

## Gods Daily 158

Chapter 158: The Potion for Annie

All except for the Mountain Shieldbearers were Level Six. That meant—an entire army of Master Rank soldiers!

Dozens, or even a few hundred Master Rank individuals, might seem insignificant in the eyes of a Peak Master Rank. But what about ten thousand?

Just imagining it made Rand's scalp tingle.

In just over a month, the grand imperial festival—the Firstfall Festival—would arrive.

Eryndor City was already bustling with excitement.

Chuck and the court nobles were busy preparing the festivities, while House Tascher worked tirelessly on the Queen's coronation ceremony.

It had been nineteen days since Overthunder departed for Revor Province.

The recruitment of three million new soldiers had concluded, and the Imperial Knights were now in the midst of intense drills.

The defense forces of the surrounding four provinces had also been mobilized, wiping out several small local powers.

Although each small faction yielded only a few Emperor Points, together they amounted to a considerable sum.

Golden Armor and Violet Thunder had already eradicated the remnants of the Chaos Apostle, Count Blackcrow, and other hostile groups, sending all captured resources back to the Imperial Palace.

The Emperor Points gained from this campaign were significant—but still short of the ten million required to upgrade the Emperor’s Scepter. More accumulation was needed.

Nevertheless, the combined harvest, along with the previously stored three million, successfully allowed Aurek to advance to Master Rank Level 9.

Aurek ordered Golden Armor and Violet Thunder to return to their respective provincial garrisons. In those nineteen days, a total of 29,000 new soldiers had been bred.

Among them: 7,600 Level 6 Doomsday Warriors, 7,600 Level 6 Elemental Assassins, 3,800 Level 5 Mountain Shieldbearers, and 1,900 Level 4 Life Sorcerers.

Including the previously bred 15,000 troops, Aurek now commanded nearly 40,000 specialized attribute warriors under his banner.

He dispatched 2,000 Mountain Shieldbearers, 4,000 Level 6 Doomsday Warriors, and 4,000 Elemental Assassins toward the Anubichi Mountain Range.

The remaining forces were stationed across Eryndor City and the surrounding four counties.

At last, Eryndor City—the beating heart of the Empire—was secure.

With this solid foundation in place, Aurek’s gaze turned toward the vast territory of 1,800 city-states waiting to be reclaimed.

[Emperor Points +3.8 million!]

Reading the notification on the information panel, Aurek compared it to previous gains.

This was even more than the massive harvest from the battle at Truva’s capital.

He speculated that Overthunder must have already begun operations on the Anubichi Mountain Range Energy Stone Mine.

Seizing control of that vast mine would ensure a continuous energy supply for the three-million-strong army—laying a firm foundation for reclaiming all 1,800 city-states.

[Sufficient Emperor Points to upgrade Mountain Shieldbearer. Proceed with upgrade?]

[Sufficient Emperor Points to upgrade Life Sorcerer. Proceed with upgrade?]

Aurek didn't immediately approve. Including gains from Truva and the four counties, he now possessed a total of 5.8 million Emperor Points.

But he was waiting—waiting for the final outcome from the Anubichi Mountain Range.

Among the ten thousand troops sent there, eight thousand were Master Rank.

It was not merely a show of strength—it was a purge, a decisive sweep meant to annihilate every obstacle in that region.

He wanted to see whether the Points gained from cleansing those forces would be enough to upgrade the destructive or light-shadow summoning units.

Once upgraded to Level 7, they would produce Peak Master Rank warriors, with a daily breeding capacity of eight hundred.

These days, Aurek's daily routine revolved around just two things: improving his cultivation rank and managing the mountain of imperial affairs piling up on his desk.

"Your Majesty."

Captain of the Royal Guard, Angie, approached respectfully, presenting a jade box with both hands.

"This is a potion crafted by Miss Eva—'Potion of Mental Clarity.' It is said to stabilize the mind and enhance perception toward anomalous energies."

"Potion of Mental Clarity?" Aurek raised an eyebrow, setting aside the memorial he was reviewing.

Angie carefully opened the jade box.

Inside, a faintly glowing liquid shimmered with soft luminescence.

Aurek lifted one vial, examining it closely.

He hadn't expected the Life Sorcerers to develop an entirely new potion formula so soon—their efficiency far exceeded his expectations.

He drank it in one go.

A refreshing coolness spread through his body instantly, followed by an uplifting clarity of mind. His spiritual senses seemed sharper, keener.

"How much of this potion do we have?" Aurek asked.

Angie replied, "Miss Eva mentioned that she conducted thousands of trials, consuming a considerable amount of materials. Currently, only nine vials remain. Once the ingredients are replenished, more can be refined."

Aurek didn't mind the expenditure.

The formula itself was the true treasure.

A mature potion recipe was worth far more than the raw materials used to create it.

It was an excellent start—developing more potion types in the future would greatly boost the army's overall strength.

"Send the remaining ones to Annie," Aurek instructed.

"Yes, Your Majesty."

Angie bowed, carrying the jade box as she left for Annie's residence.

"Good day, Captain Angie," several maids greeted with polite bows.

"Where's Lady Annie?" Angie asked with a gentle smile. "His Majesty sent me to deliver something to her."

The maids exchanged glances.

One quickly led Angie through the corridors to the back garden.

There, Annie sat quietly before a harp, her gaze distant, lost in thought.

"Annie?"

Angie called several times before Annie blinked and turned around, a look of mild confusion on her face.

"Angie? What brings you here?"

Smiling, Angie held out the jade box. "I've brought you something."

Annie accepted it with curiosity.

The moment she opened the lid, a delicate fragrance filled the air, instantly invigorating her senses.

Inside were several vials of crystalline, shimmering liquid.

Her bright eyes lifted toward Angie, silently questioning.

"It's a rare potion," Angie explained warmly. "His Majesty specifically ordered me to deliver it to you. There are only nine vials in total—His Majesty used one himself and sent the rest all to you."

Annie's eyes widened slightly, shimmering like stars. She stared intently at Angie, searching her expression for any hint of falsehood.

Angie nodded sincerely. "Annie, His Majesty truly keeps you in his thoughts. This potion will help you sense the energies around you more clearly..."

Grand Duke Sentino's Mansion

Banquet bowed deeply, reporting his findings from Horn Mountain, especially about the terrifying imperial legion of several thousand.

Grand Duke Sentino fell silent in contemplation.

Even before Banquet's return, spies embedded in Eryndor City had already sent him detailed reports.

He knew more about this mysterious army than Banquet himself.

"Over ten thousand soldiers... capable of challenging a Peak Master Rank... all of them Master Rank..."  
He repeated the words quietly, his tone grave.

At first, he had assumed there were only six or seven thousand of them, merely Elite Rank—strong, but not a real concern.

But now, learning that they could confront Peak Masters head-on, with every core member at Master Rank—that changed everything.

This was no longer just a powerful unit—it was a direct threat.

And worse—these troops weren't stationed far away. They were right on his doorstep, claiming control over the vital Energy Stone Mine.

That could not be tolerated.

Whether by annihilating them or driving them away, Sentino knew one thing for certain—he could not allow these forces to disrupt the Grand Duke's grand design of founding a new kingdom.

"You may go," Sentino said at last.

Banquet bowed again and departed.

Alone, the Grand Duke's face hardened with resolve.

The Ducal Household was already deep into preparations for the proclamation of statehood, all timed precisely for the upcoming Firstfall Festival.

Now, with barely a month left, he could not afford a single unexpected complication.

After a moment's thought, he rose from his chair and strode toward the back mountain—to the forbidden grounds.