

Gods Daily 172

Chapter 172: The Emperor's Power: The Tip of the Iceberg

Eryndor City.

Hidden powerhouses who had long lived in seclusion were beginning to emerge, and young geniuses from every major faction gathered here, each seeking their own opportunity amid the coming storm.

Inside Valoria Palace, Aurek stood before a vast map of the Empire, his gaze cold and focused.

He had recalled the Gold Legion and simultaneously dispatched decisive reinforcements to the Anubichi Mountain Range: five thousand level-6 Doomsday Warriors, five thousand level-6 Elemental Assassins, three thousand level-5 Mountain Shieldbearers, and eight hundred newly born level-7 Doomsday Warriors—each one powerful enough to shake heaven and earth.

Until that mountain range was completely erased from the map, Aurek would not rest.

Toward the direction of Blue Lake Province, he had also sent three thousand mixed-type troops as a warning and deterrent.

As for the safety of Eryndor City itself?

The daily birth of eight hundred level-7 Doomsday Warriors was his strongest guarantee.

Moreover, Berserker War Bear stood guard over the Jade Gate, commanding the steel wall-like Mountain Shieldbearer legions.

His skills—Mountaincrash and Rage of the Berserker—were powers of destruction that could turn any challenger to dust.

With a vast reserve of points at his disposal, Aurek's own strength was climbing steadily toward peak master rank.

Within his core, his power was undergoing a fundamental transformation.

Once his energy reached its pinnacle, he would condense true peak master rank magenergy—gaining dominion over the elements of heaven and earth, extending his lifespan beyond ten thousand years, and becoming a half-god walking among mortals.

At this moment, Aurek stood atop a high platform, all preparations complete.

The absolute defense of the Black Dragon Scales and the supreme authority of the Mark of Empire—these two divine arts symbolizing the very essence of imperial power—were what he now sought to fully master.

During this critical period, Aurek had no need to strike on all fronts.

Apart from the annihilation of forces near the Anubichi Mountain Range, he had temporarily halted all other military movements, including those toward Blue Lake Province.

Truva Province, Grand Duke Sentino, Icebound Fortress, Crimson Hills, Goldenflow Bay...

All their premature celebrations, all their greedy gazes longing for the Empire's collapse—Aurek saw them clearly.

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The next morning, at the break of dawn—

Rumble—

Columns of heavily armored legions thundered down the main streets toward the northern Jade Gate.

Banners emblazoned with the Imperial Eagle fluttered violently in the wind, the ancient crimson crest of House Veynar gleaming harshly in the early sunlight.

"They're all master rank!"

Mental power senses swept across the streets, their owners unable to hide their astonishment.

On the southern end of Dizhonghan Avenue, a group of sword-bearing youths narrowed their sharp eyes toward the far northern gate, expressions tense and disbelieving.

"They say there are over ten thousand such warriors stationed in the southwestern Revor Province... yet now, another ten thousand appear in Eryndor City itself. This doesn't look like a decaying empire to me."

The young man with a faint golden vertical mark on his forehead frowned deeply.

They came from Blade City, at the northern edge of the Anubichi Mountains, and had heard rumors of the recent battle there—how even the famed Saintess Sainette of Skypeak Tower had suffered defeat.

Sainette, a radiant prodigy, Saintess of Skypeak Tower, and a level-5 peak master rank powerhouse, was a legend across the continent. Yet even she had been forced to retreat in humiliation.

According to whispers, six peak master rank experts had joined forces and paid the price of one fallen comrade—merely to slay two thousand of those terrifying soldiers.

A legion like that could make any major power tremble.

And yet, in Eryndor City, such warriors were everywhere.

Who said this was a declining Empire? Had the Empire deceived the world—or had the world deceived itself?

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By the bridge, near a grand inn, Lister's face had turned ashen.

Ten thousand—then another ten thousand.

All his past confidence and elaborate schemes suddenly felt laughably naïve.

The disheveled old man beside him, usually unshakable, was silent now, eyes filled with shock and heavy concern.

Behind them, several young members of the Skyeeye Guild—and a stunning woman—stared at the spectacle in disbelief.

Farther down the Emerald Avenue, several exquisite women from Skypeak Tower stood frozen in silence.

Before coming to Eryndor City, they had visited Grand Duke Sentino's mansion to see Sainette.

In the battle at the Anubichi Mountains, she had nearly been gravely injured; Maria, another of their sisters, had suffered critical damage to her energy core and barely escaped death.

All of it—caused by those mysterious legionary warriors.

"The strength Eryndor City is displaying now... it's far more real than the idle speculations we made back in Crimson Hills."

In a narrow alley, a group of armored knights whispered among themselves.

They were none other than Haite, Laiwood, and Disapiel from Crimson Hills.

"It seems Sacco won't have an easy time here. We'd better prepare," Haite said grimly, his crimson armor glinting under the light.

If tens of thousands of master-rank warriors could march from Eryndor City without hesitation, what kind of confidence must the Emperor himself possess?

One thing was certain—claiming the Glamer Holy Sword would be far from simple.

"I've heard the Emperor is merely a mortal ruler. Where does he draw such bottomless strength from?"

"Is this really his own power?"

On the upper floors of a nearby tavern, a group of masked youths watched the legions from above—each wearing masks shaped like beasts: lion, rabbit, bear. Their expressions had turned grim.

Eryndor City... seemed even more unfathomable than their own Brotherhood of the Old Gods.

"This Firstfall Festival grows more interesting by the day," murmured the youth with the lion mask, turning his gaze toward the distant royal palace.

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Deep within Valoria Palace, preparations continued with perfect order.

Aurek's strength rose steadily, while the Emperor's Scepter continued producing eighteen hundred warriors per day without fail.

The eleventh day.

A report from Rand arrived, detailing the situation in the southwest and emphasizing the strategic importance of Revor Province.

Aurek quietly dispatched another thousand peak master rank Doomsday Warriors there.

The twenty-fourth day.

His core of power underwent total transformation—Aurek had ascended at last to peak master rank!

With that, his King's Swordsmanship reached full manifestation.

The Black Dragon Scales came under his preliminary control, and he unlocked the first sequence of the Mark of Empire: Emblem of the Lionheart's Reign.

The twenty-eighth day. On the eve of the Firstfall Festival.

As the sunset bled across the sky, the heavens above Valoria Palace suddenly split apart by invisible force.

A radiant pillar of light descended from the heavens, striking the square before the Emperor's bedchamber.

Instantly, every gaze in Eryndor City turned toward the palace.

Aurek stepped out of the hall, his eyes fixed upon the ancient longsword hovering in midair.

He reached for its hilt.

Just as his fingers brushed it, the sword trembled violently.

A vast tide of sword intent and killing will erupted outward, whipping Aurek's hair and robes into a storm.

His eyes narrowed.

Peak master rank magenergy flared from his body as he seized the hilt and crushed the rebellious will beneath his grip.

"A lingering fragment of a dying soul—put away your fading pride."

His cold voice cut through the air like thunder.

Even an S-rank weapon possessed a trace of spirit; how much greater, then, the will within this Glamer Holy Sword, rumored to have been bathed in the blood of saints?

Its consciousness was ancient—extraordinary.

To countless warriors across the world, it was a divine treasure worth dying for.

But to Aurek, it was nothing more than a curiosity.

And if it dared resist him again—he would not hesitate to shatter it completely.