

## **Gods Daily 61**

### Chapter 61: Will the Emperor Submit to the Ordon Theocracy?

After a round of discussion, Kafka finally decided to make an investment in Aurek.

After all, Aurek had now successfully displayed his worth, and had also increased the bargaining chips in the hands of the Veynar family.

This alone was enough to ensure that he would attract the attention of the Ordon Theocracy.

But still, Kafka felt a lingering sense of doubt. He was not entirely certain whether this young and headstrong emperor would truly bow his head before the Ordon Theocracy.

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Within the walls of the imperial capital, the atmosphere among all the factions had shifted after the previous night's dramatic events.

Their attitudes toward Aurek had undergone a tremendous change.

Many factions now believed that perhaps they could reconsider supporting the royal house, provided of course that the emperor was willing to extend an olive branch in return.

But there was also one more crucial condition.

Emperor Aurek would need to gain the recognition and support of the Ordon Theocracy.

Only then could the Crossbridge Empire enjoy another few centuries of stability.

For the entire empire, the Ordon Theocracy was considered the central pillar upon which everything else rested.

If the Theocracy did not support the throne, then no matter how powerful Aurek might prove to be, it would all amount to nothing.

Thus, every faction watched and waited. They waited for the day when Aurek would personally travel to the Grand Cathedral, and prove his worth to the Ordon Theocracy.

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Meanwhile, the people of House Tascher had also gathered together.

Their topic of discussion was not much different from that of the other great powers in the city.

Everyone could see the same truth: as long as the young emperor Aurek managed to secure the backing of the Ordon Theocracy, then his throne would be firmly secured beyond question.

For House Tascher, this was excellent news. They had gambled correctly by choosing to stand alongside Aurek.

From this point forward, House Tascher would only grow stronger and stronger.

At that moment, one of the elders suddenly spoke up.

"I believe we should take the initiative to reach out to the other factions in the capital. If we can win them over, and combine their strength with His Majesty's, it will be enough to attract the attention of the Ordon Theocracy."

The elder's voice brimmed with confidence, as though he could already see the dawn of House Tascher's rise to glory.

As long as Emperor Aurek could gain the recognition of the Theocracy, the Crossbridge Empire would endure for at least a few more centuries.

And the status of House Tascher would rise with it like the tide. They might even have the chance to become the number one family in the empire.

Yule, the head of the house, uncharacteristically remained silent. His thoughts ran deeper than the others.

Although it was obvious to all that bowing before the Ordon Theocracy would ensure the continuation of the empire, sometimes being too clever meant overlooking what was right in front of one's eyes.

For example, Emperor Aurek himself was still extremely young, but his decisiveness and boldness left no doubt.

No matter whom he faced, he carried himself with the lofty bearing of a sovereign ruler.

Could such a person really humble himself before the Ordon Theocracy?

Even Yule did not know the answer. Until now, he had been unable to fully see through the true mind of Aurek.

Thus he held a cautious attitude regarding the matter. Yet at the same time, he did not refute the suggestions of his elders.

"It is acceptable to use the name of House Tascher to first reach out to these factions. If we succeed in this endeavor, then our house will also share in the credit."

Hearing this, the gathered elders all voiced their approval.

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At Sapphire Bank, Josephine exhaled a long breath of relief. At the same time, her heart swelled with a quiet pride.

After the wager of the previous time, she had finally managed to draw a powerful faction to her emperor's side.

"Natasha," she thought, "this time, you have lost."

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Inside the Grand Cathedral, the clergy of the Ordon Theocracy gathered together, their voices filled with excitement as they discussed.

"Who would have thought it? That little emperor Aurek actually had some ability after all."

"After being cornered, he managed to turn the tables and pull everything back to the starting point. Next, his only move should be to come to us and beg for aid."

"No matter how proud he is, before us of the Ordon Theocracy, he will have no choice but to wag his tail like a dog!"

"I can hardly wait to see the sight! An emperor of an entire nation groveling before us—that alone is amusing to imagine."

Every single one of them firmly believed that Aurek would inevitably seek the aid of the Theocracy.

For the Crossbridge Empire, there was no one they could afford to lose—except the Ordon Theocracy.

They waited for the moment when Aurek would finally leave the palace and come to them.

"Even if he secretly nurtures a new faction of his own, what of it? Even if he feels unwilling in his heart, it will not change the situation in the slightest."

In the eyes of these clergymen, Aurek's title of emperor carried no weight whatsoever.

No matter how exalted the throne might seem, in the end he was only a mortal, nothing comparable to them—awakeners, chosen by the divine.

And more importantly, they belonged to the Ordon Theocracy, an identity that countless people could only envy from afar.

Laughter and scorn rang among them as they ridiculed Aurek.

Meanwhile, Ramos, the white-robed archbishop, silently waited.

A sinister smile flickered across his face as he imagined Aurek's inevitable arrival.

He pictured Aurek kneeling before him, begging for forgiveness. And in that moment, perhaps he would even grant himself the pleasure of delivering a slap across the emperor's face—in front of his very subordinates.

The thought alone filled him with malicious delight, and his expression twisted with satisfaction.

Every power in the empire was waiting, waiting for Aurek's decision.

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Inside Valoria Palace, Aurek was carefully reviewing the list of officials recommended by William.

But this time, things were different.

He had already resolved to abolish the position of Grand Marshal altogether.

From now on, the royal house itself would directly take command as the supreme leadership of the military.

As for the other positions, Aurek mostly accepted the advice of William and Heimerdinger.

Those roles were not so important.

As long as they fulfilled the tasks he had assigned, that was enough.

Beyond the matter of appointments, Aurek's gaze turned to the matter of rewards.

For those who had firmly supported him in this crisis, he was never stingy with his generosity.

Besides the traditional promotion of three ranks, he bestowed upon them abundant treasures.

Of course, these rewards did not come from the imperial treasury.

For the treasury was utterly incapable of bearing such a massive expense at this time.

Instead, Aurek had another source of wealth to thank—Grand Marshal Jacoff and Minister of Police Troy.

Had he not confiscated their estates, he might never have realized just how profitable "confiscating property" could be!

He ordered Angie to take full charge of collecting and securing the spoils of this great purge, storing them in the royal vault.

As for the imperial treasury, Aurek would not be so quick to replenish it—not until he had trustworthy men overseeing it.

But taken as a whole, this purge had been unbelievably profitable.

Aurek estimated that the wealth seized this time would be sufficient to sustain the entire empire for several more years.