

Gods Daily 79

Chapter 79: The Purge of the Black Pearl Hotel

The oppressive aura of an Expert Rank powerhouse suddenly erupted at the gates of the Black Pearl Hotel.

It was Bruno.

His fury was palpable, rolling outward like a storm.

The crushing pressure fell directly upon the three trembling students before him.

"You wretches dare slander me with such lies?!" he roared, his voice booming like thunder.

Yet in that very instant, Commander Pippin, standing nearby, allowed his own fury to burst forth.

His aura flared, colliding violently with Bruno's in midair.

The invisible clash of power rippled across the courtyard like shockwaves.

Neither side yielded an inch.

"Commander Pippin," Bruno barked, his tone edged with both outrage and desperation, "do you truly believe such obvious lies? Can you honestly say you trust their words?"

But Pippin did not answer immediately.

He only gave Bruno a calm, almost dismissive glance.

Then, his voice rang out, cold and merciless:

"Whether I believe them or not... that is irrelevant.

What matters is that His Majesty believes."

As he spoke, he produced a scroll—sealed with the unmistakable crest of Aurek himself.

The moment Bruno laid eyes on it, his heart plummeted.

His face twisted, drained of color.

He understood everything at once.

The accusations of the students, true or false, meant nothing.

What mattered was the will of the emperor.

And this decree made that will crystal clear.

This was not justice.

This was not an investigation.

This was judgment.

Aurek had chosen to strike down the Black Pearl Hotel.

Bruno thought back bitterly.

This decree was the fruit of his failed gamble—the cost of daring to reject Yule’s proposal.

He had hoped to bend the emperor, to force concessions.

Instead, Aurek had resolved to erase them completely.

The bitterest irony of all—Bruno was innocent of the very crime they accused him of.

Yes, he had met those three students. But it was no more than an attempt to gather intelligence.

He had never ordered them to curse the emperor, nor to incite rebellion.

But it no longer mattered.

His anger, his protests—all were meaningless against Aurek’s wrath.

Meanwhile, Pippin showed no intent to waste more time.

He raised his hand and declared with solemn authority:

"By His Majesty’s order—

The Black Pearl Hotel is to be seized in its entirety.

All staff are to be arrested.

If anyone resists during the enforcement of this decree... kill them all!"

The command snapped like a whip.

The black-armored soldiers advanced at once, their boots pounding the earth in unison.

Inside, the loyal fighters of the Black Pearl Hotel rushed to Bruno's side, ready to defend him.

A battle hovered on the edge of eruption.

But then Bruno raised his hand.

"Stand down!" he barked, halting them before the clash began.

His gaze locked on Pippin, his tone grave.

"I want to see the emperor personally."

Pippin's answer was immediate, sharp as a blade.

"You have no such right. Without His Majesty's command, you are not even worthy of an audience."

There was no hesitation, no compromise in his words.

To Pippin, Bruno was nothing.

Just another Expert Rank, just another petty lord.

And the cruelest part—Pippin himself was also only an Expert Rank.

Yet he looked down upon Bruno as though he were an insect.

Somewhere along the way, Pippin's perspective had shifted.

In Aurek's empire, even powerful Experts were reduced to small characters in the larger play.

Bruno felt the contempt cut deep.

His fists clenched.

The humiliation burned within him like acid.

He had spent his life building the Black Pearl Hotel, turning it into a force to be reckoned with.

And now, in the emperor's eyes, it was nothing but a trifle—

a distraction to be brushed aside.

Was he a joke?

Had all his posturing, all his pride, been nothing but comedy in Aurek's gaze?

The realization crushed him.

And yet, strangely, his fury gave way to calm.

He thought back on the battle earlier that day.

The ten Doomsday Warriors had laid waste to the War Academy.

Even Everett Rhys, half a step into Master Rank, had been forced to flee, burning a priceless Phoenix Feather just to survive.

Against such might, what chance did the Black Pearl Hotel ever truly have?

In truth, Aurek had no need to take them seriously.

Bruno now understood—it was his own misjudgment that had led to this disaster.

Still, he did not see himself as wrong.

Everything he had done was for the hotel's benefit, to secure greater profit, greater influence.

But now, he had to face the consequence.

"Commander Pippin," Bruno said steadily, "I accept all the charges you lay upon me.

But this was my doing alone.

Do not drag the entire Black Pearl Hotel into this.

I will go with you willingly, to face His Majesty's judgment."

Pippin studied him for a long moment, his eyes unreadable.

Finally, he gave a faint nod.

"Seize him."

The soldiers moved forward, chains in hand.

Behind Bruno, his loyal men bristled, their faces twisted with unwillingness.

They wanted to fight, to strike back.

After all, they had prospered under his leadership, shared in his spoils.

But Bruno turned on them with fury, voice like a whip crack.

"You fools! What are you thinking?"

This is the Crossbridge Empire.

We must obey the emperor's law!"

"I trust His Majesty. He will uncover the truth and clear the Black Pearl Hotel's name."

He sounded firm, unshakable.

But sweat drenched his back.

Because he knew better than anyone—the War Academy was still smoldering ruins.

He could not allow the hotel to share the same fate.

In his heart, he resolved to stall.

The Black Pearl Hotel was not his alone.

There were shareholders, hidden partners.

Sooner or later, they would realize the crisis and intervene.

All he needed was time.

And so, the end came swiftly.

The Black Pearl Hotel was sealed by imperial decree.

Bruno, along with his staff, was arrested and dragged away.

News spread like wildfire through the streets of Eryndor City.

Whispers filled every tavern, every market stall.

The mighty Black Pearl Hotel—brought low in a single day.

Fear gripped every faction.

Would they be next?

The answer came quickly.

Imperial soldiers fanned out across the city, surrounding the compounds of one faction after another.

Those who had sat on the sidelines, waiting and watching, were rounded up and escorted to the palace.

The ones hidden deeper, the shadow factions, held their breath, their eyes locked upon the palace gates.

It was obvious to all.

Aurek was not simply punishing the guilty.

He was making a statement.

In the heart of the palace, Aurek himself stood smiling faintly.

Before him, the numbers of his Emperor Points ticked ever higher.

The harvest was rich.

And the efficiency of his reaping had grown once again.