

# SUMMONING MILLIONS OF GODS DAILY, MY STRENGTH EQUALS THEIRS COMBINED

## *Chapter 48: Chapter48-The Battle Begins*

Inside Troy's castle, almost all the officials belonging to the Minister of Police's faction had gathered together.

Aris sat quietly on one side, silently observing the people around her.

"According to the latest reports, Jacoff has already taken action."

"Adele, the ten thousand men under your command must be responsible for breaking through the gates of Eryndor City and the outer walls, so that our army can enter the capital."

"Right now, the great legions have already begun clashing. Even Aurek's Imperial Knights have been committed to the fight. Only if our troops can storm into the imperial capital will we be able to seize the final victory."

Troy was conducting his final deployment.

The ten thousand soldiers Adele commanded were his deepest hidden trump card.

Even Jacoff himself did not know of their existence.

Now, these ten thousand would be the ones to decide the direction of the entire war.

Once the great battle erupted, they would use the chaos to seize control of the gates.

When that time came, Troy could simply sit back and reap the rewards of others' struggles.

Adele accepted the order, saluted, and quickly turned to leave.

Troy's gaze, however, shifted toward Aris.

He knew very well that large-scale legion battles could affect the situation, but they were not the decisive factor.

What truly mattered were the powerful individuals Aris had summoned.

Aris nodded slightly, signaling that everything was ready.

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Outside the imperial capital, the Imperial Knights had already launched into a brutal slaughter.

For the infantry standing against them, the charge of these heavily armored cavalry was nothing less than the swing of death's scythe.

But these infantry were clearly elites as well.

They quickly realized the strength of their opponents and formed dense spear formations, rows of gleaming points like forests of steel.

Even so, it was still nearly impossible to halt the overwhelming charge of the Imperial Knights.

Behind them, squadrons of crossbowmen unleashed volleys of bolts that tore through the infantry lines, each shot carrying lethal force.

At this moment, Jacoff's elite infantry had already been swallowed by the encirclement.

They knew full well that without reinforcements, they would all die here.

The commander at the front was soaked in sweat, his voice hoarse with desperation.

"Damn it! How did Aurek know about our deployment?"

"We've been surrounded—and by the most elite Imperial Knights no less! If this continues, it's nothing but death!"

"What are you still standing around for? Quickly, send riders to call for aid from the Grand Marshal!"

But the scouts dispatched never even left the camp's perimeter.

One after another, they were assassinated by unseen killers, their heads severed before they could even escape.

Inside Eryndor City, Jacoff turned his deep gaze toward the direction of the infantry camp.

He already knew very well that this elite unit was trapped within heavy encirclement.

In truth, all of this had been part of his calculations.

That infantry camp had been deliberately sacrificed, meant only to draw in large numbers of the Imperial Knights.

Judging by the current situation, they had completed their task admirably.

As for how many of them would die, Jacoff, as Grand Marshal, did not care.

What he truly relied on was the fifty thousand elite troops under his direct command.

The time was almost ripe.

Clad in armor, Jacoff mounted his warhorse and personally led his fifty thousand elites straight toward Valoria Palace.

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At Valoria Palace, Aurek stood calmly on the city wall, his eyes fixed on the distant glow of Eryndor City.

It was already deep into the night, yet the city still blazed with light.

Aurek knew clearly what lay behind that brightness—endless blood and countless corpses.

Behind him, the Imperial Guard had already assembled, ready to defend their emperor.

The Scholar and the Longsword Mercenary stood on either side.

Further back were the members of the Royalist Party.

At Aurek's side, however, only Angie remained close.

"Your Majesty," Angie asked cautiously, "why have you not dealt first with those traitorous Royal Guards inside Valoria Palace?"

"Those soldiers may not be the strongest, but they still number twenty thousand. If they coordinate with Jacoff from within, we might find ourselves at a disadvantage."

The other officials present shared the same thought but had not dared voice it.

Aurek remained expressionless, his voice calm as he replied.

"What I want is not merely to kill Jacoff."

For Aurek, killing Jacoff was not difficult.

On the contrary, it was something almost trivial.

Even if Jacoff was backed by other hidden forces, Aurek did not need to move personally.

He did not even need to call upon the Gold Assassins.

The Elemental Assassins who had already advanced to Expert Rank could easily dispose of Jacoff.

But Aurek's goal was far beyond Jacoff's death.

What he truly sought was to lure out all the vermin still hiding in the shadows—then annihilate them all in one decisive sweep.

Through this great battle, Aurek intended to completely purge the empire from within.

That was why he had taken such pains to arrange the current situation.

Even William and Heimerdinger had failed to perceive his deeper intent.

Soon a soldier came rushing in to report.

"Your Majesty Aurek, Jacoff has already led his men to Valoria Palace's gates."

"In that case," Aurek ordered indifferently, "let them in."

After giving the command, he turned his gaze toward the two mercenaries at his side.

"Since Jacoff has arrived, the powers supporting him from the shadows will likely appear as well. The two of you—your task is to eliminate those forces."

The Scholar and the Longsword Mercenary exchanged a glance, then both nodded firmly in acceptance.

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At the front of Valoria Palace, Jacoff, clad in heavy armor, sat tall upon his horse, staring coldly at the palace gates.

Behind him stood fifty thousand elites, enough to surround Valoria Palace completely.

"This is the moment when our great cause shall be achieved!"

"All soldiers, heed my command—storm into the palace at once and seize the tyrant Aurek!"

With Jacoff's furious roar, tens of thousands of soldiers surged forward, charging into Valoria Palace.

The moment they crossed the gates, they were met with the Imperial Guard's resistance.

In an instant, battle exploded into ferocity.

Even though Gaia unleashed all of his strength, the Imperial Guard were still beaten back, step by step, under the relentless assault.

"Gaia! Why do you still resist? Can you not see it? The Crossbridge Empire has rotted to its very core!"

"What we need now is to rebuild the empire. We need a wise and great emperor!"

"Lay down your weapon and surrender. I am willing to give you that chance."

To Jacoff, the most effective way to deal with someone like Gaia—who held military power—was to turn him.

If he could persuade Gaia to defect, the rest of the battle would become infinitely easier.

But Gaia reacted as though gravely insulted.

"Damn you, Jacoff!"

"Have you forgotten? Once, we all swore our loyalty to the royal house. And now, you are nothing more than a traitor!"