

Gods Daily 322

Chapter 322: The Auction of Top-Tier Treasures

The Wrath Apostle flew out of the cave, glancing back toward the depths of Godfall Canyon with lingering terror.

At this moment, fear completely flooded his heart.

When they came, they were aggressive and arrogant, loudly declaring they would wreak havoc across this land.

Yet now?

They had been nearly completely annihilated—

And they still didn't even know who their enemy was.

"Damn it... what kind of cursed place is this?! I must leave as soon as I complete my task."

A cold chill ran through him.

Until he personally experienced this battle, he had never realized how laughable all his previous words had been.

He quietly flew into the distance.

"What sort of existence controls this 'lower plane'? Who could wield such terrifying power?"

Fear filled him, but so did burning curiosity.

After all, this would be the Dark Corruption Temple's future enemy.

He had to discover the truth... so they could properly take revenge.

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Twilight City

The Court of Darkness officially opened for business!

But shortly after opening, several God Fire-rank brutes stormed inside aggressively.

They swaggered around the premises as if no one existed in their eyes, then suddenly smashed their fists down onto the display shelves.

Magic artifacts, potions, scrolls—

All shattered into pieces.

The disturbance quickly attracted a crowd of onlookers. Many cast mocking looks at the scene.

To openly provoke the Blood Magic Society in Twilight City?

These newcomers clearly didn't know the meaning of death.

Even if you had a background—so what?

Trying to establish a foothold here without approval from the three major forces?

Keep dreaming!

In the eyes of the citizens, this conflict had only one possible ending.

"We're about to see a good show."

"Who knows where these idiots crawled out from. Did they really think they're invincible?"

Whispers spread through the crowd.

"What do you think you're doing?!"

An elderly steward of the Milott Family rushed forward, scolding loudly.

One of the God Fire brutes locked onto him and stepped forward viciously, releasing crushing pressure.

Pff!

The steward spat blood instantly, but still glared at the man.

"You... you're from the Blood Magic Society?"

"Oh? Old man can still recognize us, huh?"

"Then why don't you know the rules?"

The brute's killing intent surged as he prepared to slaughter the steward and then deal with whoever backed this unfamiliar faction.

But then—

A void warlock silently stepped out.

With a twist of space, he imprisoned the brute in an instant.

And before the stunned crowd, the space around the brute distorted violently—

—then shredded him into mist-like blood.

"You dare touch someone from the Blood Magic Society?!"

You're all dead—just wait!"

The remaining brutes, terrified out of their wits, fled the Court of Darkness while shouting threats.

"Told you—they're not simple!"

"Hmph, this is just the beginning. The real trouble is coming!"

The watching crowd murmured in surprise.

Nearby, Natasha and Cyriel quietly observed the scene.

Cyriel asked,

"Lady Natasha, why not simply destroy the Blood Magic Society from the shadows?"

Natasha smiled elegantly.

"Because we need to make a name for ourselves."

"If we eliminate them secretly, who would know it was the Court of Darkness?"

"But if we crush the Blood Magic Society openly, the effect is completely different."

"Back at the passage, we had to avoid exposing our identities. But now, we've erased all traces and entered Twilight City. At most, people will be suspicious. As long as we don't speak, no one can guess the truth."

"The bigger the commotion, the better. The wider the shock, the louder the name."

Cyriel nodded.

As expected, the lady whom the Emperor personally entrusted with this mission was brilliant.

Natasha thought for a moment, then asked playfully,

"Tell me—

Should our publicity say:

'The brutal Blood Magic Society injured a servant of the Court of Darkness, so they were annihilated in retaliation'?

Or:

'A woman at the Star Rank destroyed the mighty Blood Magic Society overnight'?"

Cyriel glanced at her and replied calmly,

"My lady... why not use both?"

"...Yes.

Not bad."

Natasha nodded approvingly.

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Blood Magic Society

The brutes who fled earlier were reporting to their superior.

"Senior officer! The Court of Darkness is indeed as you predicted—they're not simple!"

They described everything in detail.

The senior officer didn't dare delay and hurried to the main hall.

Inside—

Murphy, the guild's president, was discussing matters with Eborwen, the patriarch of the Eborwen family.

Eborwen set down his teacup and looked at Murphy.

"You didn't invite me here just for tea. Speak. I don't like beating around the bush."

Murphy ignored the jab and asked coldly,

"That Court of Darkness... it's backed by your Eborwen Family, isn't it?"

"Court of what?"

Eborwen snorted. "Do I look that bored?"

"If it's not your family's doing, then I'll uproot them."

Murphy sneered.

He didn't care whether the Eborwen Family was behind them or not—

Today's invitation was simply a courtesy.

A warning.

One way or another, he intended to eliminate the Court of Darkness.

The difference was merely how he would proceed.

"A puppet woman creating a faction... surely the mighty master of the Blood Magic Society isn't afraid, right?"

"If this spreads, the entire Twilight City will laugh their heads off."

Eborwen mocked him openly.

The moment the Court of Darkness appeared, he had already heard of it.

Anyone who openly challenged the Blood Magic Society was bound to draw attention.

Murphy coldly snorted inside but kept a calm expression.

"Since it has nothing to do with your family, I won't be polite."

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"...I heard your Blood Magic Society recently acquired several extraordinary treasures?"

Eborwen suddenly asked.

Murphy narrowed his eyes, then said calmly,

"Next month, the Blood Magic Society will host a grand auction.

If the Eborwen Family is interested, feel free to attend.

We guarantee you won't be disappointed."

He certainly wouldn't reveal specifics.

Those treasures had cost them an enormous price.

To maximize profit, he needed to build hype and anticipation.

Eborwen didn't ask further.

He had lost interest in staying and rose to leave.

Murphy remained seated alone, contemplating the Court of Darkness.

At that moment—

The senior officer rushed in, bowing deeply.

"Guild's president! We just ran another probe. This Court of Darkness is truly exceptional."

"On the surface, those visible attendants are weak. But their hidden guards are incredibly strong."

Murphy ordered coldly,

"Now that you're certain they're not backed by the Eborwen Family—and since the city lord would never bother with this—

that means they're outsiders."

"If they dare dance above my head, they shouldn't blame me for being ruthless."

"Send Mox to eliminate them completely."

The senior officer accepted the command immediately.

"And one more thing—

You will take charge of promoting next month's auction."

"Make the hype as big as possible.

Reveal small hints about the auction items, just enough to stir interest.

Spread our Blood Magic Society's reputation beyond the two empires!"

"Yes, sir!"

Excited, the senior officer hurried out—

leaving the eradication of the Court of Darkness to Mox.