

Tyrant 119

Chapter 119: The Weight of a Name

The moment Trafalgar's voice echoed through the cavern, everything changed.

Morgain.

The name alone was enough to turn steel into lead in the hands of the mercenaries. Several lowered their weapons instinctively, exchanging uneasy glances. Among the Eight Great Families, the Morgains were not only feared but notorious—whispers of their brutality and reach had spread across all the world. To attack one, even by chance, was to dig your own grave.

Leon's face drained of color. The confidence he had tried to wear cracked like brittle glass. "Y-You're a Morgain?" His words stumbled, half disbelief, half terror.

Trafalgar didn't bother to answer. He stood calm and silent, Maledicta resting loosely at his side, his cold blue eyes fixed on Leon as if dissecting him piece by piece. The silence pressed down heavier than any threat.

One of the mercenaries faltered first. His crossbow shook in his hands before he finally let it drop. "Young master, we've made a mistake," he whispered harshly, panic rising in his voice. "We can't fight this. Attacking a Morgain is suicide, he have families to go back to."

"Shut up!" Leon barked, but his voice cracked.

Trafalgar finally moved. A single step forward, his presence like a blade unsheathed. His voice, low and sharp, cut through the air. "Why did you aim for my life?"

The mercenaries exchanged tense glances, the silence choking them. Finally, one of them blurted out the truth, his voice trembling. "It was... it was the young master's order!"

Leon stiffened, his eyes widening as he spun toward the speaker. "Lies!" he snapped, desperation leaking through every word. "I never said that! Don't twist my intentions!"

But Trafalgar's gaze didn't waver. He already knew who held the leash.

Leon's face twisted, sweat already forming along his brow despite the chill of the cavern. His words came out rushed, uneven.

"T-This is all a misunderstanding. My men must have acted without my order. I—I would never give such a command against a Morgain!"

Trafalgar tilted his head slightly, his blue eyes narrowing. He didn't speak. The silence was suffocating, and Leon faltered under it. Every time he tried to meet Trafalgar's gaze, his own eyes darted away, betraying him.

The mercenaries shifted nervously. A few lowered their weapons further, uncertain if they would be punished for obeying Leon's original command or for standing against the Morgain now.

Desperate, Leon seized on a thread. "Wait—I know Augusto!" His voice cracked, then steadied as he clung to the excuse. "Yes, Augusto has a debt to House Mariven. That's the truth. I only came here to settle that debt, nothing more. This has nothing to do with you, Morgain."

At the sound of his name, Augusto's tail flicked sharply, his eyes narrowing. He stepped forward, placing himself beside Trafalgar. Garrika joined him, her wolf ears twitching, her sharp green eyes locking on Leon with a predatory focus. Together, they flanked Trafalgar like sentinels, silent but imposing.

Leon's throat bobbed as he tried to steady his tone. "See? It is between us. Augusto knows what I speak of."

But Trafalgar finally broke his silence, his tone calm and cold. "A private matter, is it?" He gestured lazily toward the corpse of the mercenary he had killed. "Then why aim at my throat? That looks less like collecting a debt and more like an execution."

Leon froze, lips parting but no answer coming.

Trafalgar's expression didn't change as he took another step forward. His boots echoed against the stone, drawing every eye toward him. He raised Maledicta slightly, the blade still dripping ichor, and gestured toward the fallen mercenary near the entrance.

"Do you see that corpse, Leon?" His voice was calm, almost conversational, but every word carried the weight of a blade. "He died because of you. Your order put a crossbow in his hands. And just like him, you should know—actions have consequences. Your attempt to kill me will have them too."

Leon opened his mouth to protest, but no sound came.

Trafalgar's gaze sharpened, piercing him like frost. "And the way you tried to do it... hiding in the shadows, waiting until the battle drained us, then striking from behind?" His lip curled faintly. "You are a coward."

The silence in the cavern grew heavy, suffocating. Then Trafalgar lifted his right hand.

An item shimmered into existence, the Shadowlink Echo. A tool that could carry his words instantly to his family, to Caelum to be more precise.

He let the item rest in his palm, spinning slowly as though waiting for a command. "One message. That's all it would take. And House Mariven would be finished before sunrise."

The mercenaries paled, fear written on every face. A few stepped back unconsciously, as though distance would save them from what was coming.

Even Augusto's eyes flicked toward the orb, recognizing the authority it represented. Garrika smirked openly, her green eyes mocking Leon, silently savoring his humiliation.

Leon stood frozen. His face drained of color, his body rigid, every ounce of his earlier arrogance shattered. He was trapped.

Leon's lips trembled before words finally spilled out. "W-Wait! There's no need for this. Don't... don't contact your family." His hands twitched at his sides, knuckles white from the force of his grip. "Follow me back to Mariven Port. My father will compensate you personally. He'll make this right."

The mercenaries glanced at one another nervously, the tension so thick it made them sweat despite the chill. They knew the boy's plea wasn't an offer—it was desperation clothed in thin words.

Trafalgar turned the Shadowlink Echo slowly in his palm, letting its black glow illuminate his face. His expression was blank, but his eyes burned with cold calculation. 'Hell yeah this worked just right. If I hadn't acted in time I would have been a corpse like the man I just killed... well he tried to kill me so that justifies it.'

He closed his hand around the orb, the glow dimming until it vanished into nothing. The silence that followed was deafening.

Then, his voice cut through the cavern, quiet but commanding. "Lead the way, Leon von Mariven. Let's hear your father explain this... misunderstanding."

Leon's chest rose sharply as he swallowed hard. "Y-Yes," he said quickly, his voice quivering despite his effort to sound composed. "My father... he'll make sure you are rewarded. You have my word."

Trafalgar remained silent, the faintest curve at the corner of his lips the only sign of his thoughts. He had won without swinging his blade.