

Gods Daily 84

Chapter 84: The First Clash

The surroundings were empty, utterly devoid of assassins.

And yet, Lycaon felt more terrified than ever.

His instincts screamed at him that those ghost-like killers were already around him, invisible shadows watching his every movement.

They seemed to be everywhere, their unseen eyes fixed on him.

The sensation made every hair on his body stand on end.

A dreadful unease clawed into his chest, filling him with the wild impulse to abandon everything and flee.

Like a man gone mad, Lycaon desperately swept his mind power through every corner of the area, layer after layer, searching frantically.

He surrounded himself with protective skills, stacking them one after another, refusing to leave the smallest gap.

He even pulled out every Awakener Tool he owned, clinging to them as though they might save his life.

The fear from his last encounter had not faded.

That brush with death still lingered deep in his bones.

To feel one's soul nearly torn from the body... no one would ever want to endure such a nightmare twice.

At this moment, the will that once belonged to a strong warrior inside Lycaon had been completely shattered.

Meanwhile, Ethan and the other high-ranking members of the Manhattan Legion had left the meeting hall.

They, too, extended their mind power toward the gates.

When they saw the five hundred black-armored soldiers standing outside, their faces turned grim and ugly.

"Chairman," one elder whispered in horror, "this is Aurek's method. He destroyed the Hyrule War Academy with only ten of these soldiers. Now he has sent five hundred. Our Manhattan Legion... this time, I fear there is no escape."

"Summon the First Chairman immediately!" another shouted. "If we do not, there will be no chance left for us."

Lycaon sent a desperate message through his mind power to Ethan, begging him to awaken the First Chairman.

But Ethan's face remained calm, his expression unreadable. He gave no answer, ignoring Lycaon's frantic plea.

At that very moment, a shareholder of the Legion—a Hero Rank, Level Five warrior—suddenly took to the skies. His expression was filled with disdain as he left behind a cold remark.

"Do not worry. I will clean them up right now."

With that, his figure vanished from sight, reappearing moments later before the black-armored warriors.

He had no idea that these soldiers bore a fearsome name—the Doomsday Warriors. It was a name he would never live long enough to learn.

"You bastards," the Fifth Shareholder roared, his voice shaking the air. "What are you doing here, gathering like this?"

His mind power surged outward, a crushing wave aimed directly at the soldiers, pressing down on Violet Thunder at their front.

He took a step forward, his body glowing with waves of surging energy.

"Look!" a mercenary cried out behind him. "The Fifth Shareholder himself is taking action!"

The Manhattan Legion soldiers watching from the walls burst into excitement. Their eyes lit with hope. In their minds, a shareholder's strength represented invincibility. No enemy could ever overcome them.

Violet Thunder, however, did not answer. She did not even waste words. Her violet gaze simply lifted, cold and unwavering, as she looked at the Fifth Shareholder charging forward.

And then it happened.

Space around her began to collapse. The air twisted and shattered as waves of destructive power gathered before her like a storm given form.

Violet Thunder did not step back. She did not retreat. Instead, she moved forward deliberately, her foot falling like the strike of a drum. She chose to meet him head-on.

The destructive power surrounding her grew stronger and stronger. Even the Fifth Shareholder's energy, radiating from his body, began to crumble before touching her.

The onlookers gasped in shock.

They had never seen such a thing. For a shareholder's power to unravel on its own, breaking down before even striking the opponent—it was unheard of.

Ethan's brows drew tight as well. Even he was shaken. So this... this was the mysterious power Aurek had placed in their path?

The Fifth Shareholder's face hardened. He had never imagined that this enemy before him, a woman wielding destruction itself, could inspire such dread in his heart. The feeling was clear: if he continued, his life might be lost.

But his pride and confidence would not allow him to falter. With a growl, he raised his hand and summoned a weapon—a long sword infused with strange, alien power.

The blade gleamed, a rare and precious artifact. Even among Hero Rank warriors, such a weapon was a treasure beyond compare.

Confidence flickered back into his eyes as energy poured from his body into the weapon. The sword's surface pulsed with terrifying power, glowing brighter and brighter.

With both hands gripping the hilt, he swung the blade in a single decisive strike.

The sword howled. A slash of pure energy erupted forth, moving faster than the eye could follow. The blade-light tore through the air, aiming directly for Violet Thunder's waist, seeking to cut her clean in half.

The attack was merciless, meant to end the fight in an instant.

Violet Thunder's body moved with a grace like wind. She leapt lightly, escaping the path of the strike with effortless precision.

Her violet eyes blazed, lightning flashing violently within her pupils.

If he wanted to fight with the sword, then so be it. She would not hesitate.

From her back, she drew a weapon of her own—a long sword of dark-golden hue. It was not just a weapon, but her companion, her partner in battle, a blade bound to her very existence.

The moment she gripped it, her aura surged higher, rising like a tide.

She closed her eyes.

And then, to the shock of all who watched, Violet Thunder began to pray.

Her voice was low, solemn, and reverent.

"Destruction... lend me your strength."

"With my body as the vessel, let your power descend once more upon this world."

As her words filled the air, her body began to rise. She floated upward, glowing, and her figure began to grow, swelling larger and larger, her form straining against its own limits.

In the blink of an eye, Violet Thunder stood as a giant, three meters tall. Her skin stretched tight like a balloon, swollen with raw energy, ready to burst at any moment.

And then, just as quickly, her form shrank back down.

But she had changed.

The aura of destruction clung to her like a second skin, denser, sharper, more lethal than before.

Above, the sky responded.

Black clouds rolled in, churning violently, spreading until they blotted out the sun. Thunder rumbled. Purple lightning coiled within the storm, flickering like the eyes of a wrathful god.

"Thunder," Violet Thunder whispered, her voice echoing like a command to the heavens, "descend."

The sky split.

From the heart of the storm, a bolt of violet lightning crashed downward, its brilliance blinding.

It struck the Fifth Shareholder directly.

The suddenness of it startled him. His eyes widened, his face drained of color. Almost instinctively, he gripped his treasured blade tighter, slashing upward in desperation to meet the thunder head-on.

The clash between destruction and pride had begun.