

## **Gods Daily 191**

### Chapter 191: The Traitors

At this moment, Aurek felt no anxiety.

Once he wiped out the few quasi–Overlord-Rank factions that possessed Overlord-level heritage, a well-fed Crossbridge Empire would be capable of sweeping across the entire continent.

He summoned another 800 Life Sorcerers, sending the Mountain Shieldbearers to the barracks while keeping the Doomsday Warriors, Elemental Assassins, and Void Warlocks at his side.

The Void Warlocks wore silver-white armor—not as heavily enclosed as the Elemental Assassins’ or the Doomsday Warriors’, nor radiating the same oppressive aura. They looked almost like ordinary soldiers... at least at first glance.

Aurek waved his hand, summoning a vast map of the empire’s territories. Pointing toward various marked regions—Blue Lake Province, Romir Mountain City, Kasskazit City, Anubichi Mountain Range, Thunder Guild, Storm Valley—he commanded the Void Warlocks:

"Construct Transdimensional Leap gates at these locations. Assist in troop deployment."

He intended to test how eight hundred Doomsday Warriors and eight hundred Elemental Assassins would perform in precision strikes under Void Warlock support. The prospect filled him with anticipation—this would be the empire’s first coordinated interspatial strike.

"Yes, Your Majesty!"

The Void Warlocks bowed deeply, studying the evolving topography of the map and the coordinates of each target.

Then, within the Grand Hall itself, they began to weave their spatial power. The air warped and twisted, spiraling into vortexes that shone like gateways to the stars.

"Move out!"

Aurek's decree echoed like thunder.

Two thousand four hundred soldiers marched one by one into the glowing portals. As Aurek's gaze fixed on the hovering map, his eyes turned razor-sharp.

The factions scrambling to found kingdoms and seize cities would soon receive an unexpected "gift" from the Empire.

Roseries Palace

In her chamber, Queen Josephine had already removed her heavy coronet with the help of her attendants. Dressed in a deep crimson velvet robe, she sat gracefully upon a velvet-covered couch.

When Aurek entered, the maids silently bowed and withdrew.

"Your Majesty,"

Josephine murmured softly, bowing her head slightly.

Aurek reached out, his fingers brushing along her delicate chin. Under the candlelight, her beauty resembled a sculpture crafted by a master's hand. Her curled lashes cast faint shadows across her cheeks; dignity blended with an indescribable elegance.

The crimson robe traced the contours of her figure, adding a mature charm.

Aurek's strong arms lifted her effortlessly. The soft warmth of her body and the faint fragrance that lingered on her skin stirred emotions he had long suppressed.

Her hands wrapped naturally around his neck, a rosy blush spreading across her serene face. The composure of the queen melted into tenderness.

"Rest now, my Josephine," he whispered.

The candlelight flickered.

The crimson robe fell like rose petals across the couch...

Blue Lake Province

House Ister, after years of quiet preparation, had seized control of the entire province before the Firstfall Festival, declaring the formation of a new state—the Principality of Robisi, with its capital at Blue Lake City.

Its patriarch, Ruyette Ister, had crowned himself king.

Yet now, the atmosphere in the newly built royal palace was suffocating.

News of the Battle of Eryndor City had reached them. Upon hearing that tens of thousands of Master-Rank warriors had perished—and even Grandmaster-Rank elites had been slaughtered—Ruyette felt as if he had plunged into an icy abyss.

He bitterly regretted declaring independence so hastily. Blue Lake Province lay too close to Eryndor City; Aurek would never let such rebellion go unpunished.

"Your Majesty, perhaps we should pledge allegiance to the Kingdom of Libera, seek the protection of the Brotherhood of the Old Gods,"

one minister suggested cautiously.

Having betrayed the Empire, there was no going back now. Ruyette's heart burned with unwillingness—but he knew that one wrong step led to another.

"Send an envoy to Libera. Negotiate for the best terms possible,"

he ordered through gritted teeth.

But before the minister could leave, panicked shouts erupted outside the palace walls.

Guards stared upward—

A swirling nebula of light expanded across the sky, as if a gate to another world were opening.

Ruyette strode outside. The senior officers of House Ister followed, unleashing waves of mind power to probe the disturbance.

Then—two black-armored figures emerged from the vortex.

"That is—"

The senior officers' eyes widened in terror.

"House Ister, traitors of the Empire. Your sins are unforgivable!"

The cold proclamation resounded across the heavens.

The two Doomsday Warriors raised their greatswords. Twin pillars of thunderous light tore through the sky and struck the palace squarely.

BOOM—

The earth shook violently. Cracks spiderwebbed through the ground as the entire city quaked.

The newly built palace disintegrated under the thunderlight, and all within were obliterated—senior officers, warriors, soldiers, even Ruyette himself—ground into dust in a single instant.

The surviving citizens trembled in horror, staring at the black-armored warriors standing before the swirling gate, as though witnessing divine punishment itself.

The newborn principality—barely half a month old—was erased from existence in the blink of an eye.

Kasskazit City

Within the castle, Zod was meeting with senior officers of the Silver Luna Guild, discussing administration over the newly claimed territories.

Suddenly—

"Who dares cause chaos?!"

A furious shout erupted as a Silver Luna Guild Peak-Master-Rank expert looked up to see a vortex forming in the skies above the city.

The expert soared upward, aura spreading in waves. As a ninth-tier organization, the guild still had formidable strength—five Peak-Master-Rank experts even after losing a guardian at Eryndor.

Alerted by the disturbance, two half-step Peak Masters and over a dozen Master-Rank warriors took to the air. Zod's eyes followed their gaze upward—

Thirty black-armored warriors had appeared in the sky, with twenty pale figures vanishing silently into the void.

"It's the army from Eryndor City!"

Faces blanched.

"Silver Luna Guild, guilty of rebellion. Judgment awaits!"

At once, the Peak-Master-Rank expert found the space around him folding into a cubic prison—a Spatial Cage—locking him completely.

"No!"

His expression twisted in horror. He drew an S-class weapon, slashing at the walls of space.

But the Void Warlocks simultaneously unleashed Spatial Fracture.

Within the cube, the trapped expert exploded into a mist of blood.

Zod's face turned ghostly white.

A Peak Master—slain in an instant?

If even he could not resist, what hope was there for the rest?

The half-step Peak Masters tried to flee, only to be sealed within Nether Cages. Countless lower-ranked warriors were engulfed by elemental vortices, cut to ribbons by flashing blades in the dark.

A few screams rang out before silence fell. The half-step Peak Masters were reduced to rain of blood.

When the cube dissolved, the surviving guild members fell to their knees, begging for mercy—any will to resist utterly gone.

It was a massacre, not a battle.

One Void Warlock seized a trembling guild member and demanded,

"Where is the Silver Luna Guild's main headquarters?"

"In the granite mountains east of the city—five hundred thousand li away!" the man stammered.

"Clean up here. We'll handle the headquarters,"

the Void Warlock said, opening another vast gate through space.

Moments later, dozens of Doomsday Warriors strode through the portal, invoking Heaven's Punishment.

Columns of destruction and blazing thunder cascaded across the granite range. Mountain peaks crumbled; forests turned to ash beneath the grid of lightning.

Most perished before realizing they were under attack.

Three Peak-Master-Rank elders burst forth, combining their power into a blazing Silver Moon Holy Ray that split the sky—aimed directly at the portal.

But midway through flight, the beam vanished—absorbed and redirected by a Space Domain.

"Impossible!"

The elders' eyes widened in disbelief.

Their ultimate strike—gone, as if the enemy had folded reality itself.

What kind of monsters were these!?

In the next instant, the Void Warlocks sealed the space around them.

The Doomsday Warriors raised their swords and struck. The confined space shattered—taking the three elders with it.

Their souls shrieked in despair, only to be consumed and purified by annihilating light.

Thus ended the Silver Luna Guild—

not with a war, but with erasure.