

## Gods Daily 88

Chapter 88: The Destruction of the Manhattan Legion

Manhattan City.

Silence.

The battlefield, which moments ago had been filled with thunder, screams, and chaos, was suddenly silent as death.

Every gaze was fixed upon a single point in the air.

Rosewood's head—once belonging to the invincible First Chairman—had just been severed and cast high into the sky.

It could not be.

It should not be.

Yet the sight was undeniable.

There was no panic, not even shock, only blank disbelief. Expressions froze, eyes went wide, and no one spoke. Because what they saw was beyond their comprehension, beyond what they could accept as reality.

How could this be?

Rosewood, the man whose strength had been infinitely close to the Master Rank, had been killed as easily as chopping a vegetable?

No. Impossible. A bad dream.

Many rubbed their eyes furiously, as though wiping away an illusion. Yet the truth remained.

The severed head fell, bounced once against the blood-soaked earth, and rolled.

"That... that really is Chairman Rosewood's head!" someone gasped, voice breaking.

"But... how?! How is this possible?!"

Indeed—how?

Rosewood had only appeared less than ten minutes ago. He had unleashed his might, dissolved the storm, and reignited their hope. Yet now, in mere seconds, he was slain, his head ripped from his body.

Who could possess such terrifying strength?

The hearts of every surviving mercenary clenched with icy dread. Fear spread like a plague.

But then, something changed.

Rosewood's head did not remain on the ground. It rose again, lifted by invisible force, floating back into the air.

Awakeners of Hero Rank and above understood immediately.

This was not life. This was mind power.

When an awakener crossed the threshold toward the Master Rank, the transformation of mind power was one of the most vital steps. Though Rosewood had never fully broken through, decades of

refinement had honed his spirit into a formidable force. Even without a body, his mind power sustained him. For a time, at least, he could persist.

But the assassins lurking in the dark had no intention of granting him that time.

The moment his head floated, the next strike fell.

This time, many saw the attacker.

A flash of gold.

Armor gleaming like the sun.

The Gold Assassin.

He was the one who had claimed Rosewood's head.

And now he struck again, his blade like lightning, his movements as silent as death itself.

The Gold Assassin had evolved. After his advancement, every aspect of his power had risen. His stealth was sharper, his speed deadlier, his killing intent purer.

So much so that even a true Master Rank expert could be slain if caught unprepared.

Rosewood, still only at the peak of Hero Rank, was nothing more than a lamb before the butcher's blade.

The golden sword cut once more. The fragments of Rosewood's floating head scattered into dust. His presence vanished forever.

The strongest of the Manhattan Legion was gone.

The battlefield collapsed into despair.

At the same time, the other Elemental Assassins moved in. Their shadows spilled across the ruins, cutting through mercenaries like knives through paper.

Elite Rank soldiers fell in droves, their screams echoing for mere moments before ending in silence.

Expert Ranks staggered, clutched at bleeding wounds, only to collapse with wide, disbelieving eyes as their throats were slit.

One by one, the so-called elites of the Manhattan Legion were erased.

In minutes, the army that had once dominated an entire province was gone.

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Ethan stood frozen, his lips trembling. His chest heaved as despair consumed him.

Even Rosewood—the First Chairman, their last hope, their pillar—had fallen in a single strike.

How could he, Ethan, a mere Hero Rank Level Nine, hope to survive?

Now he understood Lycaon's madness. Now he understood his despair.

Against such enemies, there was no victory. No path. Only death.

And yet... Ethan did not want to die.

Even if it meant living one more second, one more breath, he would cling to it.

So he fled.

He broke from the heart of the battle, his aura hidden, his speed at its peak.

Violet Thunder did not pursue. Her task lay elsewhere.

Rosewood's earlier strike had scattered the storm clouds, dispersing the violet lightning. Now Violet Thunder lifted her blade again, her voice rising in solemn command as she called once more to destruction.

The skies obeyed.

Clouds boiled. Lightning returned. The storm reformed, stronger than before.

Aurek's orders had been clear: destruction must take the form of thunder. And Violet Thunder would not disobey.

Ethan's escape was meaningless. The storm itself hunted him.

The new clouds spread like a tide, and the bolts of violet lightning no longer fell at random. They chose targets. Mercenaries running through the ruins found themselves marked, and one by one, the lightning descended upon them.

Even the shareholders, once high and mighty, were stripped of their dignity.

Their screams rang through the night as they scattered like frightened dogs, lightning striking them down wherever they ran.

Ethan's breath came ragged. His heart pounded as realization struck him.

To Aurek, the Manhattan Legion was nothing but a joke.

They were never equals. They had never been on the same level.

And so, there was only one path left.

Run.

Run, at any cost. Escape into the mountains. Perhaps then, he might survive.

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Meanwhile, the Gold Assassin had already set to work.

Looting.

Yes—he crouched over corpses, his golden armor glinting in the flickering storm, his blade slick with blood.

But he was not killing now. He was searching.

Weapons. Coins. Skill books. Meditation manuals. Anything of value.

Aurek had been clear before the battle: Do not waste. Do not leave behind. Strip everything from them. Their resources belong to us now.

The Manhattan Legion had been rich, a great power with vaults overflowing with wealth.

Now that wealth would be carried back to the Crossbridge Empire.

Destruction was one part of the mission. Plunder was the other.

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Half an hour later.

A lone traveler passed through the outskirts of Manhattan City.

He stopped, his eyes wide, his breath stolen.

This... this could not be Manhattan City.

The prosperous, wealthy hub he remembered was gone. In its place lay only ruins, fire, and smoke.

"What... what happened here?" he whispered, his voice shaking.

Panic surged through him. He sprinted toward the central district, to the great meeting hall.

But the hall was gone. The towering fortress of the Legion was nothing but rubble, a skeleton of stone jutting from the ground.

"Who can tell me... what happened here?!"

More figures arrived, Awakeners of great strength, drawn by the thunder.

They too stopped, stunned by the devastation.

This was Manhattan City? This wasteland?

Who could wield such power?

Who could erase the Manhattan Legion in a single night?

"Someone tell me," a voice cracked, trembling with fear. "Who did this?!"

But there was no answer.

Only the storm still rumbling in the sky, the echoes of destruction whispering through the ruins.