

## Gods Daily 192

Chapter 192: Heaven's Punishment from the Empire

Anubichi Mountain Range.

High above the Morningstar Order's mountain stronghold, the heavens began to twist and deform—like a canvas being crumpled by an invisible, titanic hand.

Tuth and Ross lifted their gazes, brows furrowed tightly.

When the spatial vortex appeared, the Morningstar Order's Grand Elder, a Peak Master Rank 5 powerhouse, emerged from the temple, his sharp eyes fixed on the deep swirl of the void.

A heartbeat later—

Black-armored and silver-armored warriors stepped out of the vortex in perfect formation.

A full hundred of them.

Each one radiated a suffocating aura of destruction.

"Peak Master Rank!?"

"They're the same elite as those from Horn Dragon Fortress!"

Tuth's lips trembled slightly.

Emergency barriers flared to life across the stronghold, glowing runes flashing in panic. Ross and the remaining Morningstar acolytes stared upward, throats dry, despair creeping into their eyes.

Once, the Morningstar Order had dominated entire regions with only a handful of Peak Masters.

Now—they faced a hundred imperial elites descending from the heavens.

There was no fighting this.

Not even a little.

"Please deliver this message to His Majesty," the Grand Elder said, dropping to one knee.

"The Morningstar Order will forever serve the Empire. Our past insolence was unforgivable, and I alone am willing to bear that sin. I beg His Majesty's mercy."

His mental voice rippled through every corner of the temple.

"Kneel, all of you!"

Ross clenched his fists. Bitterness surged—but he still fell to his knees.

One after another, every acolyte collapsed to the ground in fear.

He remembered the days of Horn Mountain, when the Order could still fight. Now...

The Doomsday Warriors gazed down coldly.

In the skies, thunderclouds coalesced—Heaven's Judgement descending.

"Traitors to the Empire.

Your sins are beyond forgiveness."

The words echoed like divine decree.

The surrounding air fractured; reality itself collapsed around them.

Thirty Doomsday Warriors rose into the sky, their black blades merging into a single colossal sword of annihilation, dozens of meters long, its tip aimed downward.

The Morningstar's great arcane barrier flared—an enormous violet dome shielding the temple.

The sword struck. Sparks blazed across the heavens.

The Grand Elder's pupils shrank.

"Does His Majesty truly deny even the chance for atonement!?"

He poured all of his Peak Master Rank 5 power into the barrier.

Several high-ranking bishops followed, channeling everything they had.

"All disciples, with me! Resist!"

Tuth's voice cracked with desperation as hundreds of Masters and Heroes surged with power, feeding energy into the shield.

The Doomsday Warriors didn't even flinch.

Their annihilation energy surged; thunderclouds thickened. Bolts of divine lightning—like serpents of destruction—danced along the sword.

A roar split the mountains.

The violet shield shattered.

Blood burst from a thousand mouths.

A sea of destruction crashed downward.

"The Morningstar Order's millennia of legacy... ends today."

The Grand Elder stopped struggling, eyes dimming with unwillingness.

Tuth and the others collapsed, utterly spent.

Ten thousand years ago, their forebears had escaped the cleansing of Veynar the Founder.

Now, they perished under the hand of his descendant.

Aurek—more decisive, more merciless than any before him.

Even kneeling could not buy life.

Crackling filled the heavens.

Under the thunder's fury, everything disintegrated.

Blood and limbs vaporized in the storm.

Ross let out one final scream before he, too, turned to ash.

The Anubichi Mountains shook violently.

From afar, powerhouses of the Monden Shrine extended their mind power to investigate—only to glimpse the smoking ruins and immediately withdraw in horror.

Horn Dragon Fortress

Overthunder and Wak stood on the battlements, staring solemnly at the swirling spatial gate overhead.

A hundred warriors saluted them in unison.

"By His Majesty's command—we purge the traitors of the Empire!"

Overthunder's expression hardened. Aurek had finally begun his campaign.

Two thousand Level 7 Doomsday Warriors stationed at Horn Dragon Fortress had been waiting for this moment, facing down the Skypeak Tower coalition. Now, imperial decree had come—they could act without restraint.

At Overthunder's signal, the Void Warlocks opened a Transdimensional Leap. In an instant, the army appeared before Monden Shrine.

Wak stared, eyes wide.

"That... that's void transmission? These warriors... they're also His Majesty's?"

Monden Shrine

Every single member was kneeling before the mountain gate, leaving Wak dumbfounded.

"Lords!"

"Monden Shrine offers all its resources. In obedience to His Majesty's decree, the shrine is hereby dissolved. Every member shall assume imperial citizenship, submit to the empire's laws, and enlist to serve the realm. We old men are ready to be dispatched at your will."

The two Grand Elders prostrated themselves, presenting their relics, weapons, and secret scriptures upon the ground.

Everyone else trembled, pressing their foreheads to the earth.

Thus ended Monden Shrine—no battle, only surrender.

Overthunder's voice was cold as steel.

"Proceed immediately to the provincial governor's office for registration. All initiates above Apprentice level are to join the army without delay. Any error will be punished."

"Yes, my lord! Long live His Majesty's glory!"

They kowtowed repeatedly.

Turning to the Void Warlocks, Overthunder ordered,

"Revor Province is in crisis. Spare their lives—send them to the front line; they can still be of use."

At once, a Void Warlock opened a spatial gate leading directly to Revor Province's governor's hall.

The two elders gasped.

What kind of emperor commanded soldiers capable of such miracles?

If they had known the empire wielded this kind of might, they would never have fled to these mountains.

They stepped into the gate—

—and a vortex opened before the Governor's Office.

Rand and his soldiers instantly raised their weapons.

Two elderly figures emerged and bowed deeply.

"Lord Rand, forgive the intrusion. I am the Head Priest of Monden Shrine. We have dissolved the shrine and joined the Empire, awaiting your command."

Behind them followed an entire eighth-tier faction: half-step Peak Masters, Masters, Heroes, Elites—all teleported directly to the governor's gates.

Rand stared at the vortex, dumbfounded.

He quickly ordered their names recorded and folded them into the provincial defense army.

Meanwhile, the Doom Legion continued purging the remaining sects throughout the Anubichi Range.

Romir Mountain City

The Illumina Conclave had invited three Hero Rank experts to strike the city.

"Rebels!"

Upon the walls, Old Jace rose from where he'd been polishing his sword, his glare burning.

"Old fool, your end is here!"

The Conclave's guild president ground his teeth in hatred. Just as the three Heroes were about to attack, the air above them warped—another vortex gate opened.

From it stepped ten black-armored and five silver-armored warriors.

The three Heroes froze, eyes bulging.

"Damn it, Alva! You're dragging us to hell with you!"

They turned to flee—but the Void Warlocks moved faster.

Nether Cages materialized, shrinking the space around them. The three Heroes screamed as the walls closed in, crushing their bodies into mist.

Down below, Alva stood frozen, staring upward in horror.

The Doomsday Warriors looked down upon him, expressionless.

A moment later—BOOM!

The last of the Heroes exploded into blood and vapor, shocking the city's people beyond words.

The remaining dozen from the Conclave paled in terror.

The Doomsday Warriors hadn't even swung their swords—mere psychic pressure made them cough blood and collapse to their knees.

Old Jace was no coward.

Without waiting to see whether the newcomers were friend or foe, he lifted his blade and decapitated the kneeling traitors.

Meanwhile, across the continent—

Thunder Guild, Storm Valley, Unicorn Trading Guild—

one by one, rebellious factions met the same fate.

The Empire's Heaven-sent punishment had begun.