

Gods Daily 73

Chapter 73: The Academy's Desperate Stand

The power of destruction erupted without warning.

In that instant, even the space itself seemed to crack apart.

The air shimmered and splintered like a mirror struck by a hammer, fragments of distorted light scattering in every direction.

The shockwave swept across the plaza. Commander Gaia, though no stranger to battle, felt sheer terror grip his chest.

He staggered backward, face pale, dragging the soldiers with him.

If they had been a moment slower, they would have been obliterated, reduced to dust by that overwhelming energy.

On the opposite side, Professor Ethan and the other senior instructors of the Hyrule War Academy also realized the scale of the threat.

Their hearts trembled.

They knew this was no ordinary power—it was destruction incarnate.

There was no time to hesitate. Almost as one, they made their choice.

The professors unleashed their strongest skills.

They poured every ounce of willpower, every reserve of mana, into their spells.

A brilliant golden shield expanded outward, wrapping itself around the academy like a radiant dome.

At the same time, a golden tome appeared in the air.

It condensed page by page, a book of shimmering light, each sheet gleaming like sharpened steel.

As the tome solidified, the pages began to tear themselves free.

Each page transformed into a blinding golden blade.

With a whistling sound, the pages surged forward in a storm, countless weapons of light flying straight at the ten Doomsday Warriors who stood like statues.

The spectators watching from afar held their breath.

The professors' combined attack carried immense energy.

Even from a distance, everyone could feel the oppressive waves washing through the air.

Surely, they thought, the mysterious black-armored warriors would not withstand this blow unscathed.

But what followed defied every expectation.

At the very moment the golden pages reached them, an aura of pure destruction burst forth from the Doomsday Warriors.

The air itself trembled as the destructive force consumed everything before it.

The golden pages—each infused with lethal sharpness—shredded like fragile parchment.

In the blink of an eye, the storm of blades disintegrated, scattering as meaningless flecks of dust.

Shock seized the professors.

Faces that moments before were full of determination now turned ashen.

The students of the academy, already trembling, lost the last of their courage.

Panic surged through them.

They turned and ran, their screams echoing down the academy's courtyards.

None of them had ever imagined the Doomsday Warriors would be this unstoppable.

The professors had united their power, struck with their strongest art—and it had been brushed aside like nothing.

Across the city, hidden observers felt the same dread.

In one private courtyard, noble guests watching through enchanted mirrors froze.

They had believed the academy could hold its ground.

Now, they were no longer so sure.

But then—another twist.

From the heavens above the academy, a new figure appeared.

He held a quill in his hand.

Its tip glowed as if dipped in divine ink.

He wrote upon the air itself, and as he wrote, streams of energy condensed around his pen strokes.

Each word he traced gave birth to a streak of light.

Those streaks multiplied, transforming into countless weapons—swords, spears, halberds, axes—thousands upon thousands, each unique, each alive with power.

The display was dazzling. The weapons hung in the air like a floating armory, each shimmering with sharp intent.

When they surged toward the Doomsday Warriors, even distant watchers whispered in awe.

"This one... his strength is greater than the others. He may truly stand on the threshold of a Hero."

At the same time, two more figures floated upward from the academy's main hall.

Each carried an ancient notebook.

Their lips moved rapidly, voices rising in an urgent chant.

The prayer-like incantation vibrated in the air.

Beneath the feet of the Doomsday Warriors, a complex hexagram-shaped formation appeared.

Purple flames flickered across its edges. Strange runes twisted and reformed, pulsing with ominous rhythm.

Some spectators recognized its nature at once.

"That's... a summoning array?"

"No—wait! Look closer. It isn't summoning something in. It's the reverse!"

Indeed, it was a reverse summoning formation, a powerful ritual meant to bind targets and banish them into another dimension.

The realization sent shockwaves through the crowd.

If even Commander Gaia, standing well outside the circle, felt his limbs grow heavy under its pull, what about the warriors trapped within its center?

The binding force must have been immense, enough to chain even monsters of their caliber.

And if the Doomsday Warriors were truly dragged into another dimension... how could Gaia explain such a failure to the emperor?

The onlookers whispered furiously among themselves.

"As expected of the academy's deans. Their power is terrifying."

"Yes... their spells are enough to rival false Heroes."

"No wonder Hyrule War Academy has endured for centuries. Even in crisis, they can call forth three Hero-level figures at once."

"With such hidden strength, this so-called emperor is doomed. His scheme will collapse here."

The consensus was clear. The academy was not a prey to be crushed easily—it was a fortress with deep roots and terrifying heritage.

But the Doomsday Warriors remained unmoved.

Their eyes were black voids, devoid of fear or emotion.

They did not flinch. They did not waver.

Only destruction filled their gaze.

Then, one of them moved.

He raised his hands slowly.

One palm thrust into the swirling torrent of destructive energy itself.

The backlash was horrifying. His flesh stripped away in an instant, his bones exposed, fingers turned to charred white skeleton.

Yet he showed no pain.

No hesitation.

His hand closed around something invisible, and he pulled.

A moment later, a pitch-black sword emerged, drawn directly out of the sea of destruction.

Its edge was jagged, humming with malignant power.

The warrior lifted the blade reverently, his voice resonant with a prayer that echoed across the battlefield:

"O Lord of Destruction, I pray to You. Let Your will descend upon this place!"

The destructive aura around them thickened.

It grew tangible, heavy like molten lead.

Around the ten warriors, streaks of dark violet lightning coiled into existence, forming a storm of ruin.

When the warrior's eyes opened again, they gleamed with a light not of this world.

And then—the sky split.

From the heavens poured a torrent of purple thunderbolts, countless in number.

Each bolt slammed into the ground like a hammer of the gods.

The earth quaked violently.

The air screamed.

And high above, the sky itself tore open, leaving a wound of crackling blackness.

The aura of destruction swept outward like a flood.

Its reach extended beyond the academy, spilling into the entire Eryndor City.

Even ordinary citizens far away shuddered, struck with instinctive fear.

A colossal bolt of purple thunder fell, smashing down upon the attacks of the professors and the glowing reverse summoning formation on the ground.

The results were catastrophic.

The thousands of conjured weapons shattered like glass, scattering into glittering dust.

The summoning circle hissed and smoked, black fumes billowing as its runes burned away.

The chanting deans staggered, faces twisted in pain.

Blood spilled from their lips as they tried in vain to resist the storm.

But against such overwhelming destruction, even they felt as small as ants.

At that moment, the heavy doors of the headmaster's office creaked open.

From within, a surge of power erupted.

It was a presence that dwarfed all others, vast and suffocating.

A Master Rank aura swept across the battlefield, colliding head-on with the tide of destruction.

The clash shook the city.

Energy waves rolled through streets and plazas, rattling buildings and toppling weaker enchantments.

Eryndor City itself seemed to tremble under the confrontation of two titanic forces.

And as the aura solidified, whispers rose from every direction:

"The headmaster of the Hyrule War Academy... has touched the very threshold of Master Rank!"