

Gods Daily 151

Chapter 151: All Under Heaven Belongs to the Emperor

In the blink of an eye, the army arrived above the mountain peak, hovering in the sky like a flock of eagles.

A wave of destructive energy, suffocating and primal, spread outward like an unseen tide, shaking even the souls of those who felt it.

Down below, ordinary soldiers found it hard to breathe. The grips of their weapons turned slick with cold sweat.

Commander Roz felt a tremor deep within his chest.

Flight...!

That was an ability only those of Expert Rank and above could possess.

Yet before his eyes—stood an army of several thousand warriors, every one of them capable of flight.

What kind of power could possibly forge such a terrifying legion?

The question alone defied reason.

But more dreadful still were the warriors clad in black armor, each like a messenger from the abyss.

Dark energy coiled around their forms, devouring the surrounding light.

Even sensing their presence brought a chill that sank straight into the bones.

At the vanguard, several hundred figures radiated energy fluctuations belonging unmistakably to the Master Rank.

"Countless Master Ranks!"

The senior officer of the Monden Shrine, Stah, could barely speak, his throat dry as dust.

The Expert Rank subordinates behind him had already gone pale as paper.

A Master Rank... as a common soldier?

As the foundation of a formation?

The notion shattered everything they knew about the world.

Members of the Morningstar Order, led by Elder Sochiby and three other Master Rank elders, fixed their grave gazes upon the army's core.

Each of those figures radiated the power of a seasoned Master Rank, solid and oppressive.

"What an unfathomable force..." murmured a delegate from Muwen Mountain Fortress, as representatives of smaller factions shared his terror.

"Hundreds of Master Ranks... in one army!"

Then, from amidst the clouds above, came a woman's calm yet shocked voice.

"Not just that," replied an elegant lady from Skypeak Tower, her eyes opening slowly.

Her mind power spread like invisible tendrils across the mountains, sweeping the land for dozens of miles.

"Those phantoms—the ones that serve under His Majesty Aurek—they're here as well."

Her tone was heavier than ever before.

Aurek Veynar.

That name rippled through the hearts of the Skypeak Tower envoys like a stone dropped into a still lake.

Since his public rupture with the Ordon Theocracy, the young emperor had never truly left their attention.

But the intelligence they'd gathered about him—and about this mysterious army—had always been vague, speculative... until now.

And what they were seeing exceeded every legend.

A military core composed of hundreds of Master Rank elites?

Even a superpower like Skypeak Tower could scarcely imagine such extravagance.

And that wasn't all—those elusive, shadow-walking ghosts, veiled between light and darkness, were here too.

"This Aurek Veynar," someone whispered, "does not look like a dying lion at all..."

Eyes once filled with condescension now brimmed with curiosity—and a hint of awe.

The entire Horn Mountain situation, because of this single army's arrival, became instantly unpredictable.

Far away in Paris City, royal authority could not extend its grasp so far.

And yet, this army that had appeared out of thin air—its banners heavy with imperial sigils—felt like the tolling of a divine bell, a reminder that the Empire was far from dead.

Delegations from Dephans and the Violet Rose Institute also stared, stunned, at the disciplined, steel-hearted warriors.

Their eyes eventually focused on one particular figure.

The long sword on his back gleamed faintly—Wak.

"It's Wak!"

"He dares return here!?"

A Violet Rose student gasped, memories flooding back—painful, humiliating memories of a man who once stood among them but chose another path.

At the front of the army, Overthunder stood tall, his cold gaze sweeping the mountains like a storm.

Then his eyes turned toward the cloud formation—woven from wind and vapor—hovering in the distance.

Wak stepped forward, his scholarly calm at odds with the battlefield around him.

His voice cut through the wind, commanding and absolute:

"All Energy Stone veins within this mountain range belong to the Empire.

Irrelevant parties—withdraw immediately."

A thunderous silence followed.

The Empire!

That single word struck every envoy like a hammer blow.

Could these soldiers—these monsters—really be from Eryndor City, that puppet capital thought to be long subdued?

"I heard His Majesty Aurek has been secretly training an elite army," murmured Stah, eyes narrowing. "They even crushed the Seventh-Tier power, the Holy Sword Alliance... Could it be... this is them?"

The Anubichi Mountain Range was thousands of miles away from Eryndor and Paris, its lands ruled by fragmented lords.

News from the imperial heartlands arrived only in broken fragments, filtered and twisted by fear and ambition.

Many had long forgotten that this vast territory was still, in name, the domain of the Crossbridge Empire, and that a man called "Emperor" still reigned in Valoria Palace.

For years, great powers had carved the Empire's flesh, feeding on its weakness.

The roars of the Valorian throne were dismissed as the dying growls of an old beast.

Even the fall of the Holy Sword Alliance, that monumental event, had been treated as nothing more than a rumor—something distant, unconfirmed.

None had expected that the true thunder would descend right here, so suddenly, and with such force.

An army of hundreds of Master Ranks—enough to make even the bravest knight lose all hope.

Elder Sochiby's face twisted, his eyes burning with hatred.

A long, jagged scar cut across his cheek—the mark of his humiliation at the hands of the Veynar royal line.

A thousand years had not erased that shame.

And now, the Empire's army had come again to stand before him.

"This land is free," Sochiby said, voice cold as ice. "The Empire's hand reaches too far."

He lifted his gaze, his killing intent rising like a blade.

"Leave—or die."

Overthunder did not bother with words.

His destructive gaze pierced the space between them, a visible shackle of pressure that wrapped around Sochiby's body.

Murderous intent, sharp as winter's wind, swept through the field.

For an instant, even Sochiby's ancient heart trembled.

But he was no fledgling—an lv.8 Master Rank, tempered by thousands of years, his psychic power deep and vast.

He would not yield to a mere stare.

The sky darkened in response to their duel of wills.

Clouds gathered—thick, black, and alive—rolling like the banners of some colossal demon army.

The air vibrated, heavy with the promise of catastrophe.

"So," Sochiby sneered, turning to the others, "you all plan to just stand there and watch?"

His gaze swept across the Violet Rose Institute, the Monden Shrine, and that mysterious cloud-shrouded faction from Skypeak Tower.

From within the mist came a woman's serene yet unyielding voice:

"Skypeak Tower will take sixty percent. The rest—you may divide among yourselves."

Overthunder's answer was cold, absolute:

"The Empire will take it all."

Crack!

Lightning surged through the heavens, splitting the clouds apart.

Thunder boomed like the roar of an angry god—the prelude to divine wrath.

The faces of all other envoys turned dark, grim as death.

Stah senior officer spoke in a low, measured tone, his aura gathering.

"All of it? Hah... I'm afraid your Empire's appetite will kill you before we have to."

A faint smile curved at the corner of Overthunder's lips.

The sigil between his brows—the third eye of judgment—flared with blinding light.

He raised a hand.

No grand speech.

No declaration. Just a simple motion.

Five Master Rank Doomsday Warriors stepped forward.

Their movements were perfectly synchronized—as if one will guided them all.

Then, with a single resounding stomp, they surged forth toward the mountainside where Stah and the others stood.

The air detonated.

A storm of raw destruction swept across the battlefield, hurling boulders and shattered trees into the sky.

Stah's instincts screamed danger.

He could feel the annihilation focused on him—a heatless, inevitable death.

"Defensive formation!" he barked.

The two Master Rank warriors beside him reacted instantly, their bodies blazing with energy.

A radiant barrier unfolded around them, its surface shimmering with sacred runes.

Their hands blurred through intricate seals, calling upon ancient rites passed down through the Shrine.

Behind them, a holy idol rose—a colossal figure carved of pure light, its face hidden behind a golden veil.

It drank deeply of the earth element drawn from the very bones of Horn Mountain.

The ground shuddered, fissures spreading outward as energy surged upward into the statue.

Its divine pressure expanded, layer by layer, like a mirage of faith come alive.

Before such an image, the instinctive urge to kneel gripped even the strongest hearts.

Yet in the sky above, the Empire's Domsday Warriors pressed forward through the storm, their weapons glowing with red-black sigils of ruin.

The collision between faith and destruction loomed inevitable.

And thus began the clash between a world that still clung to its scattered freedom—

—and the return of the Empire that once ruled all under heaven.

Under the heavens, all land belongs to the Emperor.

The roar of thunder itself seemed to proclaim it.