

Guardian gods 148

Chapter 148:

Johan, a fierce warrior known for his brutality in battle, grinned eagerly. "Let us unleash hell upon them, my lord. None shall survive our onslaught."

Björn's crimson eyes gleamed with anticipation. "Indeed. Sigmund, Hans, Otto, Ralph, I task each of you with leading our legions into battle. Leave no stone unturned, no soul unharmed. The Silver Kingdom will fall."

The generals bowed in unison, their allegiance unwavering. They were prepared to carry out Björn's commands without hesitation, knowing that victory would bring them glory in the eyes of their dark master.

As they departed to make preparations for war, Björn remained seated upon his throne, a sinister smile playing upon his lips. The Silver Kingdom would soon fall at the might of his demonic horde, and nothing would stand in his way in this sunny side any longer.

"I will worry about the gods later, but now I need to make this sunny side mine" Björn thought to himself as he grabbed hold of his axe.

Einar and Helga who cleaned themselves up after getting the message from their goddess, still not fully healed but that doesn't matter, for now they have to find out what was going on with Björn.

Einar already called a council meeting but before that he sent out a message to those he have keeping an eye on Björn's kingdom for any news, Normally they should have gotten back to him now but instead he has gotten back in return.

Sitting in his throne, Einar looked at the council men and generals before him "This will be but a brief meeting my people, we unfortunately is about to be covered by the shadows of war"

The whole palace was silent with Einar words as concern began showing in the face of everyone "My wife Helga and I, has been blessed to receive a message from the goddess herself concerning about an incoming threat from our long time enemy Björn"

"Out of caution, I sent out a message to our scouts who should have responded back to me by now but so far I have gotten nothing which leads to thinking of the worst, them being killed," Einar said before going silent.

"This confirms to me that we are about to face a hard time but thanks to the goddess we are not in the dark ,we can take quick actions , to prepare and ready ourselves for the upcoming war"

"I beseech you for your help in this upcoming time, look past your differences and enmity in such times as it won't matter when Björn comes to end us. Those who have battled him before know how hard of an enemy he can be, his battle isn't only physical but spiritually and psychologically, we need everyone to be as ready as they can" Saying that Einar looked around the palace to see everyone dodging his eyes in cowardness.

"Father, what do you need from us" All of a sudden a voice broke the silence causing a smile to bloom on Einar and Helga's face.

The person who spoke up was their son Ragnar, the most talented human and crown prince in their kingdom, so talented that Einar handed over the kingdom military power to him and right now his son and all those generals are on one knee showing the loyalty and readiness to help their king.

The other nobles, seeing that the kingdom's beloved prince and military power showing such allegiance to the king all had no choice but to also get on one knee to show that they stand with him.

Einar's heart swelled with pride at the sight of his son and his people rallying behind him. He knew that they would need every ounce of strength and unity to stand against the impending threat from Björn and his demonic forces.

"Ragnar, my son," Einar began, his voice carrying authority and determination. "We must prepare our defenses, bolster our armies, and fortify our borders. Every able-bodied man and woman must be ready to defend our kingdom with their lives if need be."

Ragnar nodded solemnly, his gaze unwavering. "I understand, father. I will mobilize our forces and ensure that our defenses are as strong as they can be."

With a firm nod, Einar turned to address the rest of the council and the assembled nobles. "Gather your troops and join them with the crown prince, at the same marshal your resources and rally a safe place for the kids and weak women and that goes for the pheasant under you, I understand that it is a lot to ask of you to expend your resources but trust me once you meet our enemy you will understand that none of that matters"

The council nobles looked like their king just told them to swallow shit but had already proven their allegiance, they had no choice but to nod to show their agreement.

Einar saw their resentment but he truly does not care for their politics or how they feel now, so he continued speaking "We will wait for Björn to strike first, I know him well enough to know that he won't just strike up front which is why I need everyone to be ready and when he does how his head, we will then meet him head-on and show him the strength and anger that we have been holding back all these years."

The nobles and generals rose to their feet, their body showed their determination but their eyes showed how scared they were. They knew that the days ahead would be filled with hardship and bloodshed, but they were ready to fight for their homeland until their last breath.

They knew the story of the past and would not like for that to repeat itself.

As preparations for war began in earnest, Einar and Helga watched over their kingdom with a mixture of concern and determination. They knew that the coming battle would test their people like never before, but they also knew that they would not be alone in the fight.

Meanwhile, in the depths of Björn's fortress, Olaf was already putting his plan into action. With a wicked glint in his eyes, he gathered a group of his most cunning and ruthless minions to carry out his scheme.

"Listen closely," Olaf began, his voice low and menacing. "We will infiltrate the Silver Kingdom under the guise of traders and merchants who make their way into the kingdom at night. Our goal is to spread chaos, fear and doubt among them"

His minions nodded eagerly, their feral instincts sharpening at the prospect of causing mayhem.

"Once we are inside their kingdom, we target their food storage and if possible their supply lines" Olaf continued, his mind working like a well-oiled machine of deception.

"Remember, subtlety is our greatest weapon. We must strike swiftly and silently, leaving no trace of our presence until it's too late for them to react," Olaf instructed, his words dripping with malice.

With a suppressed animalistic growl, Olav's minions set out to execute their assigned tasks, disappearing into the shadows like phantoms of darkness.

Back in the Silver Kingdom, Einar and Helga oversaw the preparations with a sense of dread. It was nerve wrecking for them with each preparation done, confirming that they are really about to go to war. Even worse is they don't have any idea how they will be attacked.

As the days passed and tensions mounted, Under the cover of darkness, Olav's minions slinked through the shadows, their movements calculated and precise.

As Olav's minions infiltrated the outskirts of the Silver Kingdom, they encountered the first hurdle in their plan: heightened security measures. Guards patrolled the gates with increased vigilance, scrutinizing every traveler and inspecting every cart with meticulous care.

"Damn," muttered one of Olav's minions under his breath as he observed the tightened security. "How are we supposed to get through with all these guards on high alert?"

Olav, ever the cunning strategist, assessed the situation with a calculating gaze. "We'll need to use our wits to bypass their defenses," he whispered to his minions. "Divide into small groups and approach the gates from different angles. Create diversions if necessary, but above all, remain undetected."

With silent determination, they approached the kingdom's outer perimeter, where vigilant guards stood watchful against any intruders. Olav and his minions moved like shadows, darting from one hiding spot to the next as they sought a weak point in the kingdom's defenses.

After hours of careful reconnaissance, they finally found their opportunity—a secluded section of the fortress wall, poorly guarded and shrouded in darkness.

"This is our chance," Olav whispered, his eyes glittering with excitement. "But we must move quickly and quietly."

With practiced ease, they scaled the fortress wall, their movements fluid and graceful despite the treacherous climb. As they reached the summit, they slipped through a narrow opening in the stone, disappearing into the heart of the kingdom like ghosts in the night.

Inside, chaos reigned as the kingdom's inhabitants slept soundly, unaware of the impending danger lurking within their midst.