

Gods Daily 78

Chapter 78: Thunder Guild

Celestial Thunder had always been known for its uncontrollable ferocity.

Until today, it was the consensus of the Thunder Guild—indeed, of nearly every scholar in the empire—that Celestial Thunder could not be wielded by mortal hands.

It was the domain of gods, not men.

But today, that understanding was utterly overturned.

Because the thunder they had just witnessed, blazing down from the heavens, had been summoned not by gods, but by Aurek's own troops—

those terrifying black-armored warriors known as the Doomsday Warriors.

Celestial Thunder... wielded by soldiers?

The very idea defied all laws of magic.

For a long moment, silence filled the hall.

Every member present at the meeting had fallen mute, their thoughts spinning in disarray.

The president of the guild, the elder with hair dyed permanently violet from years of channeling lightning into his own body, finally broke the silence.

After pondering for a time, he spoke in a deep, steady voice:

"It seems we have all underestimated His Majesty Aurek."

"This young emperor conceals his depths well. Too well."

Elsewhere, in a quiet coffee shop of Eryndor City, a boy and girl sat across from one another.

The aroma of roasted beans filled the air, the café serving the city's own famous blend.

They sipped slowly, chatting with casual ease.

"Who would have thought Aurek possessed such frightening methods?" the boy said with a grin.

"I imagine all those so-called great factions must have been scared out of their wits."

The girl nodded. Her golden hair caught the sunlight streaming through the window, glowing warm and radiant.

"Indeed. I can already picture their panic-stricken faces—their ridiculous confusion!"

"Ha ha! I wish I could see it myself. It would be most entertaining."

The boy chuckled and glanced toward the direction of the imperial palace. His expression turned thoughtful, tinged with anticipation.

"I believe we should seek an opportunity to meet this young emperor. To know him personally."

"A man this powerful at such a young age—it would be a true loss not to."

The girl agreed readily, nodding with enthusiasm.

But both of them knew the truth.

Behind the empire's glittering walls lurked things too vast, too terrifying for even Aurek to grasp.

Even now, perhaps, he had no idea what awaited him—what dreadful existences loomed in his path.

At the estate of House Tascher, relief washed through the halls.

Yule exhaled deeply, tension easing from his chest, and the other elders followed suit with audible sighs.

They had feared that conflict between the empire and the War Academy would expose Aurek's hidden powers prematurely.

But who could have expected it would take only ten Doomsday Warriors to utterly crush the proud institution?

"Aurek is truly a ruler of great vision," one elder said with admiration.

"In truth, it was our shortsightedness. We failed to see his true strength."

And in their hearts, they all knew—

Doomsday Warriors were only part of it.

In fact, this was the first time they themselves had ever witnessed these warriors.

And was it truly only ten?

No one could say.

What if there were a hundred?

What if a thousand?

What kind of terrifying power then lay hidden in the emperor's hand?

Across Eryndor City, every faction reweighed its stance.

Even the Black Pearl Hotel, long accustomed to maneuvering between forces, could no longer deny the truth.

The prize they sought was beyond their grasp.

With an emperor like Aurek, submission would not be forced upon him.

If anything, it was they who would have to consider bowing their heads.

Would they choose to yield?

And then—news came.

From one corner of the city to another, each faction's stronghold received the same royal decree.

The timing was uncanny, the message unsettling.

Why now?

Why issue an order precisely at this moment?

And what could such an order possibly contain?

At House Tascher, the decree was delivered in person by imperial messengers.

The family treated it with the utmost respect.

After all, this emperor was not only their sovereign but Yule's future son-in-law.

Yule addressed the soldier directly, his tone serious and reverent.

"What command has His Majesty issued?"

Meanwhile, outside the towering walls of the Black Pearl Hotel, chaos stirred.

A vast detachment of black-armored soldiers had surrounded the building on every side.

Their formation was tight, their vigilance absolute.

These were not common troops—they were the empire's true elite, the royal family's own.

Inside, staff members exchanged fearful glances, worry etched upon their faces.

They recognized the soldiers immediately.

And their presence could only mean one thing—trouble.

From the hotel's interior, many of its powerful retainers stepped forth.

Even Bruno, one of its leading figures, sensed that something was terribly wrong.

So he walked out to confront the soldiers.

Before him sat a man on horseback—fully armored, commanding, yet not entirely unfamiliar.

He had seen this man before.

Pippin, a commander of the royal army.

"Commander Pippin," Bruno began cautiously, "what is the meaning of this?"

"Has the Black Pearl Hotel broken the laws of the empire? Why surround us so?"

Pippin, astride his warhorse, looked down at him with an expression carved of stone.

This task had been assigned to him—

to deal with the Black Pearl Hotel.

At first, he had been reluctant.

The assignment felt like a burning coal pressed into his hand.

But then Gaia had presented him with Aurek's personal command.

And against such an order, there was no refusal.

Though Pippin was not one to blindly follow the royal court, the situation was different now.

He was no fool.

He knew how to act to ensure he would not be among those purged in the reckoning to come.

And so, the Black Pearl Hotel became his opportunity.

He shook his head slightly, then fixed Bruno with a cold glare.

"Bruno," he said in a grave voice, "has the Black Pearl Hotel stretched its hands too far?"

"Did you truly think to secretly fund the rebels of the War Academy?"

"Are you preparing to rebel against the empire itself?"

The words struck like thunder.

Bruno's face drained of blood.

Cold sweat pricked his brow.

Funding rebels?

His heart lurched in terror.

Before today, he had only held a wary respect for Aurek.

But after witnessing the fate of the Hyrule War Academy, he now understood.

Aurek's methods far exceeded anything he had ever imagined.

And the Black Pearl Hotel possessed no strength that could oppose him.

His voice trembled as he tried to answer.

"Commander Pippin, this must be some mistake! I suspect we've been framed. The current climate is chaotic and—"

But his words faltered.

Because he saw Pippin raise a hand.

And at the gesture, three students of the War Academy were brought forth.

Bruno's stomach turned.

He recognized them immediately.

Yesterday, he had seen these very youths in a secret chamber of the hotel's own restaurant.

Dread clenched his chest.

No... this is bad.

And then, as if on cue, the three pointed at him in unison, their voices loud and accusing.

"Yes! It was him who told us to slander the emperor!"

"He instructed us to write curses against His Majesty!"

"He even ordered us to attack the empire itself!"

Bruno's face went pale as death.

"You liars! You dare frame me?!" he shouted.

But his voice shook.

And in his heart, he knew—

things had already spiraled far beyond his control.