

Gods Daily 181

Chapter 181: Bow Before the Authority of the Crown

Before they could even mount an effective defense—

Aurek's figure, like a Reaper emerging from the shadow, had already appeared behind Teresa and Clement!

A streak of sword light, carrying the chill of death, pierced straight down from the crown of Clement's head!

"Ah—!!"

A shriek of agony tore through the battlefield.

Clement's head split open like an overripe fruit.

Blood and brain matter sprayed out in a red-and-white burst as his corpse fell limply through the air.

Teresa's mind reeled in horror.

She tried to flee, but a massive wave of mind power struck her, freezing her body completely.

Meanwhile, Sacco's fully charged Solar Sword finally reached where Aurek had been—only to stab through empty space.

Aurek turned lazily and backhanded a palm strike.

A vast surge of magic, like a tidal wave, erupted from his palm.

The mighty Solar Sword let out a metallic wail as if in pain, trembling violently before being slapped backward.

Its brilliance dimmed several shades.

The shockwave hit Sacco like a collapsing mountain.

The Divine Carapace on his body flared in radiant light, absorbing most of the physical force, but the sheer will of royal domination woven into Aurek's strike still made his blood surge violently.

He staggered backward, nearly falling from the sky.

Are you kidding me!?

That was just a casual strike—

A single, effortless motion—and it forced him to use an SS-grade defensive artifact just to survive!?

A wave of humiliation, helplessness, and rage surged through Sacco, nearly breaking his indomitable will.

He clenched his teeth, his once-proud eyes now filled only with madness, hatred... and fear.

"Codex of Solo! Descent of the Sun God!"

He activated the supreme holy scripture that had changed his fate and granted him divine strength—pushing it far beyond its normal limits!

He even began burning his own life and soul force.

Behind him, a colossal figure of blazing liquid light—like a god forged from the sun itself—rose to its full height!

A sacred aura, ancient and divine, emanated from it, so overwhelming that even Aurek's magical pressure was pushed back for a brief instant!

Sacco's hands tightened into fists, chanting fervently— and the blazing god of light behind him mirrored his every move in perfect synchrony.

Above the heavens, a small sun—condensed from countless flames—manifested out of nothingness.

It carried the might to burn the world to ashes as it descended toward Aurek.

This was the forbidden secret of the Ordon Theocracy, the ultimate miracle of the Holy Son— and at this moment, Sacco was burning his life to unleash its full glory.

The layers of defensive shields below groaned in agony under the weight of divine heat; holy barriers shattered like soap bubbles under sunlight.

This was his pride— the pride of the Ordon Holy Son, his strongest counterattack!

Aurek lifted his Sacrospring Sword.

He did not dodge.

He did not block.

He merely swung his blade lightly, as though brushing away a speck of dust from his sleeve.

At that instant, centered on him— a world unfolded.

It was a dominion woven from the empire's vast territory, the faith of billions, and his own indomitable will.

This was the Emperor's Dominion.

Within a heartbeat, everyone within the range—

Sacco, Teresa, Laiwood, the masked youth, Lister, and even the ragged old guardian—were all forcibly dragged into this world of Aurek's making.

The blazing sun of the Sun God crashed into the boundaries of this dominion—but it was like ramming into an unbreakable wall of reality itself.

No matter how fiercely it roared or how violently it burned, it could no longer fall even an inch.

Because within this world—

Aurek was the law.

Aurek was the sovereign.

"All of you—kneel!"

His voice was not loud, yet it resounded through every soul like the decree of a divine king.

The air trembled with overwhelming royal authority.

Thud!

Lister was the first to break.

His knees slammed into the void as though struck by hammers.

Veins bulged across his face, his eyes wide with terror and fury.

He glared up at Aurek—but could not even lift a finger.

That absolute, crushing will had shattered his mental defenses and annihilated his will to resist.

Before the majesty of the empire itself, he could only obey like an insect before the heavens.

Teresa, the masked youth, Laiwood... all trembled violently, faces contorted in pain and despair.

A will that could not be defied stabbed into their minds and hammered their souls.

The immense pressure of imperial authority weighed upon them like a mountain, forcing their bodies toward the ground.

In this world governed entirely by Aurek's will, they couldn't even control their own limbs!

They exploded with every ounce of strength, unleashing their strongest powers to resist.

Sacco, eyes bloodshot, roared as he urged the divine flame titan behind him to hold fast.

His iron will groaned under the unbearable strain, but he still refused to bow.

The ragged old guardian and several other protectors, horrified to the core, poured all their magic into breaking the rules of this domain, struggling through the thick, suffocating air to reach Lister and Laiwood, hoping to pull them out.

But it was like trying to wade through quicksand.

"I command you... kneel!"

Aurek's gaze—cold as a sword's edge—swept across Laiwood.

Thud!

Laiwood's knees shattered under invisible weight.

A force beyond his comprehension crushed down on his shoulders, forcing him to kneel heavily in the air.

"Why?! I am the genius of Crimson Hills! Why must I kneel to you!?"

Laiwood roared like a maddened beast.

He was a noble, born high above others—never in his life had he been forced to kneel!

Bang!

Teresa's strength finally gave way. Her body trembled, collapsing to her knees.

Tears of humiliation and despair streamed down her cheeks.

The masked youth followed, his knees slamming into the void with a dull crack.

He kept his head low, not daring to look up at that god-like figure standing above.

Aurek's command, infused with judgmental power, had shattered the last vestiges of their pride and defiance.

This was one of the Supreme Secrets of the King's Swordsmanship—Supremacy of the Crown.

Built upon the foundation of an empire's national will, framed by the very laws of heaven and earth, and driven by an unyielding sovereign intent— it forged an absolute Emperor's Dominion.

Within this dominion, any who defied the crown would see both body and soul obliterated.

Here, the majesty of kingship crushed all spirits and wills in the most direct, tyrannical way imaginable.

As long as Aurek's strength was sufficient, even a Sage Rank being would have to bow their head before him.

The enemies before him—mere Peak Master and Master Rank warriors—how could they hope to resist the divine majesty of an entire empire?

One by one, the proud and radiant faces of the so-called elites contorted with despair.

Their halos, their pride, their arrogance—all were ground to dust beneath Aurek's feet.

Before the might of royal supremacy, their brilliance meant nothing.