

## **Gods Daily 164**

Chapter 164: The Empire's Glory Shall Never Die

He tortured them to death with the same cruelty they once inflicted on him.

Every student who had shielded or bullied him met the same fate — executed without mercy.

Even Karych's siblings and the mentors who had blindly protected them were not spared.

The entire Violet Rose Institute was thrown into turmoil.

Several master rank elders were enraged enough to take action.

Wak, fully aware of the Institute's vast influence and his own inability to oppose it, chose a desperate path — he sacrificed his own power to perform a forbidden escape technique.

Before the Elder Council could react, he vanished from Revor Province.

When Lighton rushed back to the tower, what awaited him was his son's dismembered corpse and the nearly annihilated bloodline of his descendants.

In uncontrollable fury, he vented his wrath on anyone remotely connected to Wak — friends, mentors, colleagues — unleashing a massacre too horrific to describe.

To this day, the dried corpses still hanging from the outer walls of the Institute serve as a chilling warning.

Leveraging the Institute's authority, Lighton coerced Revor Province's governor, Henry, to issue a province-wide arrest order.

Everyone assumed that the self-crippled Wak had long since died in some forgotten corner of the world.

No one expected him not only to survive — but to return in such overwhelming force.

Wak drew a deep breath, forcing down the burning hatred and sorrow in his heart, then uttered one cold word:

"Kill."

The past was gone.

Right or wrong no longer mattered.

The only way to end this nightmare was to erase every last enemy bound to this hatred.

With that single command, screams erupted throughout the Elemental Spire.

Every Elite Rank student and mentor who had taken to the skies was instantly cut down by invisible blades.

Even the twenty-odd master rank elders were ambushed by shadow-stepping Elemental Assassins — seven or eight fell in the blink of an eye.

Worse still, the assassins infiltrated the sealed chamber that housed the core gem of the grand defensive array and destroyed it.

The vast violet barrier that shrouded Violet Rose Mountain shattered like fragile glass.

"Intruders! There are assassins inside!"

"The grand array is broken!"

"Where are they? Show yourselves!"

Panic and chaos engulfed the Institute.

Fifteen hundred Elemental Assassins bared their fangs and began an indiscriminate slaughter.

"Damn it!"

Four half-step peak master ranks erupted with violent energy waves, attempting to suppress the chaos through area-wide attacks and flush out the elusive assassins.

But fate was against them.

The Institute's greatest support, Insber, was absent — along with a dozen key master rank experts he had taken to Horn Mountain.

The remaining high-end power was woefully insufficient.

A thousand Doomsday Warriors charged into the Spire like tigers among sheep, surrounding the four half-step peaks.

Assassins struck from the shadows, while three hundred Mountain Shieldbearers advanced to lock down the front lines.

Wak stood aloft, his gaze icy and detached, watching the carnage below.

Bodies — some familiar, others not — fell one after another, and the once-beautiful violet blossoms of the mountain were drenched in dark, metallic red.

Yet there was no joy of revenge in his heart.

His beloved was gone forever.

Those few mentors and friends who had defended him were long dead.

Lighton, consumed by rage and despair, charged at Wak.

But Mountain Shieldbearers intercepted him.

Though he possessed the might of a master rank lv9, he was utterly powerless before the two thousand five hundred imperial elites encircling him.

In moments, his defenses collapsed; wounds opened across his body.

The four half-step peak masters fell one by one.

Expert and Elite Rank students fared even worse — crushed like ants beneath a storm of blades and lightning.

A thunderous pillar of destruction struck Lighton, hurling him against the shattered mountain gate.

Electric arcs cascaded over his body, leaving him blackened and smoking, a charred figure lying broken in a crater.

Wak descended slowly from the air and stood before him.

"You... you cruel demon..."

Lighton's face was a mask of blood, twisted with pain and hatred.

"Demon?" Wak's tone was eerily calm.

"Back then, the almighty Headmaster Lighton knew nothing of loss — so you could never understand me.

You sheltered your son, denied me even a shred of justice.

You made me swallow my grief in silence, forbidding even a cry. Tell me — who is more cruel, who is more poisonous?"

His eyes reddened slightly.

"Your son is dead now. Do you understand the pain I felt?"

"I only regret not killing you myself back then."

Lighton's gaze was venomous, but he could not speak further.

Wak drew his longsword, reversed his grip, and drove the blade downward — straight into Lighton's skull.

"—Aaaah!!"

A shriek tore through the air, then abruptly stopped.

Steel pierced bone with a wet crack.

Lighton's body twitched once, then went still, nailed to the scorched earth.

Wak did not withdraw his sword.

He left it there — a monument to every drop of love, hatred, and sorrow that this land had witnessed.

Then, rising into the sky, he took one last look at the academy that had once been his home, and another at the imperial troops finishing their grim work below.

Turning toward Eryndor City Paris, he fell to one knee midair and shouted with all his soul:

"Your servant Wak gives thanks for Your Majesty's grace! The Empire's glory shall burn like the sun — eternal and undying! I, Wak, shall be the blade in Your Majesty's hand, striking down all who dare to invade!"

The pain and injustice long buried in his heart were finally released.

As his head bowed, tears traced silent paths down the stoic swordsman's face, falling into the scorched soil and pools of blood below.

Horn Mountain.

The flames of war raged on through the ancient mountain range.

The violent energy waves shook all of Revor Province.

The Violet Rose Institute's Insber was in dire straits —

A shadow blade had pierced his left abdomen, leaving a gaping, bleeding hole. His left shoulder was stripped to white bone, and three cold daggers were buried deep in his back, trembling with every breath he took.

Nearby, the Morningstar Order's Chiler was equally devastated.

His left hand was severed at the wrist, a blackened lightning wound marred his chest, and his body was covered in gashes of varying depth.

The endless ambushes from Elemental Assassins had left him gravely injured, his combat power plummeting.

Tuth fared little better — his waist was nearly cleaved in half, and wild lightning had burned his hair into scorched curls.

Blood streamed from his nose and cheek as he gasped for air.

Of the hundred-plus master ranks they had brought, more than half were dead.

The Empire, too, had paid its price.

Elemental Assassins and Doomsday Warriors alike had fallen in battle.

The counterattacks of the peak master rank enemies were far from trivial.