

Gods Daily 173

Chapter 173: Ascending the Firstfall Festival Prayer Altar

The Glamer Holy Sword seemed to sense Aurek's indomitable will.

Its violent struggle ceased at once, the ancient runes along its blade dimming into silence.

Aurek didn't spare it another glance.

He simply lifted the sword and stepped up the jade-white staircase, overlooking all of Eryndor City.

A surge of powerful mind power swept across the land.

"Ancestor Aurek... perhaps your departure three centuries ago only gave them an illusion."

"They should be grateful—grateful that they lived in your era."

He murmured softly.

The Glamer Holy Sword could hear his words, but could not comprehend the depth behind them.

Time would reveal the truth.

Was this a feast—or the final supper before the end?

Only time would tell.

He turned back toward the palace.

The Firstfall Festival was approaching.

In the span of twenty-eight days, the Emperor's Scepter had birthed fifty thousand and four hundred warriors—Among them, twenty-two thousand and four hundred were Level 7 Doomsday Warriors.

That meant twenty-two thousand and four hundred peak master-rank powerhouses!

Inside the Council Hall, William, Heimerdinger, Chuck, Gaia, and other ministers were nervously preparing for the grand ceremonies of the Firstfall Festival and the Empress's coronation.

They had no time to concern themselves with how the world viewed them—Nor did they care about the distant gazes cast upon them from beyond the infinite void.

At the House Tascher Manor, maids entered one after another, carrying luxurious wedding gowns and jewelry.

They dressed Josephine carefully, adorning her with a jeweled crown and a veil of pure white.

At this moment, she was the most beautiful woman in the entire Veynar Empire—radiant, noble, and beyond compare.

Natasha leaned her cheek on her hand by the dressing table, her eyes filled with open envy.

Josephine, however, quietly gazed at the sky, watching the sun sink beyond the horizon...

BOOM!

A solemn morning bell echoed through Eryndor City.

The first ray of dawn pierced through the clouds, shining upon the land.

"Sacred hymns rise, flowers bloom, the people of the Empire rejoice together..."

The choir's chant resounded from the royal palace.

All across the city, people woke early, looking first to the sky, then toward the palace.

Today marked the Ten-Thousandth Year of the Imperial Calendar, the First Day of the First Month—the Firstfall Festival!

It was the anniversary of the Crossbridge Empire's founding.

A procession of resplendent royal carriages and ceremonial guards slowly emerged from the Jade City Gate, heading toward the River Saint Elber outside the city.

Majestic royal guards stood in solemn rows along the streets, their formation stretching all the way to the river and the Royal Mausoleum Hill—the resting place and sacred mountain of the Veynar royal family.

By the riverbank, banners fluttered in the wind, and ranks of elite soldiers stood like an unshakable forest.

William, Heimerdinger, Gaia, Chuck, and other high ministers of the court awaited in reverent silence at the riverside plaza.

Annie wore an elegant ceremonial gown; the hem of her skirt danced lightly in the breeze.

Her gaze fell upon the figure standing at the forefront—the woman in a pristine wedding dress, a jeweled crown glimmering above her flawless beauty.

DONG! DONG! DONG!

With the rising sun, each heavy toll of the bell rolled across heaven and earth.

Then—

BOOM!

The thunderous sound of ceremonial cannons roared from the palace.

Two colossal gryphons—wreathed in fire and water—soared into the sky, pulling behind them a grand and magnificent royal chariot.

Flames and water intertwined above the clouds, painting the heavens in breathtaking hues.

An overwhelming aura of imperial majesty flooded the air, spreading across the skies of Eryndor City like a tidal wave made tangible.

Countless eyes turned upward, all fixed upon the same figure—

A mighty silhouette seated upon the chariot, godlike in grandeur!

The elemental gryphons let out earth-shaking roars.

"May the glory of the Empire shine eternal, and may His Majesty, radiant as the sun itself, endure forever!"

All of Eryndor City fell to their knees in unison.

"He actually uses elemental gryphons to pull his chariot... Aurek never ceases to astound."

High above the clouds, a young man with flame-red hair and a fiery mark upon his right cheek watched in awe.

Creatures of such divine bloodline—rare even among mythical beasts—had limitless potential once nurtured.

To use them as mere chariot beasts... was beyond extravagant.

Lister hovered in the sky, gazing from afar at the figure upon the royal chariot.

The master of this Empire had finally revealed himself.

Streaks of light shot skyward—crimson trails and silvery flashes crossing the morning air.

All across Eryndor City, countless young men and women ascended into the sky, their eyes locked firmly on the Emperor above.

The chariot passed over the Jade Gate, gliding toward the River Saint Elber.

Its overwhelming pressure stirred the river into violent waves, spraying foam into the air.

Every official and soldier knelt in reverence. Even the most dazzling woman upon the platform bowed deeply.

The chariot descended upon the riverside plaza.

Aurek stepped out.

He wore the imperial robe embroidered with golden Black Dragon insignia, its hem fluttering in the wind.

"The people of the Empire pay homage to His Majesty!"

"May the Empire's glory and His Majesty's reign endure for all eternity!"

As Aurek's boots touched the ground, the crowd's voices thundered like an ocean storm.

Aurek grasped the Emperor's Scepter, his gaze sweeping across the masses as he spoke with divine authority:

"The glory of the Empire is shared by all loyal souls! My will—shall be your eternal shield!"

"Thank you, Your Majesty!"

William stepped forward and bowed.

"Your Majesty, the First Snow Prayer Altar is ready. Please ascend to it!"

Aurek turned toward the altar at the riverside plaza.

Ninety-nine steps of pure white stone stretched upward toward the flowing river.

He looked at Josephine.

In her ceremonial gown, she was stunning beyond mortal measure.

She looked back at him, eyes filled with unwavering faith and trust.

Compared to Sophia, she was the fortunate one—she had stayed to guard Eryndor City, and now, she could witness this moment of fulfillment.

Sophia had paid a terrible price, even sacrificing her own rank—yet she would never see this day, never share in the Empire’s ten-thousand-year celebration beside her beloved Aurek.

Josephine’s heart, suppressed for over twenty years, could no longer be contained.

She performed a graceful and solemn courtly bow.

Aurek extended his hand, gently taking hers. Together, they began to ascend the stairway toward the sacred altar.

Her long white wedding gown flowed like moonlight, cascading down the stone steps.

The two figures walked side by side—so harmonious it seemed the world itself had been made for this very union since creation began.

Annie watched the scene, her heart a tangle of emotions.

From afar—the young ladies of the Clover Auction House, the elven visitors from Frostvale, and countless women present all gazed silently at the sight—a moment worthy of immortal verses in bardic songs.

Even those ethereal silhouettes drifting among the clouds felt ripples in their tranquil hearts.

To stand beside him, upon the pinnacle of glory, to gaze down upon the vast lands together—what greater meaning could love or happiness hold?

At the summit of the Prayer Altar, Josephine halted just behind Aurek.

He stepped forward.

At the center stood an ancient Altar of Benediction, upon which rested three sacred relics:

A star-silver amulet engraved with primordial runes, a golden sheaf of acorns symbolizing the earth's abundance, and a crystal chalice shimmering with holy light.

Before the altar, the River Saint Elber flowed ceaselessly.

Aurek stood in silence, grasping the Emperor's Scepter, his gaze lifted toward the boundless heavens.

The morning sun slowly climbed the sky, casting golden light upon the world.

From the icy fortresses of the northern frontier, to the desert citadels of the west; from the Oracle Mountains of the Bimat Highlands, to the peach-blossom sanctuaries of Crimson Hills; from the ancient ports of Goldenflow Bay, to the twin banks of the Kawa River—

Countless eyes turned upward, following that single rising sun.