

SUMMONING MILLIONS OF GODS DAILY, MY STRENGTH EQUALS THEIRS COMBINED

Chapter 46: Chapter46-The Arrow on the String

The two surviving members of the Dark Order were sunk in utter gloom.

What had happened before their very eyes was far beyond anything they could comprehend.

According to the caution and secrecy that had always defined the Dark Order, it should have been impossible—utterly impossible—for them to be wiped out in one fell swoop.

And yet reality had proved otherwise.

The unthinkable had happened.

The Dark Order's presence in the city of Eryndor, built up over years of effort and hidden beneath layers of deception, had been completely erased in a single night.

Worse still, countless powerful operatives had been lost.

But who could have done this?

Who possessed such intimate knowledge of the Dark Order's movements, of its bases, of its disguises?

The thought gnawed at them, twisting like a knife in their minds.

Could it be an insider, a traitor in their ranks?

But even a traitor should not have been able to expose everything at once.

Unless—unless Lord Matthews himself had been the traitor. Only that would explain how all the safehouses, all the hidden operatives, could have been exposed so perfectly.

But that was absurd. If Matthews had been the traitor, how could he have ended up dead in the very same massacre?

It was an explanation that collapsed under its own weight, leaving them with nothing.

Every path of logic turned into a dead end.

It was enough to make the two assassins begin doubting reality itself, to question their very sanity.

Could it be true, then? The rumors in Eryndor, the whispers of ghosts stalking the streets at night—could they have been real all along?

The silence stretched until one of the two survivors finally broke it with a grim thought.

"Have you considered... perhaps all of this was orchestrated by the Emperor of the Crossbridge Empire himself?"

The other froze.

The words hung heavy in the air.

For a long moment neither of them spoke, their minds spinning.

And both of them, as if by instinct, recalled the incident of the unicorn not long ago, and how strange it had been.

Could it really be? Could this truly be the work of Aurek, the Emperor of Crossbridge?

If he had such overwhelming power at his command, why had his empire fallen into such ruin, such weakness? Why had it been riddled with holes and decay?

Could it instead have been the Ordon Theocracy?

The truth was, neither man dared to be certain.

But one thing they did know—the implications were terrifying.

If this truly was the work of the Emperor himself, then the Dark Order faced something beyond anything they had ever prepared for.

It was especially dreadful because, within the Dark Order, they had only just begun drafting plans for an assassination attempt against Aurek. The scheme was in its infancy, not even fully formed.

And before it had even been finalized, before the blades had been sharpened, their base had already been obliterated.

Even Matthews, their strongest blade, their Hero Rank level 9 commander, had fallen to the slaughter.

What did this mean?

It meant that Aurek held in his hands a power so terrifying it defied comprehension.

The thought chilled both survivors to the bone.

"We should leave," one whispered suddenly, his voice trembling.

"Yes. We must leave at once. If we linger, we'll die here too."

...

In the Valoria Palace, Aurek slowly opened his eyes. His gaze fell immediately upon the glowing panel of his system.

[The Dark Order's base in the city of Eryndor has been eradicated. Emperor Points gained: 8973!!]

The number made his breath catch.

Aurek leapt to his feet, elation flashing in his eyes.

He had thought it would take time to accumulate enough points to unlock his next troop type. He had braced himself for a slow climb.

But now, with this windfall, the milestone of ten thousand Emperor Points suddenly seemed within reach.

And there was more.

The Elemental Assassins who had returned from the mission had each gained experience, their levels rising noticeably.

As for the Gold Assassin, his strength had not yet broken through into the Master Rank. Perhaps that was to be expected—even with the kill of a Hero Rank level 9, the threshold was too great to cross so quickly.

But Aurek was not disappointed.

He understood. He accepted it.

Another hidden threat had been eliminated.

Another enemy of his empire had been erased.

The burden on his shoulders felt lighter than it had in years.

...

By the next morning, the entire city of Eryndor had been swallowed by fear.

The air itself was heavy with terror, whispers echoing in every street, every tavern, every household.

The massacre of the previous night had left its mark.

Countless corpses lay in pools of blood.

And it was not only the base of the Dark Order that had been annihilated. Several families, several merchant houses, had been erased root and branch.

To the ordinary citizens, these seemed like respected clans and prosperous businesses. Few realized the truth—that they were all merely disguises, fronts built by the Dark Order to mask its operations.

So the common people could not know.

To them, it was nothing more than yet another senseless, frenzied slaughter in the city's endless cycle of violence.

But to those who knew better, to the hidden factions and great powers that kept spies in every corner, the truth was a thunderclap.

The Dark Order—powerful, ancient, feared—had been uprooted overnight.

By whom?

Who could possibly have done it?

Matthews had been no ordinary man. He had been a Hero Rank level 9 assassin, a peak existence.

And yet he had died, his head severed.

Shockwaves rippled through the city's underworld.

Every faction scrambled to move their agents, desperate to uncover the truth. But the deeper they searched, the less they found.

No clues. No traces.

Only silence.

It was maddening.

At first, some had suspected Aurek. That had been understandable when the targets were lesser assassins, Expert Rank at best.

But this?

Now it was different.

Now Matthews was dead.

A Hero Rank level 9 was not just some mercenary. He was a towering figure, one that even many great factions lacked.

And he had been erased as if he were nothing.

The message was clear.

The shadow of extermination now hung over every major power in Eryndor.

If the Dark Order could be destroyed, then who among them could feel safe?

Even the Ordon Theocracy was forced to take notice.

Who was behind this?

Whose hand guided this silent war?

The uncertainty was suffocating.

Yet all could agree on one thing—the annihilation of the Dark Order was more than a strike. It was a warning.

Whether the hand belonged to Aurek himself or to some other unseen force, it had shown its fangs.

And every faction in Eryndor now knew they must be wary.

Even within the Royalist Party, fear gnawed at their hearts. William, Heimerdinger, and the others—men who had long played the game of politics—found themselves shaken.

For years, they had turned a blind eye to the Dark Order, tolerating its presence to avoid provoking a war they could not win.

For the Dark Order was powerful. More powerful than the empire itself, in some respects.

But now?

Now that same Dark Order had been annihilated.

Completely.

Root and branch.

Who could have done this?

What strength could accomplish such a feat?

Could it be that somewhere, hidden among these shadows, a Master Rank had arisen?

The speculation was not unfounded.

Matthews had been a Hero Rank 9. While assassins were not famed for their head-on combat prowess, their ability to escape and to vanish was unmatched.

Yet even Matthews had not escaped.

His head had been severed like any common thug.

The implication was chilling.

There must have been a Master Rank involved.

And with that realization, the powers of Eryndor grasped how dangerous the game had become.

A Master Rank could build an empire with their strength alone.

Many so-called "great factions" in Eryndor lacked even one such individual.

And in the entire Crossbridge Empire, there was only one known Master Rank—the Cardinal in red, Austin of the Church.

But now, it seemed, there was another.

Or at least the shadow of one.

This revelation promised upheaval. The balance of power would shift, inevitably.

Even the Ordon Theocracy could not remain indifferent.

No one knew what tomorrow would bring.

But everyone acted.

The bowstring had already been drawn. The arrow was already nocked.

There was no turning back.

"Mobilize the Imperial Knights at once," came the urgent command.

"Guard the Valoria Palace. Protect His Majesty!"