

Gods Daily 80

Chapter 80: The Enemies Begin to Join Forces

In order to deal with the Manhattan Legion once and for all, Aurek had prepared far more thoroughly this time than ever before.

The escape of Rhys was something he had already anticipated in his calculations. After all, with a colossus like the Hyrule War Academy, it was impossible to expect their strength to be so feeble. For such an ancient institution, it was inevitable that there would be hidden depths.

From the way things had turned out, it seemed that Everett, the Academy's headmaster, was in fact the very guardian of the Hyrule War Academy.

More than that, the old man had actually revealed something as rare and precious as the feather of a Phoenix!

Even Aurek had to admit that with such an artifact in hand, not even the Gold Assassin would have been able to kill him outright.

And so, Aurek made the decision to set aside the matter of Everett for now. The more immediate problem at hand was still the Manhattan Legion.

The Manhattan Legion was a fully structured military corps, with a long history and complete command hierarchy.

Taking them on was a much greater challenge compared to isolated mercenary groups or scattered nobles.

Strictly speaking, this was the very first time Aurek had chosen to strike directly at a large-scale faction in its entirety.

Because of this, he attached great importance to the confrontation.

For this battle, Aurek summoned an army of five hundred Doomsday Warriors and five hundred Elemental Assassins, deploying them side by side.

Such a force was unprecedented in its composition, a mixture of destruction and precision, devastation and subtlety.

As for what the final outcome of this campaign would be, that remained a matter for time to reveal.

Meanwhile, at the Clover Auction House, a different scene was unfolding.

Kafka, the head of the house, turned to the young girl beside him with a look of doting fondness.

His tone was gentle as he spoke.

"Vivian, have you not always wished to meet this Emperor Aurek in person?"

His eyes glimmered with intent as he smiled.

"Now is your chance. Go and dress yourself up properly—I shall take you to the palace."

Vivian froze in surprise at her father's words, but then her expression lit up with uncontainable joy.

"Father, are you truly serious?" she asked, half in disbelief, half in excitement.

"But... are you not worried about opposition from my uncles and aunts?"

Her radiant smile spread wider and wider, unable to be hidden.

She was brimming with anticipation, her every feature shining with eagerness.

Standing next to her, however, was a young boy whose expression was far more complicated.

He looked at Vivian quietly, his eyes filled with bitterness and frustration.

In his view, this naïve girl had no idea of the true motives hidden within her father's heart.

She was celebrating in her ignorance, unable to see the dangerous currents beneath the surface.

The boy could not help but feel a surge of exasperation—how could she still be so thrilled at such a moment?

But just then, he caught Kafka's sharp and warning gaze.

The message in those eyes was unmistakable: stay silent.

The boy immediately lowered his head, not daring to utter another word.

He was, after all, nothing more than an illegitimate son, one who had never been granted true recognition within the family.

Kafka, meanwhile, maintained his bright and confident smile.

Looking at Vivian, he spoke again with indulgent warmth.

"Silly girl, why trouble yourself with so many needless worries? As long as your father is here, the Clover Auction House will never suffer any harm."

At the same time, in the outer districts of Eryndor City, the remnants of the Manhattan Legion had once again gathered together.

Every one of them bore wounds, many deep enough to expose bone.

Moments earlier, they had gone through a crisis unlike any they had ever faced before.

Out of nowhere, more than a hundred assassins had launched a sudden attack.

The ferocity of that ambush had been so terrifying that even now, though they had managed to escape, they could still feel their hearts racing with lingering fear.

One of the captains, whose ear had been sliced clean off, spoke through gritted teeth, his voice trembling.

"Damn it! Lucky for me my reflexes were fast, or I'd already be a corpse back there!"

Another man quickly agreed.

"Yeah, Aurek's methods are terrifying. Now I finally understand why those Leap Mercenary Corps fellows ended up being wiped out here."

"Do you still have the mind to think about them?" another growled impatiently.

"Better worry about whether we can even make it out alive!"

At the center of this battered group stood Lycaon, the deputy commander of the Manhattan Legion and the overall leader of this mission.

Among all the survivors, it was clear that he had suffered the gravest wounds.

His chest had been pierced straight through, leaving a bloody hole, and his left arm had been cut off at the shoulder.

If not for the fact that he possessed the power of a Hero Rank expert, he would have long since perished.

But even with his strength, the sensation of having a sword thrust through his heart was one he could not shake.

For the first time in his life, Lycaon had truly felt the cold, suffocating breath of death itself.

What puzzled him most was how Aurek could possibly command such terrifyingly powerful subordinates.

"Enough," he finally declared, his voice heavy and resolute.

"This mission must be abandoned. Aurek's strength is far beyond what we imagined. I must report everything to the higher council of the Legion."

He glanced at the wounded around him and continued firmly.

"Look at all of you—your injuries are severe. Retreat is the only option now. Once we return, I will personally write a full report. The leaders of the Legion must understand the threat that Aurek represents!"

"Come, let us leave at once."

Lycaon was painfully aware that Aurek had already issued a standing kill order against the Leap Mercenary Corps.

And yet, the Leap Mercenary Corps were nothing more than a subordinate group under the banner of the Manhattan Legion.

If Aurek had moved against them, how could the Manhattan Legion itself remain uninvolved?

The thought made his chest tighten with urgency.

He had to return to headquarters immediately, to report everything he had seen and experienced.

"Aurek," he muttered under his breath, his eyes narrowing with cold determination.

"Do not think that just because you won this time, the matter ends here. Next time, I will show you exactly what it means to provoke the Manhattan Legion!"

With that, Lycaon gathered the survivors and departed Eryndor City at the fastest speed he could manage.

By now, within the walls of Eryndor City, the major forces that had operated openly had already been utterly crushed and purged by Aurek.

But in the shadows, rats still skittered. Hidden hands spread rumors of Aurek's brutality, whispering poison into the ears of the people.

Many neutral factions that had not yet been drawn into the conflict were becoming increasingly nervous.

Some had even begun to consider withdrawing entirely from the Crossbridge Empire, abandoning their stakes in Eryndor City altogether.

The city itself seemed cloaked beneath a heavy shroud of gloom.

Families of commoners began to pack their belongings, hoping to leave before chaos consumed them as well.

It was clear that someone, or some group, was deliberately using Aurek's reputation for ruthlessness as a weapon, planting seeds of doubt and distrust toward the royal family.

And once such seeds took root in the hearts of the people, it was only a matter of time before public sentiment became a sharp blade aimed straight at Aurek himself.

The sudden appearance of the Doomsday Warriors had already attracted the attention of many different factions.

More and more groups were converging upon Eryndor City, each hoping to gather firsthand intelligence.

The city now resembled a deep, bottomless pond.

But with the influx of outsiders, the waters only grew more murky and turbulent.

The Hyrule War Academy, with its countless branches spread far and wide, boasted graduates numbering beyond measure.

When Headmaster Everett issued a call to arms, new forces quickly began to form under his banner.

On the surface, it might have seemed that Aurek's actions had simply drawn the attention of opportunistic powers.

But in truth, an unseen hand was orchestrating everything, pulling strings from the shadows.

After all, the resources of the Crossbridge Empire were vast, rich enough to tempt anyone.

And no matter how fiercely Aurek struggled, the slow decline of the Empire was something all could see with their own eyes.

On the city walls, William Winston stood silently, gazing into the distance.

His heart was heavy, weighed down by contradictions.

From the founding of the Empire itself, the Winston family had always been unwaveringly loyal to the royal line.

Even now, the Winstons continued to pledge their allegiance, standing firmly by the throne.

But William—secretary general of the Empire—could see the truth plainly before him.

The Empire was in decline.

And there was nothing he could do to stop it.

His original plan had been to see the Empire through to its end, to allow the Winston family's fate to be buried alongside the royal house they had served for centuries.

But the rise of Aurek had awakened something within him—a fragile hope that perhaps the future could still be rewritten.

Yet with so many powers now converging upon Eryndor City, that hope once again seemed small, insignificant, and nearly extinguished.