

Gods Daily 182

Chapter 182: Kneel!

Sacco was still enduring.

His will was far stronger than any ordinary man's—like tempered steel forged in divine fire, unyielding to any psychic assault.

Yet, under the physical suppression of the domain's rules, his knees trembled uncontrollably.

His bones creaked with a sickening crack-crack-crack that made even onlookers grit their teeth.

He would rather have every bone in his body shatter—than kneel before the man who had destroyed everything he once believed in!

But Aurek's might, empowered by the Emperor's Dominion, was simply too overwhelming.

Even with his mind unbroken and spirit unyielding, Sacco could not resist the crushing weight—as if the full mass of an entire empire's lands and people were pressing down upon him!

Behind him, the blazing god of light—his divine avatar—flickered and dimmed rapidly beneath the dominion's suppression.

"Au—re—k!"

Sacco let out a guttural roar, like a dying beast howling in wrath and despair.

The Solar Sword, trembling in midair, was yanked back into his hand by sheer force of will.

Summoning the last of his strength, he took one heavy step forward—defying the crushing pressure that could collapse mountains.

But Aurek's peak master rank mana, merged with the boundless might of imperial authority, bore down upon him like a collapsing sky.

With that single step, and that one furious, life-burning shout—

BOOM—!!

The deafening impact echoed across the heavens.

Sacco's knees finally gave way beneath the absolute power pressing upon him.

He crashed down into the void, kneeling before Aurek in utter humiliation.

"Aurek!!"

His scream tore through the battlefield—filled with boundless rage and the despair of a man who had lost everything.

At that same moment—

Far away, in the holy mountain of the Ordon Theocracy—

Within a secret chamber shrouded in holy runes, a figure wreathed in radiant light suddenly opened his eyes!

A glare like divine lightning burst forth—and in that instant, the once-clear skies above the Theocracy turned black.

Thunder roared across ten thousand miles, as though a god had awakened in fury.

On the peak of Crimson Hills, two aged men sitting beneath an ancient tree froze, the chess pieces in their hands suspended midair.

Neither black nor white was placed.

Silence fell.

Aurek's gaze turned toward the Wishing Altar, toward the breathtaking figure standing there.

His voice seemed to whisper directly beside her ear—

"Do you see it now, my Josephine?"

"The man who came draped in the Church's glory, who sought to trample the dignity of our empire to prove your past wrong—now kneels before me."

"Before heaven and earth, before the citizens of the Empire, beneath the witness of the Firstfall Festival itself—everything he represents—his faith, his myths, his legends—will all turn to dust beneath my feet."

"I proclaim to the world—Sacco is not even worthy to speak your name."

Josephine's luminous eyes watched the white-robed figure kneeling amid the clouds.

Her vision blurred slightly, shimmering with emotion.

After so many long, weary years of faith and perseverance—after walking this road of thorns, doubt, and loneliness—she had finally preserved the Empire.

She had finally reached the dawn she had always believed in.

"Sophia, we did it."

She whispered silently in her heart.

"Sophia, you should come back and see this. See the man whose back now shields the Empire from every storm—the one who holds up a sky that was about to collapse."

Meanwhile—

The symphony of slaughter erupted across the battlefield.

More than ten thousand Doomsday Warriors locked onto their fleeing targets with terrifying precision.

Each engagement saw twenty or thirty of them encircle a single "genius" opponent. One combined strike—and the intertwining storm of mana beams and annihilation sword auras reduced the target, and every defensive barrier around him, to vaporized ash.

"Bastards!"

A Peak Master Rank 8 guardian screamed in rage and grief—forced to watch helplessly as his faction's heir, the prodigy nurtured with years of effort, was obliterated before his eyes.

A moment later—a torrent of lightning destruction fell like divine wrath, engulfing the area completely!

"Damn you, Aurek!"

A young man wearing a rabbit mask from the Brotherhood of the Old Gods howled in defiance.

A pillar of annihilating lightning fell from the heavens and consumed him in an instant.

His guardian's eyes widened in horror, but even he was pinned down by the coordinated siege of multiple Doomsday Warriors—unable to protect anyone, only able to lash out wildly in despair.

"Ahhhh—!!"

Several prodigies from the Skyeeye Guild were vaporized one after another under the rain of magical bombardment.

Within the Sunlit Chapel's formation, a red-haired youth was barely shielded by a half-step Grandmaster Rank protector.

But twenty Doomsday Warriors formed a hunting circle, forcibly separating them.

The protector was trapped under immense suppression, and within moments, seven or eight Warriors surrounded the youth—

Boom!

After a brief struggle, he too vanished in a flash of destruction, his body reduced to drifting ash.

"You imperial dogs!!"

The half-step Grandmaster bellowed, eyes bloodshot, but more Doomsday Warriors tightened the encircling net, weaving energy fields that crushed him in place.

Across the sky, Silver Luna Guild, Blade City, and the Brotherhood of the Old Gods fell one after another—their prodigies harvested like wheat beneath the scythes of the Empire's Doom Legion. Blood rained from the heavens.

The Silver Luna Guild, a mere ninth-class faction, was annihilated in the first coordinated volley—their Peak Master Rank guardians decapitated before they could even react.

"I won't accept this!!"

"Aurek! I curse you—and your empire—to burn in the fires of hell!"

Their screams and curses echoed across the sky— and then were silenced.

Within moments, hundreds of geniuses from every faction had been wiped out.

All their promising futures, all their ambitions and destinies, were buried beneath the wilderness and rivers outside Eryndor City.

Only their guardians remained, roaring in madness—like lions stripped of their cubs—throwing themselves at the enemy in futile rage.

Peak Master Rank 7s, 8s, and even 9s were besieged by groups of seven, ten, or more Doomsday Warriors at once.

As the prodigies fell, the Warriors had more and more numbers to spare, tightening their formations and increasing their ferocity.

"Void Collapse!"

"Judgment of Destruction!"

Hundreds of Doomsday Warriors unleashed combined spells.

The void itself shattered like broken glass, trapping the defenders in fragments of collapsing space.

Then came layer after layer of purging light—each beam carrying the will of destruction and divine retribution—descending like heavenly judgment from the sky!

The guardians' magic barriers peeled away one by one, their flesh burned to nothing by the searing radiance.

Their final screams echoed across the battlefield, the last requiem of those who dared to stand against the Empire.

"This... this is the power of our Crossbridge Empire?!"

Winston's voice trembled, his eyes red as he watched the once-arrogant prodigies and mighty warriors be slaughtered without mercy.

Heimerdinger, Gaia, Harland—old ministers who had endured centuries of the Empire's decline, men who had once prepared themselves to be buried with the nation—could no longer restrain the surge of emotion in their hearts.

This boundless sea of carnage—this victory forged in iron and blood—was the long-delayed moment of glory belonging solely to the ancient Empire.