

## Gods Daily 87

Chapter 87: The First Chairman Appears

"Damn it! Who is attacking me?!"

Ethan cursed loudly, his eyes darting in all directions, sharp with caution.

Just moments ago, he had felt nothing but a faint breeze. No killing intent, no energy ripple, no movement. And yet, he had been struck.

Lycaon's words suddenly resurfaced in his mind—the warnings of ghost-like assassins.

Could it be... that the so-called ghost assassins were real after all?

If so, then everything suddenly made sense.

Still, Ethan forced himself to remain calm. If those assassins were truly ghosts, then they were not invincible. After all, he had managed to sense the faint breeze. His perception had caught something, however small. That meant he still had a chance.

The thought steadied him. He allowed himself a slow breath.

But while Ethan found some reassurance, the mercenaries of the Manhattan Legion were not so fortunate.

The Elemental Assassins had begun their work.

In the chaos, the mercenaries had scattered, running in blind desperation. They could barely defend themselves, let alone resist the invisible blades lurking in the shadows. Throats were slit in silence, blood sprayed across broken stones, and one after another, they collapsed with wide, bewildered eyes.

These were the elites of the Manhattan Legion—men and women forged through years of training, resources, and blood. And yet, in this battle, they were nothing but lambs to the slaughter.

Most terrifying of all, they died without ever knowing who had killed them.

"Aurek!!"

Ethan's roar shook the sky. His fury burst outward as he expanded his domain, a field of force meant to drag hidden enemies into the open.

But what he saw next nearly made him vomit blood.

Barely ten minutes had passed since the fighting began. And in that time, the Legion's elite had been cut down by half.

Half.

The backbone he had built piece by piece, through gold, blood, and iron discipline, was being ripped apart as though they were pigs in a slaughterhouse.

His vision swam with rage. That damned Aurek! Where had he found such power?

No. He had to turn this around. If not, the Legion would be erased.

His hand reached into his robes and pulled out a worn, ancient pocket watch. His fingers tightened.

"First Chairman," he growled, "please awaken from your slumber."

"The Manhattan Legion faces annihilation!"

"Wake! Wake now!"

He poured his mind power into the pocket watch, flooding it with energy until it glowed faintly.

Far away, deep within the mountains, an inconspicuous cavern began to tremble. Energy rippled outward like a stone dropped into water.

Ripples became waves.

Waves became a storm.

"You fools," a voice thundered, filled with disdain. "To awaken me at such a moment... if this were not a crisis of survival, I would cut off each of your worthless heads."

With that furious bellow, a figure appeared, flashing across the horizon.

He came to stand high above Manhattan City, cloaked in authority.

He did not look like a mercenary. His figure was clad in a scholar's robe, elegant and refined, stark against the rough, blood-soaked warriors below.

The air itself bowed to him.

Ethan's face broke into relief. His tense shoulders sagged as he exhaled.

"Chairman Rosewood, at last... you have awoken."

Rosewood's eyes narrowed. He gave Ethan only a dismissive glance before turning his gaze to the ruins of Manhattan City.

Shock flickered across his face.

"What is this?" he snarled. "Who dared to destroy Manhattan City? Do they not understand what it means to enrage us?"

He raised his hand. Energy burst from him like a hurricane, sweeping outward in all directions.

The mountains shuddered. Mighty trees snapped in half as if they were mere twigs.

Rosewood's presence alone changed the battlefield.

Then his eyes turned upward.

The black clouds. The violet thunder. The oppressive destruction in the sky.

A sneer touched his lips.

"To summon thunder, at least you are not entirely worthless," he muttered. "But if you thought you could challenge the Manhattan Legion, you have chosen the wrong target."

He lifted his palm.

A sphere of pure, brilliant light formed in his hand, glowing like the heart of a star.

"Go," he commanded coldly. "Show them true power."

The white orb drifted upward, gentle and effortless, as though it were the most trivial thing.

But the results were far from trivial.

Violet Thunder, watching from afar, frowned slightly as the orb touched the clouds.

Wherever it passed, the storm unraveled.

The black clouds crumbled into nothingness. The fierce lightning bolts collapsed before they could strike.

The orb erased them all, like chalk wiped from a board, like ink dissolving into water.

In only a few breaths, half the storm that covered Manhattan City was gone.

The mercenaries cried out in relief.

"He did it! The First Chairman has acted!"

"We're saved! Rosewood is invincible!"

"Do you even know who he is? Rosewood was once royalty! A king! Though the royal family was destroyed, he retained the name. He is not merely a chairman—he is a king without a crown!"

Hope surged through the survivors.

The Legion's morale, crushed and shattered moments ago, rose like a flame reborn.

Rosewood's power was undeniable. He was the strongest existence the Legion possessed, their foundation, their pillar. His strength was so close to the Master Rank that many already whispered he had surpassed the threshold.

In the East, there were few who could match him.

Against such a force, could Aurek truly prevail? Could he truly command powers strong enough to face this?

The battlefield trembled as the balance shifted.

One man's arrival was enough to shatter countless plans.

That was the weight of a true powerhouse.

Mercenaries began to rally, fleeing toward Rosewood's aura as if it were a sanctuary. His domain spread lightly, and the Elemental Assassins' movements faltered, blocked by his overwhelming presence.

Yes, the Legion had lost half its elites. But Rosewood was not concerned. With his strength, fresh elites could be forged, gathered, or recruited. Power drew loyalty, and he embodied power.

But just as confidence returned—

It happened.

Behind Rosewood's head, a flash of silver light appeared.

A cold gleam.

So fast that even he had no time to react.

In the next heartbeat, before the entire army's stunned gaze, Rosewood's head was severed cleanly from his shoulders.

It flew upward, spinning slowly through the air.

Blood erupted like a crimson fountain, raining down across Ethan's body, warm and wet.

Time seemed to freeze.

The strongest pillar of the Manhattan Legion, the First Chairman, the man they thought invincible...

Was dead in an instant.