

Gods Daily 64

Chapter 64: Black Pearl Hotel

The towering walls of Eryndor City stood like ancient guardians.

Upon those walls, several grotesque and twisted "bodies" were hung for all to see.

They were none other than the Hero Rank assassins from the Killer Guild, along with Aris of the Leap Mercenary Corps and several of his elite companions.

Because of their immense strength, their vitality had not allowed them to die immediately.

Even after their humiliating defeat, they realized something astonishing—Aurek had not finished them off.

Despite the torment, despite the agony, he had intentionally left them alive.

Every living being possesses a powerful instinct to survive.

And these men, being elites within their respective factions, had even greater determination.

They firmly believed that their guilds and their comrades would come to rescue them.

And so they endured, hanging on those walls for days.

Aurek's intention was simple, and utterly ruthless.

He wanted their pitiful fate to serve as a message.

A warning to those still lurking in the shadows.

To stand against him was to share this ending.

Their broken bodies on the city walls were proof enough.

Under the scorching sun, vultures circled lazily in the sky.

Spies from the Killer Guild and the Leap Mercenary Corps watched from a distance.

Their eyes widened in horror and rage at the sight of their masters being humiliated in such a way.

Aurek, they whispered to themselves, was nothing but a madman.

They dared not expose their identities now.

No—under no circumstance could they afford to be discovered.

Within the bustling streets of Eryndor, life carried on, though tension clung to the air like smoke.

In a shabby, inconspicuous tavern, several pale-skinned youths dressed in academy robes sat together, speaking loudly.

"The empire is doomed. The Crossbridge Empire is finished!" one cried.

"Emperor Aurek has slaughtered so many people. He's nothing more than a bloody tyrant!"

"How could such a ruler be anything but a curse to us all?"

"Are you not afraid? What if Aurek decides one day to kill you? He ignores the law, ignores human life! How can such a man be worthy of ruling this empire?"

Their voices carried, drawing the attention of other drinkers.

The patrons, wary of danger, instinctively moved away from the group.

In the capital, fear ruled every heart.

Outside the walls, mountains of corpses still rotted in plain view.

And yet, these students dared to speak so recklessly?

Were they insane?

Otherwise, why would they so boldly risk death by criticizing Aurek aloud?

On the tavern's second floor, where the decorations were lavish and the wine far finer, the tavern owner sat across from an old friend.

Together, they sipped from crystal glasses, savoring the rich fruit wine.

"Hyrule War Academy... what are they playing at?" the owner muttered.

"Sending their students to stir trouble in the imperial capital? Are they not afraid of disaster?"

His companion chuckled darkly.

"Don't you see? Those so-called students are nothing but pawns. Fools being used. They are sacrifices in this endless game between Aurek and the academy."

He swirled his drink slowly before continuing.

"Still... Hyrule War Academy students hold influence. If the ignorant common folk are swayed by their words, things could indeed become troublesome for Aurek."

The tavern owner grunted.

"And what of us?"

His companion smirked.

"We, the Brotherhood of Endless Cups, need only sit back and watch the play unfold. Once Aurek bows his head to the Ordon Theocracy, then—and only then—shall we make our move.

As for Hyrule War Academy, they are powerful, yes. But not so foolish as to go to war with the Theocracy for Aurek's sake."

He shook his head, almost pitying.

"Those poor children. They think themselves champions of justice. In truth, they are nothing more than pieces on a chessboard."

As the two spoke, a tavern waiter approached hurriedly.

Though he wore a servant's garb, his bearing was proud, his expression commanding.

The tavern owner immediately stood, bowing with deference.

"Vice Leader, why have you come in person?"

The man—Smith—strode toward the wine rack.

Without hesitation, he chose the most expensive bottle of red, uncorked it, and drank deeply.

"The students from Hyrule War Academy have been far too restless of late," he said coldly.

"There is no need for our Brotherhood of Endless Cups to wade into this filthy water.

From this day forward, none of our taverns shall host such guests.

I came here only to deliver this order."

The tavern owner bowed again, his forehead slick with nervous sweat.

Soon enough, the people of Eryndor began to notice something peculiar.

The students of Hyrule War Academy were spreading their voices across the entire capital, loudly condemning Aurek's cruelty and tyranny.

And yet—strangely—Aurek himself did not respond.

No punishment, no purge.

Not even a word.

Nor did he step foot in the cathedral.

It was as though he had chosen to remain silent.

In the inner city, inside the most opulent restaurant of all, Bruno Valemont sat quietly.

He was tasting the chef's latest creations, delicate pastries crafted with care.

He frowned after a single bite.

"Not sweet enough. Too bland! Are these chefs idiots? Do they not even know how to prepare a proper dessert?!"

His voice thundered through the hall, making the manager tremble violently.

"The Black Pearl Hotel values one thing above all else—quality! Quality, do you understand?"

To serve something like this is to insult the very name of Black Pearl!"

The manager dared not speak.

After all, she only oversaw the Eryndor branch.

But the man before her, Bruno Valemont, was one of the very founders of the Black Pearl Hotel chain.

And under his command, the Black Pearl boasted more than three thousand establishments across the empire.

Bruno's anger simmered, his eyes narrowing.

"I will give you one last chance. If the chefs fail to improve..."

But before he could finish, his words suddenly halted.

His expression shifted. He frowned, eyes drifting to the nightingale perched by the window.

"Speak," he commanded. "What urgent matter has come?"

In the blink of an eye, the nightingale shimmered and transformed.

Before him now stood a woman, masked and garbed in sleek black attire.

"Master," she said softly, "House Tascher seeks an audience. Their patriarch, Yule, is already on his way."

Bruno raised an eyebrow, then smirked faintly, disdain curling his lips.

"House Tascher? Have they already thrown themselves into Aurek's pocket?"

If they seek the support of the Black Pearl, it is not impossible.

But the price... the price will be steep."

He waved his hand dismissively, giving an order to the manager.

"Prepare a conference room. I will meet this Yule personally."

Half an hour later, Yule sat across from Bruno.

The atmosphere was polite, but heavy.

Bruno's smile was calm, his voice smooth as silk.

"Yule, my old friend. What brings you to me so suddenly?"

Yule returned the smile, though in his heart he cursed.

Bruno was sly as a fox.

Of course he already knew why Yule had come.

This game of pretense was only to elevate the Black Pearl's value.

Forcing his irritation down, Yule finally replied.

"My old friend, I heard you had arrived in Eryndor, and naturally, I came to pay my respects.

But beyond that, I also wish to present the Black Pearl with an opportunity.

An opportunity for vast expansion."

Bruno's smile never wavered.

He remained utterly unchanged by Yule's words, as though they meant nothing to him.

"Ah, my dear friend. Allow me to guess.

You came here today to ask for the Black Pearl's support... for Emperor Aurek, am I right?"