

SUMMONING MILLIONS OF GODS DAILY, MY STRENGTH EQUALS THEIRS COMBINED

Chapter 47: Chapter47-Rebellion

Eryndor City, Grand Marshal's Castle.

When the news came that the Dark Order had been annihilated, Jacoff felt his heart plunge into an abyss of terror.

He could not believe it. He could not accept it.

The Dark Order, that dark and dreadful force that had endured for generations, feared and whispered about across empires, had been wiped out—completely, utterly, without leaving even ashes behind.

The thought alone made Jacoff's breath falter.

Worse still, only yesterday he had been in contact with members of the Dark Order.

Would that mysterious power, the ones who had destroyed the Dark Order in a single night, now turn their gaze toward him? Would they punish him for his association?

Fear gnawed at his chest.

He summoned his men at once, voice sharp and ragged.

"Find out everything. I don't care what methods you use—dig to the bottom of this. Tell me whether this was Aurek's doing. I want the truth, and I want it fast!"

He drained cup after cup of coffee, trembling fingers clutching the mug, until his heartbeat slowed and his breath steadied.

But even then, his mind was chaos.

What should he do next?

Where could he turn?

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Troy, meanwhile, was already moving. He reached out in urgency to Aris.

"Aris, have the strongmen of the Leap Mercenary Corps arrived yet?"

At this point, Troy had no one else to rely on. His only hope lay in the mercenaries.

"They've arrived," Aris replied, his voice steady, but his expression grim.

For he too had heard the news. He too knew what had happened to the Dark Order.

Those assassins had been pitifully slaughtered. Their fate was horrifying.

And yet, hidden beneath Aris's dread, there was a trace of relief.

At least, he thought, it had not been the Leap Mercenary Corps who were targeted.

Their own fighters were here, already in the capital.

"Troy, you have the support of the Leap Mercenary Corps," Aris said, giving the assurance flatly.

"But know this—we can help you with certain matters, yes. But the true war, the clash of armies on the battlefield, that will have to be managed by you yourself."

The message calmed Troy more than he could say.

He exhaled, shoulders easing.

"Everything is prepared on my side," he murmured, half to himself.

The gears of his plan turned without flaw.

As for Jacoff? Troy almost laughed at the thought. Let him suffer. Let him stew in fear. Perhaps there was a touch of satisfaction in seeing his rival stumble.

And yet Troy hesitated.

What next?

There was still the matter of the unknown faction, the mysterious power. They had cut down a Hero Rank level 9 with ease. They had erased the Dark Order. Whoever they were, they could not be ignored.

Their purpose was unknown, their motives unclear. It was best not to collide with them directly.

As for the speculation that Aurek himself commanded such a force, Troy dismissed it at once.

Absurd. Impossible.

If Aurek truly commanded a Master Rank powerhouse, then why waste words? Why play these games?

He would have already sent that force to erase Troy, to erase Jacoff, to end it all in one blow.

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The next three days passed.

Eryndor was eerily calm. Too calm.

And every person with eyes and ears knew this was no peace.

This was the stillness before the storm.

Beyond the palace walls, armies were on the move. Entire battalions shifting, divisions reassigning, cavalry patrolling.

Even the ordinary citizens, lying awake at night, could hear the distant thunder of hooves.

The factions were moving, aligning, positioning themselves for the strike to come.

And on the third night, the truth revealed itself.

The core members of the Grand Marshal's faction gathered inside Jacoff's castle.

The leaders of the Minister of Police's faction met in his estate across the city.

Two camps. Two poles.

The night air was cool and dry, the kind of autumn evening that begged for a stroll beneath the stars.

But the capital was hushed, as though holding its breath.

Inside the castle, Jacoff's eyes burned red with sleeplessness. His gaze swept across the faces of his confidants, men who had stood by him for years.

"You have seen it yourselves," he said hoarsely.

"Aurek has gone mad. He no longer cares for the Crossbridge Empire. He follows only his own reckless whims."

"We, as loyal sons of the empire, have no retreat left. No path backward."

He straightened, voice rising.

"So now, we fight. For our survival. For our honor."

The words sank like stones into the room.

The officials were not fools. They understood at once.

Jacoff was declaring open rebellion.

He was raising his banner against the Emperor.

Jacoff read the worry in their eyes and pressed on, his tone iron.

"I know what you fear. I know what you whisper in your hearts. But hear me—behind us stands the Killer Guild. They are with us."

"Do not delude yourselves into thinking you have an escape. If I fall, you will be next. And with Aurek's cruelty, do you think he will spare you? Do you think he will allow you to live?"

Silence stretched.

Then one by one, voices rose.

"We support the Grand Marshal!"

"Lord Jacoff, let us build a new empire together!"

The die was cast.

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High above, in the Clover Auction House, Chairman Kafka sat in the top chamber, peering through the windows at the palace in the distance.

Across from him sat a scholar in long academic robes, fingers tapping his knee.

"It seems the sides will fight in earnest this time," the scholar mused. "The only question is, can that young Emperor, Aurek, endure what is coming?"

"I doubt it," the scholar continued. "It's said that among those moving now, there are even Hero Rank experts ready to act."

Kafka chuckled softly.

"Don't be so quick to speak. Some matters are never known until the end arrives."

In a neighboring room, a young girl pressed her face against the window.

Her eyes fixed on the Valoria Palace, and her lips moved in a trembling whisper.

"Little Emperor... please... don't die tonight..."

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At that very moment, the gates of Jacoff's castle swung wide.

And almost simultaneously, the gates of the royal city creaked open.

Torches flared to life, rivers of fire in the night.

The glow lit the streets, lit the walls, lit the banners of men riding in column after column.

Iron-hooved cavalry thundered down the avenues, filling the capital's arteries with steel.

In the shadows of the city, countless figures moved, scattering, running to carry word.

"Latest intelligence—the Grand Marshal has made his move."

Panic surged.

Even factions not directly involved began to fortify their homes, call back their guards, prepare for chaos.

Everyone knew.

Tonight, blood would flow.

And everyone wondered the same thing—would the mysterious power that destroyed the Dark Order appear again? And if they did, whose side would they take?

All eyes turned toward Valoria Palace.

In the meeting chamber of House Tascher, the lamps burned late into the night.

"It is certain now," Yule declared. "Jacoff has rebelled. Since House Tascher has chosen to stand with Aurek, we cannot sit idle."

He gave his orders with no hesitation.

The elders of the house listened, silent. None objected.

"Patriarch Yule, we have no quarrel with your commands," one finally said.

"Then it is settled," Yule replied. "Our family will put forth its full strength against the allies Jacoff has drawn to his side. But as for the massed battles, the clash of armies—we cannot aid in that."

Another elder leaned forward, worry creasing his brow.

"And what of Aurek himself? Can he withstand this storm? I've heard that even Hero Rank powerhouses may be involved."

Elsewhere, in the forge near the palace, Josephine met the gaze of a man built like a wall of muscle.

Her tone was grave, her words weighted.

"Tonight, I leave it to you. Keep the Ordon Theocracy's people in their place. Let them sleep on their own soil, and keep their hands out of our affairs."

The man nodded once, eyes glinting in the firelight.

The city held its breath.

The rebellion had begun.