

Gods Daily 175

Chapter 175: The Mundane Monarch Who Looked at the Sky from the Bottom of a Well?

"Your path may be one of blazing brilliance, standing upon the pinnacle of glory where all beings look up to you in reverence."

Josephine's voice echoed across the sacred plaza, calm and composed, carrying a faint serenity within it.

"But my path... is to protect this city of Eryndor. To remain by his side."

"You will never understand the weight borne by one who walks alone through thorns while carrying an entire empire upon his shoulders—nor the exhaustion that hides between his brows. Someone must share that burden."

"My fate is already intertwined with His Majesty's—with every inch of land in the Crossbridge Empire, with the pulse of Eryndor City itself. It cannot be separated."

"These same words, I told you many years ago."

Her tone was resolute—unyielding like stone.

"The resonance of souls is something you can never comprehend. I'm not surprised. Sacco—congratulations. May you enjoy your boundless glory."

Sacco's eyes darkened completely.

He no longer looked at her. All the crushing force of his aura surged toward the young emperor who still stood with his back turned.

Aurek, however, ignored his presence entirely.

After placing the golden oak spike into the sacred basin, he calmly lifted the crystal chalice that shimmered with starlight and immersed it into the flowing river below.

He gazed at the surging waters of the Saint Alber River, and a glint of cold light flickered across his eyes.

"I," he said—his voice echoing clearly within every soul present,"am not accustomed to looking up to anyone."

The ten Doomsday Warriors standing like statues at his side instantly erupted with destructive energy fluctuations.

But Aurek merely raised his right hand slightly and pressed downward.

At once, the rampant power subsided. The ten warriors froze as though sealed in time.

Some obstacles had to be crushed by his own hand. Some arrogance—personally trampled beneath his feet.

"Two years ago, you were as insignificant as an ant. My queen never even spared you a glance."

"Her judgment was flawless..."

"You truly are an eyesore."

There was no emotion in Aurek's voice.

He took a step forward.

The void beneath his feet seemed to condense into solid steps, capable of supporting the weight of a monarch.

In the next instant—

That towering figure appeared in midair above the sacred altar.

Beneath the Altar of Prayer, Winston, Heimerdinger, Chuck, Harland, and the other imperial ministers stared upward in disbelief, eyes wide open.

Even Josephine's luminous eyes trembled slightly.

"This is...?!"

In the distance, all those suspended in midair felt their pupils contract violently.

They had known Aurek was not an ordinary man—but what shook them to their very core was the audacity of this emperor, who dared to dismiss the brightest star of the heavens as "an eyesore"!

Snow and Kafka's expressions changed drastically.

The emperor before them was nothing like the mediocrity described in their intelligence reports.

Even Clement and Teresa—who had maintained an air of detachment—were now deadly serious, their gazes fixed upon Aurek.

Clement let out a cold snort. "A mundane monarch who sees the world from the bottom of a well... your vision is—"

"Pathetically narrow?" "Or simply ignorant of heaven's height and earth's depth?"

Aurek finished the words he hadn't said.

At the same moment, he took another step forward.

His figure seemed to merge with light itself, and when he appeared again, he stood even higher—upon the vault of heaven.

That towering silhouette resembled an ancient divine mountain descending from beyond the ages.

BOOM—!!!

An explosion of peak master–rank aura roared out like a boiling starsea!

The very laws of heaven and earth twisted under his will. Layer upon layer of invisible force crushed downward, as though the entire sky had collapsed—bearing down on the Sacred Black Dragon and everyone riding upon its back!

The imperial will that symbolized ultimate sovereignty flooded outward like an invisible tide, scouring and shattering their mental defenses!

Magical energy surged and overflowed, turning the heavens themselves into Aurek’s absolute domain—suffocating, compressing, and dominating every inch of space!

Splurt—!

Clement’s protective barrier shattered first. He coughed out a mouthful of blood!

Sacco and Teresa’s defensive halos and enchanted artifacts blazed wildly, their bodies trembling uncontrollably as though they could be crushed at any moment.

Beneath them, the Sacred Black Dragon let out a roar of agony and fury combined.

Golden molten blood seeped from its massive eyes. Its colossal body quaked under the suffocating pressure; the dragon scales—able to withstand S-class weapon strikes—screached under strain, threatening to peel away!

Their previous pride now seemed pitiful—like a lone leaf boat tossed about in a raging storm before a god's might.

"Peak master rank! This is peak master rank aura!"

"What!? He's a peak master!?"

"Impossible! That's absolutely impossible..."

In the distance, Lister's mind went blank as if struck by lightning.

His heart felt as though a giant invisible hand had crushed it. He vomited blood uncontrollably, his pride and will nearly collapsing.

"Peak master rank!"

Every prodigy from Blade City trembled in shock.

Woviz and the striped youth stared in disbelief at the sight that overturned their understanding of reality.

Haite, Disapiel, Laiwood, and the figures hidden within the clouds of Skypeak Tower—every masked member of the Brotherhood of the Old Gods—looked on in utter horror.

They all activated their power, layering defensive enchantments around themselves to withstand the unfathomable pressure of the peak master's might.

Their eyes were glued to that figure in the sky—a being who looked more like a divine incarnation than a man.

Isabella and Cheryl's icy mana spiraled out of control.

The mind power barriers they had constructed with their frozen hearts melted away as if thrown into a blazing furnace.

This time, unlike the faint glimpse of power they had felt in the royal palace, Aurek's revealed strength was utterly overwhelming—absolute.

That grandeur which towered above all life was branded into their souls like a searing mark, filling them with an uncontrollable urge to kneel and worship.

Cardinan, Amy, the representatives from Clover Auction House, Kafka, the Kazek patriarch, Yule—every noble, official, and faction representative gathered around the Altar of Prayer had long lost the strength to stand.

They knelt like wheat before the scythe of divinity.

In each of their eyes, the reflection of that colossal figure filled the heavens—the emperor who stood high among the clouds, as though the very heavens belonged to him alone.

Even the millions of distant citizens felt their souls constrict beneath this divine might. From the depths of instinct, reverence surged—they could not help but look up at the godlike form in the sky.

Austin's face turned deathly pale, fear spreading through his heart like venomous vines.

Winston, Heimerdinger, and the rest of the ministers stood frozen, realizing for the first time what kind of being they had sworn loyalty to.

Even the two ancient gryphons, beasts of noble bloodline, stood stiff and trembling, their eyes filled with primal terror.

Josephine gazed up at the emperor, her beautiful face frozen in disbelief.

Although Natasha had hinted at Aurek's extraordinary nature, the sight before her—a monarch descending like a god—shattered her every notion.

Aurek's frost-blue eyes locked on Sacco.

The emperor's will, resonating with the light of the Emperor's Scepter, drew upon the boundless power of destruction in the surrounding heavens—pressing down upon every particle of air with the full weight of imperial divinity.