

Gods Daily 199

Chapter 199: The Horn of Total Assault

Julie dared not speak further.

The Empress's mind was unfathomable—far beyond her understanding.

Her Majesty's focus on Aurek was not some passing whim; it was part of a grand design that had long been set in motion.

As for what kind of upheaval the coming age of chaos would bring, Julie had no idea.

But she did know one thing—Her Majesty's will and strength could subdue any being, no matter how proud or defiant.

Since the Empress had spoken of subjugating Aurek herself, then Aurek's fate was already sealed.

Over the years, Julie had seen countless brilliant, formidable men—heroes, conquerors, and sages of extraordinary talent and arrogance.

Yet all of them, without exception, had eventually bowed before the Empress.

Even those of the fabled Sage Rank were no exception.

And now, for the first time, there was someone who held Her Majesty's unrelenting attention.

Aurek.

He must possess something—some quality or essence—that deeply fascinated her.

"Withdraw," said the Empress coldly.

Julie bowed deeply and hastily left that oppressive domain.

"Sacco... Codex of the Star Gods..."

Elizabeth softly spoke the two names.

If Sacco had been present, he would have been utterly horrified—

for the Codex of the Star Gods was a secret known only to him, something even Karon and the others had no knowledge of.

Crossbridge Empire — Council Hall

"Your Majesty! All preparations are complete!"

Aurek strode back into the grand hall.

Already waiting for him were Overthunder, War Bear, Violet Thunder, Golden Armor, Pippin, and General Matt—the commander of the Empire's 3,000,000-strong main army.

Over the past month, a wave of assassinations had eliminated numerous warlords and their key followers, sowing chaos across Santino's territories, the northern provinces, and the Bimat Highlands.

Their enemies were now stretched thin and weary.

Meanwhile, the Filo Empire, Pood Empire, and Goldflow Empire had each seized the opportunity to launch attacks on multiple fronts, forcing Duke Frostborne Bruce, Grand Duke Walton, and Grand Duke Sentino to divide their forces to cope.

"How goes the intelligence gathering on the Brotherhood of the Old Gods?"

Aurek asked calmly.

Golden Armor stepped forward and reported:

"The Brotherhood of the Old Gods has existed for more than a hundred thousand years. Its rise is shrouded in mystery."

"It is said that its founder once discovered a fragment of 'Divine Radiance' that fell from beyond the stars. From that moment, his fate ascended, and he established the Order."

"The Order holds two core secrets."

"First, the matter of the Half Revelation. Its origins are classified at the highest level. Every member of peak master rank or above has taken an unbreakable soul oath preventing any disclosure or psychic probing. This alone proves how extraordinary it must be."

"Second, there exists a sacred relic known as the Drum of Fate. It is believed to be comparable in rank to Your Majesty's Glamer Holy Sword. However, all information about it has been deliberately erased and sealed."

Golden Armor concluded his report.

"The Half Revelation... Drum of Fate..."

Aurek fell into deep thought.

From the sound of it, these artifacts were unimaginably precious—

otherwise the Order would not have bound its leadership with such extreme soul oaths.

Could it be that the Empress of Selene's true objective was one of these relics?

"Continue monitoring the Brotherhood of the Old Gods closely," Aurek commanded.

"Yes, Your Majesty."

"Oh, and Your Majesty," Pippin added, "the people from Frostvale have arrived again, saying they wish to assist the Empire against the western front. Should we bring them into this campaign?"

"They're waiting outside the hall right now."

"Let them in."

Moments later, Isabella entered the chamber, followed by a striking figure—

a tall, mature, and breathtakingly beautiful elf whose presence radiated an aura of winter's purity.

Her long, silvery-white hair fell over her shoulders, and her eyes shone like frozen sapphires.

Her bearing was cold and dignified—regal, almost divine.

This was none other than the Queen of the Frostvale Elves herself.

The elven queen held in her hand an ice-crystal scepter blooming with frozen flowers. She lifted her gaze to meet Aurek's, and with graceful composure, she bowed.

"Freya of Frostvale pays respect to Your Majesty, the Emperor."

"I recall already giving Frostvale my answer," Aurek said, holding the Emperor's Scepter. His tone was level, unreadable.

Freya responded calmly, "Your Majesty misunderstands my intent."

"Frostvale has not come to negotiate—we come in true allegiance. We swear loyalty to the Empire and wish to aid Your Majesty in subduing the western front."

"Frostvale may retain its racial heritage," Aurek replied coldly,

"but every other independent tradition and inheritance must end. All must merge into the Empire's system—no exceptions, no autonomy."

He drew a clear, uncompromising line.

He would tolerate no independent power within his dominion.

And after Frostvale's earlier opportunistic behavior, Aurek's patience for elven politics had worn thin.

Those who submitted would be spared.

Those who resisted—would perish.

Freya's brows knitted slightly.

"Your Majesty, the Frostvale lineage has endured for tens of thousands of years..."

"Spare me the history," Aurek cut her off coldly.

"Now—make your choice."

The atmosphere in the hall grew suffocating.

Isabella and the others dared not lift their heads.

Even Freya fell silent, her lips pressed tight.

After a long pause, she bowed low.

"Frostvale obeys Your Majesty's decree."

"Also," she added softly, "the White Lady bids me deliver a message—

She will forever guard the Endless Glacier. That land shall always belong to the Empire."

The White Lady!

Aurek's eyes narrowed slightly. He had heard of her before—

the mysterious ruler of the Endless Glacier, a being whose lineage was said to descend from an iceborne elven queen that fell from the heavens.

None had ever seen her true form.

His ancestor, Emperor Aurek I, had once ventured into the Endless Glacier.

Though he never met the White Lady in person, he had received a cryptic revelation there.

From that moment, the Empire's bond with the Glacier had been sealed.

No one knew her rank or true power.

She never acted, never appeared—like a myth interwoven with the ice itself.

She and the Endless Glacier were one and the same—an eternal sentinel guarding the Empire's farthest western border.

Aurek did not dwell on it further.

With a wave of his hand, a stable spatial vortex opened in the council hall, expanding into a shining portal of magic.

"Move out."

He stepped into the light.

Overthunder, Golden Armor, Pippin, and the others followed without hesitation.

Freya and Isabella exchanged glances, then entered as well.

When they emerged, they were already at the Empire's western frontier—beyond the Crimson Hills, before the boundless Endless Glacier.

As the portal behind them began to close, awe filled their eyes.

Even Freya, at peak master rank, level 8, found it unbelievable.

After all, Eryndor City lay dozens of provinces away!

This emperor's power truly defied comprehension.

Just when the world thought they had seen the limits of Aurek's might, he would unveil yet another hidden trump card.

"Chieftain—look below!" Isabella exclaimed.

Freya looked down—

and saw the land below lit with countless portals of light, scattered like stars across the plains.

From each gate marched legions of soldiers in full battle gear—men, warhorses, siege engines—all moving in perfect order toward the direction of the Scarlet Kingdom.

The army was vast beyond measure.

Millions of soldiers were assembling around more than a dozen fortresses along the outer ring of the Red Maple Province.

Aurek stood aloft, Glamer Holy Sword in hand, gazing coldly toward the distant Crimson Hills.

Pippin, after receiving Aurek's approval, joined the Imperial Knights' forward base with the aid of the void warlocks.

Now, over a thousand of them had simultaneously opened a massive teleportation network—channels linking directly to the fifty-six inland provinces behind the Scarlet Kingdom.

Golden Armor's figure faded into shadow as he departed on a covert mission.

Behind Aurek stood Violet Thunder, War Bear, and Matt, each exuding unshakable resolve.

Freya and Isabella watched the scene unfold, realization dawning on their faces—

The Empire was about to unleash an all-out offensive on the Scarlet Kingdom.

And this time, it would be a total war—

a campaign with no restraint, no retreat...

The horn of conquest had been sounded!