

## Guardian gods 149

Chapter 149:

Olaf's minions wasted no time in their mission of sabotage, their animalistic nose easily helping them to identify and locate where they needed to go but as they got there Olaf and his men noticed the increased amount of humans smell guarding the place they were heading to.

Almost like someone got news of them attacking and was prepared, once they got close to the food storage. Olaf and his men hid in the shadows, their improved eyes glowing faintly in the dark, helping them to see Guards patrolling up and down where they needed to be at.

"We could easily take out the guard but that will expose what our goal was" Olaf thought to himself as he observed from the shadow.

"Fall back, this mission is already a failure. Our enemy seems to know that we were planning on making a move at them" Ola said to his Minion who even though they craved to rush out and butcher the human guards calmed down as Olaf was of higher hierarchy so they nodded before falling back.

Erik staggered along the cobbled street, his arm draped over Lars' shoulder for support. The announcement of the impending attack on their kingdom had set their already raucous revelry into a frenzy of drunken bravado.

"Did you see Father's face when the news broke?" Erik slurred, a smirk playing on his lips. "He looked like a frightened rabbit caught in a snare."

Lars chuckled darkly, his breath heavy with the scent of ale. "Pathetic, really," he scoffed. "Our noble lineage reduced to nothing more than a trembling old man and his brood of weaklings."

Astrid stumbled behind them, her giggles mingling with the night air. "And Mother, bless her heart," she hiccupped, "she's nothing but a fragile flower wilting under Father's ineptitude."

Erik nodded in agreement, his arrogance swelling with each step. "It's no wonder our kingdom is on the brink of collapse," he declared, his voice loud in the quiet of the night. "With a king like that, we might as well surrender now and save ourselves the trouble."

"Indeed, why should we expand our resources helping the pheasant when we should be using the resource to safeguard ourselves. It's like the king doesn't realize that for the kingdom to thrive us nobles are needed to be alive, Instead he is just asking us to gear up and fight in the frontline" Erik said right after as he hunched over and began puking.

Olaf and his minion who was on the way out of the kingdom, caught the whiff of the alcohol and smell of high quality meat only few can have "nobels", so with no hesitation Olaf gestured for them to go after the smell.

That was how they were able to hear the noble children talking, "We not have destroyed supply line and food storage but killing off a few noble children should still ensure chaos among the ranks, doubt on if there king can protect them will ensure"

Olaf men didn't need to hear his order as they heard him chuckling darkly, With no hesitation burly men clad in dark clothing came out from the shadow quickly heading for the drunk noble children.

One of the burly men like a beast pounced on to Lars pinning him to the ground and like an animal went for the neck and with a quick snap of his teeth broke Lars neck at the same time tearing off a piece of meat which he chewed and swallowed.

The same was happening with the other two, Erik was torn in half by two minions who held him before pulling him apart in two. Astrid had it worse as they purposely left her as she peed herself while trying to run back but she kept falling in fear and that was tugging the instincts of Olaf men who purposely miss a strike on her to keep her screaming and scared.

Olaf stood meanwhile jumped to the top of a building which he stood on and watched the view, soon his ears twitched knowing that the guards had been alerted so with a whistle Astrid was quickly off with the minion joining him as they quickly headed for the kingdom wall.

This time they made little to no effort to hide as they scaled the wall, easily offing the guards in front of them, soon one of Olaf men screamed in pain as he had a silver glowing arrow piercing through his shoulder.

Olaf looked back to where the arrow came from to see Ragnar perched on a building far away from them with a bow in his hand which now had another arrow stationed in it ready to release.

Huge bell ringing sound spread across the kingdom alerting everyone, Olaf smiled at the prince waving his hand but his expression changed as he caught an arrow in his hand.

Anger flashed in Olaf's eyes, who held the arrow like a spear as blood red like energy came from his hand holding the arrow which he threw back with quickness back to the prince who immediately reacted as he jumped down from the building he was on but that was a mistake as the arrow surrounded with red energy tore down the building and everyone in it.

Happy with his work, Olaf gestures for his men to quickly jump off from the wall which they did as for the one shot with an arrow he already pulled it out as was already halfway healed.

As they made their way to outskirts of the kingdom, it made more sense to Olaf on why he felt that it was easy getting past the nobles county and territories, "That all gathered at their center point to get ready for us"

Meanwhile back in the kingdom, Einar and Helga now had a look of worry on their face as they stood over the dead bodies of the noble children. "This is bad," Helga said to Einar.

Einar's brows furrowed deeply as he surveyed the scene before them, his jaw set in a grim line. "Indeed, this is more than just an attack on the nobles. It's just the beginning of the war and three noble children is dead"

Helga nodded, her expression mirroring his concern. "Worst is that it is partially our fault, else the kids won't have been walking around drunk without a guard. It seems us ordering for all hands on deck made the elder not have any spare for their children or they may have never thought of it"

Einar's mind raced with the implications of this ruthless assault. "We must act swiftly to quell the fear and anger, this is no time to be passive. I have to push back at Björn to show the nobles that i still can guard their interest"

Helga understanding nodded as she pulled her husband into a hug "Take care of yourself, leave the nobles to me i can handle them"

Holding his wife and taking a deep breath, Einar took in a deep sniff of his wife's scent "I love you" He said as they disengaged from each other.

Helga responded back by kissing him, Einar quickly took off as he headed back to his palace to gear up, once he reached the he saw that his son was already there waiting for him with the generals.

Nodding, Nothing was said as Einar went into the palace almost like the maid knew beforehand they started dressing him up in his armor and gearing him up.

Once geared up Einar went to his weapons stack and as pulled a huge long sword which he hoisted to his back at his waist was the Pure white "purification blade"

Walking out of the palace where his horse was already waiting for him, geeing on the horse, Einar said "Let's go"

With a stamped like sound, soldiers mounted on the horse followed right after their King and prince as they marched out the kingdom with the gate already opened for them. The sound got everyone to wake up as they came out to find what was happening.

Ragnar riding beside his father closed his eyes before pointing at a direction "This way" He said Einar purposely falling back to let Einar lead the way.

When Einar shot the Olaf minion, he left traces on his energy inside of the minion which was what he was not tracing, he could feel the energy slowly dispersing as Olaf and his men were further leaving the kingdom territory.

As they rode out into the night, Einar's mind was a whirlwind of strategies and concerns. The attack on the noble children was a brazen move, one that demanded a swift and decisive response. He knew that the safety and stability of the kingdom depended on it.

The moon cast its pale light over the landscape as they rode on, the rhythmic sound of hooves echoing in the night. Einar's thoughts drifted to his wife, Helga, and the burden she now bore in calming the fears of the nobles. He knew that she was more than capable, but the weight of responsibility weighed heavily on his heart.