

## Gods Daily 186

Chapter 186: The Scattered Geniuses

"Cough... cough..."

Crimson Hills.

Laiwood and Disapiel collapsed to the ground, coughing up blood.

Their injuries were grave.

The short, portly elder who usually wore a gentle smile now had none left.

His face was dark with fury.

"That damn brat Aurek!"

His whole body trembled with anger, the jade cup in his hand crushed into dust.

Ten thousand years of careful scheming — reduced to utter ruin in a single day.

It was nothing less than a public humiliation, a thunderous slap across Crimson Hills' face before all the world.

Of all their peerless geniuses, only these two half-dead remnants remained.

After all these millennia of planning... who had truly been playing whom?

What secret trump card did Emperor Aurek still hold that none could foresee?

The portly elder's rage had nowhere to go, boiling within his chest.

Beside him, a tall, thin elder glared down at the chessboard before him, its pieces scattered and broken — as though he were divining the future that had already spun out of control.

The Brotherhood of the Old Gods, the Sunlit Chapel...

Across the continent, within the hidden depths of each great power, towering figures sat in cold silence, fury and murderous intent radiating like storms around them.

Eryndor City.

The shattered sky still howled with energy storms.

The lands along the Saint Elber River had collapsed to varying degrees; the overflowing river became a beast, devouring towns and farmlands in its path.

Isabella, Cheryl, the Cardinan siblings, the nobles of House Tascher and the Kazek family—all who watched from afar were dumbstruck, their hearts trembling, their faith close to collapse.

Hero Rank geniuses, Master Rank geniuses, Peak Masters, even half-step Grandmasters—

Hundreds of prodigies.

The brightest stars of this region.

The carefully nurtured heirs of the greatest factions—

All perished upon this land.

Had those ancient powers hidden behind the scenes not reacted in time, Aurek's festival of slaughter would have exterminated nearly the entire young generation of the Eastern Continent!

Even their protectors had not escaped.

More than a dozen half-step Grandmaster guardians—each an elite raised for centuries—fell one after another beneath the endless destructive storms of the Doom Legion.

Members of the Kazek family twitched involuntarily at the sight.

Half-step Grandmasters were future Grandmasters—beings who had merged their souls partially with the world and brushed against the laws of creation.

Transcendent in every sense.

In a sixth- or seventh-tier power, even one such figure would elevate them to a ninth-tier faction overnight.

And now, more than a dozen had fallen in a single battle.

Even bystanders felt dizzy with disbelief.

The sky was filled with black legions, dense as thunderclouds before a storm.

Spectators licked their dry lips, awe and dread crossing in their eyes.

Over twenty thousand soldiers, every one of them radiating the energy signature of a Peak Master Rank.

This imperial army's might was suffocating.

Ten thousand years of plotting—and this was how it ended.

Deep within Isabella's ice-blue eyes, emotions surged like hidden tides.

Beside her, Cheryl's face was pale as western snow.

The lion-masked youth, the red-haired prodigy—she knew them all.

Just a few years ago, at the Holy Trial Grounds, they had shone with peerless brilliance.

Their talent and sharpness had made every peer dim in comparison.

And now they were but broken corpses.

All their glory and dreams—buried here.

Lister lay like a pile of mud upon a riverside boulder, his head half-submerged, hair drifting like waterweed with the current.

Blood seeped from his wounds, again and again washed away by the relentless river.

A few imperial soldiers grabbed his legs and dragged his limp body roughly onto the bank.

Across the river, the scene was even more horrifying.

Three half-step Grandmaster guardians still clung to life—barely.

Their skulls split open by annihilation lightning, yet their vitality refused to fade.

Such endurance was beyond mortal limits—the mark of those who had touched the threshold of Grandmaster.

True Grandmasters fuse their souls with the elemental world, manifesting a Divine Aspect unique to themselves—a godlike avatar within a private divine domain.

As long as that Divine Aspect remained unshattered, their life-force could not truly be extinguished.

Even grievously wounded, they could slowly draw power from the world and recover.

That was the gift granted to those who climbed the pinnacle of strength.

The stronger the being, the more transcendent their form of life—their pursuit of eternity burning ever brighter.

To mortals, such entities were indistinguishable from gods.

And yet today, before all eyes, one such godlike being had been slain.

Silas's chest was pierced through, nailed to the earth by the Glamer Holy Sword.

His fading pupils still stared stubbornly toward Aurek, filled with hatred and unwillingness.

Aurek did not even spare him a glance.

Silas had been a Grandmaster—but his strength lay only in his single King of Snow Divine Aspect.

The Glamer Holy Sword, forged and tempered in saintly blood, possessed enough divine-slaying might to rend the heavens.

The black shadow within the blade—a sentient wraith born from the souls it had devoured—could erode the life essence of any master with ease.

Pinned by that sword, Silas’s struggle was utterly futile.

Aurek surveyed the ravaged battlefield.

The marks of destruction spread like plague—mountains collapsed, rivers shifted course, and the earth split into bottomless chasms.

If war ever broke out with Eryndor City as the center, the devastation would be beyond measure.

The old monster from Crimson Hills might have enraged him—but that strike had reminded Aurek of a danger he’d overlooked.

The Mountain Shieldbearers might be strong, and War Bear at Jade Gate could deter invaders, but Eryndor City was vast—how could its countless civilians be protected?

The memorial from Rand of Revor Province surfaced in his mind again: a proposal to construct a grand defensive array spanning the entire city.

Perhaps now, it was time to take it seriously.

Hummm—

A deep vibration interrupted his thoughts.

A crimson light flared ominously across the sky.

Within that glow, the remnants of the King of Snow Divine Aspect disintegrated completely, scattering as countless motes of light.

Beneath Aurek's feet, the Glamer Holy Sword had drained the last trace of Silas's divinity and life.

"He's... dead."

Far away, a burly man's throat went dry; disbelief clouded his weathered eyes.

Natasha's usual languid air vanished—her gaze now solemn and sharp.

"Has Ordon Theocracy paid too heavy a price for its decision?" the man rasped.

After all, Silas had once been a symbol of an era, and after this, Sacco's future was uncertain.

Natasha's lips curved faintly.

"Karon, that sly old fox, is shrewd beyond belief. Sacco's worth is far greater than you imagine."

"Even if it costs the entire Ordon Theocracy, he'll pay any price to protect that boy."

"You seem to know something more, my lady?" the man asked cautiously.

"Only fragments," Natasha replied lightly.

"An old tale found in the archives of the Violet Rose Trade Guild... about the true origin of the Divine Carapace."

At those words, the man fell silent.

Secrets of that level were not for him to pry into.

"Still," Natasha said, her voice calm, "to butcher nearly all the young heirs of every major power—don't you think Aurek's move was a bit too... extreme?"

The burly man gave a bitter smile.

"Those youths came from countless great factions. The Empire will face their combined wrath."

"Those ancient powers will not forgive this."

His tone dropped lower.

"But as long as the truly ancient existences remain bound by rules and oaths, unable to intervene directly—with twenty-seven thousand Peak Masters, and the Emperor's earlier tens of thousands of Master Rank legions, holding Eryndor City and its surrounding heartlands will not be difficult. You need not worry, my lady."

"This is Aurek's affair, not mine," Natasha replied coolly—yet her eyes drifted once more toward the distant figure by the river.