

Gods Daily 105

Chapter 105: Overthunder, the Thunder Arbiter

"Captain Jesse, the aftermath here will be left to you."

Cole's voice carried calm authority as he addressed Jesse.

Jesse, still shaken from what he had just witnessed, lowered his voice cautiously, as though afraid to disturb some dreadful force lingering in the air.

"General! These warriors... are they truly the ones from the recent rumors—that His Majesty personally commands...?"

Cole cut him off with a solemn nod.

"As long as the Crossbridge Empire has His Majesty, the sky itself will never collapse, Captain Jesse. Do you understand?"

Jesse immediately thumped his chest in salute. His voice trembled slightly, but it carried a note of fervent resolve.

"I understand! I will dedicate my life to His Majesty and to the Empire!"

With that, Cole wheeled his horse and led the Royal Knights away. They resumed their cleansing mission, leaving behind the twenty thousand stunned and silent city-guard soldiers.

Today, they had borne witness to something beyond human comprehension.

Today, they had seen what was meant by a "Divine Legion"—and what it meant for the Empire to possess absolute force.

The sight had set their blood boiling with awe and excitement.

Jesse watched the iron tide of the Royal Knights vanish into the distance. In his eyes now burned only unwavering determination.

Once, he had worried that the Empire lacked the strength to cow the restless forces lurking on its borders.

But now, with this legion standing behind the throne, it was as though a colossal anchor had been driven deep into the seas of destiny—a stabilizing force, unshakable, eternal.

It anchored his heart.

It anchored the fate of the Empire.

The Emperor's Hall

Deep within the Imperial Palace, Aurek stood motionless before a colossal magical map of the realm.

On its shimmering surface, golden radiance represented the Empire's territories, while gray shadows marked turbulence, unrest, and rebellion. The two colors clashed and wrestled, weaving a living tapestry of conflict, a dynamic epic in miniature.

Suddenly, a surge of energy—one that only Aurek could perceive—roared across the barriers of space and poured into his body.

Immediately after, two prompts unfolded within his consciousness, visible to him alone:

[You have slain numerous powerful enemies, including a Hero Rank powerhouse. Emperor Points +60,000]

[...]

A faint, imperceptible smile flickered across Aurek's lips.

The message was simple, but its meaning was profound. It confirmed that Pippin's campaign had begun in earnest.

The iron fist of the Empire was now hammering down upon the rebellious provinces surrounding the capital.

Once all four provinces were purged, the harvest of Emperor Points would be even greater.

But Aurek's eyes narrowed. His focus was not merely on the provinces.

There was also the Unicorn Guild...

A powerful organization infamous for its madness and ruthless methods. To Aurek, they were the perfect sacrificial offering upon which the Empire's new authority could be established.

Murderous intent rippled invisibly through the palace. Countless unseen eyes, hidden in shadows, watched the young Emperor perched upon his throne.

But Aurek hesitated not for an instant. Energy was plentiful. It was time to convert it into absolute power.

He summoned with his mind.

Two hundred Level 5 Elemental Assassins.

One hundred Level 4 Doomsday Warriors.

And one hundred Level 4 Mountain Shieldbearers.

Their phantasms coalesced in the Source of Authority, before solidifying into reality. Their loyalty and power filled Aurek's perception like a tide.

And yet, this time, something unexpected happened.

Amidst the routine summons, a surge of energy erupted—violent, immense, far beyond the ordinary. It twisted and raged until, finally, it condensed into a presence unlike any Aurek had ever seen.

[Special Unit: Thunder Arbiter]

[Rank: Hero]

[Skills: Thunderstorm Arrows, Gaze of Destruction, Final Judgment]

[Note: Advancement speed is 600% faster than ordinary Doomsday Warriors. Destruction, ruin, and slaughter efficiency increased by 1500%. Possesses a "Destruction Eye" capable of releasing annihilating thunderbolts. Current strength comparable to a half-step Master Rank.]

[...]

Aurek's blade-like eyes sharpened. He looked forward.

There, before him, materialized a towering figure, grand and unyielding.

Like the other Doomsday Warriors, he was clad in pitch-black magesteel armor. But unlike the rest, his armor was etched with blazing patterns—lines like the scars of lightning strikes, burning faintly with inner radiance.

Most striking of all was the helm upon his head. At its brow, a vertical slit glowed faintly, and within it pulsed the terrifying light of thunder—as though a wrathful storm’s eye had been imprisoned in flesh.

His mere presence made the surrounding magical energies restless and uneasy. Even the golden-armored champion at Aurek’s side turned his gaze upon the newcomer, solemn and wary.

A Level 4 Doomsday Warrior creation pool... had birthed a Level 5 special unit?

This was fortune beyond measure.

Another special unit had emerged.

Aurek had already witnessed the growth and unmatched power of his golden-armored warrior. He knew well the immense value of these rare existences.

"Your Majesty!"

The newborn Thunder Arbiter dropped to one knee. His movement alone caused the air to rumble with a low peal of thunder.

His voice resounded like the roar of a storm, brimming with both unshakable devotion and the pulse of annihilation.

Aurek studied him. That third, thunder-lit eye reminded him suddenly of another—an extraordinary being long gone, whose name still lingered in memory.

"From this moment, you shall be called Overthunder!"

Aurek’s voice was heavy with unchallengeable authority.

"You will guard the gates of Imperial sovereignty. You will command all Domsday Warriors. You will serve as the extension of my will—the incarnation of destruction itself."

"Overthunder obeys!"

The newly born Overthunder lowered his head. From the eye in his brow flashed a streak of submissive yet fervent lightning.

Aurek nodded faintly.

The Empire's arsenal had gained yet another unmatched edge.

The hour of reckoning drew ever nearer.

Within the Imperial Cathedral

Meanwhile, in the grand cathedral of the Empire, Archbishop Austin had not meditated for several days. His face was stormy, dark as a sky before lightning.

In his heart, he had always hoped Aurek would compromise. That the young Emperor would swallow his pride, give up the woman of House Tascher, and in exchange retain the protection and support of the Ordon Theocracy.

If that happened, Austin could continue to enjoy his position as the Empire's archbishop, basking in the endless offerings and honors that came with it.

Compared to the harsh austerity of returning to the theocracy's headquarters, this cathedral—opulent and majestic, rivaling even a royal palace—was paradise.

Here, resources flowed to him like rivers.

With his mediocre talent, reaching Hero Rank would have been considered divine favor had he remained with the Church. But here, seated in the cathedral of the Empire, he had been elevated all the way to Master Rank Level 1, his strength piled high with wealth and blessings.

He even felt that, at this pace, he might touch the threshold of a Titled Master in this lifetime.

It was precisely for this reason that, as Aurek stirred up wave after wave of upheaval, Austin had watched coldly from the sidelines.

He was waiting.

Waiting for the young Emperor to bow, to come crawling for his help, begging for the sanctuary of the Theocracy.

But Aurek's stance had been brutally firm.

The Emperor had severed every line of hope without mercy.

This left Austin seething with fury, his pride wounded, his ambitions thwarted.

And now, with the Holy Son Sacco pressing in, he had no choice but to report the Empire's true situation back to the Theocracy.

"Compared to the survival of an empire, a little pride is laughable!" he muttered coldly.

"That boy has no idea of Sacco's divine talent, nor of his terrifying potential. Such arrogance will be his ruin. He will regret it—bitterly. His downfall is nothing but self-inflicted!"

With icy resentment, Austin took up a crystal of encrypted magical transmission. Through it, he relayed the Empire's mysterious forces, the turbulent situation in Eryndor City, and Aurek's unyielding stance back to the distant Theocracy.

His subordinates—white-clad deacons like Ramos and the rest of the cathedral staff—were blind to the danger that loomed.

Instead, they brimmed with joy, awaiting the arrival of the Holy Son Sacco.

They longed to witness the brilliance of the Church's most dazzling genius, and their imaginations already painted grand scenes:

On the day of the Firstfall Festival, Sacco would stride upon the river of holy light, his sword descending from beyond the heavens, sweeping aside all obstacles with irresistible might.

They dreamed of a spectacle of divine conquest.

But in their reverie, they ignored—deliberately—the chilling weight of Aurek's words:

"The cathedral's existence rests only on my whim."