

## Gods Daily 75

Chapter 75: Assassination, Complete Annihilation

Ramos never, not even in his most vivid nightmares, could have imagined this.

That Aurek—right beneath his very eyes—had managed to develop and rise to such a terrifying level!

Even Ramos himself, a White-robed Bishop, would never dare to so casually wield the Power of Destruction with his own bare hands.

Just the thought of it made his face sink into grim seriousness.

No one understood better than him how dreadful that force truly was.

He had once experienced it firsthand, and the memory was seared into his soul.

That power was not just dangerous.

It was pure annihilation.

It was the untainted will of Destruction itself, and it did not forgive arrogance.

For a moment, Ramos felt his hatred surge again.

He wanted nothing more than to strike, to exact revenge, to end Aurek with his own hands.

But after a short hesitation, he clenched his jaw.

This was not the time.

He would delay his revenge.

He would wait.

At that same moment, in the outer city of Eryndor, inside a humble blacksmith's workshop, the burly craftsman paused.

He felt it—the sky above was trembling with annihilating energy.

Those violent waves of destruction made his heart leap into his throat.

Now, at last, he was beginning to understand.

He was beginning to understand why she had chosen to trust Aurek.

Almost involuntarily, his gaze shifted toward the direction of the imperial palace.

Even now, after so long, he had never truly seen Aurek clearly.

The young emperor's existence was shrouded in mist, as though his very being was veiled behind layers of fog.

Nothing about him could be grasped.

Nothing could be pinned down.

Elsewhere, in a private courtyard, the leisurely atmosphere from before had completely vanished.

The gentle enjoyment of coffee had long since dissolved into tension.

From the direction of the Hyrule War Academy, the remnants of thunderous destruction rolled outward.

Even across this great distance, its aftershocks made their hearts tighten.

"We... we seem to have underestimated everything."

One shadowed figure's voice was dry and hoarse.

The hand holding his coffee cup trembled, his knuckles whitening from the pressure.

"That was not a power mortals can command," he whispered.

"That was pure, unadulterated Destruction Will."

The second man stayed silent for a long while.

Only after slowly placing his cup down on the table did he finally speak.

"Underestimated?" he muttered bitterly.

"No... we were utterly, laughably wrong."

His eyes narrowed, his gaze boring toward the depths of the imperial palace.

For the first time, genuine heaviness filled his expression.

"We all thought those ten black-armored warriors were his trump card.

But now it is clear—the silent assassinations of that night, and today's thunderous judgment, are not the same power at all."

The revelation hung heavy in the air.

It was suffocating, turning the courtyard into a cage of tension.

This meant only one thing—

The young emperor possessed not one, but at least two terrifying forces.

One was a shadowy army of assassins, moving unseen, killing without a trace, slaying even Expert Rank powerhouses in silence.

The other... was a brutal legion of destruction, sweeping enemies head-on, overwhelming everything in their path, even forcing the mighty principal Everett—a man half a step into Master Rank—into disgrace and defeat.

"Fortunate... truly fortunate," the first shadow exhaled, relief mixing with lingering dread.

"Fortunate we did not act rashly.

Had we intervened, the bodies lying among the ruins would not just be those professors of the War Academy.

It would have been us as well."

They had once thought Aurek a reckless youth, who would be helpless once his trump cards were revealed.

But now they realized the truth.

This was not reckless bravado.

This was deliberate strategy.

This was the cunning of a ruler who used one terrifying power to disguise the existence of another even greater one.

He was not shallow.

He was not impulsive.

He was fathomless.

He was a schemer with depths no one could yet measure.

Across all of Eryndor City, every hidden force spying in the dark fell silent.

The heavens themselves had spoken, with thunder as their voice.

That purple lightning which tore across the sky was like a loud slap across their faces.

Finally, they understood.

From the very beginning, their assessment of this young emperor had been utterly, disastrously wrong.

Yet while the heart of the city fell into suffocating silence, elsewhere was a stark contrast.

Within the camp of the Manhattan Legion, the night was ablaze with indulgence.

Music, laughter, the clinking of cups—

The soldiers reveled in wine and flesh, holding women in their arms, drowning themselves in arrogance.

To them, the struggle between the royal house and the War Academy was nothing but theater.

A play to be watched with detached amusement.

They were the so-called spectators, standing above it all.

"Captain," one soldier slurred drunkenly, his face flushed crimson with liquor,

"how long do you think that little emperor can last? The War Academy's foundation is no joke."

The captain, a burly man with a heavy frame, snorted coldly.

He downed his entire cup of wine in a single gulp.

The woman beside him hurried to refill it with obedient devotion.

"Last?" he scoffed.

"With what could he possibly last? After today, whatever meager cards he had will all be spent."

Yet no sooner had the words left his mouth than the candles in the room flickered strangely.

In the corner, one soldier raised his glass toward his lips—

But his motion froze.

A razor-thin crimson line appeared on his throat.

A heartbeat later, his head rolled from his shoulders, blood spraying across the table.

For one breath, the hall remained frozen in stunned silence.

Then chaos erupted.

Screams filled the air.

Panic exploded.

The assassins had arrived.

The Elemental Assassins.

They did not creep from shadows.

They did not smash through doors.

They emerged directly from the boundary between light and darkness, their bodies flickering like fractured illusions.

A soldier swung his blade wildly, the steel cleaving only through warped air.

The next instant, an icicle erupted from nowhere, piercing through his chest.

This was no battle.

This was a massacre.

A slaughter without mercy, without resistance.

"Enemy attack! Form ranks!"

The captain finally roared, surging with Expert Rank power.

A shockwave blasted outward, scattering furniture and terrified women across the hall.

His instincts sensed them—

The predators lurking all around.

And when his eyes finally adjusted, he saw them clearly.

Figures.

Dozens of them.

Everywhere.

Not ten.

Not twenty.

But over a hundred.

One hundred silent assassins, every single one radiating murderous intent, every single one strong enough to eclipse the so-called elite of the Legion.

The captain's breath froze.

Cold terror spread through his veins, crawling up his spine.

He finally understood.

If Emperor Aurek so wished, he could erase the entire Manhattan Legion from existence in one night.

The only reason they still lived was because Aurek had not yet chosen them as his prey.

"Arrrrgh!"

Driven into despair, the captain howled like a beast.

He poured his full strength into his battle axe, swinging it toward the nearest assassin woven from light and shadow.

But the result was inevitable.

A storm of daggers pierced his body.

Dozens of blades sank deep, shredding him beyond recognition.

The Legion's laughter and arrogance were drowned in a sea of screams and blood.

Elsewhere, back at the ruins of the Hyrule War Academy, silence reigned.

What had once been a majestic campus, a jewel of Eryndor City, was gone.

In its place yawned a vast crater, blackened soil crystallized into strange glass, still releasing tendrils of black smoke.

The proud academy, once bustling with professors, students, and noble prestige, was no more.

In a single hour, it had been reduced to nothing but ruin and death.

All because they had chosen the wrong path.

All because they had dared to stand against the young emperor.

And in that ruin, the world finally realized—

Aurek was not to be underestimated.

Not now.

Not ever again.