

Gods Daily 86

Chapter 86: The Ghosts' Assault

A violent collision of energies erupted high above Manhattan City.

Ethan, as chairman of the Manhattan Legion, truly possessed immense strength.

His power was undeniable, the culmination of decades of cultivation and authority.

If his enemy today had been the Elemental Assassins, then perhaps he still might have had a chance.

With his might, he could have resisted their infiltration, crushed their shadows, and at least stalled their assault.

But unfortunately for Ethan, what stood before him was not assassins.

It was the Domsday Warriors.

These were not simple soldiers infused with thunder, as outsiders imagined.

They commanded true destruction.

The lightning was not their weapon—it was merely the manifestation of something far greater, the raw essence of annihilation itself.

Thus, when Ethan unleashed his mighty blow against the storm, he had not destroyed the lightning at all.

In truth, he had only fed it, injecting his own strength into its endless cycle of ruin.

The clouds above grew darker still, roiling like an ocean of shadows.

The thunder did not wane—it swelled.

Bolts streaked through the sky, each one faster, sharper, deadlier than the last. Every flash across the heavens made the hearts of those below pound in terror.

While Violet Thunder held Ethan at bay, the other Doomsday Warriors did not remain idle.

Their cold eyes turned toward the backbone of the Manhattan Legion—the Elite Ranks, the Experts, and even the Heroes who had risen into the air to resist.

Aurek's order had been absolute: the Manhattan Legion was to be erased. Every mercenary tied to them was marked for death.

The Doomsday Warriors did not question. They never hesitated. Their loyalty was absolute. An order was an order. It would be carried out to the letter.

And so the slaughter began.

Screams rang out across the ruined streets, piercing, heart-wrenching. One after another, the Legion's warriors fell.

Those who had already witnessed the thunder's devastation no longer had the courage to fight.

They hesitated, their hearts shivering, their minds filled only with fear.

Against this storm, resistance seemed meaningless.

The Doomsday Warriors pressed forward, blades raised, their destructive power crashing down like a tide.

Against them, the mercenaries' defense crumbled almost instantly.

Blood sprayed. Bodies fell.

The elite were cut down like grass beneath the scythe.

The cries of the dying filled the air, but the black-armored soldiers were unmoved. They did not flinch.

They did not slow.

Their faces were hidden behind masks of steel, their only purpose the execution of Aurek's will.

A few mercenaries, realizing death was certain, hurled themselves forward in desperate defiance.

They fought with all they had left, hoping at least to leave one mark upon their killers.

But their resistance was pitiful.

Before the storm of destruction, their blades broke, their bodies shattered. The thunder swallowed them whole.

Those with sharper minds quickly understood the truth: fighting meant death. Escape might yet mean survival.

And so many turned to flee.

Better to abandon the Legion, better to throw away pride, if it meant clinging to life.

But Violet Thunder had anticipated this from the very beginning.

The moment the mercenaries turned to run, squads of Doomsday Warriors moved as one.

Like shepherds herding sheep, they encircled the deserters, driving them together with precise coordination.

Then, once the fugitives were clustered, the soldiers raised their swords to the sky.

The heavens answered.

Dozens of violet bolts screamed down, tearing the air apart.

The night lit up like day as the thunder descended.

The screams were brief. Then silence.

Every mercenary caught in the storm was obliterated, nothing left but ash scattered in the wind.

For years, the Manhattan Legion had committed sins beyond counting.

They had exploited, enslaved, murdered, and plundered.

Aurek knew their crimes as clearly as if he had written the ledger himself. For him, this was not only war—it was justice.

Not one of them deserved mercy.

Thunder rumbled again, louder than before.

The clouds writhed, glowing with endless lightning. For the mercenaries still alive, only one thought filled their minds.

It's over. We're finished.

...

Ethan himself was struggling.

He was forced to clash again and again with Violet Thunder, her blade wreathed in annihilation, while his eyes tracked the devastation spreading below.

Every time another squad of his soldiers was erased, his heart grew colder.

He could see it.

The Legion was finished.

No miracle would save them.

Better to live another day, he thought grimly.

Better to live, and strike again when the time is right.

The thought of revenge faded. Now his mind focused only on survival.

These soldiers were too strong, too terrifying. He had underestimated Aurek completely.

And then he saw it.

Beneath the ruins of Manhattan City, a passageway opened.

A dark tunnel stretching toward the mountains. Mercenaries were slipping inside, fleeing into the depths.

Ethan's eyes gleamed.

If he could reach the mountains through the passage, he could vanish.

With his speed, the Doomsday Warriors would never catch him. Survival was within reach.

But just as the spark of hope lit within him—screams erupted from the tunnel.

Horrible, piercing screams.

In the blink of an eye, more than a dozen Expert Rank mercenaries were cut down inside the passage. Their bisected corpses were flung back into the open, tumbling into the dirt.

Ethan froze. His blood ran cold.

It was an ambush.

No one had imagined that the tunnel would already be occupied by another enemy, one far harder to detect.

The survivors stared in disbelief. Even the shareholders at Ethan's side were dumbfounded, their eyes wide, unable to comprehend what had just happened.

But Lycaon understood.

His body trembled violently. His face twisted with madness as he cried out, his voice breaking.

"It's them! It's the ghosts!"

"I knew it! I knew they'd be here! They'd never stay away!"

"The Ghosts are here! We're all going to die! Ha ha ha... all of us, every last one of us!"

His laughter was wild, broken, on the edge of hysteria.

The truth gnawed at him. He had once thought himself lucky to escape Eryndor City.

He had thought fate had spared him. But now he saw the truth—his survival had been no luck at all.

It had been part of Aurek's design, a cruel joke leading him here.

There was no escape.

Lycaon collapsed to his knees. Regret tore at his chest. He had doomed them all.

It was me. I brought ruin to the Legion.

And yet, even now, even knowing this, he admitted to himself—if given another chance, he would still have chosen to return to Manhattan City.

He would still have clung to life, even if it meant damning everyone else.

Tears streamed down his face as he sobbed, "I was wrong! Don't kill me! Please, don't kill me!"

He squeezed his eyes shut and pressed his forehead to the ground. His will was broken. His courage gone. He had surrendered completely.

Ethan's lips curled in disgust. He cursed silently at Lycaon's pathetic display.

But there was no time.

Violet Thunder struck again, her sword blazing as it cut through the storm toward him.

Ethan raised his weapon to meet her, but just then—

Something brushed against his cheek.

A faint breeze.

He froze.

There was no wind here. Not amidst the storm of destruction.

Unless—

A sharp sting pierced his shoulder.

Ethan's instincts screamed. He spun instantly, eyes narrowing, searching for the unseen attacker.

The ghosts had come.

And the true nightmare was only beginning.