

Gods Daily 178

Chapter 178: The Emperor's Arrogant Declaration

"He's declaring war on everyone?!" Sorund's voice cracked with fear.

Beside him, his companions from the Crimson Hills—Disapiel, Laiwood, and others—had long lost their usual pride.

Their faces were filled only with shock and confusion.

They each unleashed their defensive powers and began retreating frantically, desperate to escape this cursed battlefield.

"Damn it!"

"The intel was wrong—completely wrong!"

"What's going on?! How did the Crossbridge Empire become this? Where did this power come from?!"

Lister's composure had shattered.

The few members of the Skyeye Guild behind him, along with his beautiful female companion, were stacking one shimmering layer of barrier after another around themselves.

"Retreat—now!" From within the glowing clouds, the calm female voice finally broke, trembling as panic replaced poise.

The soft white light enveloping them flickered violently, accelerating away from the battlefield.

"This can't be real!"

"Ten thousand years of infiltration, manipulation, and preparation—and this is the result?!"

"How can the royal bloodline still possess such power—and of this magnitude?!"

"We've all been deceived! Every single one of us underestimated Aurek!"

The so-called geniuses—all of them born proud, born to dominate—screamed silently in their hearts.

They had waited for millennia, thinking today would be a grand feast—an effortless carving up of a dying empire.

But instead, they had stepped into a dragon's den.

Even Sacco—The Holy Son himself, usually unshakable—couldn't hide the disbelief flickering in the depths of his eyes.

He had heard rumors that Aurek commanded a powerful army. Intelligence suggested there were around ten thousand master-rank warriors.

Even then, he had been confident—he saw it as a worthy challenge, a test of his own growth.

But now—

There were twenty-seven thousand soldiers, each radiating the aura of a peak master rank powerhouse, their magic surging with devastating intensity!

Josephine, Winston, Heimerdinger, Chuck... Every noble and minister standing on the Empire's side—or even those merely neutral—were dumbstruck.

They watched in awe and terror as the black-armored soldiers, who had stood motionless like statues moments before, now rose into the air as a torrential flood of death, blotting out the sky.

Each of them was peak master rank.

Beings who, in any kingdom or duchy, would be revered as honored guests—elders, leaders, founders of clans!

Individuals who could forge entire bloodlines, whose names alone could terrify nations!

Yet here, they were nothing more than common soldiers—an army of pure destruction under Aurek's command.

This empire, once dismissed and looked down upon, now appeared terrifyingly alien and incomprehensibly powerful.

"Peak master rank... level five!"

Silas's eyes sharpened.

His piercing gaze swept across the ranks of the Doomsday Warriors, instantly discerning their general level of strength.

Then, he turned back toward Aurek, his stare cold and severe.

"So, this is your confidence? This is why you dare provoke the Church?"

"You believe that with twenty-seven thousand peak master ranks, you can bridge the gulf between you and me—between you and the Church?"

"Twenty-seven thousand isn't enough?"

Aurek's reply was ice.

"Then let it be a hundred thousand. A million. Would that be enough?"

His voice carried the chilling weight of a man whose conviction could move mountains. Under his will, the Empire itself seemed to awaken—a sleeping beast with infinite potential.

Silas frowned deeply.

He dismissed Aurek's words as arrogance born of ignorance...and yet, for the first time, this long-mocked emperor made him feel a coldness that reached his very soul.

He looked over the legions radiating waves of apocalyptic power.

A snow-white cruciform longsword slid from its sheath, its blade humming with blinding white light that stretched several meters long.

"You have twenty thousand—I'll slay twenty thousand. You have two hundred thousand—I'll slay two hundred thousand."

Silas's voice rang with the pride and certainty of a grandmaster-rank being.

"One man, one sword—more than enough."

He stepped forward.

In an instant, his body crossed hundreds of meters, his white sword cleaving through the air toward the nearest formation of Domsday Warriors!

But before his strike could land—

BOOM—!!!

A blazing figure shot through the sky like a meteor, its presence explosive and violent, charging straight from the direction of Jade Gate Fortress!

The meteor crashed to a halt before Silas, like a golden mountain dropped from the heavens.

He was enormous—his muscles like iron, his presence suffocating.

A half-horned helmet crowned his head, and heavy crimson armor wrapped his towering frame.

In his hands, he gripped a tower-sized shield and a Viking battle-axe that gleamed coldly.

He looked like a myth come to life—a war god born from fire and iron.

His fierce gaze locked onto Silas.

"Grandmaster?" "So what?!" "Who gave you the right to draw your sword in my Lord's presence?!"

His voice—deep as thunder—shook the heavens.

War Bear's roar smashed through the air, his sheer aura colliding head-on with Silas's sword intent.

The clash split the atmosphere, forcing even the grandmaster's killing edge to falter.

The pressure radiating from this monstrous warrior made even distant spectators tremble in terror.

Silas's brow furrowed. He raised his white cross-sword, its point aimed directly at War Bear.

Below them, within the viewing platforms, Winston, Heimerdinger, Angie, and the other ministers suddenly found themselves surrounded by phalanxes of Mountain Shieldbearers.

Golden shields of holy light rose, enclosing them in absolute protection. In an instant, the suffocating aura of annihilation was completely sealed away.

Around Annie, dozens of tower-like Mountain Shieldbearers formed a moving fortress, their massive shields locking together into an impregnable wall.

Layers of radiant holy barriers, flowing water shields, and dense earth wards surrounded her like a fortress of divine light.

At the Altar of Benediction, Josephine was likewise encircled by ranks of Mountain Shieldbearers.

Even an attack from a grandmaster would take time to pierce such defenses.

Across the Saint Eber River, golden domes of light and shimmering shields rose one after another—a surreal panorama that left the retreating forces from every faction utterly dumbfounded.

Meanwhile, the twenty-seven thousand level-seven Doomsday Warriors split into precise strike formations, each unit diving toward their locked targets—the so-called "young geniuses" of the various factions.

And lurking unseen among them, the Elemental Assassins had already taken their positions near their prey.

They had chosen to stand against the Empire, to oppose Aurek Veynar. And now—they would pay the price.

It didn't matter if they were a pope's bastard son or a hidden master's prized disciple.

They would all die here.

"Damn it!"

"They're charging straight at us!"

"Run—Aurek's gone mad!"

The lion-masked youth from the Brotherhood of the Old Gods roared in fury as the black tide of Doomsday Warriors surged toward them like a living storm.

He unleashed his master rank lv3 power in full, his energy exploding outward like a tempest—but the combined wave of destruction swallowed his resistance as if it were nothing.

"Fall back!" Woviz tried to break through the encirclement—

—but the Elemental Assassin hiding nearby struck first, silent as death!

A chill like ice stabbed into his spine; the killing intent was so intense that his instincts screamed.

He detonated a burst of power, trying to force back the invisible attacker.

"Aurek!!"

"You're insane! Do you even know who we are?!"

From the Sunlit Chapel contingent, a red-haired youth shouted in fury.

But as he stared into the endless black tide of peak master ranks, all he could feel was a numbing terror crawling up his scalp.

There were too many.

Everywhere he looked—nothing but peak master rank warriors.