

Gods Daily 166

Chapter 166: Holy Son Sacco Heads to Eryndor City

Far away, in the capital of Revor Province,

Rand felt the ground trembling violently beneath his feet.

Standing before the governor's mansion, he stared anxiously toward the distant Horn Mountain.

Even at such a distance, the waves of power were palpable—proof enough of how catastrophic and horrifying that battle must be.

Inside the Monden Shrine, two Peak Master Rank elders observed the battlefield through their mind power, their expressions grim beyond measure.

Meanwhile, within the Morningstar Order, Ross stood with brows tightly furrowed, sensing the devastating energy clashes that tore through the heavens far away.

At the Violet Rose Institute, Insber had finally fled back from the frontlines—only to find his beloved research halls reduced to a field of scorched earth.

He coughed up blood on the spot.

His nest... destroyed!

"Damn you, Empire!"

His enraged roar echoed through the mountains.

But the moment he felt the terrifying energy fluctuations still raging from Horn Mountain's direction, all that fury turned to fear and helplessness.

He no longer dared even to curse aloud.

That world-shaking battle lasted two full days.

All the powers in the Empire's southwestern regions were completely stunned.

The news that the Empire had dispatched ten thousand Master Rank soldiers spread like wildfire— and when it reached Grand Duke Sentino's manor, the pampered noble nearly gasped aloud in disbelief.

Three days later, the aftermath arrived.

The elders Starlight and Darkness returned to the Morningstar Order drenched in blood, dragging along the barely breathing Tuth.

The Order immediately activated its defensive formation, sealing itself off from all entry and exit.

As for Chiler—he would forever rest at Horn Mountain.

A Peak Master Rank had fallen.

Maria's body was pierced clean through, her injuries severe beyond measure.

Even Saintess Sainette appeared battered, fleeing Horn Mountain while carrying the grievously wounded Maria in her arms.

Inside Horn Mountain itself,

Overthunder stood bleeding from his lips, though the Eye of Destruction on his brow shone brighter than ever.

Many Imperial warriors had been wounded, and over two thousand had perished in that battle.

The Mountain Shieldbearers, Doomsday Warriors, and Elemental Assassins had all suffered losses.

Yet despite that, the Empire's iron-blooded victory had shaken the continent to its core.

No one would dare challenge Horn Mountain lightly again.

Through tragedy and sacrifice, they had secured an unassailable foothold.

Wak reported the battle's outcome in full detail to Rand.

Rand, in turn, immediately transmitted the report to Eryndor City— the heart of the Crossbridge Empire.

Meanwhile, far to the northeast of the Eura Continent, in the ancestral heartland of the Crossbridge Empire, beside the Rhine River stood a sacred domain of towering peaks— ten thousand mountains claimed by the Ordon Theocracy.

Atop the divine mountain, within the Hall of the Holy Son's Legacy, a brilliant sphere of golden light suddenly burst forth.

From within it stepped a tall, radiant young man—Holy Son Sacco.

"Master Rank... finally." A confident smile curved his lips.

He extended his hand, and a blade of burning sunlight materialized in his grasp—the Solar Holy Sword.

Golden sword intent blazed skyward.

"Solar Sword Intent!""Codex of the Sun!""Armor of Light!""Mark of the Sun God!"

His voice rang with unshakable conviction."Below Peak Master Rank, I fear no one."

His eyes gleamed sharp as a hawk's."It's time... to head for Eryndor City."

"House Tascher, Josephine—just you wait."In his mind, a beautiful face surfaced—and the faint smile upon his lips turned cold.

"So you chose that hollow, title-bound royal family... longing for the throne of a so-called 'empress'?Then I'll crush the emperor you pinned your hopes on beneath my heel."

Now, as the Heir of the Ordon Theocracy, Sacco possessed absolute authority—the power to decide the very fate of nations.This was the leverage he had waited for all along.

With his strength, he could have destroyed House Tascher long ago.

But what he truly wanted was to trample the entire Veynar Royal Family— to make Josephine watch as the emperor she admired was reduced to dust, so she could realize how foolish, how laughable her "choice" had been.

For that, he needed both power and status— and now he had both.

"Oh, Sacco."

A calm, aged voice came from outside the hall.

Several elders bathed in divine radiance stepped inside, eyes filled with astonishment.

"Your ascension speed truly defies belief."

Sacco smiled with pride.

"Mentors, I wish to visit Eryndor City."

"Eryndor City?"

The elders exchanged glances—they all knew of Sacco's past grudges.

He continued evenly,

"The continent is in chaos. The Theocracy's insistence on propping up that decaying empire only burdens us further.

We'd be better off cutting the rot away and letting the Church claim full dominion."

The elders burst out laughing.

"Hah! You impetuous boy," one said with amusement.

"Do as you wish. That crumbling empire has long outlived its usefulness.

We've merely kept it around to maintain balance between other factions.

If you destroy it with a single stroke, well—then it simply proves it no longer deserves to exist."

The Ordon Theocracy, supreme among nations, saw the world's balance clearer than anyone.

All political machinations across the continent lay within their grasp.

To them, raising Sacco's power was worth far more than preserving a dying empire.

Since the fall of Aurek's ancestor, the Theocracy had regarded the Crossbridge Empire as nothing but a pawn— a piece used to keep other powers in check beneath the illusion of imperial might.

Now that the illusion had lost its value, abandoning it meant nothing.

It would serve, instead, as Sacco's trial by fire.

As for Emperor Aurek himself?

No matter what he did, he remained an ant in the eyes of the Theocracy.

If his death could further Sacco's growth, then that would be his one and only worth.

A red-robed elder stepped forward.

"The shadow in your heart must be faced, Sacco.

Only then will your spirit remain flawless when you challenge the Sage Rank in the future. Consider this journey a cleansing—cast aside hesitation."

He added solemnly,

"Since Aurek has already bared his fangs to the world, our Theocracy must also reveal its stance. Whether the Empire continues to exist or not... will be yours to decide."

Then, his tone turned grave.

"But remember one thing— the woman you care for is not as simple as she appears. She's connected to the Sigeits Parliament."

Sigeits Parliament.

Sacco's pupils contracted slightly.

So that was it—

That was why she rejected him.

All that talk about loyalty to a hollow throne and the honor of being empress—just excuses.

He knew of the Sigeits Parliament— an ancient power on par with the Ordon Theocracy itself.

But instead of retreating, his eyes burned even brighter.

"Mentors, rest assured," he said with calm resolve.

"I will not fail your expectations."

One elder nodded.

"Your guide chose well in taking you as his only disciple. Sacco, the world shall shift because of you. Go— and let the Holy Light cleanse your heart completely."

Their gazes brimmed with pride and anticipation.

Sacco's confidence flared like a sunrise.

Since his mentors had granted their blessing, it was time for him to attend the Firstfall Festival in Eryndor City— and claim his long-awaited reckoning.