

Gods Daily 94

Chapter 94: Elder Bloodblade

The upper echelons of the Killer Guild stirred restlessly the moment they heard Elder Bloodblade was going to take action. The very name seemed to rekindle their courage, washing away the fear that Aurek had inspired.

One elder leaned forward eagerly, his tone brimming with suppressed excitement.

"I've heard that the Black Dagger has sent a high-ranking figure to Eryndor City. Although they don't hold any grudge against Aurek, if there is profit to be made, I doubt they would refuse to cooperate."

Another elder chimed in quickly, seizing the thought.

"Exactly! If we can align with them, then our chances of eliminating Aurek will rise significantly!"

A third scoffed, though his voice carried the edge of bitterness.

"From what I've gathered, those cowardly fools at the Sapphire Bank have fled Eryndor City altogether. But... perhaps this is an opportunity for us."

The chamber filled with heated voices as the Killer Guild's senior figures began arguing, their imaginations painting vivid images of Aurek lying dead at their feet.

But then, a colder voice cut through the noise like a blade.

From the corner of the hall, a figure who had been silent until now finally spoke.

"Be careful." His tone was sharp, warning. "I advise you not to make reckless moves. Elder Bloodblade has not yet revealed his whereabouts, and the Black Dagger—do not forget—their organization is backed by ancient powers far more terrifying than what you imagine. Unless we are absolutely certain, do not be so foolish as to act as someone else's sacrificial pawns."

The words fell like a bucket of cold water over the group.

The elders who had been shouting moments ago quickly shifted their expressions, smiles breaking across their faces as if to appease the speaker.

"Lord Richard is right!" one said hurriedly.

"Yes, yes, of course—we must remain cautious," another added, nodding with a sycophant's grin.

Richard ignored their flattering tones. His gaze had already lifted, drifting toward the horizon. In his eyes, the distant outline of the Imperial Palace came into view.

His lips curled into a cruel sneer.

Aurek... can you escape this time? Dream on. Elder Bloodblade will avenge us.

Richard's eyes burned with personal hatred. His own child had been seized outside the gates of Eryndor City and publicly executed, tortured to death. And he—helpless—had not even been able to mount a rescue. The grief had curdled into pure venom.

Meanwhile, news of the Manhattan Legion's annihilation spread like wildfire through Eryndor City.

Everyone knew the Legion's reputation. They had been a towering force, respected and feared. And that was precisely why their destruction sent shockwaves through every corner of the city.

When whispers confirmed that hundreds of black-armored soldiers had taken part, terror visibly marked the faces of faction leaders.

The ruin of the Hyrule War Academy was still fresh in memory. And that catastrophe had been caused by only ten of those same black soldiers.

All this time, the factions had believed those ten to be Aurek's trump card, his ultimate weapon.

Yet reality proved otherwise. Aurek commanded not ten, not dozens, but over a hundred of them.

Just what kind of monstrous power was this?

Rumors rippled outward, traveling across the entire Crossbridge Empire.

But inside the Imperial Palace, all was quiet.

For three days, Aurek had shut himself away, pouring Emperor Points into his body, focusing entirely on cultivation.

At last, on the third day, his eyes opened—and he stepped firmly into the realm of the Hero Rank!

And not only that. By spending vast sums of Emperor Points, he surged all the way to the pinnacle of the Hero Rank, standing only one step away from the fabled Master Rank.

Such a terrifying leap in strength filled Aurek with unshakable confidence.

Yet he could also feel clearly: to breach into Master Rank would demand an astronomical price. Likely no less than a million Emperor Points.

For most awakeners, the Master Rank was a wall, a summit they could never hope to reach. Out of a hundred thousand awakeners, perhaps one or two would ever ascend that high.

And beyond that, the gap between Master Rank and Advanced Master Rank was not a mere step, but a yawning abyss.

On the surface, the difference between the two did not seem so vast. But only those who had touched the Master Rank understood. To claim a title—to gain recognition from the very laws of the world—was almost impossible.

Before Master Rank, cultivation was simple: absorb more energy, refine it, store it in ever-greater capacity.

But to move beyond, to become an Advanced Master Rank, brute force was meaningless. One needed to comprehend and command a fundamental rule of existence, and be acknowledged by it.

That acknowledgment was the essence of a title.

Many Masters spent centuries chasing it, their lives slipping away in frustration. The difference was that great.

Only with a title did a Master truly enter the ranks of the world's supreme beings.

Among Aurek's forces, the one closest to such a threshold was without doubt the Gold Assassin.

Even now, a Gold Assassin could slay a Master Rank opponent alone. To any power, possessing one was the equivalent of holding a nuclear weapon. Unleashed, they could erase a major force from existence with terrifying ease.

And Aurek himself? His strength was also rising at a frightening pace.

His summoned units contributed directly to his personal power, amplifying his presence. And beyond that, Aurek diligently trained in the sword arts.

The King's Swordsmanship, in particular, resonated perfectly with his identity and ambition. His comprehension advanced at astonishing speed, his understanding of swordsmanship growing by leaps and bounds with every passing day.

Though he had not yet crossed blades personally with a Master, Aurek now held the confidence that even against such an opponent, he could hold his ground.

He might not yet slay them—but survival was assured.

The growth was tangible, and it brought with it exhilaration.

For a fleeting moment, Aurek allowed himself to dream. Someday, his strength would be vast enough to suppress the entire world beneath his hand.

That day was still far ahead, but even now, his presence in the Crossbridge Empire had grown into something that no faction could afford to ignore.

It was then that news arrived from House Tascher, carrying tidings that brought a rare smile to Aurek's face.

Within the halls of House Tascher, the family's elders gathered in solemn assembly.

Patriarch Yule listened as the latest reports were read aloud. His expression hardened, his brows furrowed with grave thought.

He was almost certain now—the Manhattan Legion's destruction could only be the work of His Majesty Aurek.

The fall of the Hyrule War Academy, he realized, had merely been a smokescreen.

Yule had long suspected that Aurek possessed a strategic mind sharper than most could grasp. But even he had not expected that a force like the Manhattan Legion—bolstered by half-step Master Rank experts—could be erased so thoroughly.

Just how powerful was the force under Aurek's command?

And those hundred black soldiers... were they truly his entire trump card?

No. Knowing Aurek's temperament, he would never reveal all of his strength at once. Which meant those hundred soldiers were only the surface of a much deeper abyss.

The thought chilled Yule's blood. His face paled slightly before he closed his eyes, sinking into silent meditation.

"Leave me. I wish to be alone for a while."

The gathered elders stirred uneasily.

"Patriarch... is something amiss?" one ventured.

Yule forced a faint smile, shaking his head.

"Nothing of concern. I am merely contemplating the details of the Empress's coronation ceremony."