

Gods Daily 177

Chapter 177: King of Snow Silas

"The Solar Saint Bloodline was broken?!"

"Sacco lost!!" Cardinan and the others trembled as disbelief filled their voices.

"With just one strike!" Disapiel felt his heart almost stop beating.

Even the gentle mass of holy clouds above them rippled violently, a reflection of the horror spreading within.

"Holy Son—Your Highness!" Clement and Teresa roared in fury and panic.

Boom—!

A burst of holy light inscribed with intricate divine patterns erupted from Sacco's body, forming layer after layer of tortoise-shell-like barriers that forcefully held back the remainder of the killing blow.

The Solar Saint Bloodline's power spun out of control; blazing energy turned into countless rays of scorching sunlight sword-qi that slashed wildly in every direction.

At that very moment, an even greater pressure—one belonging to a peak master rank—descended from the heavens, enveloping Aurek.

It sought to freeze not only the space around him but even the very flow of time itself.

Aurek's figure turned into a streak of flowing light, instantly returning to his original position, as if he had never moved at all.

Yet—

His eyes sharpened like drawn blades.

In that split-second clash and reversal, the entire world fell into utter stillness.

Sacco stood bathed in the thick holy radiance of his sacred armor.

A phantom of a tortoise shell of light encased him completely.

Blood gushed continuously from his mouth; the horrifying wound that had pierced the back of his skull was devouring his spirit and consciousness.

His face was as pale as death; the agony forced him to grind his teeth so hard they nearly shattered.

This sacred tortoise shell—an SS-grade relic inherited from the Vatican's treasury—was said to be able to withstand even a grandmaster-rank strike.

If the wielder's strength was great enough, it could even grant a fleeting chance at survival under a Saint's assault.

However—

Aurek's retreat had nothing to do with that armor.

A figure in a plain white robe quietly stepped out from behind Sacco.

He looked young—handsome, even.

Yet his hair was a pure, snow-white cascade, betraying the long years and bitter experiences hidden beneath that youthful face.

He blended seamlessly with the surrounding elemental energy; no one could sense even the faintest trace of his presence.

"White robes, white hair... King of Snow—Silas!"

The scruffy old man's tone grew heavier than ever before.

For this was no ordinary figure—He was a grandmaster-rank powerhouse.

"King of Snow Silas!"

"He's Sacco's guardian?!"

The lion-masked youth gasped aloud.

They hadn't yet recovered from Aurek's peerless sword strike when this legendary name once again crushed their composure.

If Sacco represented the brilliance of this generation's Ordon Theocracy, then Silas had been the shadow cast over the entire eastern continent's young geniuses of the previous era.

He once single-handedly suppressed all the prodigies of his time, his legend still whispered among the upper echelons of countless factions.

Silas turned his head slightly and glanced at the kneeling Sacco.

"Can you still stand?"

Sacco gave no answer.

He hastily swallowed several high-grade healing potions, the potent elixirs knitting his broken flesh.

But his eyes—burning with rage and defiance—never left Aurek, as if trying to carve the emperor's image into his very soul.

Silas turned his gaze toward Aurek.

He studied this emperor—who in the eyes of both himself and the Ordon Theocracy—should have been nothing more than an insect.

"For a worthless fool," Aurek's voice was cold and cutting, "is the Ordon Theocracy planning to sacrifice another long-faded relic of the past?"

There was not a flicker of emotion in his tone—only the calm declaration of fact.

Meanwhile, his mind power, now transformed after reaching the peak master rank, spread invisibly across the entire square and its surrounding airspace—a web that caught every ripple of energy, every hidden movement.

"Worthless? That word..."

Silas narrowed his eyes. The serene air around him instantly became sharp as blades.

"Since the day I, Silas, first took up a sword—no one has ever dared place that word upon my head."

He stepped forward.

The sky itself seemed to quake in response.

A boundless pressure surged from every direction, closing in on Aurek—as though the heavens themselves sought to force this emperor to kneel.

"I'm curious," Silas said quietly, "who gave you such courage?"

Above Aurek's head, his Imperial Crown gleamed with blinding majesty.

His royal mantle whipped fiercely in the turbulent currents of power.

"Want to witness my courage?"

Aurek gripped the Glamer Holy Sword in one hand; the other rested calmly behind his back.

He glanced at the storm-torn sky, eyes brimming with imperious resolve—as if making a decision that would shape the destiny of the Empire itself.

To shatter the arrogance of so-called geniuses, to trample upon the dignity of self-proclaimed overlords—for Aurek, that alone was already enough.

For his gaze, Aurek Veynar's gaze, was fixed not on petty grudges of the past—but on the Empire's future.

A "genius" who needed a guardian hovering like a nursemaid was no longer worthy of dying by his own hand.

Today was the Firstfall Festival.

Those shadowy hands hidden behind the Empire's millennia of storms were all watching him.

And he would not let them be disappointed.

After a brief silence, Aurek uttered a few words that froze the very world:

"Leave no one alive."

In that instant—Aurek's will became the supreme law.

Twenty-seven thousand heavy-armored Domsday Warriors moved as one, stepping forward and taking flight!

The skies above Eryndor City darkened as their countless forms blotted out the sun.

Layer upon layer of deathly, annihilating peak master rank magic power surged upward, forming a massive storm that engulfed the heavens.

Silas. Sacco. Teresa. Clement. Lister Sorund. Disapiel. Woviz—

Every marked target was instantly locked on.

The oppressive might of doomsday hung like a shadow of judgment over their hearts.

"Peak master rank!? They're all peak master rank?!"

"By the Light God...!"

"Th-this is impossible!"

"A twenty-seven-thousand-strong army— all peak master rank?! How could a decaying empire possess such power?!"

Gasps and horrified murmurs rippled through every corner of the grandstands.

Cardinan's face went deathly white.

He fumbled to activate every rune in his holy armor, as if that could grant him safety.

Amy's bright eyes widened in sheer terror, her tiny mouth gaping wide enough to swallow an egg.

"All... all those soldiers are peak master rank..."

"More than twenty thousand of them!"

"Wasn't the Imperial family supposed to be in decline?! Where did this power come from?!"

Woviz felt his breath catch in his throat.

The power within his companions' bodies spilled out uncontrollably, betraying their panic and dread.

Countless eyes stared blankly upward—at that army of black-armored warriors rising like a cloud of death across the sky.

Twenty-seven thousand peak master rank soldiers.

A force capable of reshaping the entire continent.

"We've been locked on! Even space itself is disrupted!"

"This Empire... Aurek—has he gone mad?!"