

## Gods Daily 200

Chapter 200: On the Brink of War

Freya seemed as if she wished to offer a warning, but in the end she held her tongue.

She turned and whispered an order to Cheryl, who immediately set off for Frostvale to muster reinforcements.

Freya's formidable mind power swept in every direction—yet she could not sense even the faintest trace of the twenty thousand peak grandmaster-level powerhouses she had seen earlier in Eryndor City. The absence itself unsettled her.

At last, her gaze returned to the steady back of Aurek.

Upon the Crimson Hills, crimson leaves drifted down like rain, covering the slopes in scarlet.

The stout elder and the gaunt elder both frowned.

"Bold, I'll grant him that," the stout elder rasped.

"To dare lead a personal campaign straight against our Crimson Hills? Let's hope he leaves his life here forever."

A vast tide of mind power surged from him, blanketing mountains and plains without end. Within that field, he clearly perceived the Empire's countless legions—

and even Aurek himself, standing tall in the void.

"How odd... Why can't I sense the aura of that mighty Doom Legion at all?" the gaunt elder muttered, brow furrowing.

"My mind power has scoured every tract of land within several hundred thousand li, and still there's no trace of their energy fluctuations!"

"Set them aside for now," the stout elder said, face like ice.

"Aurek's presence means he's determined to test the weight of the Crimson Hills. Those twenty thousand peak master-rank powerhouses will show themselves sooner or later."

"Warn Ricky," he added sharply. "Tell him to guard against infiltration and assassination by those uncanny specters. In recent days, many high officials inside the Scarlet Kingdom have died—almost certainly their work. Even the peak master-rank experts we dispatched down the mountain suffered losses. It seems only grandmasters holding the line in person can suppress them."

"No—still not enough," the stout elder decided after a beat, frowning deeper.

"Go and rouse the sleeper in the depths—the Guardian of the Mountain. If we fight, we fight to break Aurek in a single stroke—break him so thoroughly he never rises again."

"Urgent dispatch!"

"Your Majesty! Millions from the Crossbridge Empire's armies have appeared on our borders—Hopevale, Encirra, Frostspire, Blackrock, and other fortresses are already under siege!"

"Your Majesty!"

"Aurek's main host has reached the outskirts of the Crimson Hills!"

"Your Majesty..."

In the throne hall of the Scarlet Kingdom, heralds arrived in quick succession, voices breathless with alarm.

Laiwood, Disapiel, and all the kingdom's ministers had gathered; the air was heavy, and none spoke lightly.

On the throne, King Ricky—clad in royal regalia—wore a face as dark as stormwater.

From the recent assassinations and the troop movements around the realm, he had sensed what was coming—

but he had still underestimated Aurek's resolve.

The enemy had come not only for the Scarlet Kingdom—Aurek himself led the vanguard, bringing the Empire's main strength to bear.

"Issue my commands!" Ricky thundered.

"Count Langxi is to lead the Crimson Guard at once—reinforce Encirra at all costs and strike the invaders a crushing blow!"

"General Dubrick will coordinate every royal legion, using the outer city-states as anchors to construct a defensive line and halt the Crossbridge advance."

"Each province is to dispatch two hundred thousand troops to concentrate at strategic hubs such as Blackrock."

"Every ten-thousand-strong legion must have at least one Hero Rank powerhouse in command."

"Inform the Red Maple Palace—guard strictly against those mysterious specters, and send top experts to the front at once."

Encirra was the vital shield of the capital; if it fell, the enemy could drive straight in and threaten the royal city itself.

Hopevale, Blackrock, Frostspire, and the other outer fortresses were likewise the kingdom's gates—if they failed, the palace would be in mortal peril.

And there was another grim certainty:

If Aurek was here in person, then that army of 20,000 peak grandmasters must be with him.

Only the Red Maple Palace's finest could stand against such annihilating force.

"At once, Your Majesty!" The heralds saluted and hurried off.

"Shall we also notify the Kingdom of Albion?" a minister ventured.

"If Aurek dares to attack us, he must have accounted for them as well. We could ask them to strike the Crossbridge forces from the Anubichi mountain pass."

Albion, founded by Grand Duke Fete, shared the western marches with the Scarlet Kingdom and bordered its lands.

"Notify them, but don't expect Jacob to move quickly," Ricky said with a cold smile.

"He'd prefer to see us and the Crossbridge Empire bleed each other dry—so he can reap the fisherman's profit."

Though both kingdoms lay in the West, they were rivals.

Now was the perfect moment to weaken the Scarlet Kingdom—Jacob would not let the chance pass.

But he also knew what it meant if the lips are gone and teeth grow cold:

Should the Scarlet Kingdom truly be unable to resist and face destruction,

Albion would not stand idle while Crossbridge swallowed the entire West.

Beyond the Crimson Hills, Aurek stood unshaken, the Glamer Holy Sword in his hand.

An ocean of mind power rolled out from him like a tide, covering the forward fortresses and the lands within and without the hills.

"Your Majesty, the Crimson Hills are protected by a grand array called the Crimson Guardian Barrier," Freya said, stepping forward, her voice cool.

"It is constructed with the strange maple trees covering these mountains as energy nodes. To breach the hills, we must first eliminate these maples and collapse the barrier's foundation."

Aurek did not turn.

He merely lifted his right hand and gave the slightest wave.

War Bear loosed a low roar as columns of solid gold radiance erupted around him.

Like a war god clad in hammered sunlight, he took a single thunderous step and drove a colossal fist into the open ground before the range.

Boom!

At that single blow, the entire Crimson Hills seemed to wake.

A film of pink-gleaming light, crisscrossed with intricate sigils, flared violently into view—

the Crimson Guardian Barrier revealed itself to all.

Deep within the mountains, the faces of the gaunt elder and stout elder soured at once.

Before the Empire's legions could even advance—

Swish, swish, swish—!

Figures wreathed in terrifying auras shot up from every quarter of the Crimson Hills.

"Aurek! You've come seeking your own death!" a voice roared across the heavens, seething with rage.

More than fifty divine aspects of wildly differing forms coalesced in the sky, releasing a suffocating pressure.

Behind them surged over twenty thousand peak master-rank experts, and seventy to eighty thousand master-rank powerhouses.

This vast force poured out in full—one part rushing to the forward fronts, the other forming a tight guard outside the mountain barrier.

At the same time, the Red Maple Palace committed its mainstays—Hero Rank, Expert Rank, and more—into the fray.

"For the Empire—attack!"

Matt raised his sword and bellowed, giving the order that unleashed the general offensive.

The Imperial soldiers crashed forward like a river of steel, slamming into Hopevale with irresistible momentum.

Doomsday Warriors of levels 5 and 6 chanted annihilating spells,

while elemental assassins had already slipped into the city—

invisible reapers, poised to decapitate the defenders' command and the Red Maple Palace elites sent to bolster them.