

Gods Daily 176

Chapter 176: A Sword That Shattered All Resistance

Cough—!

Clement's armor groaned under unbearable strain.

He spat a mouthful of blood as his knees slammed heavily onto the back of the Black Dragon.

ROAARR—!

The Sacred Black Dragon's deafening roar swept across the entire plaza.

Streams of darkness breath surged from its gaping maw, trying to scorch and tear through this oppressive domain.

However—

Its colossal body, covered in scales of steel-hard obsidian, was being ripped apart by invisible force.

Dragon scales, mixed with dark-golden blood, peeled off and rained down like a storm of molten shards.

Crimson cracks spread across its flesh, and the agony drove it to thrash violently. Dragon blood splattered across the sky in arcs of burning scarlet.

Was this creature a symbol of the Ordon Theocracy's divine might?

A living emblem of the eastern dominion's authority?

The embodiment of unquestionable supremacy?

A vessel of will that gazed down upon all creation?

The radiance no mortal dared to look upon?

—All of this, Aurek crushed with his own hand.

Around Sacco, Solar Sword Intent burst outward, that ancient, inherited power struggling desperately against the waves of mind power crashing down upon him.

Thanks to it, Clement and Teresa caught a brief breath of relief.

They raised their S-class weapons—a cross-shaped sword etched with the Holy Seal and a luminous tome—and pushed their Hero Rank abilities to the limit to resist the peak master rank pressure pressing from above.

Once, they had been dazzling figures in the eyes of the world.

Now, they looked utterly broken and small.

Aurek, however—had already surpassed Hero Rank, stood above Master Rank, and stepped into the realm of the Peak Master.

Sacco's gaze locked onto Aurek.

The Solar Sword in his grasp hummed with a sharp, vibrant resonance.

Pure, absolute sword intent—unyielding and lethal—surged from him, as if to challenge the authority that sought to crush him beneath its heel.

He raised his sword and lunged forward.

The elemental forces of heaven and earth gathered upon the sword tip, forming a spear of judgment aimed straight at Aurek.

But the moment he moved—

The Sacred Black Dragon let out an even more mournful, heart-rending scream!

Shrrrip—!

Its gigantic flesh-wings were torn clean off its torso!

The mangled wings, soaked in blood and scales, plummeted toward the churning river below.

The dragon convulsed violently.

Its powerful limbs twisted in agony beneath the weight of the emperor's will. Its viscera burst from its jaws in a fountain of gore.

Teresa chanted frantic healing prayers; Clement erected defensive barriers—

But nothing answered their cries.

The dragon's hide and sinew, once resilient enough to withstand siege-ballista bolts, were being torn inch by inch beneath the crushing imperial aura and peak-master magic.

Bone shattered with a dreadful cracking sound.

Even the proud gryphons nearby lowered their heads, trembling in primal fear.

Sacco had already closed in on Aurek.

His sword-qi roared like a storm across the heavens.

Though he stood only at Master Rank Lv.3, he still dared to draw his blade before a Peak Master!

He would break the myth that boundaries between realms could never be crossed—with his own sword!

Aurek moved.

He drew his blade.

A single, horizontal slash.

A motion so simple—yet filled with absolute majesty and lethal precision.

"Royal Judgment."

A sword-light as brilliant as the Milky Way erupted in an instant.

The countless sword-storms conjured by Sacco shattered like glass under its radiance.

That pure, tyrannical gleam of power tore through the air, cutting straight toward him.

Its majestic King's Intent sought to consume him whole.

Sacco's pupils shrank.

The Solar Sword blazed with divine brilliance—

He unleashed his ultimate technique: Wrath of the Scorching Sun!

The heavens quaked.

A colossal sword formed of pure light and condensed energy crashed downward like a pillar of divine retribution, trying to resist the onrushing flood of magic.

His golden hair whipped backward in the torrent of unleashed energy.

His eyes, usually calm and confident, now burned with defiance—like the eyes of a war god born of ancient fire.

The intensity of his aura made even the surrounding air seethe; the wind element itself turned violent, slicing open the space around him.

"Aurek..."

Woviz felt his own sword-heart tremble.

Just a draw—and a slash—was enough to force Sacco, the radiant sun of the east, to unleash an ancient inherited sword technique.

This—this was the emperor once rumored to herald the Empire's downfall?

This was the monarch others thought could be toyed with?

Rumble...

The shockwaves of energy spread outward in waves.

The Mountain Shieldbearers roared in unison, slamming their tower shields into the ground to form an iron-wall defense line.

The waters of the Saint Alber River surged upward under unseen force, forming a massive water shield.

From the earth below, thick yellow energy burst forth and condensed into layers of light-barriers that absorbed the shock.

Clement and Teresa wiped the blood from their lips.

The wounds to their faith were far worse than those to their bodies.

The pride of geniuses sank to the river's depths, while the dignity of the Ordon Theocracy was trampled into dust beneath that imperial figure.

The sword of light born from the Solar Sword collided head-on with the Royal Judgment blade light!

The result was instantaneous.

The Royal Judgment ripped through the solar sword's energy with a cataclysmic, unstoppable force.

The Solar Sword was blasted out of Sacco's grasp, spinning through the air before slamming back into his trembling hand.

He tightened his grip, knuckles white, eyes grim.

Yet his mind power—forged like tempered steel—did not waver.

His entire body became a blazing humanoid sun.

Light and heat surged around him, carrying both purification and fury.

His aura climbed higher—

Hotter—

Wilder—

The searing, violent Solar Sword Intent expanded from him like a supernova, twisting the air, devouring every stray element to feed its burning brilliance.

Every onlooker turned pale.

"Solar Saint Bloodline!"

The ragged old man gasped aloud.

"No wonder... no wonder he rose so fast!"

Sacco bore the favor of destiny itself—

A man of unmatched talent and heaven-granted fortune.

Across the vast empire, geniuses were countless—

But those who possessed a legendary bloodline could be counted on one hand.

Now, every faction, noble, and prodigy watching finally understood where Sacco's confidence came from—why he dared to challenge a Peak Master.

"Pope Karon,"

Aurek's voice cut through the air like frozen steel.

"Watch carefully."

"See for yourself—how foolish, how blind your choice truly was."

His words reverberated across the heavens, a fusion of mockery and royal command, shaking every listener's soul.

The next instant—

Aurek's figure blurred, merging seamlessly with the surrounding light—a manifestation of perfect mastery over the element of radiance.

Sacco's hands moved in swift patterns, forming a complex sword seal.

Endless Solar Sword Intent surged and howled in response.

The Solar Saint Bloodline had been pushed to its very limit.

Every beam of searing sword-qi was like an extension of his nerves, attuned to the faintest shift of killing intent in the battlefield around him.

Then—

A sword light, thinner than a strand of hair, erupted from the shadow behind him—silent, instantaneous, faster than the eye could follow!

Sacco sensed death the very moment it came.

All his Solar Sword Intent contracted at once, forming a prison of blazing light and fire—the Solar Hellcage—that lashed toward the incoming threat.

At the same time, his Solar Sword stabbed toward where he thought Aurek would appear.

But—

A boundless surge of magic flooded the elements themselves, turning space into a viscous mire that stalled Sacco's movement for the briefest heartbeat.

And in that heartbeat—

Aurek moved with light itself.

Shhk!

A muffled sound of steel piercing flesh rang out.

The Glamer Holy Sword gleamed coldly as it drove through the back of Sacco's skull—and burst from his mouth in a spray of blood and light.