

Gods Daily 169

Chapter 169: The Two Girls' Devotion and Sacrifice

The name Sophia had quietly faded from public view ever since Aurek ascended the throne.

She had long since left Eryndor City.

No one knew where she had gone—not even her grandfather, William.

Long ago, Aurek, Josephine, and Sophia had grown up together.

Their memories were filled with days of carefree laughter and innocence.

But ever since Aurek had been forced onto that cold, gilded throne, everything had changed beyond recognition.

Aurek ignored the hint of teasing in Natasha's tone and took the letter from her hands.

The familiar handwriting came into view.

"Hello, Brother Aurek! Surprised to receive a letter from Sophia?"

"Forgive me for leaving without saying goodbye—and for this belated greeting."

"Countless nights I wanted to write to you, but my mentor's strict training and my own desire to grow stronger—to return to your side as soon as I can—kept me from doing so. But that's not an excuse! So you're not allowed to be angry with me!"

"Is Grandfather still healthy? Please say hello to Sister Josephine and Sister Natasha for me."

"Even from afar, tales of your legend have reached my ears like the wind. They say you reformed the Empire with an iron hand, purged the traitors, built an invincible army under your command, and even master-rank powerhouses have fallen before you... haha, my Brother Aurek truly is the brightest star of them all!"

"I've heard about the Firstfall Festival and Sacco's return. But please, don't misunderstand Sister Josephine. She, like me, has always been on your side."

"To rightfully remain in Eryndor City and guard your side, she chose an ancient and thorn-filled path—one so difficult that even our most learned mentors sighed at her decision."

"I originally planned to return before the Firstfall Festival, but knowing that both sisters are in Eryndor City puts me at ease. Still, you can look forward to it—I've prepared a unique gift just for you. And don't worry about those old schemers hiding in the shadows. Leave them to me. You only need to follow your own will and build the future you desire..."

The letter was long—pages filled with the worries and thoughts of a young woman.

Aurek read every line carefully.

His heart, long encased in ice, rippled with emotions too complex for words.

Only now did he realize that Sophia's disappearance back then had not been out of childish willfulness—

She had been taken into the transcendent organization Sigeits Parliament.

That mysterious group had few members, but each one possessed power enough to shake the balance of the entire continent.

Sophia, Josephine, and Natasha had all been chosen by the Parliament's leader in their youth, taken in secretly and trained in its ways.

They had seen through the truth of the Veynar Empire far earlier than Aurek ever did.

They knew that the throne he sat upon was not made of gold—but of burning coals.

As the imperial ship teetered on the edge of collapse, the two girls made a private, almost tragic vow:

If they could not save the Empire, then they would at least protect Aurek, no matter the cost.

Thus, Josephine chose to stay behind.

She abandoned the smooth path of promotion within the Parliament, voluntarily studying an ancient and arduous divine art, hiding herself beneath Eryndor City's glittering surface.

She became the unseen deterrent to countless powers waiting for a chance to strike.

The silence of Oracle Mountain and Crimson Hills, and even the seemingly ordinary blacksmith in the city—were all pieces of her hidden game.

Meanwhile, Sophia chose the path of exile.

She followed her mentor into the wider world, enduring blood and fire to push her limits—all for the day of judgment, when she would have the strength to carve a path through fate itself for Aurek.

Aurek gripped the letter tightly, sinking into deep silence.

Beside him, Natasha rested her chin lazily in one hand, the other swirling a cup of coffee idly.

The amber liquid rippled as her voice drifted out, soft yet carrying a sigh.

"You probably can't even imagine what that foolish girl went through—how she struggled through hell itself just to return to your side sooner, how many times she came back covered in wounds."

"She fought with everything she had, finally reaching the threshold of peak master rank. But to restrain Sacco, she willingly let her rank fall."

"Later, to find you the legendary Glamer Holy Sword, said to contain the power of ancient dragons, she ventured alone into the Valley of Fallen Gods. Even our mentors grew solemn when that place was mentioned. When she returned, she was barely alive—like someone who had crawled back from hell itself."

"Look at you—one woman building your walls in the light, another carving your path through darkness. You've never truly been alone."

"As for Sacco..." Natasha's tone grew colder. "The waters behind him run deep enough to drown the whole Empire. He's likely nothing more than a puppet dancing on the strings of fate. Hmph. If I started talking about that, we'd be here for three days and three nights."

She changed posture again, leaning languidly against the chair as though even speaking was tiresome.

Aurek slowly placed the letter on the table.

He gazed out at the sprawling palace beyond the pavilion, his expression unreadable, his silence long and heavy.

Josephine. Sophia...

He had never known the extent of their hidden sacrifices.

"Karon!"

Aurek's voice turned cold.

He clasped his hands behind his back and looked toward the heavens, his tone carrying the weight of an oath.

"For Sophia's fallen rank, I will make the Ordon Theocracy repay it—with the legacy of ten thousand years!"

Natasha's eyes gleamed faintly, and she murmured in warning,

"You'd best not provoke them first. You have no idea what kind of power a dominion-level force truly holds. Don't waste the sacrifices Sophia and Josephine made for you."

The Violet Rose Trade Guild knew too many secrets, and Natasha understood better than anyone how heavy the title dominion-level power truly was.

"Power?" Aurek's lips curved slightly.

If there was one thing he did not lack, it was potential—vast, immeasurable potential.

All he needed was time and resources.

When the time came, the world would learn what true power really meant.

"Do me a favor," he said firmly. "Bring her a message."

"Tell her—come back."

"Return to my side."

"And tell her that the Empire that once endured humiliation in the shadows is no more."

"From the ashes of pain and ruin, a new and unmatched Crossbridge Empire will rise."

"The East? No—the entire Eura Continent, the entire world! Everything the eye can see shall fall under the banner of the Empire!"

Natasha's beautiful eyes stayed locked on Aurek's back.

An immense kingly aura radiated from him, shaking her heart.

She focused her senses—and felt it.

A surge of terrifying energy pulsing with his emotion, resonating with heaven and earth.

This was... the aura of someone on the verge of stepping into peak master rank!

For the first time, the always-indolent Natasha's eyes flashed with true light.

She looked at the Emperor before her seriously—

This man, whom the world saw as a puppet ruler manipulated by mighty powers, was in truth a being strong enough to defy them all.

Whether it was his words, or the vast power she sensed within him, Natasha fell silent for a long time.

There was no need to ask further.

The answer was already clear in her heart.

"The Holy Son of the Theocracy—Sacco—is coming," she finally said softly.

"Are you ready?"

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