

Gods Daily 170

Chapter 170: The New Unit: Berserker

The moment Natasha uttered that unavoidable name, the atmosphere grew heavy.

The eyes of the entire continent were fixed upon it.

His arrival would undoubtedly ignite the storm brewing over the Empire—everyone agreed on that much.

Aurek's gaze turned icy cold.

"The dragon soaring in the heavens... would it ever lower its eyes to notice a cricket chirping in the grass?"

His tone was calm, but the contempt beneath it was unmistakable.

Natasha fell silent.

Like most others, she too had been pondering the same question, paying close attention to that man's arrival, treating the impending clash as some grand spectacle.

But to Aurek, all of this was utterly ordinary.

Not even a ripple stirred in his heart.

If he allowed small, insignificant figures to disturb his mind, to cloud his vision—then how could he possibly flatten the towering mountains standing before his Empire?

How could he ever forge an immortal dynasty?

How could he resist the unstoppable tides of an entire era?

When it came down to it, Sacco was no different from Bloodblade or Rhys before him—just another ripple upon the surface of the vast ocean.

He only seemed dazzling because the lights of the Firstfall Festival, the Empire, the Ordon Theocracy, Aurek, and even Josephine all converged upon him like spotlights.

They made a once-ordinary star shine briefly in the public eye.

His only true value might be to bring forth the Ordon Theocracy's final judgment.

And that, to most, was the only thing that mattered.

Natasha gazed at Aurek deeply, her eyes gleaming brighter and brighter.

For the first time, she found herself envying Josephine.

"I promised Josephine that I'd help you," she said softly. Her voice, hidden behind the veil, carried a faint trace of grievance.

"The Violet Rose Trade Guild can't offer much in material aid, but when it comes to intelligence—whether within the Empire or beyond—we can provide every convenience."

She had guarded Eryndor City for so long, and that fool Fiona hadn't even mentioned her once in her letter. It made her simmer with frustration.

At the Sapphire Bank, under a tree blooming with pale pink flowers, Josephine sat quietly.

Beside her stood a burly man—the same blacksmith who once seemed just another commoner.

"Sophia has sent word," Josephine said evenly.

"The Sigeits Parliament reports she's returned with the Glamer Holy Sword. With that, defeating Sacco should be possible."

The man frowned. "Sacco won't come alone."

Josephine's eyes lingered on the blossoms above.

"If the situation turns dire, you must take His Majesty and leave first."

The man's expression hardened. He hesitated, then gave a bitter smile.

"Miss, if you hadn't chosen The Twenty-Four Temporal Laws, with your talent, you'd already be peak master rank by now."

"With the Glamer Holy Sword in hand, you'd stand toe-to-toe with grandmaster-rank powerhouses. You wouldn't have to live in constant worry."

"Even if time rewound, I would still choose the same path." Josephine's face showed no trace of regret.

"Besides," she continued, "His Majesty may already be powerful enough on his own. You've seen his legions. They're unlike anything else in this world."

The man fell silent.

Those mysterious and terrifying soldiers truly were awe-inspiring—beyond his understanding.

"Eryndor City will grow busier by the day," Josephine said softly. "There will be more watchers, and more ill-intentioned guests. Stay alert."

He nodded, bowed, and departed quietly.

Less than a month remained before the Firstfall Festival, and the city buzzed with feverish excitement.

Lanterns and banners filled every street, and the festive atmosphere washed away, at least on the surface, the memory of bloodshed.

The Firstfall Festival had endured for ten thousand years—a celebration of both the Empire and its people.

But everyone knew the truth.

This joy was only the calm before the storm.

The entire continent was watching.

Countless powers waited in the shadows, eyes locked on Eryndor City.

This festival would change too many things. It was no longer merely a day of celebration.

"Eryndor City sure is lively!"

A few young men with longswords at their waists strolled through the crowded streets, their curious gazes darting about.

Their temperaments were unique, their auras powerful yet restrained—clearly of high rank.

"Did we come too early? I haven't seen anyone familiar yet," said a youth with a golden mark between his brows.

"Not too early," one of the others replied casually.

The black-clad man leading them said, "Let's find a place to stay first. We're all here already—Crimson Hills' people should be arriving soon too. There's no way they'd miss this festival."

At a luxurious hotel by the long bridge, Lister stepped inside with a smile.

"Boss, we're back. I think our last stay isn't expired yet, right?"

The elegantly dressed hotelier's face lit up when he saw them.

"Ah! Young Master Lister! Of course not—your room has been waiting for you all this time."

"Good. Prepare a few more high-class rooms—I've brought friends this time."

He gestured toward the group behind him: two young men of noble bearing and a stunning woman.

The owner hurried to make arrangements.

Lister turned toward the window, gazing across the river at the Versailles Palace, a faint, knowing smile touching his lips.

Outside the Jade City Gate, a cluster of clouds drifted down, coming to rest in front of a luxury inn on Emerald Street.

As the light faded, several beautiful women stepped out of it.

The innkeeper, instantly recognizing their extraordinary presence, personally escorted them to the best rooms, not daring to ask questions.

At the nearby bar counter, the patrons whispered among themselves.

"These past few days, so many young elites have come to Eryndor City. Every one of them looks like nobility."

"Are you blind? Can't you feel how terrifyingly strong they are?"

"Haha, the Empire really is flourishing! So many prodigies gathering for the festival—come, my friends, a toast to Eryndor City!"

The next day.

In Valoria Palace, an Elemental Assassin knelt before Aurek, reporting the latest developments within Eryndor City.

In just a few days, numerous young powerhouses had arrived—geniuses from Blade City, Skypeak Tower, Skyeeye Guild, Crimson Hills, Sunlit Chapel, and even the Brotherhood of the Old Gods.

"Lister..." Aurek muttered. He remembered the golden-armored general mentioning that troublemaker from the Truva region.

So, he's come back?

"Then hang him from the walls of Jade City," Aurek said coldly.

As for the so-called geniuses, he knew they were merely spectators. He ordered the Elemental Assassin to keep an eye on them—but nothing more.

His focus was on the ongoing war in the Ankidor Mountains to the southwest.

The loss of over two thousand elite soldiers was a thorn that needed to be pulled out.

Leaving his chamber, Aurek headed toward the great hall.

With Emperor Points in abundance, he decided to begin another wave of breeding Doomsday Warriors.

Within the Emperor's Scepter, energy surged like a storming sea.

Eight hundred orbs of blinding light burst forth, each carrying an overwhelming aura of destruction.

They fell to the ground—and transformed into eight hundred warriors clad in black armor.

[Doomsday Warriors: 800][Level: 7][Note: Lv.7 Doomsday Warriors possess strength equivalent to Peak Master Rank 5. Their control over destructive energy has doubled.]

Peak Master Rank 5.

Aurek nodded in satisfaction.

Eight hundred Lv.7 Doomsday Warriors—that was eight hundred peak master-rank combatants.

Their command over destructive energy had reached new heights; even from afar, the Imperial Guards could feel their oppressive aura, and tightened their vigilance.

Next, Aurek reviewed the other summonable units.

With points still to spare, he immediately bred four hundred Lv.6 Elemental Assassins, four hundred Lv.6 Mountain Shieldbearers, and three hundred Lv.5 Life Sorcerers.

But then—an unexpected prompt appeared.

[Special Unit Unlocked: Berserker][Rank: Peak Master Rank][Skills: Berserker's Fury, Rampant Suppression, Mountain-Crushing Strike][Note: Upgrade speed—8× faster than Mountain Shieldbearer. Defense ×2. Attack ×20. Can activate Berserker's Fury Form, reaching power equal to Peak Master Rank 8.]

Aurek's eyes lit up.

A new weapon had just joined his unstoppable Empire