

## **Gods Daily 65**

### Chapter 65: The Emperor Falls into a Trap

Bruno had made his stance unmistakably clear.

If the Black Pearl Hotel were to extend its support to Emperor Aurek, it was not impossible.

But there was one condition—Aurek himself would have to issue a direct decree.

As far as Bruno was concerned, persuasion from Yule alone was meaningless.

Yule, however, understood the message hidden within Bruno's silence.

A refusal to answer was in truth an answer of its own.

The Black Pearl Hotel was clearly demanding that Aurek lower himself, to step down from his lofty throne and extend a hand first.

It was not about loyalty—it was about profit, bargaining, and leverage.

"Then there is still room for negotiation?" Yule asked, his brows furrowing.

He knew Aurek far better than Bruno did.

To expect Aurek to humble himself before anyone, let alone issue a decree to court their favor, was impossible.

It was utterly against Aurek's nature.

Bruno, oblivious to the emperor's temperament, simply chuckled and replied smoothly.

"Lord Tascher, I believe I will also need to consult with my subordinates.

As you know, my enterprise is vast. There are matters I cannot decide single-handedly."

Yule sneered inwardly.

"House too vast to rule alone? What a convenient excuse," he thought.

He knew very well that Bruno was stalling.

But Yule also recognized one truth—gaining the support of the Black Pearl Hotel could indeed benefit Aurek's rule.

So despite his private disdain, Yule pressed on, trying one final time.

"Bruno, you must understand. Aurek is no ordinary man.

You have seen his methods with your own eyes.

If you choose to support him, you will be rewarded generously.

But if you continue to hesitate, I advise you to prepare yourself for what comes next."

Having said his piece, Yule refused to waste another breath.

He turned sharply on his heel and strode away.

By now, the truth was plain to him.

Bruno and his ilk still believed they were indispensable.

They had yet to realize that Aurek had never considered them essential.

Even Yule's visit had been a gesture of face-saving, an honor bestowed upon them.

And yet, they had been too blind to see it.

Bruno, hearing Yule's tone grow firmer, found his smile slipping.

This was not what he had expected.

Yule's unyielding stance unsettled him.

Something was off.

Logically speaking, the pressure upon Aurek should have been immense.

The students of Hyrule War Academy were stirring unrest throughout the empire.

That turmoil fell squarely upon Aurek's shoulders.

By all rights, Aurek should have been desperate, not defiant.

So why did he still dare to speak with such confidence?

What right did he have?

Yes, Aurek had proven himself cunning, perhaps ruthless.

But could he really withstand the combined indifference of so many powerful factions?

And Hyrule War Academy was no minor opponent.

To provoke them was to invite disaster.

If Aurek lost their favor, even gathering capable ministers for his cabinet would become impossible.

Bruno wrestled with the contradictions, then settled once again into scorn.

He would wait.

Yes, wait and watch.

Let Aurek reveal his hand when the storm finally broke.

If the emperor wished for Black Pearl's backing, he would first have to show some humility.

Until then, the Hotel would remain on the sidelines.

After all, the ones under pressure were not them.

But in Aurek's eyes, the truth was far harsher.

The Black Pearl Hotel had power, yes—but only some.

Enough to matter, but never enough to command his deference.

To expect him to lower himself before them?

Absurd.

In his heart, Aurek dismissed them entirely.

"What is the Black Pearl Hotel but a passing name?"

Yule left the Black Pearl premises.

By now, he too understood.

There was no point in visiting the other organizations.

They were all the same—opportunists unwilling to act without guaranteed gain.

But Aurek... Aurek had no need for them.

Meanwhile, in the dark alleys of Eryndor's outer city, a chilling encounter unfolded.

"Damn it! Who are you people?" one student barked.

A group of Hyrule War Academy students stood tense, their eyes narrowing at the figures surrounding them.

Before them, armored men stepped into the dim light.

They were soldiers of the Manhattan Legion.

With practiced precision, they closed ranks, encircling the students completely.

Their cold smirks glinted like steel, eyes gleaming with predatory amusement.

To them, these academy youths were nothing more than lambs awaiting slaughter.

"You brats have some nerve," one soldier sneered.

"To insult Emperor Aurek, to spread such seditious words.

Do you not fear the empire's justice? Do you not fear the law?"

The students exchanged uneasy glances.

Finally, one of them stepped forward, frowning.

"If I recall correctly, the Manhattan Legion has not sworn allegiance to Aurek.

So why meddle in affairs that do not concern you?"

The question drew laughter—low, cruel, mocking.

The soldiers' grins twisted into something darker.

"Young fool, you are correct.

We are not Aurek's men.

We will never bow to him.

In fact, we despise him more than you can imagine.

We would gladly see him torn limb from limb."

The student's eyes widened.

"Then why—?"

But the words died on his lips.

The soldiers drew their blades in unison.

Steel hissed through the night air.

Before the students could even react, the swords flashed.

Heads toppled.

Bodies crumpled.

Blood pooled on the cobblestones.

For battle-hardened killers like these, slaying a handful of untrained students was effortless.

The squad leader stepped forward, kicking one severed head aside with disdain.

A mocking smile curled his lips.

"You poor children," he murmured.

"You know nothing.

Let me enlighten you—Aurek commands a force of assassins.

Invisible. Deadly.

They strike from the shadows, killing without leaving a trace."

He gestured at the fallen students.

"Tell me... when word spreads of your deaths, what will Hyrule War Academy believe?"

Will they not suspect Aurek?

Will they not blame him for butchering his own people?"

The plan was clear.

The Manhattan Legion—once the brother-in-arms of the Leap Mercenary Corps—now stood fully opposed to Aurek.

And the students of Hyrule War Academy were perfect pawns.

Naïve, bookish, blind to the cruelty of war.

These killings would ignite a fire.

The academy's anger would boil over.

They would believe Aurek guilty.

They would not rest until he was challenged.

And when that war came, when Hyrule War Academy clashed head-on with Aurek, both sides would bleed.

Both sides would break.

And the Manhattan Legion would stand ready, swooping in to reap the spoils.

In the imperial capital, tension swelled.

Whispers spread like wildfire, carrying the tale of bloodied corpses and severed heads.

The murders had been guided by an invisible hand, a deliberate push.

In mere hours, the entire city was alight with rumor.

The students of Hyrule War Academy rushed to the scene of the slaughter.

When they arrived and saw the lifeless bodies of four of their peers, rage consumed them.

"The tyrant!" one cried.

"That cursed tyrant dares kill our academy's own!"

Their fury echoed through the streets.

And the storm drew closer still.