

Gods Daily 167

Chapter 167: Aurek's Surging Killing Intent

The battle at Horn Mountain shook the entire southwestern frontier.

The Violet Rose Institute, once nearly an eighth-tier power, was reduced to a single survivor—Insber, barely clinging to life.

The Morningstar Order lost a Peak Master Rank elder.

More than half of its Master Rank foundation was wiped out, and its Elite Rank and Expert Rank believers suffered countless casualties.

The Peak Master Rank elder Tuth survived only in the narrowest sense—his vitality hanging by a thread, his body and mind all but ruined—forcing the Order to seal its gates and enter seclusion to recuperate.

The Monden Shrine lost two half-step Peak Master Ranks and nearly ten Masters.

This one war left the principal forces within Revor Province and around the Anubichi Mountain Range gravely depleted.

For the foreseeable future, none of them would dare raise their heads.

The smaller factions were even more terrified, scarcely daring to move about in the open.

At Grand Duke Sentino's estate, a refined pavilion pulsed with a soft, pure luminance. Vital energy permeated the rear mountain; flowers and grasses around it grew a vivid, dripping green.

Inside the attic, Maria's grievous wounds had been stabilized—for the moment.

"Maria, focus on your treatment here," said a stunning middle-aged woman, her voice cool and authoritative. "I've already sent for Cloudlight Mana Elixirs from Skypeak Tower. Used together with your Cloud-Watching Secret Art, they'll repair you quickly.

"As for Sainette, you may not be badly hurt, but you will still need time for quiet cultivation."

Maria nodded.

Sainette exhaled a single name, frost-cold.

"Aurek."

The middle-aged beauty glanced at her in surprise.

Maria reminded them, "Over ten thousand enemies held Horn Mountain—a full ten thousand of them were Master Rank.

"Moreover, these soldiers are highly unusual. They can manipulate the earth element for defense, command thunder, and hide in the void, merging with light itself.

"Most incredible of all, their strength is extraordinarily uniform, and they wield exactly the same system of abilities, as if they'd been cultivated under specific conditions—weapons of war."

The beautiful woman fell into thought.

The fact that even Sainette had suffered minor injuries spoke volumes about how formidable those soldiers were.

This Emperor Aurek—at present—indeed felt unfathomable.

"Should we send someone to Eryndor City to investigate?" Maria suggested.

"I'll go," Sainette said at once, her tone resolute.

"For now, set it aside," the woman replied gently yet decisively. "Ensuring these wounds don't hinder your future ascension is the first priority."

She pushed open the attic door.

Duke Sentino stood in a mountain gazebo outside, his expression uncharacteristically grave. When he saw the woman emerge, he immediately looked to her for answers.

"I trust Your Grace already knows the essentials?" she asked evenly.

"More or less," Sentino nodded.

The details from Horn Mountain had already reached his ears, and with two important figures from Skypeak Tower wounded, he had formed his judgment.

"Skypeak Tower places great importance on this matter," the woman said calmly. "We will dispatch a stronger force in due course. Your Grace need not worry."

"I do not doubt your strength," Sentino said with a hand to his chest. "However..."

He hesitated before continuing.

"Could we postpone further action against Horn Mountain for the time being?"

"What does Your Grace have in mind?" the woman asked, slightly puzzled.

"The Firstfall Festival approaches. Every major power is plotting in secret. My own founding affairs have reached a critical juncture. I do not want to draw the Empire's full attention to the southwest at this moment.

"As for the energy stone vein at Horn Mountain, it cannot be moved in a day or two. We can deal with it after the founding ceremony."

"I've already deployed three hundred thousand from the Beast-Legion and three million provincial garrison troops around Revor Province. That will be sufficient to contain the situation."

The woman was silent.

Less than a month remained—far too little time, with too many variables.

But so long as events remained within Skypeak Tower's controllable range, she was willing to accommodate Sentino's plan.

"As for that Imperial army entrenched in the southwest," Sentino added solemnly, bowing to her, "it is a dagger at our heart.

"If they still refuse to withdraw after the Firstfall Festival, I must trouble Skypeak Tower to annihilate them completely."

Whether that force would recall to Eryndor City during the festival was unknown.

But he was certain those ten-plus thousand Master Ranks were the core strike power Eryndor could field.

"In struggles among great powers, Your Grace's methods need no instruction," the woman replied with a slight nod. "Skypeak Tower will cooperate."

Relief washed over Sentino.

With Skyepeak Tower's deep heritage at his back, he possessed his strongest talisman of confidence.

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Eryndor City, the Emperor's private chambers.

Aurek perused the memorials Rand had submitted, fully apprised of what Rhys and the scholars of the Hyrule War Academy had done.

"These people have poisoned law and order through public opinion," he snapped, shutting the scroll.

"They are a cancer."

The Academy scholars had become pawns for dukes and mighty factions bent on assaulting the Empire.

They smeared the Empire, the royal house, and Aurek himself—bewitching the masses, manufacturing false narratives to furnish a veneer of "popular will" for rebellion. Unforgivable.

This was a disease etched into the bone.

Aurek's killing intent surged.

Not only would he kill—he would eradicate to the last.

If traitors remained within the Empire, he would purge the Empire.

If the entire Eura Continent harbored them, he would scour the continent.

He would leave no seed behind.

Without these parasites, the Empire's enlightenment and civilization would not stall.

A cold snort.

An unseen imperial might stirred the heavens.

A bolt of thunder cracked over the palace out of a clear sky, drawing gasps from the city below.

Aurek had already brushed the threshold of half-step Peak Master Rank and could begin to stir the world's magic.

His eyes dropped to the message panel.

[In Revor Province you slew enemies beyond count. Emperor Points +42,000,000]

[Doomsday Warriors casualties: 800]

[Mountain Shieldbearers casualties: 500]

[Elemental Assassins casualties: 990]

Aurek's sword-straight brows knit together.

The losses far exceeded expectations—proof that the situation in Revor Province was even more severe than he had foreseen.

His gaze shifted to the vast provincial map.

Skypeak Tower, Grand Duke Sentino, the Morningstar Order, and the powers crouching in the northwest...

His eyes sharpened to a killing edge.

Ten thousand troops not enough?

Then he would send one hundred thousand—one million.

Not enough Masters?

Then he would field Peak Masters.

Counting the Emperor Points accumulated earlier and this new 42 million, he had more than enough to upgrade one of the summoned unit types.

He reviewed the costs:

Elemental Assassin upgrade — 11,000,000 points.

Doomsday Warrior upgrade — 10,000,000 points.

Life Sorcerer upgrade — 250,000 points.

Mountain Shieldbearer upgrade — 1,500,000 points.

After a brief consideration, Aurek chose to prioritize the Doomsday Warriors.

Their offensive power was the most direct and uncompromising.

After that, he would upgrade the Mountain Shieldbearers and the Life Sorcerers' Rebirth Pool—and whatever remained would, of course, be used to advance himself.

[Upgrade Emperor's Scepter to incubate the Doomsday Warrior Authority. Required Emperor Points available. Proceed with upgrade?]