

Summoning Millions of Gods Daily, My Strength Equals Theirs Combined

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Chapter 1: Chapter1-Twilight of the Empire

Crossbridge Empire, Valoria Palace

Clang!

A crisp metallic crash echoed across the silent palace hall as a silver tray slipped from Grand Marshal Angie's hands, shattering the heavy stillness of the chamber.

Her firm yet beautiful face, usually composed and dignified, was now lit with a mixture of shock and unrestrained joy.

"His Majesty has awakened!" she cried out, her voice trembling between disbelief and ecstasy.

"Quick! Notify Doctor Melina and Lord Winston immediately!"

She didn't even pause to retrieve the fallen tray. Instead, she turned on her heel and half-ran, half-sprinted down the long corridor, her boots clattering against the marble floor as if the world itself had been jolted awake.

"...Your Majesty?"

A groggy voice, hoarse and weak, broke the silence behind her.

Aurek slowly pried his eyelids open, his head splitting with an unbearable ache.

Sunlight, far too bright for his pounding skull, pierced through the gaps in the thick velvet curtains, falling in scattered beams upon his bed.

The golden rays illuminated the lavish canopy above him, the carved frames, and the silken sheets beneath his hands.

Wait a second... where is this? Why am I lying in a palace?

His heart thudded in confusion.

The young man's true name was Durin, a first-year student in the Faculty of History. Just a moment ago, he had been hunched over his dormitory desk, burning the midnight oil, frantically finishing his term paper. And yet, in the blink of an eye, he had somehow awoken here—in a palace bed no less!

What the hell is going on?

Before he could examine the chamber more closely, an immense flood of memories surged into his mind like a tidal wave.

Durin's hands flew to his head as stabbing pain lanced through his skull. Memories that were not his own—strange, alien, yet terrifyingly vivid—forced themselves into place, merging with his very soul.

Piece by piece, he sorted through them.

The truth dawned on him.

He had transmigrated.

And not just into any random identity, but as none other than the Emperor of the Crossbridge Empire—Aurek the Sixteenth.

At first glance, this should have been a dream come true. A college freshman suddenly reborn as emperor? He could have lived a life of unrestrained pleasure—standing at the pinnacle of power, savoring the splendor of nobility, enjoying the beauty of aristocratic women who would flock to him.

But reality was far crueler.

The emperor he had inherited... was utterly pathetic.

This was the continent of Eura, a land so vast it was said to be ten times the size of Earth. And that was only the mapped portion; vast stretches of wilderness remained unexplored, blank on even the most ambitious maps.

Within the known lands, nations sprawled in uncountable numbers, scattered like the stars across the night sky.

The Crossbridge Empire, in this endless ocean of kingdoms, was indeed considered a powerful one—but only relatively so.

Ten thousand years ago, the empire had been founded by the first emperor, Aurek Veynar, a master-ranked warrior whose overwhelming might carved out a dominion amidst chaos.

From that moment forward, the Veynar dynasty had ruled unbroken, passing the throne down through seventeen generations, culminating in Aurek XVI.

But fate had played a cruel trick.

The only heir of the late emperor had been born with intellectual disabilities.

This "child of tragedy" did not utter his first words until the age of five.

At ten, he barely managed to write his own name. And at twelve, when his father passed away unexpectedly, this pitiful boy—scorned and pitied alike—was thrust onto the throne as emperor.

It did not take a genius to imagine the outcome. A simpleton enthroned in a world of predators—what empire could survive that?

The empire's nobles and officials wasted no time. Like ravenous wolves, they openly divided up Crossbridge's remaining wealth.

No longer restrained by fear of imperial authority, they scrambled to fatten their pockets before the empire itself collapsed.

Aurek XVI, though dim-witted, was not blind. He knew his ministers were corrupt. He simply lacked the courage—or perhaps the wits—to resist.

Timid to the bone, he allowed himself to be trampled.

At court, young aristocrats mocked him openly, sometimes cutting his royal robes into bizarre skirts for their amusement.

And so the years crept by.

On his sixteenth birthday—the day that officially marked adulthood in Crossbridge, the day he was supposed to finally rule in his own right—tragedy struck.

During the celebration, he was knocked over by a short, stocky pony, and the frail emperor fell unconscious.

That coma lasted for two long years.

Until today—when Durin arrived.

Unbelievable... this guy was that much of a useless waste?

Durin's—no, Aurek's—mouth twitched as he processed this pitiful past.

And then, as if that were not enough, the inherited memories revealed an even more shocking truth:

This world was not just swords and politics. It was a world of powers—of magic and supernatural abilities.

In this world, commoners lived and died at the bottom rung. To rise above, one had to at least step into the ranks of an Apprentice. Beyond that came the ranks of Trainee, Elite, Expert, Hero, and finally, Master.

Masters who achieved a legendary title could advance further into Grandmaster, Stellar, and Sage.

As for God Rank... that existed only in legends, whispered like myths of ancient heroes.

On the continent of Eura, strength was the only law.

Even the first emperor Aurek had relied on his Master Rank might to carve out the foundation of Crossbridge.

But in truth, the title of emperor was hollow.

Across the continent, powerful theocracies and kingdoms thrived. Among them, the Ordon Theocracy stood supreme.

To the ignorant masses, an emperor was supreme. But in Ordon's eyes, an emperor was nothing more than a convenient puppet, a glove with which they manipulated the sheep of the world.

The Ordon Theocracy controlled not only Crossbridge but nearly one-eighth of the continent.

Their power was overwhelming. Dozens of Master-ranked powerhouses answered to their banners. And their supreme pontiff—His Holiness the Pope—was rumored to have been personally granted a divine title by the gods themselves. His strength was immeasurable.

Under his rule, Ordon expanded endlessly, planting puppet rulers across the continent.

Crossbridge Empire was one of them.

On the surface, the empire seemed wealthy—its lands fertile, its people numerous, its taxes abundant.

But Aurek knew the truth.

Ninety percent of the empire's resources and taxes were siphoned directly into the hands of Ordon. Of the pitiful remainder, corrupt officials stole almost all. By the time anything reached the imperial treasury, barely five percent was left.

The result?

A hollow husk of an empire. Impoverished. Fractured. Rotting from within while predators circled from without.

Yet the Theocracy did not intervene.

Like vampires, they were content to drain the Crossbridge Empire dry, bleeding it to the last drop before discarding the corpse.

So I'm an emperor in name... but really just the biggest sucker in the world?

Aurek groaned inwardly, his heart filled with frustration.

As he shifted slightly in bed, his right hand brushed against something cold and unyielding at the edge of the mattress.

Fingers closing around it, he realized what it was.

The Scepter of the Emperor—the very symbol of sovereign authority.

For two years it had been abandoned, left lying by the bed, gathering dust.

But the moment his hand gripped it—

A surge of warmth burst from the scepter into his palm, flowing like molten gold through his veins, spreading across his limbs and bones.

The emblem at the scepter's tip—a carved Iris flower—flared with a strange, shadowed golden light.

The glow flickered once, then vanished, leaving behind a subtle luster upon one of the flower's petals.

And before his eyes, a translucent screen appeared in the air.

[Emperor's Scepter: Activated]

[Current Level: 1]

[Emperor Points: 10]

[Available Unit: Elemental Assassin (Cost: 1 Point)]

[Effect: Allows the emperor to summon powerful soldiers. As the level increases, more units and soldiers can be summoned, with chances to summon special units.]

[Tip: Every 100 Emperor Points increases level by 1. Summoning consumes Emperor Points, while defeating enemies grants more points.]

Aurek's pupils contracted sharply.

"I... I have awakened a system?" he whispered in shock.

His breathing quickened, chest rising and falling.

Just moments ago, he had felt utterly powerless in the face of political decay and divine domination. Yet now—this! This was his golden finger, his cheat, his destiny rewritten!

If this was true, then the game had changed entirely.

A slow, confident smile tugged at his lips.

Very well. If that's the case... then it's time to show these parasites who the real king is.

Of course, bold words aside, he needed to test it first.

Let's see what this Elemental Assassin can do.

With determination, Aurek focused on the glowing option and willed it into action.

"Come forth—Elemental Assassin!"

Chapter 2: Chapter2-Summon, the Strongest Assassin!

The vast and empty palace chamber was shrouded in silence.

Before Aurek's eyes, tiny motes of starlight began to gather in the air.

He did not hesitate. Without a second thought, he burned through all the Emperor Points he had, spending them all at once to summon ten Elemental Assassins.

It was a reckless gamble, but Aurek had his reasons. Emperor Points replenished at a steady rate of ten points per day. And given the perilous situation he was in, he needed

strength now, not tomorrow. Each additional Elemental Assassin at his side meant an extra layer of security.

[Summon Successful]

The system's cold prompt echoed in his mind.

In the blink of an eye, the starlight thickened, threads of blue weaving together. Ten silhouettes gradually took shape before him, their outlines hardening into solid forms.

What emerged were ten figures—silent, deadly, clad in light armor woven entirely of shimmering starlight.

They knelt before him in unison, their movements crisp, sharp, and utterly without wasted motion.

"We greet our Lord."

Their voices were as one, low yet powerful, their loyalty radiating with unshakable certainty.

These soldiers, born of the Emperor's Scepter, possessed absolute allegiance. No doubt, no treachery—only unwavering service.

Aurek nodded, satisfaction flickering in his eyes. A transparent window appeared in front of him, revealing their details.

[Elemental Assassin]

Quantity: 10 Initial Rank: Elite Rank, Level 8 (can consume Emperor Points to level up) Skill: Elemental Merge (The higher their initial rank, the stronger the skill effect) Unit Introduction: A unit specialized in assassination. They can merge with the elements around them, enabling them to slay targets below Expert Rank with near-certainty, and even granting a chance to assassinate those at Expert Rank.

Aurek's heart thumped wildly.

They can assassinate even Expert Rank powerhouses?

His lips curled upward into an expression of exhilaration.

The most astonishing part was that their levels could still be raised further.

Right now, they were at Elite Rank—and already capable of slaying above their weight class. If he elevated them to Expert Rank... would they not be able to kill even Hero Rank warriors?

And if that became true—what then was there to fear from the Ordon Theocracy?

"Show me your strength," Aurek commanded coldly.

In an instant, the ten Elemental Assassins vanished. Not a sound. Not a shadow. The only sign they had been there was a faint breeze that brushed across Aurek's face.

"...Invisible. No wonder they can slay above their rank."

His eyes narrowed, awe gleaming within them. These were killers born of silence and shadow—perfect tools for survival and vengeance alike.

With such weapons under his command, Aurek finally exhaled the breath he hadn't realized he was holding.

At least now, he had the barest measure of protection. He didn't have to fear being slaughtered in his sleep.

But even so, ten assassins were not enough.

For self-preservation, perhaps. But to reverse the fate of the crumbling Crossbridge Empire? Far from sufficient.

No—what he needed was more. More points. More soldiers. More strength.

Emperor Points.

He had to earn them. Piles upon piles of them.

And according to the system's prompt, the way to gain points was brutally simple: kill enemies.

A slow, wry smile crept across Aurek's lips.

Enemies?

Of that, he had no shortage.

Inside the empire, corruption festered.

The Grand Marshal herself, the ministers of every department, countless nobles—they were all wolves in sheep's clothing, bleeding the empire dry while bowing with false smiles.

Even here, in the very capital, gangs and syndicates flourished unchecked. Hundreds of criminal factions ruled the alleys and backstreets, their roots entwined deep into the empire's soil.

Outwardly, they all maintained a veneer of respect. They knelt when required, addressed him as "Your Majesty" with polished courtesy. But behind his back, their actions were nothing short of treason. Every one of them was digging the empire's grave.

And beyond the empire's borders, hostile nations loomed like hungry predators. Mercenary bands, merchant guilds, trading consortia—they all circled like vultures, eager to rip away their share of flesh from the weakened beast.

And above all stood the greatest enemy of all—

The Ordon Theocracy.

The cruel irony was that the empire's very survival depended on the Theocracy's protection. Without Ordon's shadow looming above, Crossbridge would have already been devoured.

The thought drew a sneer from Aurek's lips.

Everyone, it seemed, thought only of carving up the empire. Not one of them spared a thought for the common people, the vast masses who bore the weight of all this corruption and exploitation.

To the so-called mighty, the peasants were nothing more than ants—creatures to be trampled without hesitation.

But for Aurek, this was something he could not, would not accept.

Perhaps it is fate that I came here.

The empire was already rotting, its sickness too deep to be cured by half-measures.

If the ship was to be saved, all the vermin had to be purged.

And to do that, Aurek first needed time. He needed power. He needed to build his foundation carefully, step by step.

Before I deal with outside enemies, I must first put my own house in order.

This was the path. The empire had to be consolidated under his absolute control, or it would all crumble before he even took his first true step.

His thoughts sharpened, a plan forming as swiftly as lightning.

The Theocracy's parasitic grip meant one thing: they still saw value in draining Crossbridge. And so long as they had not decided to crush it outright, Aurek still had a window—time to grow, to evolve, to sharpen his blade.

His most pressing task now was clear: acquire as many Emperor Points as possible. The more, the better.

As for the assassins he had summoned? For now, they were more than sufficient.

After all, the empire itself had long relied on mercenaries for its security. And the highest it could afford were barely Elite Rank. His assassins were on par with the best of them—and far deadlier.

As Aurek pondered his next move, the sound of hurried footsteps reached him.

The doors to the chamber opened, and Angie returned. At her side was a white-haired elder with sharp eyes and a gentle smile, and behind him, a graceful woman in a healer's robe—Doctor Melina.

Angie's gaze fell upon Aurek, who was now standing tall beside his bed. Her eyes widened, her expression caught between shock and delight.

"Your Majesty—you're on your feet?" she exclaimed.

"Quickly, let Doctor Melina examine you. Please, lie back down and behave, alright?"

Her tone—gentle, coaxing, almost sing-song—was the way one might address a child.

Aurek's lips twitched involuntarily.

She's... treating me like a toddler?

Then again, given the humiliating history of his predecessor, it was no wonder she saw him this way.

Still, Aurek straightened his back and coughed lightly.

"I'm fine. Have Doctor Melina stand down," he ordered.

Angie froze.

This was the first time she had ever heard her emperor speak in such a tone—firm, commanding, utterly unlike the stammering, hesitant boy she knew. For a moment, she simply stood there, stunned.

Aurek's eyes narrowed.

"What's wrong? Do my orders no longer carry weight?"

Her whole body stiffened. Quickly, she bowed her head, voice flustered.

"N-no, Your Majesty! As you command!"

With that, she ushered the bewildered doctor away, leaving only the elder behind.

The man's eyes narrowed as he studied Aurek.

When did His Majesty become like this?

Gone was the timid, dim-witted boy who shrank before shadows. In his place stood a young man whose gaze was so sharp, so commanding, that even he—the seasoned statesman—felt hesitant to meet it directly.

Those eyes... they were the eyes of a ruler.

And as he examined Aurek, Aurek's own gaze swept over him.

William Winston.

Secretary-General of the Crossbridge Empire. A pillar of the Royalist Party.

Much of the empire's survival these past years could be credited to him.

In Aurek's inherited memories, Winston was one of the very few men whom the former Aurek XVI had truly trusted. During the emperor's two-year coma, Winston had acted as regent, painstakingly balancing the empire's politics, holding the fraying seams together with both hands.

"Secretary-General Winston," Aurek said evenly. "It has been a long time."

Winston blinked, startled. Then, regaining his composure, he bowed deeply.

"Your Majesty, your awakening is cause for celebration throughout the empire. We had feared the worst... but it seems fortune has smiled upon us after all."

Aurek inclined his head slightly, then wasted no time with pleasantries. His tone was sharp, direct, regal.

"William. I need you to brief me on the current state of the empire."