

Gods Daily 174

Chapter 174: The Holy Son of the Theocracy – Descent of the Dragon Rider

In the Governor's Palace of Revor Province, Governor Rand knelt on one knee, head bowed toward Eryndor City, paying silent homage.

At the Anubichi Mountain Range front, Wak, Overthunder, and countless imperial soldiers clad in black armor pounded their fists against their chests in unison, the deep resonance of their salute echoing toward their emperor.

In Stonehoof City, within the Truva region, veteran general Steurn bowed deeply toward Eryndor City.

Across the Empire's four border provinces, every official faced Eryndor City, pressed their right hands to their hearts, and recited in solemn unison their oaths of loyalty.

Commanders Pippin and Cole, leading eight hundred thousand Imperial Knights and three million troops of the Imperial Army, performed the highest salute of honor toward Eryndor City.

Throughout the vast expanse of the empire, old men lifted their weary gazes toward the rising sun, their frail bodies trembling as they knelt to the ground, whispering wordless prayers.

As the sun climbed higher, its brilliance shone directly above the Prayer Altar of First Snow.

Suddenly—

BOOM!

The deep roar of war drums thundered along the River Saint Elber, rolling like storms across the heavens!

"In the name of the first snow, the lords of the four directions assemble. May all corners of the Empire bathe in holy radiance! By the will of the heavens, may the Empire's glory and the sun's flame endure forever!"

Standing tall before the altar, Chuck raised his voice and read the invocation.

Aurek lifted the star-silver amulet toward the sky, his tone imbued with divine authority.

"Let the boundless heavens and steadfast earth bear witness—May divine power protect us, and may the Empire's glory last for all eternity!"

Then, with measured calm, he cast the amulet into the flowing river.

At that instant—

The sky changed.

Massive banks of lead-gray clouds rolled in like crashing waves, and fierce winds whipped through the banners of the Imperial Eagle, making them snap violently in the air.

"He's coming!"

Those floating high among the clouds all turned their eyes to the horizon.

A vast, shadowy form—so immense it seemed to devour the heavens— was slowly drawing near. The air thickened with suffocating pressure, a divine oppression blanketing the entire Prayer Altar.

William, Heimerdinger, and Chuck turned their heads sharply, their faces dark with tension.

"Is it... Sacco?"

Amy's voice trembled as she looked toward the distant sky.

At the House Tascher estate, Yule, the clan elders, and family knights stood upon the walls, their faces heavy with unease as they stared at the approaching shadow.

Josephine lifted her gaze.

"So he's finally here... So many have waited for this very moment."

Above the clouds, Lister smiled faintly.

So many powers had been watching from the dark, waiting precisely for this arrival.

ROAR!

A deafening cry tore across the heavens—a sound that seemed to pierce through every soul.

Its overwhelming might swept across the land like a divine gale.

"He's here!"

Within the Imperial Court of Magisters, Ramos and his peers rose to their feet in excitement, soaring into the air.

All across Eryndor City, the citizens turned their eyes skyward.

That roar—they all knew it.

It was the voice of a creature none could forget:

The sacred beast of the Ordon Theocracy, the Sacred Black Dragon!

Its arrival marked the descent of the Theocracy's will— the proclamation of judgment itself.

Today, it would decide the fate of this ancient empire.

The dragon's pressure distorted the very air, and the waters of the Saint Elber surged and frothed in response.

Aurek, however, stood unmoved.

His face remained calm as he took the golden sheaf of acorns and placed it gently into the river's current.

Above, the Sacred Black Dragon descended into full view. It was as majestic as ever—radiating pride, holiness, and dominion.

Its massive frame seemed to consume the heavens.

The dark, blue-black scales overlapped like ancient shields, each one glinting with a cold metallic luster reflected upon the river below.

Its turquoise eyes locked unerringly onto the motionless figure standing upon the altar.

And on the dragon's broad back—stood Sacco.

His bearing was that of a conqueror.

His gaze swept over the crowd and settled upon the woman in the white bridal gown—Josephine.

An aura of divine might surrounded him, dense and sharp, like a holy sword thirsty for godly blood.

"Master rank... He's already reached that realm?"

Within the Brotherhood of the Old Gods, the member wearing a great-bear mask spoke hoarsely, disbelief etched across his hidden face.

In just three months, Sacco had leapt from Level Six Elite to Master Rank—a speed that defied reason, beyond what even "genius" could describe.

"His Solar Sword Intent... it's far more terrifying than the rumors claimed."

In the ranks of the Chapel of the Burning Sun, a crimson-armored warrior beside a red-haired youth spoke lowly, his voice tinged with an unease he barely recognized.

He had once felt the edge of that sword intent— and even now, his soul still bore its mark.

Before the banners of Blade City, Woviz furrowed his brows.

"You felt it too?"

Beside him, a golden-marked youth narrowed his eyes.

Woviz nodded slowly, his expression grave.

Only true swordmasters—those who had fused their very souls with the way of the blade—could perceive it: beneath the brilliance of the Solar Sword Intent, there lay a deeper, far older Primordial Sword Will— a force that transcended all mortal comprehension.

Not far away, Lister hovered in the clouds, his eyes blazing with irrepressible battle-lust.

Every muscle tensed as if he might draw his sword at any instant.

Sacco—this man who had shattered every norm and written his own legend—his light was so blinding that it dimmed every other star of their generation.

The humiliation of that truth ignited fury in Lister's chest.

Behind him, several prodigies of the Skyeeye Guild exchanged uneasy glances.

Sacco's rise had been faster, his advancement absurdly higher—they could no longer look down on him.

Even fate itself seemed to favor him.

From the delegation of Frostvale, the twin gems Isabella and Cheryl both fixed their icy blue eyes upon the legendary youth, then turned simultaneously toward the even more enigmatic emperor upon the altar— their gazes mingling curiosity with awe.

High above, standing upon her solitary cloud, Natasha's languid smile deepened.

She watched it all like an actress who already knew the ending of the play—as the so-called "chosen geniuses" exposed their claws and pride before true divine power.

Upon the Black Dragon's back, Sacco was not alone.

At his left stood Clement, the Holy Envoy of the Theocracy.

At his right—Teresa, the Saintess of Ordon.

Their gazes, touched with a mix of superiority and curiosity, fell upon Josephine as well.

"Josephine," Sacco's calm voice cut through the storm and the roaring river, reaching every ear in attendance.

"To meet again under such circumstances... was beyond even my expectations."

Countless eyes turned toward the woman in the pure white bridal gown— with pity, curiosity, judgment... and glee.

This was the same young man once scorned by House Tascher, once rejected by her—now returning astride the Sacred Beast, bearing the divine authority of the Ordon Theocracy.

He was no longer a fallen youth—but the blazing star of a new age, the destined one whose legend was still being written.

His throne was already taking shape among the clouds.

And so, a silent question stirred within every heart: Josephine... do you regret it?

Sacco's gaze swept across the grandeur of Eryndor City below, his eyes sharp as blades.

"Perhaps I should thank you for your scorn, and thank House Tascher for their 'visionary wisdom.'"

Josephine finally spoke, her voice like a clear spring cutting through the heavy air.

"Fate grants each of us a different path."

Sacco's eyes hardened, locking onto her as though to pierce her very soul.

Her white veil lifted in the wind, revealing her flawless face—serene, resolute, radiant.

But all her focus, all her unwavering faith, was not on Sacco.

It was on the towering figure standing before her— Aurek, the Emperor of the Crossbridge Empire.