

## Gods Daily 198

Chapter 198: The Empress's Iron Blood and Conquest

She gently waved the broom in her hand.

In the next instant, countless threads imbued with purifying power surged toward the destructive blade light, erasing it bit by bit.

"It's Lady Flair from Skypeak Tower!"

The commander of the Santino garrison saw the figure and felt hope ignite in his heart.

The broom in Flair's hand transformed into a radiant river of light that spanned the sky, easily piercing through the enemy's domain of blades and continuing to surge toward the Pood Empire's grandmaster-rank powerhouse at the rear.

A blood-red giant bear—its divine aspect steeped in the stench of slaughter—roared out, only to be violently stopped by the storm Flair swept forth.

The river of holy light swept across the battlefield in the sky, and more than twenty peak master-rank figures from the Pood Empire's side were vaporized in the brilliance!

Boom!

The holy light slammed into the canyon, triggering an earthquake-like collapse.

Massive rocks tumbled down as smoke and dust billowed to the heavens.

"Flair!"

"It's been years—and you're still as merciless as ever!"

The voice of the Pood Empire's grandmaster came, both furious and shaken.

A blood-soaked figure lunged toward Flair.

Behind her, the divine aspect of holy light extended a finger—

In a flash, it pierced through the blood-red bear's core.

The grandmaster-rank powerhouse was forced back again, tumbling into the depths of the canyon in utter disgrace.

Flair stepped forward, her three divine aspects blazing with light as she charged straight into the heart of the enemy formation!

Boom!

Zzz—!

Rumble!

The clash of terrifying energies and the sound of low-level annihilation echoed across the province like a doomsday bell.

Even Rand, far away in Revor, suddenly raised his head in shock, his expression freezing as he looked southwest.

"Anubichi Canyon... that's a grandmaster-rank aura!"

"The Pood Empire's grandmasters actually joined the battle themselves? Are they really ready to tear the veil completely?"

Wak's tone was grave as he felt the dreadful fluctuations from afar.

"Hmph! Pood Empire!"

"The blood debt of the Obsidian Legion will be repaid in their blood someday!"

Rand's fists clenched tight.

His family carried the bloodline of the Obsidian Legion's last descendants.

That battle which annihilated the legion was an eternal wound and humiliation passed down through generations.

Grand Duke Sentino might have been the traitor who stole the victory's fruit,

but the Pood Empire was the true instigator behind it all!

"The situation in the southwest has reached a critical moment. I must report to His Majesty immediately!"

Rand hastily wrote an emergency top-priority military dispatch and sent it through a void warlock standing by for instantaneous transfer back to Eryndor City.

The speed of this transmission—far beyond conventional means—made him once again realize the priceless worth of the mysterious power in Aurek's hands.

Aetelia Royal Capital

Santino frowned deeply as he read the report, the crease between his brows forming the shape of a river.

"The three deputy commanders stationed at the Battleaxe Legion headquarters were assassinated on the same night, each inside their own offices!"

Banquet's voice carried a subtle, barely hidden tremor of fear.

"No signs of struggle at the scene, and none of the security wards were triggered," he continued after a pause.

"It can almost certainly be concluded that this was the work of Aurek's specters."

"Specters... the reapers of the night, huh."

Santino's eyes turned cold, his finger tapping rhythmically on the armrest of his throne.

"Send a formal request to Skypeak Tower. Ask them to dispatch master-rank mages skilled in divination and sensory disciplines to assist us."

"Perhaps only they can trace the faint residue left by these specters and give us at least some degree of forewarning."

Right now, the decisive battle at Anubichi Canyon against the Blackarmored Bear Legion demanded nearly all his focus.

He could not afford to let panic consume the rear lines as well.

"Yes, Your Majesty!"

Banquet bowed and left to carry out the order.

Santino walked to the massive crystal window and gazed toward the distant direction of Anubichi Canyon.

This battle—he had to hold the line!

He needed at least a tactical victory to buy time for the newborn Aetheria Kingdom—time to consolidate power and fortify the defense lines.

One Month Later

Time flowed swiftly on the war-torn frontiers.

The Filo Empire in the north and the Goldflow Empire in the south, upon confirming the internal rebellion within the Crossbridge Empire, finally ceased their hesitation.

This was the opportunity they had long awaited!

Almost simultaneously, both empires launched probing offensives—the north upon the icy plains, the south across the rolling hills—seeking to seize the fertile borderlands while chaos reigned.

Valoria Palace

Aurek had not only stabilized the first Conqueror-class divine aspect, but had also pushed his power to the brink of grandmaster rank, level 2.

The embryonic form of a second divine aspect was already faintly visible within his spiritual sea.

Of course, the massive number of Emperor Points required for this progress had nearly been exhausted.

The torrent of magic surging through his body now far exceeded any prior estimate.

Although his understanding of grandmaster-rank power had largely come from his battle with Silas,

only by stepping into this realm himself did he truly grasp what it meant—

a complete transformation of life's very tier and the dimension of power itself!

His deep gaze pierced through the vaulted ceiling of the palace, across mountains and rivers, landing upon the crimson land veiled in falling maple leaves to the west.

"The time for reckoning has come."

One month and two days later,

an unending stream of Emperor Points had been invested into the army's incubation process,

ultimately birthing a force of 128,000 attribute soldiers!

Excluding the Life Sorcerers focused on healing and support,

the number of attribute warriors of level 7, capable of front-line assault, reached 102,400—

the equivalent of over one hundred thousand peak grandmasters marching to war simultaneously.

Such a force was enough to overturn the balance of power across the entire continent—

a truly decisive army!

## Selene Empire — Moonlight Temple

Clad in a robe of stars and moons, Empress Elizabeth stood upon a terrace encircled by a glowing lunar halo.

Her very presence bent the surrounding mana and elements into obedience, forming an absolute domain that belonged to her alone.

"Your Majesty, there is still no response from the Crossbridge Empire,"

said Julie softly, not daring to even breathe too loudly.

In the presence of this towering empress, she felt herself no more than a speck of dust.

Elizabeth's eyes fixed upon the starlit heavens.

Between her brows, the crescent-shaped sigil glowed with an icy luminance.

That light seemed to resonate with the moon and stars above, subtly shifting the very rhythm of night and shadow.

"The chaos of the Eura Continent... is about to begin."

Her voice was calm, almost detached, yet beneath it lurked unshakable dominance.

"Send another covert envoy," she commanded after a moment,

"and convey my will—I wish to speak with him personally. This matter must remain absolutely secret."

"As you command, Your Majesty."

Julie bowed deeply.

"And one more thing—track down Sophia's whereabouts."

"As for Sacco..." she paused briefly, her tone turning indifferent.

"He's currently sheltered by Karon and those old fossils in the Ordon Theocracy. We can ignore him for now."

Julie hesitated, then cautiously asked,

"Your Majesty, when Sacco appeared in Eryndor City before, why didn't you take that chance to capture him?"

Elizabeth's lips curved into a knowing smile.

"If I didn't let him test Aurek first, how else could I be sure that this newly risen emperor is truly one of our kind?"

Her expression radiated absolute confidence—the kind of serenity that only those who hold the strings of fate possess.

"Aurek's worth," she said softly,

"far surpasses Sacco's—by countless times."

"That man must be brought under my control."

"Only by subduing him... can I accomplish my great design and stand prepared for the age of chaos to come."