Morningstar Order doesn't need to waste its own precious foundation solving his problems for him."

"Still, to be safe, we'll request two Peak Master Rank elders and gather part of our elite forces to ensure this imperial army is uprooted completely."

He paused, then added,

"Furthermore, Monden Shrine and the Violet Rose Institute both suffered heavy losses. We should inform them as well. The Empire's interference has turned their profits to ash—they won't stand by idly."

"If they're willing to send their own Peak Master Rank experts, then even without Skypeak Tower's involvement, our combined forces will be sufficient. Each side contributes a share of strength—if it comes down to attrition, we can still grind those few thousand imperial soldiers into dust."

"As for the profits from the Energy Stone mine," Ross said with a thin smile, "naturally they'll be redistributed among those who participate."

"Well said!"

A sharp glint flashed in one elder's eyes.

At that point, Morningstar Order's share would far exceed the original ten percent.

He added eagerly, "To prevent the imperial army from noticing and fleeing, we must dispatch a vanguard immediately—at least enough to pin them down."

Ross thought for a moment.

"Summon Elders Chiller and Tus—both Peak Master Rank—and send one hundred Master Rank Order Guards with them."

Deploying a hundred Master Rank guards at once was no small expenditure.

Though Morningstar Order had stood for ten thousand years, compared to the ancient factions with legacies spanning tens or even hundreds of millennia, its foundation was still far thinner.

The two Peak Master Rank elders would serve as the primary strike force, enough to suppress nearly any opposition.

Still, to avoid excessive self-loss, they planned to rally the Violet Rose Institute and Monden Shrine to act together.

If Morningstar Order went all out, they might indeed be able to bite through this "hard bone," but such recklessness would be far from wise.

Monden Shrine – The Mountain Sanctum

Within the sacred mountain halls, President Congrant listened quietly as his subordinates reported on the Horn Mountain incident.

"Using Master Rank warriors like ordinary soldiers?"

He murmured to himself, shaking his head. "That kind of extravagance... only Emperor Aurek would dare such a thing."

But what truly unsettled him was the report that this army could contend with Peak Master Rank powerhouses.

"Every soldier's ability is exactly the same?"

His brows furrowed tightly as he gazed out at the endless mountain ridges.

"It's as if they were carved from the same mold... monsters of identical design."

One or two with similar strength would be normal—but all of them identical, and among them so many Masters? That defied all natural logic.

"President," a hoarse, angry voice sounded behind him.

"Senior Officer Stahs died horribly! We've lost three Master Rank fighters this time, and countless Elite and Expert Rank subordinates. Are we just going to swallow this humiliation?"

Congrant didn't answer immediately.

His mind was still spinning with the strange intelligence about those soldiers.

After a long silence, he finally spoke.

"Invite a Peak Master Rank elder for consultation. And send scouts—learn everything about that imperial legion."

He swept his cold gaze across the chamber.

"Our Monden Shrine didn't reach this height easily. If we recklessly burn through the heritage left by our ancestors, we'll face not mere decline, but annihilation—torn apart by the wolves that surround us!"

He turned fully, his voice like iron.

"Those ancient behemoths dare to fight and bleed on imperial soil because their foundations are unimaginably deep! They can throw out legions of Masters and Peaks without even blinking. Even if they lose hundreds, their roots remain untouched."

"But us?" He gave a harsh snort.

"Losing one is like cutting flesh from our own bones. We must move carefully—one wrong step could mean our end."

Violet Rose Institute – Elemental Spire

In the towering spire, a trembling Expert Rank apprentice was giving his report on the Horn Mountain catastrophe—on the fall of Mentor Dephans.

Dean Gardes listened in silence, his back turned.

Shock rippled through him, though his mind was already racing through potential gains and losses.

"Go," he said at last, voice calm but heavy.

"Notify all mentors. Convene an immediate meeting in the central hall."

"Yes, Dean."

The apprentice bowed, but didn't leave right away.

Instead, he hesitated, then forced himself to add,

"Dean... there's something else—Wak has returned."

"What?!"

Gardes spun around, the killing intent in his eyes so sharp it made the air freeze.

The apprentice flinched, trembling.

"He... he came back with those imperial soldiers. I saw him myself at Horn Mountain."

"Wak..." Gardes repeated the name under his breath, his tone venomous.

"So he dares to return... then he'll face his reckoning."

He waved a hand dismissively.

"Leave."

The apprentice bolted from the hall like a man escaping death.

"Hmph."

Gardes stared out toward the direction of Eryndor City, fury boiling beneath the calm surface.

"Even if you're protected by thousands—tens of thousands—it won't save you."

"This time, Wak, not even wings can help you escape."

Revor Province – Capital City

In the provincial capital, Rand had just finished restoring order through sheer iron-fisted measures.

But before he could catch his breath, another twelve hundred imperial soldiers arrived in the city.

At first, he thought Overthunder had returned.

But when he learned the truth, his expression froze—this detachment had come directly from Eryndor City itself!

"By the Empire..."

Rand felt a chill run down his spine.

"These aren't ordinary soldiers... they're sending them by the thousands?"

This was beyond anything he could comprehend.

This time, the reinforcements consisted of eight hundred Master Rank Doomsday Warriors and four hundred Hero Rank Mountain Shieldbearers.

What Rand didn't know was that another eight hundred Master Rank Elemental Assassins had been sent in secret.

Aurek clearly took the situation here very seriously.

With ninth-tier forces, Grand Duke Sentino, and Skypeak Tower all meddling around the Anubichi Mountain Range—and even the possible involvement of Peak Master Rank combatants—Aurek wasn't merely fighting for control of the Energy Stone mine.

He was planting a nail, one that would serve as the Empire's hidden weapon against all these rival powers in the future.

In fact, these units had been dispatched more than ten days earlier.

And soon, tens of thousands more imperial warriors would follow in their wake.