

## **Gods Daily 62**

### Chapter 62: The Conspiracy of the Far North

Aurek stretched lazily, his body finally loosening after a long night of thought and planning.

At the same time, he summoned the soldiers that had become his daily ritual.

Now, each day he was capable of summoning one hundred units: fifty Elemental Assassins and fifty Doomsday Warriors.

This meant that, if he kept stockpiling for several months, Aurek would be able to assemble an army of thousands.

And this was no ordinary army. Every single soldier he summoned was of at least Elite Rank.

Just the thought of a thousand Elite Rank warriors moving together under one banner was staggering.

The sheer destructive might they represented was something that could make even Hero Rank powerhouses hesitate.

Even the most arrogant of Hero Rank experts would likely be forced to retreat in the face of such a terrifying force.

Just as these thoughts swirled in his mind, a sudden flash of golden light appeared before him.

A figure knelt instantly, his voice deep and respectful.

"Greetings, my lord!"

Aurek inclined his head ever so slightly, his stern and commanding gaze falling upon the Gold Assassin.

Without wasting time, the Gold Assassin relayed a concise yet thorough report of all that had transpired in the imperial capital over the last few days.

He spoke of the rumors spreading through the noble houses, of the changing tides of power, and of the whispers that Aurek's next step must surely be to present himself at the Grand Cathedral to seek the favor of the Ordon Theocracy.

When he had finished, Aurek's lips curled into a cold, mocking smile.

He rose from his chair and strode toward the city walls. From there, he gazed out over the vast sprawl of Eryndor City, his eyes sharp with contempt.

"So, all of you are waiting for me to step into the cathedral?"

His voice was low, more a murmur to himself than a declaration.

"In that case, you are destined to be disappointed."

What a ridiculous notion.

He had fought with merciless resolve to crush every opposition within the Crossbridge Empire. He had done so for the sake of absolute control, for the right to rule without restraint.

And now, just as his efforts were bearing fruit, they expected him to humble himself before the Ordon Theocracy?

To hand over the results of all his struggles to another power?

Impossible.

From his eyes flickered a chilling gleam, sharp and merciless.

"Well, well... so that's how you all see me?"

"You think that after everything I've done, I will still end up as nothing more than a dog for the Ordon Theocracy?"

"How utterly laughable."

His jaw tightened, his voice sinking into the tone of a man already imagining his next purge.

"It seems the next step is clear. It's time to clean out the demons and vermin lurking within this so-called imperial capital. Once they see blood, perhaps they will awaken to reality."

...

At the Hyrule War Academy, the venerable professors were in a state of fury.

Never in their wildest dreams had they imagined that a mere upstart like Aurek would dare dismiss them so brazenly.

Their faces flushed red, beards quivering, they erupted into a storm of indignation.

"Outrageous! Simply outrageous! This is not just an insult to us personally—it is an insult to the entire Academy!"

"To have such an emperor in the Crossbridge Empire is a disgrace to the entire nation!"

For generations, since the establishment of the Hyrule War Academy, never had an emperor spoken to them with such disrespect.

And now this young emperor had dared to order the Academy expelled, without even the faintest courtesy.

Principal Rhys Everett sat at the center of the storm, his face contorted with anger. But one of the renowned scholars of the empire spoke up, his voice calmer though no less sharp.

"Principal Everett, do not waste your fury on this fool. Since this child knows only how to slaughter, then let him walk that path to the end. Let us simply watch and see how long he can dance before he meets his end."

The man who spoke was counted among the ten most respected scholars in all of the Crossbridge Empire. His reputation was such that his words carried great weight even outside the Academy's walls.

Everett, however, could not let it go. His pride, his face—these were what mattered most to him as the Academy's principal.

And Aurek had not merely disrespected him; the emperor had humiliated him before the entire empire by ordering him to leave.

To Everett, it was nothing short of a personal catastrophe.

If word of this humiliation spread, what face would he have left to stand upon?

Grim-faced, Everett made his decision.

"From this day forward, no student of Hyrule War Academy is permitted to serve within the governmental institutions of the Crossbridge Empire!"

He stormed from the chamber after his declaration, leaving the faculty and students stunned.

His order, if enforced, would cut off opportunities for countless promising students.

Several of those present already enjoyed considerable fame within the empire, and to bar them from governmental service would devalue their achievements.

Yet despite their unease, many placed the blame squarely on Aurek.

"That arrogant boy is to blame for all of this!"

"We must pressure the royal house. He has to realize just how foolish he has been."

"Yes! For the principal to be treated this way—how can we, his students, simply remain idle?"

"We will make Aurek apologize! Let him learn that the Hyrule War Academy is not to be trifled with!"

Their voices rose in indignation, though outside the Academy, few cared.

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Compared to this quarrel, the empire's eyes were fixed elsewhere.

Everyone was focused on one thing: when would Emperor Aurek finally make his way to the Grand Cathedral and bow his head before the Ordon Theocracy?

The Clover Auction House waited.

House Tascher waited.

And many other hidden powers, some so deeply concealed that few even knew of their existence, watched the palace with keen interest.

But ten days passed.

Ten long days, and not a single sign of movement came from Valoria Palace.

In the meantime, something unexpected occurred: without the endless political infighting that had plagued the empire's institutions, the machinery of government began to operate more smoothly.

The Ministry of Police and the Department of Security joined forces, launching a sweeping crackdown upon crime in the capital.

When the purge ended, Eryndor City was transformed.

A new order had arisen.

Ordinary citizens began to feel safer than ever before, fewer abuses were suffered, and the long-oppressed common folk breathed easier.

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Far to the north of Eryndor lay the Frostmarch Dominion, a frigid and desolate territory where snowstorms raged unending.

Here stood the mighty fortress of the Duke Frostborne.

Though in name part of the Crossbridge Empire, the reality was that most of the Frostmarch Dominion was the duke's personal fiefdom.

For the people who lived there, Aurek's decrees meant little. The commands of the Duke Frostborne were the only law that mattered.

And the duke's strength was formidable indeed.

He had already reached the rank of Hero, and beneath him stood an elite army of two million troops.

In the entire Crossbridge Empire, there were few nobles who could rival such power.

At this very moment, within the cold, stone-walled chamber of the duke's fortress, a great council was taking place.

Many had gathered, their voices echoing as they debated the recent upheavals in the capital.

The Duke Frostborne himself sat at the head of the table, a towering man with broad shoulders and a presence as unyielding as the northern blizzards.

They had just received word of Aurek's astonishing reversal of fortune.

For a moment, surprise flickered across their faces.

"That boy Aurek... to think he possessed a hidden power that even I knew nothing of. Incredible."

A murmur of agreement rose from his advisors.

"Yes, my lord. Who could have imagined he had kept such strength hidden?"

"And his use of strategy was masterful—one decisive strike and two great threats were eliminated at once."

"We underestimated him before. But now the question is, who stands behind him? Who has granted him such strength?"

Another advisor leaned forward, voice low and suspicious.

"According to the intelligence we have gathered, the force under Aurek's command is able to move within the very winds themselves. Yet I have searched through every record and account available, and nowhere can I find which power could have produced such warriors."

The Duke Frostborne's expression hardened, his eyes narrowing in thought.

"You mean even you, Professor Aurellion, have never seen their like?"

The chamber fell silent, the tension thickening as they waited for Aurellion's reply.