

Gods Daily 168

Chapter 168: Sophia's Letter to the Emperor

Staring at the stream of notifications before him, Aurek immediately made his choice.

Within the Emperor's Scepter, waves of destructive energy surged forth, filling the royal bedchamber.

Compared to before, the aura of annihilation it exuded had now reached its absolute peak.

All newly bred soldiers would henceforth appear directly in the exclusive barracks outside the city walls.

[Doomsday Warrior upgraded to Lv.7 — 800 can be bred daily][Emperor Points required for next upgrade: 2.5 billion]

[Mountain Shieldbearer upgraded to Lv.6 — 400 can be bred daily][Note: Lv.6 Mountain Shieldbearers possess 2,000 layers of Holy Light Barrier]

[Emperor Points required for next upgrade: 10 million]

[Life Sorcerer upgraded to Lv.5 — 200 can be bred daily][Emperor Points required for next upgrade: 1.4 million][Bonus Rewards: Black Dragon Scale Armor, Mark of Empire]

Lv.7 Doomsday Warriors—that meant at least peak master rank!

Eight hundred of such warriors born every day!

Though the required points were astronomical, each level brought massive increases in production rate.

That was the true, heaven-defying power of the Emperor's Scepter.

From now on, the Empire would gain 800 peak master-rank soldiers per day, elevating its strike capability by an entire tier.

All earlier frustrations caused by casualties and military pressure instantly dissipated from Aurek's heart.

Furthermore, the Mountain Shieldbearer's Holy Light Barrier had grown to two thousand layers—an increase not merely numeric, but geometric in defense potential.

The Empire's total daily output had now reached 1,800 soldiers, a staggering reinforcement to national strength.

In the past sixteen days alone, the Rebirth Pools had already birthed 17,600 new warriors: Doomsday Warriors, 6,400; Elemental Assassins, 6,400; Mountain Shieldbearers, 3,200; Life Sorcerers, 1,600. Now, with the new upgrades, this number would rise even faster.

Yet Aurek did not immediately dispatch reinforcements to Revor Province.

He was waiting—for the first batch of Lv.7 Doomsday Warriors to be born.

His focus then shifted to the two newly unlocked divine techniques: Black Dragon Scale Armor and Mark of Empire—both were high-tier divine arts.

Black Dragon Scale Armor: harness the Empire's might and the power of heaven and earth to form armor or shields shaped like dragon scales.

The defense is extraordinary—if the Empire's power is strong enough, one may even form the Shield of the Empire, a barrier so mighty that even Saints would struggle to break it.

Mark of Empire: a mighty imperial sigil, manifested in three forms—"Emblem of the Lionheart's Reign," "Imperial Decree Crest," and "Pact of the Heaven-Blessed Throne." This divine art transcends even the sage rank.

What made the Mark of Empire unique was that it could directly draw upon national fate to forge the sigil—summoning the power of the cosmos itself into its emblem.

The stronger the Empire grew, the more unfathomable the Mark's might became.

It was a divine art that belonged to Aurek alone.

A glint of anticipation flickered in Aurek's eyes.

In addition, the more than twenty million accumulated points were enough for him to step into peak master rank.

This too was another godlike trait of the Emperor's Scepter—it could share the energy and points gained when attribute soldiers slew their enemies.

The more soldiers under his command, the more endless the stream of power flowing back to him.

Thus, with his Emperor Points abundant, Aurek wasted no time. Between handling government affairs, he began steadily advancing toward peak master rank.

Violet Rose Trade Guild.

A sharp-eyed, capable-looking middle-aged man entered the guild's lavishly decorated hall.

A lean steward hurried forward to greet him and led him through to a secluded pavilion inside.

There, a languid woman reclined upon a soft couch in her signature pose of graceful indifference.

"Miss," the man bowed respectfully. She didn't even lift her eyes. "Why are you here?"

"It is your... friend who sent me—with a letter."

"Oh~~?" The lazy charm in Natasha's gaze brightened with sudden interest. "So that woman still remembers how to write to me?"

"Uh... actually, it's addressed to His Majesty the Emperor in the royal palace..." The man braced himself as he spoke.

Natasha gave a cold little laugh. "Heh. So even she finds him more dear than me? Just like everyone else! What's so good about Aurek, anyway?!"

Her tone brimmed with irritation. Without another word, she tore open the letter.

"You may go," she said curtly.

"Miss, Eryndor City may soon become unstable. The guild president hopes that you—"

"Leave." Her voice turned icy.

The man dared not say another word and quickly withdrew.

Natasha skimmed through the letter; her beautiful face flickered with shifting expressions.

The next instant—her figure vanished from the pavilion.

In a blink, she appeared outside the imperial palace gates, walking straight toward them.

Her steps floated above the ground, elements swirling around her alluring form.

"Stop right there!" The royal guards barked sharply.

Natasha ignored them, her lazy voice drifting out: "Inform your Emperor—tell him I bear a letter from Sophia."

Outside the Imperial Bedchamber—the tulip garden.

A refined pavilion stood amidst blooming tulips, exotic flora, and neatly trimmed hedges.

Its columns were carved with gryphons and eagles, their wings unfurled under the gentle afternoon light.

Nearby, maids poured steaming jasmine tea into porcelain cups, fragrant mist curling into the air.

Aurek sat upon an ornate stone chair, clad in a simple white robe. His posture was upright and composed.

Angie led the languid, graceful visitor to the pavilion, then silently withdrew.

Natasha performed no courtly courtesy. She simply sat naturally at the side, her gaze fixed upon Aurek.

He sat tall and straight, his presence commanding. His features seemed sculpted by divine hands—handsome beyond mortals, radiating the unquestionable authority of a ruler.

His sharp eyes seemed to pierce through souls, gleaming with imperial dominance and the instinct to conquer.

Merely being looked upon by him made one feel an invisible pressure, the kind that only those above all others could exude.

Though his aura was not outwardly released, it carried an overwhelming weight.

"Like a completely different man," Natasha thought to herself.

"Violet Rose Trade Guild's Natasha," Aurek said calmly, his eyes sweeping over her.

Her figure was flawless, as though favored by the Creator Himself.

The fitted high-collar velvet dress clung like a second skin, tracing every breathtaking curve of her body.

A thin veil concealed her face, but her eyes—brimming with languid charm—could melt the coldest ice. That faintly lazy gaze only made her beauty more dangerously intoxicating.

A true enchantress, capable of bringing kingdoms to ruin.

Under his piercing gaze, Natasha tilted her head slightly, avoiding that overly direct look. She handed him the letter.

"Here," she said lightly. "A letter from your Sophia."

Sophia!

Aurek's heart trembled.