

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 Valtair 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.

She slowed her pace to walk beside Trafalgar, a smirk already curling on her lips.

"Looks like we're together again, little brother," she said sweetly.

Trafalgar didn't answer.

Rivena's smile widened. "Oh? Playing the shy one now? I liked you better when you tried to resist."

He finally glanced her way, expression flat. "Can you shut up for just a bit?"

"Mmm~" she purred. "There it is. That Trafalgar I like so much."

"She's a fucking whore," he thought—only, it came out aloud.

Rivena blinked, mock surprise dancing in her eyes. "Oh my, is that really what you think of me? That's such a shame. I thought you liked me."

"Well, now you know. Can you stop talking?"

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

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

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

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.

Before him lay a battlefield—not a vision, not a metaphor. A real one. The monsters roamed free, scattered across the open terrain. Some already noticed the army's arrival.

Valttair turned from his horse, swordless but regal, and raised a hand.

"Alright, time to work."

His children dismounted with mechanical grace. Weapons shimmered into existence.

Rivena's curved blade appeared in her hand, glowing faintly with red enchantments.

Helgar summoned a massive greatsword, nearly as tall as he was.

Elira held twin shortswords, flipping them once before taking her stance.

Trafalgar gulped and focused, summoning his own blade. A dull, unremarkable sword blinked into his grip.

[Sword – Common]

'Please don't snap the moment I swing you.'

Valttair turned and caught sight of it.

"What is that thing you're holding?"

Trafalgar didn't flinch. "A sword? Why?"

"I didn't give you something better?"

"I'm afraid not."

Valttair rubbed his chin. "Right... my bad. I usually give each of my children a proper weapon when they awaken their core."

Trafalgar nodded slightly. "Guess it's my fault for awakening so late, Father."

Valttair gave a low chuckle. "Well, if you survive this, I'll forge you one myself."

Then, without warning, he shoved Trafalgar forward, toward the frontlines.

"Go on, then. Show them what it means to be a Morgain."

Trafalgar stumbled, catching his balance in the snow. His grip tightened on the sword.

'Is this really happening?'

Trafalgar inhaled sharply, the cold air biting at his lungs. Ahead, the battlefield stirred—monsters closing in, soldiers moving like trained wolves, his siblings already darting into combat.

He stood still for a heartbeat, frozen.

Then something clicked.

A pulse deep in his chest. No—a pull.

The world around him slowed, just enough for his instincts to take over.

[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 guidance."

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..."

But something was off.

Then came the whisper:

"This is a gift from your whore of a sister."

Trafalgar's eyes widened.

A dagger flashed.

Time didn't slow.

It shattered.

The moment the dagger lunged for his throat, something deep within Trafalgar surged.

[Bloodline: is stirring...]

His hand moved before he could think.

He caught the assassin's wrist mid-strike.

The soldier's eyes widened, just a flicker of panic flashing through his mask of calm.

Trafalgar's grip tightened.

"Nice try," he muttered coldly.

His own sword materialized in a burst of light, the plain steel humming faintly in his grip.

[Sword – Common]

In one fluid motion, he drove the blade forward—through armor, through bone, through the bastard's heart.

The false soldier gasped. Blood filled his mouth as he collapsed onto Trafalgar, warm and heavy.

For a moment, there was silence.

Then—

"Shit. Shit. Shit!!"

Trafalgar shoved the body off of him, chest heaving. His clothes were soaked in blood—not monster blood, not paint, human blood.

His mind spun. Adrenaline roared in his ears.

'Rivena... that bitch actually tried to have me killed.'

He didn't get time to breathe.

A sound like a blade tearing through the sky cracked above them.

A blue-cyan light split the clouds. The battlefield lit up with divine brilliance as a colossal pressure pressed down on everything.

Trafalgar looked up.

The thirty-meter beast turned its head—too slow.

SLASH.

A single, clean cut. The monster's massive body split diagonally, then collapsed in two burning heaps. Smoke and flame erupted as its insides tore apart, soaking the battlefield in silence.

The source of the slash stood at the edge of the carnage.

Valttair du Morgain.

He lowered his glowing sword, its energy dispersing like mist. Not a scratch on him. Not a flicker of concern in his grey eyes.

Trafalgar blinked, stunned. The body of the traitor still lay beside him.

'He... just cut it in half. Like it was nothing.'

Valttair turned his gaze in his direction. No words—just a look.

A reminder.

This was the man he called Father.

Trafalgar wiped blood from his face, breath ragged.

"This is too much..."