

Gods Daily 479

Chapter 479: Are We Going to Underestimate the Crossbridge Empire Again?

Vivien questioned the Divine Radiant powerhouse who had personally witnessed the battle.

Still shaken, the Divine Radiant nodded.

"Annihilation came in an instant! There was almost no chance to resist!"

"The Crossbridge Empire had clearly been planning this for a long time. According to reliable information, the Empress of the Crossbridge Empire, together with several imperial consorts, personally oversaw the battle at Ael Fortress."

"The Empress herself went to the front lines?"

Vivien was genuinely surprised.

For an empress to personally supervise a campaign was exceedingly rare.

"To be willing to send even the Empress and imperial consorts to the front... this emperor is truly a ruthless figure!"

"Isn't he afraid the Empress might fall there?"

Vivien murmured.

The Divine Radiant remained silent.

It wasn't just the Empress—there were several imperial consorts as well.

That level of audacity and decisiveness had already exceeded their understanding.

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Stone Sea, deep within the heart of the ocean.

The draconic-blooded man who had once played a game of strategy with Vane was shocked out of his wits after hearing the report. He immediately dispatched trusted subordinates at full speed to Unar Province to investigate the situation.

Across the Celestial Light God Realm, numerous major powers also sprang into action, sending additional forces toward the war zone.

This battle completely jolted them awake from the long-standing dream of the god realms.

The lofty, seemingly unshakable Olympian God Mountain had actually shown signs of wavering!

At this moment, all eyes were focused on Olympian God Mountain, waiting for the response of the Lord of the God Mountain!

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The Automaton Legion—annihilated.

The Sacred Guard Legion—annihilated.

Legion Commander Cedric—killed in battle.

Eight generals—killed in battle.

Two Divine Oracles—killed in battle.

One cold battle report after another was delivered deep into the royal court, into the Hall of Norhe and Blue.

A deathly silence filled the hall.

The atmosphere was so heavy that the sound of each other's heartbeats seemed audible. Every face was etched with shock, uncontrollable fury, and profound humiliation.

Silas sat upright upon the divine throne, his heart completely consumed by rage and disgrace.

The Automaton Legion was the pillar army of the nation, forged by Olympian God Mountain with immeasurable resources and effort, a force meant to awe all directions.

Yet not only had it failed to intimidate—it had become a laughingstock, a massive scandal that rocked the entire Celestial Light God Realm, an indelible stain upon Olympian God Mountain's honor!

Where did that leave him, the Lord of the God Mountain?

How was Olympian God Mountain supposed to maintain its standing among the countless powerful forces of the Celestial Light God Realm after this?

Ian kept his head deeply bowed.

Previously, he had vehemently opposed deploying the Automaton Legion, believing it to be overkill.

Now, faced with this outcome, he was left utterly speechless.

"What? Have you all turned mute now?!"

Silas's icy gaze swept across every minister in the hall.

Roland, commander of the Ministry of War's legions, wore a grim expression, yet he could only steel himself and step forward.

As the highest minister of the Ministry of War, he had no choice but to shoulder this responsibility.

He bowed deeply toward the divine throne.

"Your Majesty, please quell your anger!"

"The defeat of the Automaton Legion was due to faulty intelligence—we gravely underestimated the strength and schemes of the Crossbridge Empire."

"This was entirely an error in my judgment!"

"I beg Your Majesty to grant me another opportunity. Allow me to handle this matter in full, and redeem my sins through service!"

"At present, the Crossbridge Empire's forces are advancing into Cloudwood Province. The most urgent task is to reinforce the front immediately and contain our losses to the smallest possible extent."

"If we allow them to establish a firm foothold, they will surely threaten the northern territories of our God Mountain!"

Roland could only take the blame upon himself.

Although the final decision had been made by Silas in order to test the legion's combat strength, no fault could ever be attributed to the Lord of the God Mountain. The charge of arrogance and incompetence could only fall upon him, the Minister of War.

Silas's voice was cold and sharp.

"Investigate the Crossbridge Empire thoroughly."

"Then erase it completely from beneath this starry sky!"

"I do not want to hear any more news of its victories. Do you understand?"

Silas could easily imagine how devastating this defeat was to the confidence of the Olympian God Mountain's populace.

He had dispatched his most elite trump card precisely to bolster the people's sense of belonging and pride.

Instead, it had suffered such a crushing backlash.

They hadn't even had a chance to strike before being wiped out in an instant!

The pride of the nation had been trampled underfoot by the Crossbridge Empire in the most humiliating way imaginable.

This blow did not merely strike the legions—it slammed directly into the national prestige of the God Mountain, causing him unbearable pain.

"You will remain here and immediately formulate the follow-up deployment."

"You may leave only when you present a feasible plan!"

With that, Silas barked his order, rose, and departed.

The ministers remained bent in salute until his figure vanished, only then straightening and exchanging uneasy looks.

Roland looked toward Ian, who wore a bitter expression.

"It seems we've lived among the clouds for too long. Our vision has grown narrow."

"This time... we've suffered a devastating fall."

Ian openly admitted his arrogance.

"Lord Roland, if this matter isn't handled properly, it may shake the very foundations of the nation."

"Who could have imagined that the Crossbridge Empire would lay such a vicious and precise trap?"

A minister shook his head and sighed.

Olympian God Mountain was divided into four ministries: the Ministry of War, the Ministry of Internal Affairs, the Ministry of Adjudication, and the Ministry of Dominion.

The Ministry of War oversaw warfare and troop deployments.

The Ministry of Internal Affairs handled official appointments and court governance.

The Ministry of Adjudication enforced law, supervision, and the punishment of traitors.

The Ministry of Dominion governed the various states and provinces.

The Minister of Adjudication, Mason, and the Minister of Dominion, Harrison, were both Divine Oracles.

"This battle must have been long planned by the Crossbridge Empire. Otherwise, how could they have set up such a perfect ambush in Unar Province?"

"The sudden assault by a hundred million God King–level troops, combined with their deliberate targeting of the Automaton Legion—it was entirely dependent on overwhelming numbers and surprise to produce such a result."

"Otherwise, how could the Automaton Legion have been destroyed so easily?"

A minister from the Ministry of Internal Affairs attempted to analyze the situation, seeking some rational explanation to soften the humiliation of the crushing defeat.

Nearby, Bastian and Hedriel exchanged glances, then stepped forward and bowed to the assembled ministers.

"My lords!"

"If you think that way, then you are once again underestimating the Crossbridge Empire!"

The moment those words fell, the gazes of Roland, Ian, Mason, Harrison, and all the ministers converged on the two of them.

"Why do you say that, General Bastian?"

Roland asked in a low voice.

Bastian spoke gravely.

"Those hundred million troops were not only all at the God King level—what's even more terrifying is that they seemed to have all mastered a powerful form of heavenly law."

"Among the units that attacked the Automaton Legion, nearly half could skillfully wield space laws, while the other half specialized in soul attacks!"

"Their individual combat strength is at least comparable to the Sage King rank. I personally witnessed even Divine Radiant experts falling under their assaults!"

"Furthermore, their additional forces—five to six hundred million or even more—are all at the True God level, and their overall combat power is equally terrifying."

"Whether it was the Sacred Guard Legion or the Celestial Mountain Legion, they were completely suppressed before them."

As Roland and the others listened, their expressions grew increasingly grave.

To be honest, Roland even felt a certain resistance deep down, unwilling to accept these descriptions.

If the Automaton Legion's defeat could be attributed to carelessness, then at least appearances could be barely preserved.

But if the enemy was truly as powerful as described, then it could only mean one thing—

The Automaton Legion was genuinely incompetent.

"The Crossbridge Empire must be elevated to the highest threat level!"

Bastian declared solemnly, looking at the assembled ministers.