**Gods Daily 76**

Chapter 76: The Academy's Collapse, Humiliation Through Cruel Slaughter

Upon the ruins of the Hyrule War Academy, ten figures clad in pitch-black armor moved slowly across the devastation.

These were the Doomsday Warriors.

They did not hurry.

They did not gloat.

They simply carried out their tasks with mechanical precision, like cold instruments of judgment performing the final cleansing.

One of them approached a broken wall.

Etched into the cracked stone was a complex magical array, its runes faintly flickering with lingering energy.

The warrior raised no weapon.

Instead, he calmly pressed his gauntleted palm upon the surface of the array.

There was no violent explosion.

No dazzling flare of light.

The intricate symbols simply withered away, erased as though wiped clean by an invisible eraser.

A faint sizzling sound whispered in the air.

The once-resilient runes warped, dulled, and disintegrated, until nothing remained but dust returning to dust.

To them, destroying such remnants was no more difficult than brushing away cobwebs.

The storm clouds of annihilation above had already dispersed.

There was no need for further lightning.

The proud temple of knowledge that had stood for centuries was now reduced to rubble, fading into history's dust.

Behind the shattered pillar of what had once been a grand lecture hall, Principal Everett crouched.

His chest heaved with ragged breaths.

The splendid robes of his office, once pristine and radiant, were now tattered rags, stained with dust and streaked with dried blood.

The calm dignity and commanding aura of a strong man—gone.

What remained was the trembling, pitiful form of a survivor on the brink of collapse.

In his mind, dozens of powerful spells flashed by instinctively.

Within his storage space still lay several Awakener Tools, each enough to make any powerhouse covetous.

But none of them mattered.

For his hands shook uncontrollably.

He could not even focus enough to condense the simplest arcane energy.

He could not muster the courage to face those black-armored warriors again.

The purple thunder he had endured earlier had left not only gaping wounds upon his body, but also scars etched deep into his spirit.

That was no ordinary force.

It was a higher law—

A force that mocked and erased the very foundations of his proudest knowledge.

A will capable of rendering all he understood meaningless, reducing energy itself to nothing.

That power made him feel small—so small he was nothing more than an ant beneath a storm.

And then—

As his spirit wavered, the ten Doomsday Warriors stopped in perfect unison.

Their movements froze.

Their helms, dark as obsidian, turned together toward the broken pillar where he hid.

The world seemed to hold its breath.

A moment later, they raised their arms.

There was no roar of war, no charge, no cry of battle.

Only the silent lifting of armored palms.

From each gauntlet burst a bolt of annihilating lightning.

The bolts did not strike directly.

Instead, they connected with each other, weaving together in the air, intertwining into a vast and intricate grid.

The arcs flared, purple currents crackling madly, so intense they tore subtle cracks into the very fabric of space itself.

And then—the net descended.

Falling directly toward Everett, its deadly light enveloping him whole.

This scene did not go unseen.

From hidden corners across Eryndor City, countless pairs of eyes watched.

In the private courtyard where once men had sipped coffee with calm arrogance, silence now reigned.

The cups had gone cold.

One shadowed figure whispered, his voice as dry as sand:

"They... they are not fighting.

They are humiliating him.

Everett, a man of near-master rank, whose knowledge reached the heavens and pierced the earth...

And yet, look at him.

He no longer even has the will to resist."

Another figure spoke at last, his tone heavy with awe and dread.

"That is the horror of the destructive lightning.

It does not merely crush your body.

It breaks your spirit.

Look at him—Everett, half a step from the rank of Master.

Now reduced to this.

That emperor... Aurek... his methods are colder, crueler, more terrifying than anything we imagined."

In the blacksmith’s shop, the old craftsman gripped his hammer so tightly his knuckles whitened.

He tilted his head back, staring through the walls and roofs toward the distant ruins.

It was as though he could see, with his own eyes, the vast lightning net shrinking around its prey.

"In the name of destruction, he passes judgment..."

His voice trembled, not only with shock but also with reverence.

"This power... it should never belong to mortals."

And so it was.

In every corner of Eryndor City, eyes turned toward the imperial palace.

No longer filled with doubt.

No longer filled with suspicion.

But with fear.

And awe.

Upon the high walls of the palace, Aurek stood proudly, the wind tugging at his cloak.

He gazed into the distance, where smoke still billowed from the ruins of the academy.

On his lips curved a faint, satisfied smile.

The power of the thunder... had achieved exactly the effect he desired.

None knew the truth.

The lightning was but one expression—

The most direct, the crudest manifestation of the Power of Destruction.

There were other ways, more subtle, more exquisite.

He could cause the ground beneath an enemy fortress to quake until it collapsed from within.

He could tear apart a fragment of space itself, swallowing his foes into nothingness.

And this was only the beginning.

[Number of Doomsday Warriors: 800]

The number surfaced in Aurek's thoughts like a glimmering counter.

A thrill ran through him.

Their growth was faster than he had predicted.

And their might... their might surpassed every expectation.

He could not help but imagine.

When his command expanded to ten thousand, or even more—

What kind of spectacle would that battlefield be?

Armies of thousands charging?

Meaningless before collapsing space.

Fortresses, walls, citadels?

Crumbled to dust beneath storms of annihilating thunder.

That would be war not of men.

But of gods.

Back at the ruins' edge, chaos stirred.

Seeing Everett trapped within the lightning net, many surviving professors lost their final illusions.

Panic seized them.

They scattered, abandoning dignity and order, fleeing in every direction.

But in the shadows of the broken halls, where the air shimmered with twisted light, indistinct figures appeared.

The Elemental Assassins.

Their eyes were as cold as ice as they watched the scattering prey.

Commands passed silently among them.

Most of the terrified professors were left alone—they no longer mattered.

They posed no threat, no significance.

But those who had once stood in the public square, who had once raised their voices most strongly against Aurek—

For them, there would be no mercy.

Silent figures slipped from the group, stalking their quarry like wolves following bleeding prey.

Yet the main force of the assassins remained fixed upon the center of the ruins.

Their true task was clear.

The near-master rank principal Everett could not, under any circumstances, be allowed to escape.

Killing him would not be simple.

Wounding him was easy.

But slaying a man of such caliber outright—

That would take precision, patience, and overwhelming force.

Within the lightning net, Everett could feel it.

His skin burned from the stray arcs of power.

The shadow of death pressed down, closer than ever before.

The primal instinct to survive surged.

At last, it overcame the paralysis of fear.

He knew.

Stay here, and he would die.

With a desperate cry, he bit his tongue, the searing pain forcing clarity into his mind for the briefest moment.

I can’t continue like this.

The thought screamed within him.

I must escape!

And once the thought took root, all remaining will to fight crumbled away.

For he knew—Aurek’s hand did not only hold these black-armored warriors.

Somewhere in the shadows lurked the assassins as well—

Those killers who struck unseen, whose daggers left no survivors.

How could he fight both?

No—there was only one choice left.

Run.