

## Gods Daily 139

### Chapter 139: The Purest Imperial Bloodline

"I understand."

Aurek's voice was calm, steady, devoid of even the slightest ripple of hesitation.

He raised his right hand in a casual gesture, the motion carrying with it an undeniable sense of dismissal, a command that admitted no protest.

The old man lingered for a moment. His eyes fixed firmly upon the young figure before him, a back that already radiated an infinite, overwhelming aura of majesty.

It was as if he were trying to carve that silhouette into the very depths of his soul, afraid that one day it might vanish, or that he himself might forget what it meant to stand in the presence of true imperial power.

At last, he turned silently.

His boots pressed against the polished marble floor, producing a hollow, echoing cadence that reverberated through the vast hall like the toll of a funeral bell.

When he reached the great doors of the hall, carved with the proud imperial eagle entwined with olive branches, he paused.

Through the towering windows he caught sight of Eryndor City, its gilded rooftops and spires gleaming brilliantly in the light of the sinking sun. Something within him trembled.

He could no longer suppress the words that forced themselves past his lips.

His voice was hoarse, rough, as though it had been scraped raw by sandpaper, but it still carried a weight born of years of service.

"One last question... Aurek, my Emperor. Have you truly resolved yourself—to march this Empire into open opposition against the Ordon Theocracy?"

He drew in a ragged breath.

"The Empire's situation is not as simple as the storms on the surface suggest. It is more like jagged reefs lurking beneath a shroud of mist, waiting to tear apart any vessel that dares approach blindly. Those crimson-robed cardinals hold their sacred scriptures as weapons, and with but a turn of the page, divine punishment might be unleashed. Perhaps... this very decision is to drag the entire Empire into a venture beyond the imagination of any mortal."

Aurek's gaze sharpened abruptly, his eyes burning with a terrifying brilliance.

"Perhaps this choice," he said, his voice hard as steel, "will one day be branded in the annals of history as folly—foolishness, arrogance, madness!"

His tone was absolute, leaving no room for compromise. It carried with it a merciless decisiveness, the kind that could sever hesitation in a single stroke.

"But tell me—who can ever claim to foresee every ripple cast into the river of destiny before the stone has even struck the water? Who can dare assert that in the very instant a decision is made, it is fated to be right—or doomed to be wrong?"

He stood tall, his words resonating like thunder in the grand chamber.

"From the lowliest farmer in the fields to the sovereign who bears the crown, every soul must stand ready to bear the weight of their choices. Whether that choice leads to laurels or to thorns, to glory or to ruin, it must be accepted with a steady heart."

Then Aurek's voice dropped, heavy as a granite boulder crashing down.

"I am ready."

He tilted his head slightly, his star-like eyes flicking sideways, their depths cold, assessing, merciless.

His glance cut toward the old man standing stiffly in the shadows of the doorway.

"And you, Uncle?"

The words were quiet, but they exploded in the old man's ears like a thunderclap.

"When the drums of war sound once more, when the banners of Veynar are raised again—whether they shine beneath holy light or are drenched in blood and fire—tell me, will you be ready? Will you once more set foot on a departing ship... or will you grip, at last, the hilt of your rusting sword?"

The old man's body shuddered violently, as though pierced through by an unseen spear.

All the tumult of conflicting emotions swirled within him, yet in the end they condensed into nothing more than a long, weary sigh, heavy with helplessness.

"I understand..."

"Aurek—what flows in your veins is the same blazing, untainted imperial blood as our ancestor Aurek the First. Perhaps even purer. You... you will become the brightest flame recorded in the endless genealogy of House Veynar. No one will ever rival your brilliance. And no one—" his voice faltered, trembling, "—no one will ever stop you from walking the path you have chosen."

His words faded into silence.

Slowly, heavily, the old man turned and stumbled out of the emperor's private chambers.

His steps were sluggish, almost dragging, like those of a man crushed beneath the weight of both shame and regret.

For what right did he have?

A man who, in the Empire's darkest hour, had chosen life over honor, had fled instead of fought.

How could such a man ever deserve to share in this reborn imperial authority—authority reforged through iron and blood, through indomitable will, through the sacrifice of countless lives?

How could he dare face the sacred responsibility and the boundless glory, etched into the bloodline itself, that demanded its bearer share in triumph and downfall alike?

In the days that followed, Kazint Palace was swiftly restored to immaculate order under the hands of the court attendants.

Treasury Minister Lighton himself oversaw the work.

Teams of servants carried in sturdy oak chests, each exuding the faint fragrance of dried herbs, roots, and leaves.

The chests were packed with treasures from the Imperial Treasury—medicinal resources gathered and preserved over countless years, a collection so vast and varied it encompassed nearly every known botanical material across the continent.

Angie and Lighton both observed with silent astonishment as these priceless resources were presented, not to alchemists or high-ranking physicians, but placed into the delicate hands of a newly arrived group of women—mysterious figures referred to only as Life Sorcerers.

At first glance, they did not look like battle mages or scholars.

Their presence was quiet, serene. Many resembled the attendants of a great noble household, or even pious nuns from a cloister.

Yet in their silence, there was an unmistakable weight, an aura of discipline and sanctity that no ordinary servant could ever possess.

A flicker of doubt surfaced in Angie's and Lighton's eyes, but it was fleeting.

Their loyalty to their sovereign bordered on blind faith. If the Emperor commanded, they obeyed.

Not one question passed their lips. They executed every detail of Aurek's instructions with flawless precision.

Led by a woman named Eva, ninety-nine Life Sorcerers took up residence within Kazint Palace and its adjoining wings.

What had once been halls of cold stone began to transform almost overnight.

Evergreen plants from the royal greenhouse were carefully transplanted into corners and alcoves.

Wooden trellises wrapped in moonlit vines divided spaces into distinct workstations.

Soon the palace air grew saturated with scents of soil, leaf, and a strange element-infused dust, creating an atmosphere that was at once refreshing and otherworldly.

The transformation was astonishing.

The solemn palace—once austere, even intimidating—now resembled a hidden sanctuary in the depths of a living forest.

It was no longer merely a palace. It was a place where life itself breathed and flourished.

When Emperor Aurek came to personally inspect Kazint Palace, he found within its halls a scene unlike any other.

One hundred Life Sorcerers worked in disciplined silence, each devoted to her task.

Some stood at long worktables, their right palms raised above glowing tomes that hovered serenely in the air—Tomes of Life, radiating soft halos of emerald light.

Within those pages, runes of light shimmered ceaselessly, like streams of living script.

Their left hands hovered gently over various medicinal herbs placed on the tables.

With each delicate touch, it was as if their fingers possessed an unseen magic.

Motions so slight, so graceful, drew forth motes of life-energy—green, blue, pearly white.

The sparks lifted from the herbs, drifting upward like pollen caught in sunlight, then streamed together in rivulets of glowing essence that sank into the hovering tomes.

As each drop of life's essence was absorbed, the Tomes of Life grew more radiant, more weighty, their glow denser, their aura richer—as though knowledge itself were thickening, pages of truth being inscribed one after another in real time.

"My lord."

Eva, standing half a pace behind Aurek, inclined her head reverently.

"We are guiding and recording the life essence of these herbs, imprinting each signature within the Tomes of Life. Every fragment of essence recorded expands our treasury of knowledge. The more essences we inscribe, the more powerful the Tomes become. With that power, we can analyze each material with ever-greater precision. This is the foundation for higher forms of Life Transmutation—the creation of composite essences with multifaceted functions."

Aurek regarded the glowing tome with solemn eyes.

To him, the Tome of Life was no mere grimoire.

It was an alchemist, a naturalist, and a scholar—all fused into one, never weary, never ceasing in its pursuit of understanding.

It was a living scripture, an eternal repository of truth that could grow without end.

Through these tomes, the Life Sorcerers would come to know the very essence of nature as intimately as the lines of their own hands.

They would comprehend it, master it, and, ultimately, wield it with unparalleled precision.

Aurek's gaze shifted.

On the other side of the chamber, another group of Life Sorcerers held in their left hands small, ornate crucibles of glimmering green—objects that seemed almost alive, as though miniature ecosystems thrived within them.

With their right hands they lifted herbs one after another.

This time, the energy drawn forth was not scattered motes but concentrated streams of brilliance, liquid-like, gleaming as though molten gemstones were being coaxed from the plants themselves.

The green crucibles absorbed this radiant essence, glowing brighter with each infusion.

Strange runes etched upon their surfaces seemed to stir and ripple as if awakening from slumber.

Moments later, the glow subsided, withdrawing inward like a tide retreating to the sea. The crucible lay quiet again.

Then, from its core, a single object rose.

A pure essence, flawless and crystalline, emanating gentle waves of vitality.

It floated upward, serene, like fruit ripened to perfection falling from the branch. Its surface gleamed with a luster so enticing it seemed to whisper promises of health, clarity, and peace.

One of the Life Sorcerers, her expression composed and reverent, plucked the essence with a pair of silver forceps designed for this sacred purpose. She approached Aurek and presented it upon a crystal dish, bowing deeply.

"My lord," she said softly. "This is the essence of the Calming Blossom. It has just now been condensed. Please, examine it."

Aurek's eyes narrowed slightly.

"So quickly?"