

## **Gods Daily 104**

### Chapter 104: The Hero Rank That Couldn't Withstand a Single Blow

He held his breath, quietly waiting.

At that very moment, Karn rode forth on a mighty warhorse bred from the northern grasslands, its hooves pounding the earth like thunder.

He galloped to within a thousand yards of the Royal Legion and raised his voice in a bold shout.

"I am Karn, the third lord of Thunderwind Fortress! May I ask for what reason the Royal Knights have graced my fortress with their presence? If there is any need, Thunderwind Fortress is willing to offer its humble assistance!"

Cole's hawk-like gaze immediately locked on Karn. His eyes were sharp as blades, and his voice rang out cold and unyielding, like tempered steel.

"By the decree of His Imperial Majesty! Within the Landor Province, all armed powers are to submit themselves to the authority of the provincial governor's office at once. All illegal forces are to be disbanded without delay, no exceptions!"

"Submit? Disband all armed forces?"

Karn's expression darkened instantly, like storm clouds heavy with rain.

Inside the fortress walls, Blake—who had been using his mind power to observe everything—had his gaze turn venomously cold. At this point, the matter was beyond repair.

There could be no reconciliation.

Thunderwind Fortress would never disband the power they had painstakingly gathered over the years.

Like a bolt of furious lightning, Blake's figure shot skyward from within the fortress.

Seven Expert Rank warriors followed close behind, their powerful auras merging into one oppressive wave.

"Does His Majesty the Emperor intend to annihilate my Thunderwind Fortress completely?!"

Blake's frigid, wrathful voice thundered across the broad-leaf plains. His shout rolled like storm clouds and lightning, shaking the very heavens.

The sound waves themselves made Jesse and the twenty-thousand city-guard soldiers behind him shudder in fear.

Then it came—an overwhelming pressure, a tangible weight that crashed down over the land like a mountain. It was the aura of a Hero Rank powerhouse, vast and oppressive, suppressing the world within several dozen miles.

In an instant, warhorses screamed in terror and reared wildly.

Not only did the city-guard soldiers quake under the pressure, but even many inside Thunderwind Fortress felt their hearts seize with dread.

Jesse's face drained of color, his breath caught in his throat.

So this... this was the terror of a Hero Rank?

The suffocating immensity of that aura nearly crushed his chest, as though the sky itself had collapsed.

He struggled to steady his trembling spirit, his gaze instinctively darting toward Cole for reassurance.

And in that very moment—

A hundred Doomsday Warriors moved as one.

They rose into the sky in perfect unison.

Boom!

The heavens shook with a thunderous roar, as if the very void itself could no longer bear the weight of their presence.

Around them, space twisted and collapsed into fragments of utter nothingness, each fragment radiating an aura of absolute destruction. The rifts spread rapidly outward like cracks in fragile glass.

Blake's oppressive Hero Rank aura, which had seemed so invincible only seconds before, shattered like brittle crystal under a hammer's blow.

It was gone in an instant.

Jesse's eyes nearly bulged out of their sockets.

The Royal Knights stared skyward with breathless focus.

Even Cole, and Pippin watching from horseback in the distance, along with all the vice-commanders, had their gazes locked magnetically on the hundred figures above.

Blake's face sank. His Hero Rank pride was stung deeply, and the Expert Rank warriors behind him turned pale with horror.

"Heretics!" Blake roared.

"Accept the Empire's final judgment!"

The eyes of the hundred Doomsday Warriors blazed with ghostly light, chilling and destructive.

They moved in perfect unity, each reaching into the warped void before them—slowly drawing forth colossal greatswords wreathed in black flame.

Crack—

The heavens themselves dimmed.

Furious winds screamed across the plains. From every direction, ink-black clouds surged, coiling together like an ocean of shadows. Thunder writhed through them, arcs of annihilation flashing like serpents of doom.

Then the storm fell.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Countless lightning pillars, thick as city towers and laced with black destruction, tore the skies apart. They speared down from the heavens like divine spears of judgment, aimed mercilessly at Thunderwind Fortress.

The hundred Doomsday Warriors, wielding their colossal swords, transformed into black meteors streaking across the sky. They plunged downward in perfect formation, their assault as unstoppable as the fall of the stars themselves.

"What... what is this?!"

"No—!"

Karn, Garl, and the other lords of Thunderwind Fortress looked upward with despairing eyes. Their bodies froze under the sheer terror that overwhelmed them.

The pale, flashing glare of annihilating lightning illuminated their twisted, horrified faces in cruel clarity.

Blake's eyes went wide. For the first time, a tide of helplessness and despair surged through his heart.

The endless void above seemed to shatter.

The destructive lightning pillars, like the wrath of gods, descended with unstoppable force.

Blake let out a furious roar. His hand clenched a warblade flickering with arcs of electricity, and with every ounce of his power he unleashed a slash like a hanging galaxy, brilliant and vast, to counter the incoming devastation.

But the hundred Doomsday Warriors swung their black-flamed swords as one. Their synchronized motion embodied only a single principle—destruction.

The lightning pillars met Blake's strike.

BOOM—!!!

The explosion was cataclysmic.

The sky itself seemed to split apart.

The lightning pillars shredded flesh and stone alike, pulverizing everything in their path. They smashed against the plains, against the fortress walls and towers, with crushing finality.

The earth convulsed in agony. Enormous cracks split the land, jagged like wounds torn open by giants.

Soil and shattered rock were hurled thousands of feet into the air, as though the land itself had been uprooted and flung skyward.

It was a scene like a doomsday comet crashing into the world from the depths of the abyss—unstoppable, inevitable, annihilating.

Ruin. Shattering. Oblivion.

The devastation spread outward without pause, swallowing everything in its path.

The entire broad-leaf plain trembled and screamed under the calamity.

Horses panicked beyond control, bolting madly in every direction.

The storm of destruction raged on for more than ten full heartbeats, each one dragging out like an eternity.

When at last it subsided...

Thunderwind Fortress was no more.

The surrounding plains looked as if a titanic invisible hand had overturned them, reshaping the land into a wasteland of scars.

Gigantic craters and horrific fissures marred the ground.

Every trace of life within the blast radius had been reduced to nothing but primal dust, mingling with the upheaved soil.

The survivors trembled uncontrollably, their faces pale as death. It was as if they had crawled back from the banks of the underworld.

Blake, along with the Expert Rank level eight and level nine warriors, lay at the bottom of the largest crater.

Their bodies were charred, their garments in tatters, their condition utterly wretched—whether alive or dead, none could tell.

Jesse, wholly unprepared for such a spectacle, felt his throat go dry.

He swallowed hard again and again, his gaze glued to the wasteland where the fortress had once stood.

The twenty-thousand city-guard soldiers were struck dumb, staring blankly as though their very souls had been torn out.

Even the Royal Knights, renowned for their ruthless resolve, were shaken to their cores.

They had heard of this Legion of Destruction before, and they had longed to witness its might.

But what unfolded before their eyes... far exceeded every story and every expectation.

This was no ordinary legion.

This was divine punishment, walking the earth.

It inspired awe, and demanded submission.

Not only the soldiers—even Pippin himself felt his chest tighten, a hiss of cold breath escaping his lips.

The vice-commanders beside him stood like petrified statues, their minds stunned to blankness.

To hear rumors was one thing.

To witness with one's own eyes—this was something utterly different, separated by a chasm as vast as heaven and earth.

The spies of other powers, hidden in distant shadows, felt their hearts nearly leap from their chests.

A force with a Hero Rank powerhouse as its guardian... wiped out in an instant?

This was... this was strength so overwhelming, it left only despair!

When Pippin finally recovered from the shock, he was overcome by a surge of joy and pride.

More than that, a newfound, unshakable confidence in the Empire's future ignited in his heart.

On the battlefield, the will of man and horse alike had been utterly crushed by that single annihilating strike.

Every soldier was silent, their gazes riveted on the hundred Doomsday Warriors who stood like living myths incarnate.

The Doomsday Warriors silently returned to their place before the Royal Knights.

In their simple logic, there was only one conclusion when faced with heretics of the Empire—utter destruction.

Though they said nothing, their silent presence alone compelled every Royal Knight to straighten their spines and stand in solemn respect.

Cole exhaled at last, a bitter smile tugging at his lips.

"We... truly underestimated them."

The Royal Knights had always been the Empire's pride, its most elite cavalry. Yet now, their brilliance was utterly eclipsed by this terrifying army.

Cole could only order the Knights to begin sweeping the battlefield, to handle the aftermath.

But before they could act, the remnants of Thunderwind Fortress had already thrown themselves flat to the ground.

The few who had survived wept bitterly, clinging desperately to life. Not one of them dared to resist any longer.

They begged for mercy, terrified that the slightest delay would bring about their complete and final annihilation.