Gods Daily 85

Chapter 85: The Chairman Makes His Move

From SSS-grade down to D-grade, Awakener weapons varied in quality.

The sword in the Fifth Shareholder's hand was of A-grade quality. It was not the strongest among all weapons, but in the hands of a Hero Rank warrior, it was already considered one of the finest and most precious.

But that sword was now facing the violet lightning that descended from the heavens—lightning infused with the raw power of destruction itself.

The moment blade and thunder collided, the outcome was decided.

With a deafening crack, the sword shattered instantly, breaking into glittering fragments that rained down like dying stars.

The colossal force gathered by Violet Thunder did not pause, did not falter for even an instant. It surged forward, slamming directly into the Fifth Shareholder's chest.

The impact sent him flying like a ragdoll, his body smashing through the mountainside and pulverizing an entire peak into rubble. The collapse of stone sent a storm of boulders crashing down the slopes. Those unfortunate mercenaries who had not yet retreated were buried alive, their bodies crushed into bloody pulp beneath the avalanche.

Gasps filled the air.

Ethan and every senior member of the Manhattan Legion watching from the walls inhaled sharply, their faces pale with horror.

Too terrible.

This power was simply too terrible.

It was not the strength of a human at all. It was the wrath of the heavens, the fury of the skies, the thunder of destruction itself brought down to the mortal world.

Even Ethan, despite his immense strength and experience, found his thoughts shaken and his heart unsteady. For a moment, he stared blankly, nearly forgetting himself.

But the haze of shock soon lifted, replaced by cold resolve.

He leapt into the air, his aura blazing.

"Don’t just stand there—attack!"

His shout snapped the dazed executives awake. They exchanged urgent glances, then rose into the skies together, their powers flaring in blinding brilliance.

In an instant, a storm of colors lit the heavens above Manhattan City. Under the oppressive canopy of black clouds, their lights shone like dozens of miniature suns, painting the battlefield with a dazzling spectacle.

The mercenaries on the ground cheered, their hearts surging with hope.

"The Chairman has finally taken action! This time we will surely win!"

"That’s right! With the Chairman’s power, no matter who the enemy is, they cannot stand against us!"

"Go, Chairman! Show these bastards the might of the Manhattan Legion!"

But at that same moment, the soldiers behind Violet Thunder—the five hundred black-armored warriors—moved.

As one, they unsheathed their swords. Unlike Violet Thunder’s dark-golden blade, their weapons gleamed with a fathomless black, so dark they seemed to devour the very light around them.

Yet the instant those swords left their scabbards, a crushing pressure swept across the battlefield, suffocating in its intensity.

A single voice rang out, cold and merciless.

"By the command of our lord—annihilate the Leap Mercenary Corps!"

Another shouted, "Manhattan Legion is nothing but the headquarters of the Leap Mercenary Corps!"

"Therefore... kill without mercy!"

Violet Thunder raised her sword, her voice rising like thunder across the sky. "No survivors!"

The Doomsday Warriors roared in unison. Their black armor blazed with destructive light as they lifted their weapons high, channeling their powers into the storm above.

The sky responded at once.

The black clouds churned violently, swelling as though boiling from within. Strange black bubbles formed across their surface, each one oozing a liquid darkness so vile it seemed capable of dissolving reality itself.

From the distant mountains came a chorus of cries—beasts howling in terror. But these were not roars of defiance. They were wails of despair, the desperate prayers of creatures begging the heavens to spare their lives. Even the simplest beasts knew the end was near.

The Doomsday Warriors’ power resonated with the storm. The blackness of the clouds deepened, and within their depths the violet lightning grew brighter, fiercer, more furious.

Crack!

A bolt of lightning tore free from the clouds and struck.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Another followed. And another. And another still.

Five hundred Doomsday Warriors. Five hundred bolts of violet destruction.

The skies became a storm of annihilation.

The Manhattan Legion warriors who had rushed upward to fight froze in midair, their eyes wide with horror. Their courage crumbled as they saw the endless lightning descending like the wrath of gods.

"What... what is this?!" one stammered.

"This is the enemy we are facing?!"

The despair was overwhelming.

Even Ethan’s face twisted in fear. His lips curled back, his teeth clenched, but his eyes could not hide their terror. He had never imagined such power, never expected the black-armored soldiers to hold this much strength.

Was this Aurek’s hidden weapon? Was this his trump card?

If so, then Aurek was far, far more dangerous than Ethan had ever believed.

A strange thought flickered through his mind, absurd yet inescapable.

To destroy Manhattan City... such overwhelming force is unnecessary.

This is too much. This is wasteful.

But that was reality. The Doomsday Warriors' strength was being used to crush them utterly.

As for resisting further?

What a joke.

How could they fight against such power?

On the ground, the mercenaries froze, their bodies trembling. They had never witnessed such a sight. The skies ablaze with thunder, the earth trembling, the very air vibrating with destruction—it was as though the end of the world had come.

"Everyone, retreat immediately!"

Ethan's command thundered across the battlefield.

The officers and soldiers did not hesitate. They needed no second urging. At once, they turned and fled.

They had been waiting for this moment all along. None of them had the courage to fight this storm. Against such lightning, no one had confidence.

But Violet Thunder would not allow them to escape.

She leapt forward, her blade blazing, her voice roaring above the storm. "Kill them all!"

The five hundred Doomsday Warriors surged after her, their steps shaking the ground.

Violet lightning swept across the skies, spreading outward like a tidal wave.

The mountains themselves trembled as though struck by an earthquake.

In moments, Manhattan City was drowned in destruction.

The purple thunder fell without end, a storm that consumed the city in its entirety.

Buildings shattered. Streets collapsed. The proud headquarters of the Legion crumbled into ruins in the blink of an eye.

Even those who did not stand directly in the storm could not endure it. Expert Rank Awakeners were struck down, their bodies bursting apart under the force.

As for those below Expert Rank—they were erased instantly, reduced to dust in the rain of lightning.

Screams rose, then vanished.

The few survivors scattered in all directions, fleeing desperately.

High above, on a nearby mountain peak, Ethan and several others stood, their faces ashen. Their eyes fixed on the storm that devoured their city.

The violet glow reflected across Ethan's iron-blue face.

He slowly drew his weapon—a massive S-grade battle axe.

The air quivered as his power erupted. Hero Rank, Level Nine. His aura surged like a tidal wave, shaking the mountain itself.

His thoughts were simple.

If they could not fight the thunder, then they must kill the summoners.

With a roar, he swung the axe.

A strike cleaved forth, so vast and terrible it seemed it could split heaven and earth.

But as the axe-light flew, the storm shifted.

The violet lightning twisted, darting into its path.

And then the axe strike met the thunder head-on.

The clash lit the world in white.