

## **Gods Daily 70**

### Chapter 70: The Execution

The young heirs of House Mufasa possessed a certain farsightedness.

After listening to the explanation of the middle-aged man, their faces revealed sudden understanding.

"Hyrule War Academy does, after all, hold considerable influence across the world," one of them said.

"If Aurek truly intends to move against them, he will inevitably face tremendous pressure."

The middle-aged man nodded. His gaze then shifted toward a young girl at his side.

"And you? What do you think of this matter?"

The girl pondered for a moment before speaking.

"I believe someone is deliberately stirring up trouble."

"For Aurek, this choice was far too impulsive. By targeting Hyrule War Academy, he forces even those inclined to support him to reconsider, weighing carefully the consequences."

"I even suspect that the Ordon Theocracy itself may hesitate because of this."

"In my judgment, Aurek has already walked straight into a trap."

Hearing her words, the middle-aged man gave a satisfied nod.

"What Aurek is doing now has probably already gratified many hidden hands. They are watching him, enjoying the spectacle."

At this point, a young man among them spoke.

"The family sent us here simply to observe Aurek's methods. With the situation in Eryndor City escalating, I suspect that mysterious force will act soon. Once it does, our mission will be complete."

Their current location had been sealed off by a special magic array cast by the middle-aged man. No sound could escape, which was why the youth could speak so freely.

The girl beside him, however, scowled with annoyance.

"How frustrating. I had hoped to spend a few more days here for enjoyment."

The middle-aged man did not answer. He only lifted his head to glance outside.

It was clear to him: Aurek had already been calculated against. The pressure from the Ordon Theocracy would now be dispersed somewhat, redirected.

"Aurek's struggle is not easy," he murmured. "Alone, facing so many enemies. Two fists cannot fend off a dozen hands. This time, he may not prevail."

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On the outskirts of Eryndor City, in a small village, a group of fair-faced elves stood atop a high tower, gazing toward the distant city.

They were elves from the borderlands of the Empire.

The reason they had gathered here was simple—they, too, wished to witness the mysterious forces Aurek commanded.

That power was too enticing. Even great factions could not resist probing its secrets.

"Why strike at Hyrule War Academy so suddenly? What does he truly intend?"

The one who spoke was their leader, a strikingly beautiful elven princess.

Her amber eyes glimmered with otherworldly beauty, yet her aura was cold, as though she kept the whole world at a distance.

"Great Princess," an elf beside her said softly, "I cannot make sense of it. Is Aurek truly as cunning as the rumors claim?"

Voices rose in chorus.

"Yes, we heard many tales of Aurek—brilliant, farsighted, a strategist with deep designs. But why, then, has he walked so obviously into a snare?"

"Perhaps Aurek is just a fool. A trap so obvious, and he failed to see it?"

"I believe rather that his judgment is clouded by anger. He could not think clearly."

Just then, another elf spoke up.

"I have just received news. Several other factions have already slipped agents into Eryndor City. At such a moment, it is natural—everyone wants to test Aurek, to see his true strength."

The princess, however, remained silent.

Her expression was ice, her gaze fixed far away on Eryndor City.

Even she could not understand why Aurek had made such a glaring, disastrous decision.

Nor could any of the watching powers.

Yet for them, his apparent misstep was not without benefit.

Through this chaos, they could glimpse the hidden forces at Aurek's command, and watch how the Ordon Theocracy responded.

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The captured students were marched to the gallows.

In recent days, many had already died there.

The ground reeked faintly of death, though the bodies had long since been cleared away.

Even so, an air of dread and terror lingered over the execution ground.

Now, scores of Hyrule War Academy students were dragged forward.

Yet even as they stood before the noose, their eyes held no fear.

Some even shouted angrily at the imperial officials.

"How many more will you kill?"

"We are students of Hyrule War Academy! Do you truly dare to execute us?"

Commander Gaia never answered them.

He simply carried out Aurek's orders with unwavering resolve.

"Bind them all. Push them onto the scaffold!"

At his command, several of the students faltered. Terror finally cracked through their bravado.

Those who had been loudest in defiance now shrieked in rage and despair.

"Damn you! How dare you!"

"Even if you kill us, so what? Does Aurek think his crimes cannot be spoken of?"

"Release me! I demand you release me! I am a student of Hyrule War Academy!"

The soldiers ignored their cries.

Expressionless, they herded the students up the scaffold, shoving them in groups toward the gallows.

Faced with death, many of the students could no longer hide their fear.

But among them, some fanatics shouted still.

"Do not fear! Even if he hangs us, what then? The Academy will avenge us. Aurek cannot remain Emperor!"

"Yes! If Aurek dares kill us, the Academy will make him pay with his throne!"

Even here, at the very brink, many students held their heads high, eyes blazing with fury and scorn.

Commander Gaia's heart burned with anger at the sight.

Had they bowed their heads, shown a shred of humility, perhaps there might still have been room for mercy.

But even now, they refused to see reason.

"So be it," Gaia declared, his voice like steel.

"If you insist upon this defiance, then only reality will teach you truth."

"Carry out the sentence!"

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In the next moment, ten students were lined up in a row.

The executioners moved without hesitation.

The ropes tightened.

And in the space of a breath, they were hanged together.

Their faces twisted with pain as their lives were cut short.

The crowd fell into heavy silence, broken only by the creak of ropes swaying in the cold wind.