

## Gods Daily 454

Chapter 454: Who Knows Where She Died

Rupert's expression darkened.

The assembled senior officials—and Jeremy as well—turned their gaze to Zuurul.

"Zuurul, what exactly happened in the lower realm?" Rupert stepped up to him, his voice ice-cold.

Zuurul spoke in a heavy, grief-stricken tone. "My lord, please punish me!"

"I underestimated the lower realm's strength. We ran into a ferocious assault the moment we arrived. Their legions are abnormally powerful—Divine Clerics don't even count as their main force. They have tens of millions at the Grand Divine Cleric and High God levels, and even their God General and True God troops number in the millions."

"It was my negligence. The instant we entered, we fell into an ambush. That's why all our brothers of the God Mountain Holy Army perished there."

As he spoke, Zuurul's eyes turned bloodshot, brimming with grief, fury, and hatred.

"What are they?" Rupert didn't bother with rebuke yet—he needed the facts first.

Zuurul replied, "The lower realm's power is called the Crossbridge Empire. We still don't know exactly who their emperor is, but their legions are terrifying beyond belief."

"As for higher-rank experts... we didn't detect any."

At that, Zuurul lowered his head in shame.

Rupert and the officials were left somewhat dazed.

So many had died, yet they still hadn't even grasped the enemy's basic situation?

If they didn't already know Zuurul's competence, they would have suspected he was an utter incompetent.

Zuurul continued, "As for Ael Fortress... my lord will likely need to handle it personally. If others are sent, it will probably be futile."

"Only a Divine Radiant arriving in person can create a true suppression."

Rupert did not refute him. After a brief pause, he issued orders:

"Immediately mobilize the Unar Province Legion and the other main legions. Assemble at Ael Fortress and the surrounding areas."

"At the same time, issue orders to every fortress: dispatch your True God, God King, and sage king-rank experts to the frontline as fast as possible."

"Also, report to Olympian God Mountain at once, explain the situation, and request central army reinforcements!"

A local governor's privately maintained troops could not compare in refinement to Olympian God Mountain's core legions.

In Olympian God Mountain's armies, even the most ordinary soldier was at least a High God.

If they sent down just a few core legions at the God General and True God levels, the situation could be suppressed with ease.

"My lord," Zuurul spoke again, "the forces Crossbridge Empire has deployed for now aren't enough to alarm Olympian God Mountain's central authority."

"If the higher-ups learn the real situation in Unar Province... I worry it may harm your reputation and prospects. Better to see if we can drive them back ourselves first."

"If we can resolve it privately, that would be best. If we truly can't, then we ask God Mountain to intervene."

Zuurul's tone sounded as if he were thinking entirely for Rupert's sake.

The officials' expressions grew subtly strange.

If Olympian God Mountain learned that Rupert struggled this badly against a mere lower realm—and even lost three fortresses—it would inevitably look down on him, perhaps even punish him.

Rupert's future would be in jeopardy.

If they could settle it quietly without alarming God Mountain, that risk would vanish.

Of course, that would also greatly reduce Zuurul's guilt for his disastrous defeat.

It benefited Rupert, and it benefited Zuurul himself.

At that thought, the officials inwardly sneered—Zuurul had calculated well indeed.

Rupert's face remained grim.

He understood the calculation perfectly, yet he couldn't refute it outright.

But they were all wrong.

In truth, Zuurul was buying time for the Crossbridge Empire.

Once Olympian God Mountain's elite legions intervened, the situation would become uncontrollable, forcing the Crossbridge forces—currently without reinforcements—into a passive position.

But if Rupert personally took the field, the frontline could be drawn into a back-and-forth struggle, delaying matters long enough for the abyssal demon realm to redeploy reinforcements.

When that happened, they would no longer fear Olympian God Mountain's elite legions.

So, not notifying Olympian God Mountain right now was—ironically—the best possible outcome.

After thinking it through, Rupert ultimately did not reject the proposal, and he adjusted his arrangements accordingly.

As Zuurul left the castle, he unexpectedly ran into Joanna.

"I demand an audience with Lord Rupert!" Joanna said to the guards.

The guard flicked her a glance. Seeing that she hadn't even reached the God Fire realm, he barked coldly:

"Get lost! Lord Rupert's status is beyond compare—do you think trash like you can see him whenever you please?"

Joanna's expression turned ugly. She said coldly, "I have detailed intelligence about the lower realm's Crossbridge Empire. I must inform my lord..."

The guard's expression shifted—hesitation flickered in his eyes.

At that moment, Zuurul walked out.

"Lord Zuurul, this person—"

"General Zuurul!" Seeing that Zuurul was still alive, Joanna's face lit up. Without waiting for the guard to finish, she hurried toward him.

But Zuurul suddenly raised his hand and, without warning, struck out with his palm.

"No—!"

BOOM!

With a single palm strike, Joanna was instantly smashed into a cloud of blood mist.

Even in death, she could not understand why.

Zuurul said coldly to the guard, "If it weren't for this thing feeding us false intelligence and leading us in the wrong direction, the God Mountain Holy Army wouldn't have been wiped out. And he still has the nerve to show up here?"

Hearing that, the guard's face turned icy.

Because his elder brother had been a commander in the God Mountain Holy Army—and had fallen in this campaign.

"Good thing we didn't listen to his bullshit again," the guard snarled.

Zuurul replied, "Don't worry. Blood debts will be repaid in blood. I'll make those lower-realm ants pay the price."

With that, he strode away—neatly eliminating Joanna, the one person who possessed the full truth, as a potential threat.

Rupert began preparing his counteroffensive against Ael Fortress and the surrounding region.

The news soon reached Josephine as well.

In strategic maneuvering of this sort, Josephine, Fiona, and Belinda were all fairly adept—

But Elizabeth was even more practiced. She immediately began deploying countermeasures.

However, their objective was not to annihilate the invading enemy.

It was to maintain balance and buy time.

To manufacture the illusion of evenly matched forces—

and a prolonged war of attrition.

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Eura Continent.

Ares, Stillness Sage, Starbound Savant, and Tina returned with two hundred million True God—rank legions.

The Aetherian Sanctuary was guarded by Sophia, Alice, Lucy, and the others.

Eryndor City and the Imperial Academy were stabilized by Gloria.

After learning the full details—and Josephine’s plan—from Gloria, Ares immediately led the legions into the spatial rift passage.

"This time, Olympian God Mountain is really going to be in for it!" Benjamin laughed cheerfully.

His Majesty Aurek’s ruthless personal campaign into the abyssal demon realm was proof enough of his ambition—he had surely been trying every possible way to enter the god realm.

And now?

No need to search anymore.

Olympian God Mountain had carved a hole in its own walls!

A tiger like the empire wouldn’t not charge straight in.

Watching Ares lead hundreds of millions of absurdly powerful troops into the passage, Benjamin could almost picture the miserable faces on the other side.

He couldn’t help sighing inwardly—he truly was brilliant to have made such a correct choice.

Unlike that stupid woman Joanna, who insisted on opposing the empire.

Now who knows what corner she died in.

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Gazing at the rift in the sky, Kaos merely smiled without speaking.

"Good. Let that little brat play outside for a while—staying at home all the time would suffocate him."

On the other side, in the Heavenlight God Realm, the flames of war burned high!