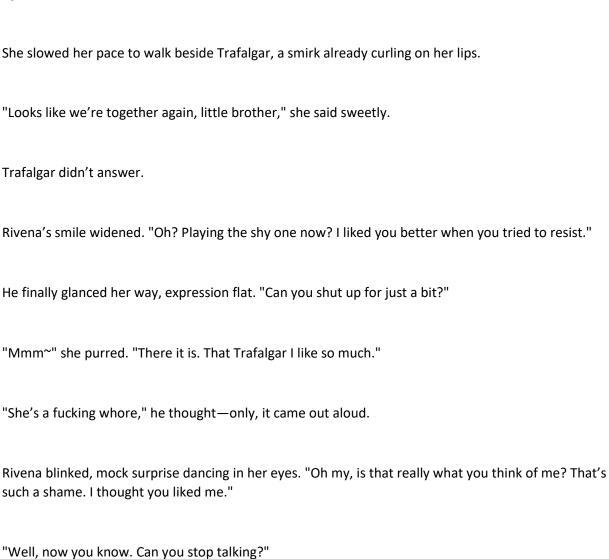
Tyrant 11

Chapter 11: Blood and Steel

The stone corridors of the Morgain estate echoed with footsteps. Trafalgar kept his distance, trailing the soldier who led the way through the castle halls. Up ahead, the towering figure of Valttair du Morgain walked with steady purpose. Behind the patriarch followed three of his children—Helgar, silent and imposing; Elira, graceful and unreadable; and lastly, Rivena, whose presence felt like a dagger pressed against his neck.



The corridor opened onto the main courtyard—the same one where Valttair had been welcomed that morning. The air was colder now, sharper, the sky coated with grey clouds like iron wool. Hundreds of

She didn't reply. Instead, she laughed quietly and returned to her place beside Helgar and Elira.

glistening scales and predatory eyes. Trafalgar's eyes widened slightly. 'I still can't get used to this. Seeing wyverns... in real life... it's insane.' One by one, the soldiers saluted Valttair with loud, thunderous voices that echoed across the walls. They also acknowledged his children—except for him. Whispers began the moment they saw his face. "Is the youngest coming too?" "Are they trying to get rid of him with a staged accident?" Trafalgar's jaw tightened. 'Do I always have to be the damn center of attention? I just wanted to slip by unnoticed. Fuck's sake.' Soon, a stablehand arrived with a line of horses and a mana-enhanced carriage for the Morgain siblings. Valttair mounted his horse with ease, followed by Helgar, Elira, and Rivena. Trafalgar stepped toward the carriage. "I'll take this." Rivena laughed openly. Helgar just snorted. 'Tch. I don't know how to ride a horse. It is what it is.' As the convoy began to move, the wheels of the carriage groaned softly under him. Trafalgar peered out

the small window, watching the snow-covered mountains in the distance and the charred remains of

villages they passed—silent testimony of the monster attacks.

The journey had begun.

soldiers stood at attention, armored and mounted on warhorses, some even astride wyverns with

The wheels of the carriage hummed softly as it cut through snow-dusted trails. Outside, the sky had darkened further, casting an eerie pall over the war-torn landscape. Trafalgar leaned against the window, chin resting on his palm, eyes scanning the passing scenery.

Burned homes. Collapsed barns. Scorch marks in the snow.

Villages left in ruin.

He blinked as movement in the sky caught his attention—wyverns circling above like vultures. Their riders scanned the horizon, searching for danger.

'This is war,' he thought. 'No tutorial. Just straight into hell.'

Something shifted on the edge of the horizon. At first, it looked like shadows—then they moved.

Dozens of grotesque figures clawed their way through the snow: fur-covered monstrosities with jagged limbs, fanged maws and too many eyes. Some looked like wolves twisted by nightmare, others like armored bears stitched together by dark magic. Their snarls carried even from afar.

'What the fuck is that thing?'

His hands tensed as the carriage slowed to a halt. Outside, the soldiers began dismounting. Orders were shouted. Lines were forming.

The door creaked open. A cold gust of air slapped his face.

"Let's go," said the soldier.

Trafalgar stepped out, boots crunching into the snow. The mana-infused carriage pulsed softly behind him, fading to a dormant state.





[Passive Skill – Sword Insight (Lv.Max)] Lines of motion shimmered in the air. The footwork of Helgar, the pivot of Elira, the weight transfer in Rivena's strikes—Trafalgar saw it all. Absorbed it. Understood it. His temples throbbed. His head pounded. 'Ugh—fuck—my brain... it's too much.' He clutched his forehead with his left hand, staggering slightly. Information poured in like a flood without a dam. But the monsters weren't waiting. A wolf-like beast leapt at him—two meters tall, eyes glowing crimson, teeth like daggers. Trafalgar's body moved on its own. He sidestepped the charge, twisted his torso, and drove his sword upward into the creature's neck. It screeched and collapsed, twitching violently as blood sprayed across the snow. He stared at it, breathing hard. '...I killed it.' Another came. This one snarled as it lunged low. Trafalgar pivoted his foot just like Elira had. His sword cut across its face. A third beast pounced—he reversed the blade's grip and stabbed it mid-air.

'My body... it's moving like I've trained for years.'

Somewhere behind him, Valttair stood still on horseback, watching with narrowed eyes. "Hmph. Not bad, for someone who never trained properly with guidence." More monsters came. The snow grew red. Screams and steel clashed in the distance. Trafalgar's world had shrunk to instinct, blade, and blood. Then came the sound that tore everything apart. A roar—massive, guttural, ancient. The very ground trembled beneath it. A shadow loomed across the battlefield as a giant beast stepped into view, each footfall sinking into the earth. It stood at least thirty meters tall—like a malformed troll covered in molten scales and bone armor. Its eyes burned with unnatural light. Trafalgar looked up, mouth dry. 'No fucking way. That's too much. I just reincarnated into this damn world.' The beast raised its clawed arm and swung it down. One of the abandoned village structures exploded in a hail of wood and flame. Debris flew in every direction. Trafalgar threw himself behind a broken cart, shielding his head as planks and rock pelted the ground. A soldier called to him from behind a crumbled wall. "Over here! Get behind this!" Trafalgar ran, sliding behind the barricade next to the man, panting. "Thanks..."

