

Gods Daily 83

Chapter 83: They Came Knocking

Violet Thunder stood at the very front of the formation, her dark violet eyes sweeping coldly across the soldiers guarding the city gates.

Behind her, the five hundred Doomsday Warriors stood like a wall of iron, each radiating dreadful pressure.

But these were not their only assets.

A large number of Elemental Assassins had already infiltrated Manhattan City in secret, scattering into the shadows and beginning their intelligence-gathering operations.

The city itself was not as large as it first appeared.

Its population barely reached several hundred thousand.

In truth, it would be more accurate to call this place the headquarters of the Manhattan Legion rather than a normal city.

More than seventy percent of the inhabitants were directly connected to the Legion in one way or another.

The remaining thirty percent lived mostly to serve them, providing food, supplies, and entertainment.

Through the Elemental Assassins' surveillance, much of the city's strength had already been mapped.

Within Manhattan City, three individuals held strength close to the Master Rank.

Thirty warriors of the Hero Rank had been identified. At least two hundred of Expert Rank.

And several thousand of the Elite Rank...

On the surface, their power had been clearly outlined.

Of course, for a massive force like the Manhattan Legion, it would have been foolish to assume there were no hidden strengths.

Such secrets always existed, waiting to be revealed at the most critical moment.

Violet Thunder understood this perfectly well, and in fact, she had already made arrangements for dealing with those hidden forces.

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Inside the grand meeting hall of the Legion's headquarters, Ethan's eyes grew increasingly sharp.

After a long moment of contemplation, he finally spoke with weight in his voice.

"It seems the time has come for us to give Aurek a lesson he will never forget."

He paused, then continued. "Of course, if our Manhattan Legion were to kill Aurek outright, it may provoke the displeasure of the Ordon Theocracy. But let us look at the matter from another angle. There are countless forces watching hungrily for the fall of the Crossbridge Empire. Once the empire collapses, these forces will swarm in like locusts. In the face of so many enemies, even the Ordon Theocracy will not be able to hold them back."

"The reason no faction has acted directly against Aurek so far is simple. They fear the Ordon Theocracy, and they also fear becoming the first bird that sticks its head out only to be shot down. None of them wish to take the risk."

"Originally, we too could have simply remained as bystanders. But since Aurek has chosen to declare war on us directly, we have no reason to restrain ourselves any longer. According to the intelligence we have gathered, Aurek is not without some cunning. He does have schemes, but he is still too young, too eager for quick results. In the end, that will be his downfall. So eliminating him may not be a misfortune for us—it may, in fact, be a blessing."

After a lengthy discussion, the senior members of the Manhattan Legion reached a unified opinion.

One by one, they agreed: killing Aurek was the correct course of action for the survival of the Legion.

Lycaon, hearing this, felt a rush of excitement.

His expression betrayed the relief in his heart.

Those elusive assassins had left a shadow deep in his mind, a shadow so heavy that it threatened to block any future progress in his cultivation.

Unless that fear was destroyed, his strength would stagnate forever.

The decision to crush Aurek gave him hope that shadow could be lifted.

But just as the decision was made, a mercenary suddenly rushed into the hall with an urgent report.

"Chairman, honored shareholders, there is something I believe you must be informed of. Just outside Manhattan City, five hundred warriors clad in black armor have appeared."

Black-armored warriors?

Every executive in the hall, including Ethan himself, frowned deeply at the words.

But Lycaon's reaction was different. The moment he heard the description, his face twisted with shock and terror.

Black-armored warriors...

Surely it could not be those same soldiers he had once seen in the Crossbridge Empire?

Unbidden, his mind replayed the horrific memory from the grounds of the Hyrule War Academy.

Only ten of those black-armored soldiers had been present, yet they had flattened the entire academy branch in a single night.

Even Everett, the academy's mighty principal, had nearly perished.

The power of thunder that brought nothing but destruction, the ruin that swallowed everything... even now, recalling it made Lycaon's heart race with dread.

And those had been only ten soldiers.

Now, outside Manhattan City, there were five hundred.

If they were truly the same kind of warriors...

Lycaon swallowed hard. His throat was dry as his heart pounded faster. A terrifying thought clawed into his mind.

The strength of the Manhattan Legion was undeniable, far greater than that of a single branch of the Hyrule War Academy. Yet even so, facing five hundred of those black-armored demons...

Only one conclusion filled his head.

If these really are the same soldiers, then the Manhattan Legion is finished.

As if to confirm his fears, a sudden thunderous boom echoed from the direction of the city gates. The walls shook faintly with the force of it.

Without wasting another breath, Lycaon burst from the meeting hall at full speed.

He leapt onto the high walls, his mind power spreading outward like an invisible net. Within moments, he scanned the distant gates.

And there, he saw them.

Familiar figures clad in ominous black, the oppressive aura of destruction radiating from their every movement.

A cold sweat broke across his back in an instant. The pressure of that power overwhelmed his probing mind force and crushed it completely within seconds.

As his mental energy shattered, Lycaon staggered, his face pale and stricken. Terror filled his eyes, stripping away any remaining composure.

There was no mistake. He could not possibly be mistaken.

The black-armored soldiers outside Manhattan City were the very same monsters who had annihilated the Hyrule War Academy.

The only difference was the numbers. Then, there had been only ten. Now, five hundred stood before them.

How could they fight this?

"This... this is madness," Lycaon muttered to himself, his voice shaking. "So many... Aurek, are you insane?"

No.

It wasn't madness.

It was deliberate. It was Aurek's resolve to completely annihilate the Manhattan Legion.

The realization struck him like a blade. His entire body trembled uncontrollably.

Aurek... truly ruthless!

Only now did Lycaon fully understand. His survival at Eryndor City had not been luck. No—Aurek had let him live. He had been spared, not because of fortune, but because Aurek needed him. Needed a guide. Needed someone to lead the trail straight to Manhattan City.

That was why the black-armored soldiers had appeared here so quickly.

But even so, to send five hundred of them at once... that was beyond ruthless. It was madness raised to strategy.

Just then, another thought struck him, and his heart plummeted further. His face twisted with fresh terror.

Something was wrong.

If these terrifying black-armored soldiers had appeared openly at the gates, then where were the assassins? There was no way they would remain absent. Those shadowy killers were masters of infiltration and intelligence.

In a place like Manhattan City, swarming with targets and secrets, the assassins would be the perfect choice to strike from the dark.

A chill ran down Lycaon's spine. His eyes widened as he unleashed his mind power again, desperately sweeping the surroundings.

The silence of the city suddenly felt suffocating.

The enemy was already here.

And the true hunt had only just begun.