

## Gods Daily 101

### Chapter 101: The Murderous Intent Toward the Doomsday Warrior

For the unstable elements within these territories, there was no longer any need for appeasement or half-hearted probing. Everything had to be swept away with unstoppable force, like thunderbolts crashing down!

Only by fully subjugating these regions could resources be integrated, armies raised in abundance, and preparations made for the all-encompassing storm that was about to descend.

As for the safety of the imperial palace, Aurek had already arranged three hundred Mountain Shieldbearers. With fresh reinforcements cycling in every day, the defenses were more than sufficient.

Keeping the Golden Armor by his side was indeed the safer option, yet the Aurek of today no longer required such a safeguard. He himself had become the strongest bastion of the empire.

If he had enough energy to sustain him, he could step into the master rank at any moment. And once he crossed that threshold, even if a titled master rank powerhouse were to personally arrive, Aurek held absolute confidence that he could cut them down beneath his sword!

This was the perfect opportunity to show all restless factions—and the empire's own people—what true imperial majesty meant.

"From this day forth, you no longer need to hide in the shadows," Aurek declared, his gaze falling on Golden Armor and Violet Thunder.

"From this day on, you are the empire's righteous sword and shield. Across every inch of imperial soil, in my name, you may wield the authority to judge and to execute!"

"We obey the holy command of Your Majesty!"

"We shall wash away all stains of disloyalty to the empire with the blood of our enemies!"

The two warriors struck their fists against their armored chests, performing the most solemn of knightly salutes.

To walk from the shadows into the sunlight—this was the honor they had long yearned for.

"Go."

The emperor issued his final marching order.

The two bowed low, then silently withdrew back into the shadows.

The rhythmic clatter of hooves broke the silence.

"Da-da-da..."

"...Da-da-da..."

Eryndor City. The central avenue.

Heavy hooves struck against the bluestone road, each beat like a war drum calling armies to battle.

Columns of knights, clad in pitch-black armor and towering in physique, galloped forward astride warhorses sheathed in the same dark iron. They resembled a flood of death surging out of the abyss, pouring across the streets.

A suffocating aura of destruction spread outward. It was so tangible it felt as if a nightmare had descended in physical form. Citizens lining the street fell instantly silent. They shivered violently, struggling to breathe under the crushing presence.

"That... that is—!"

"By the gods! Those are the same ones who appeared at Hyrule War Academy... the Doomsday Warriors!"

"This aura... it's terrifying! I feel as if my very soul is trembling!"

"...There are too many of them!"

"Where are they going? Is His Majesty preparing some grand move?"

Countless eyes followed the dark figures, mingling fear, awe, and insatiable curiosity. The sight of these moving calamities drew the attention of the entire Eryndor City.

Outside the northern gate of Eryndor City.

Pippin led ten thousand elite Imperial Knights out of the gate in full formation.

Then, four hundred Doomsday Warriors surged forward like precision death pendulums. They stopped abruptly at the army's flank, silent as the grave.

The suffocating aura of destruction they emitted condensed into a tangible pressure. Even Pippin, who had survived countless campaigns, and every Imperial Knight present, felt a tremor deep in their hearts.

Pippin forced down the shock and saluted the leading Doomsday Warrior commander. The commander returned the gesture with the same knightly courtesy.

Though Pippin had already advanced to Hero Rank, in the face of these war machines of the emperor, he could only maintain the utmost reverence. He could clearly sense that any one of these silent black knights contained enough power to defeat him with ease.

And there were four hundred of them before his eyes!

Four hundred beings equal to Hero Rank—such a force could send any army into despair.

The commander urged his steed forward. From behind the frozen mask of the helm, a cold, emotionless voice issued forth.

"By the will of His Majesty, we have come to assist General Pippin in purging all rebels within the empire's lands."

"I shall flatten every obstruction, and with the blood of our enemies, consecrate the empire's glory!"

Pippin turned his gaze toward the direction of the palace. His voice rang out like a struck blade.

"In that case, let us sweep away all resistance, in His Majesty's name!"

At once, the four hundred Doomsday Warriors blended seamlessly into the flood of Imperial Knights. The black tide of death merged with the silver-black host of knights, transforming into an unstoppable torrent of iron that surged toward the horizon.

"General, are those... are those the very same divine-punishment army that destroyed the Manhattan Legion?"

In the rear ranks, one of Pippin's deputies spoke in a hushed but excited tone. His eyes burned with fervent anticipation.

Pippin's gaze remained fixed on the dark host before them. He nodded heavily.

"Yes... they are indeed."

"I truly wish I could witness firsthand... the kind of heaven-shaking, earth-destroying power they command."

The deputy murmured, and the surrounding knights shared his fixation on the four hundred Doomsday Warriors.

They were the empire's pride, the royal army, the elite whose very presence could suppress hundreds of city-states. Yet beside this black host, the Imperial Knights themselves felt small and fragile.

"They've finally revealed themselves!"

Several figures of the Killer Guild stood beneath the eaves of a shop near the northern gate. Their hawk-like eyes locked onto the receding Doomsday Warriors.

The oppressive aura they gave off was so heavy it seemed to congeal the very air around them.

"Judging by their presence, they are far stronger than the ten we saw at Hyrule War Academy. It seems clear now—the annihilation of the Manhattan Legion must have been their handiwork."

The man in the lead, known as Elder Bladecaller, furrowed his brows. This kind of power was not to be underestimated.

He had secretly extended his mind power to probe them, and together with the intelligence gathered from Hyrule War Academy, he could confirm it: every single one of these black knights possessed strength at least on par with Hero Rank.

Even he felt a chill at the realization.

"Elder Bladecaller, this matter must be reported back at once. Aurek clearly values the Imperial Knights greatly, to commit such terrifying strength to their side."

"With them present, our original plan to strike at the royal knights will be nearly impossible to enact."

Another guild member whispered.

Elder Bladecaller nodded in agreement, then added gravely:

"By now, the main force of our Killer Guild should have secured most of the surrounding sectors. Our agreement with the Brotherhood of the Old Gods, to exterminate the Imperial Knights, is also advancing. But we must warn the elders in the city to pay special attention to this destructive army. Above all else, they must be... eliminated first."

A smile crept across his subordinate's face.

"This destructive army will not be our concern alone. Many 'friends' will be eager to watch them closely, and will certainly find ways to erase them."

"After all, this should not rest solely upon our shoulders. Count Blackcrow, the Sky-reaching Tower, the Chaos Apostle... should they not also contribute their strength?"

Since Aurek and Archbishop Austin had torn away all pretenses, the empire's lands had erupted into chaos. Factions everywhere had begun to seize and devour territories on a grand scale.

To preserve their spoils, and out of dread for this unknown power, none of them would tolerate its existence. The Killer Guild thought so, and so too would the Sky-reaching Tower and many others.

Especially the provinces neighboring Eryndor City—they would never sit idly by while this force grew. For if it did, they would be the first to suffer.

"The fortunate thing is that Aurek seems not to have many of these dreadful warriors."

"There are only about five hundred in number. That should make them easier to deal with."

The Killer Guild members exchanged low whispers. Their eyes gleamed with a razor's edge, like drawn blades thirsting for blood.

They were not the likes of the Manhattan Legion, a second-rate rabble.

Elder Bladecaller withheld comment, but he knew the truth: once an army such as this stepped into the open, they became a target for all.

He immediately ordered his men to deliver this intelligence back to the guild.

If the eighty thousand Imperial Knights were annihilated, the morale within the territories still loyal to the royal house would collapse. Such a disaster would accelerate the disintegration of the Crossbridge Empire.