

Guardian gods 177

Chapter 177:

The room fell silent as both Olaf and Finn looked in deep thought before Finn spoke up "So where do you and your father come to the equation?"

Yuki smiled before answering "On behalf of my father, I am here to guide and teach you how to act as followers of an ascended gods"

"What's the catch?" Olaf asked.

Yuki raised an eyebrow before shaking her head and said "We require nothing from you" She said halfway before stopping as she could feel the trust she managed to build loosening away, sighing she spoke "Fathers, believes that your highness Björn will be a capable ally in facing the danger posed by the origin gods and their people"

Olaf and Finn looked at each other before sighing "We accept your proposal on teaching us but the agreement for being an ally all depends on his highness Björn"

Finn continued "We are also troubled by the gods and people under them, we had a plan on pushing up against the silver kingdom and their people after the war but we have no idea if they have someone capable as Einar and Helga, we lost a whole army just by them calling upon their god"

Yuki remembered the ridges "I saw that battlefield on my way here and I think it was wise of you to stay back. The silver kingdom hasn't made a move against you shows that they aren't capable of that yet and as we all know an animal is most dangerous when it is cornered. Who is to say they won't do something stupid because of your advancement"

Yuki continued "I propose that you should focus on growing your people and it's army once again, build temples for your god and worship him which in turn strengthen you all so that you can have better confidence when facing the silver kingdom"

Finn and Olaf exchanged a glance, considering Yuki's words carefully. Finn leaned forward, his wings folding slightly behind him as he spoke. "You speak of strategy and faith as if they are intertwined, and perhaps they are. Our people have always been warriors, but we've neglected the spiritual side, believing strength in arms alone would suffice."

Olaf nodded in agreement. "You offer us a path that could lead to not just survival, but prosperity. If what you say is true, then our current state leaves us vulnerable, not just to external threats, but to our own stagnation."

Yuki smiled, sensing their openness to her proposal. "Indeed, the strength of a kingdom lies not just in its soldiers, but in the unity and devotion of its people. Björn's ascension offers you a chance to forge a new path, one that embraces both the might of the sword and the power of faith."

Finn stood up, a determined look in his eyes. "We will heed your counsel, Yuki. Our allegiance to Björn remains steadfast, and if it is his will that we follow this path, then so be it."

Olaf rose as well, his grip on his axe relaxing slightly. "We shall begin preparations immediately."

As Yuki sat at the table with Olaf and Finn, they began to discuss the practical steps of introducing faith and worship to their society. Finn poured them each a cup of tea, his wings folding comfortably behind him as they spoke.

Yuki started, her voice calm but authoritative. "First, we need to establish temples dedicated to Björn. These temples will serve as focal points for worship and gathering."

Olaf nodded, his expression thoughtful. "But where should we build these temples? And how do we convince our people to embrace this new aspect of our culture?"

Yuki leaned forward, her eyes alight with determination. "We start by selecting strategic locations for the temples, places where they can be easily accessed by your people. As for convincing them, it will take time and patience. We must lead by example, showing them the benefits of faith and devotion."

Finn chimed in, his voice resonating with conviction. "Perhaps we can hold ceremonies and rituals to honor Björn, demonstrating the power of collective worship. Our people are warriors, but they also crave purpose and meaning. If we can show them that faith strengthens not just the spirit, but also the sword, they will be more inclined to embrace it."

Olaf nodded in agreement. "And what of the rituals themselves? We must ensure they resonate with our people, that they speak to their warrior spirit."

Yuki smiled, her gaze flickering with anticipation. "We can incorporate elements of our martial tradition into the rituals, weaving together prayer and combat, strength and spirituality. By blending the old with the new, we create something uniquely ours."

Finn raised an eyebrow, intrigued. "You speak as if you have experience in such matters."

Yuki's smile widened. "You forget what my father is, I have studied many cultures and their customs from his shared knowledge. I believe that by drawing upon your own traditions and those of others, we can create something truly powerful."

As dawn broke over the rugged landscape of Björn's kingdom, Yuki, Olaf, and Finn stood outside the site chosen for the first temple dedicated to Björn. The air was crisp with anticipation as they surveyed the area, already envisioning the grand structure that would soon rise from the earth.

Yuki turned to her companions, her eyes shining with determination. "Today, we begin a new Chapter in the history of Björn's kingdom. Today, we lay the foundation for a future where faith and strength are intertwined."

Finn nodded, his wings twitching with excitement. "And we must incorporate our warrior spirit into our rituals and ceremonies. We must show our people that faith and madness are not mutually exclusive, but two sides of the same coin."

With their resolve steeled, they set to work, rallying their people and beginning construction on the temple. The days passed swiftly as the temple took shape, its imposing form a testament to the strength and determination of Björn's followers.

But not everyone welcomed the changes. As whispers of faith and worship spread throughout the kingdom, there were those who resisted, finding the concept both strange and unfamiliar. The process of everything made them doubt even more as there was no blood, madness and chaos that they were familiar with.

Yuki and her new companions faced opposition from others in their own ranks, as some questioned the wisdom of embracing faith in a society built on war and madness. But Yuki remained undeterred, her conviction unwavering as she worked tirelessly to quell their doubts.

"We are not forsaking our traditions," she would say, her voice steady and sure. "We are expanding upon them, forging a new path that honors both our past and our future."

And so, despite the challenges they faced, Yuki, Olaf, and Finn pressed on, their belief in Björn's vision guiding them forward. With each passing day, more of their people came to embrace the new faith, drawn by the promise of strength and unity it offered.

And as the first rays of sunlight illuminated the completed temple, casting a golden glow upon its towering spires, Yuki knew that their efforts had not been in vain.

As the sun dipped below the horizon, casting a warm glow over the newly constructed temple, Yuki, Olaf, and Finn stood before its grand entrance, surrounded by a throng of eager followers. The air buzzed with anticipation as they prepared to offer the first prayer to Björn.

Yuki stepped forward, her voice ringing out clear and commanding. "People of Björn's kingdom, today marks a historic moment in our journey. Today, we stand before this temple, not as warriors alone, but as believers united in faith."

The crowd murmured in agreement, their eyes alight with fervor as they listened to Yuki's words.

Olaf stepped forward, his voice resonating with power. "Let us offer our first prayer to Björn, our king and our god. Let us show him our devotion and our unwavering loyalty."

With that, the crowd fell silent, bowing their heads in reverence as Olaf led them in a solemn prayer. His words echoed through the temple, filling the air with a sense of reverence and awe.

Olaf's voice boomed with authority as he raised his arms to the sky, his eyes burning with fervor. "O Björn, god of madness and war fury, we call upon thee in this sacred space. Grant us the strength to revel in chaos, to embrace the fury of battle, and to unleash our primal instincts upon our foes."

Finn's voice joined Olaf's, his words filled with wild passion. "Björn, we offer you our fervent prayers, soaked in the blood of our enemies and fueled by the fire of our hearts. May our blades be sharp, our minds unyielding, and our souls untamed as we march into the fray."

The crowd echoed their leaders, their voices rising in a cacophony of fervent devotion. "Björn, hear our cries, and bless us with your madness! May we dance upon the edge of insanity, drunk on the ecstasy of battle, and intoxicated by the thrill of victory!"

Nothing happened but Olaf, Finn and Yuki expected that so with no hesitation Olaf raised his Axe and said "With me warriors" Everyone was taken back by his action but Olaf turned into his were beast form easily jumping over the crowd and hastily heading off into the distance.