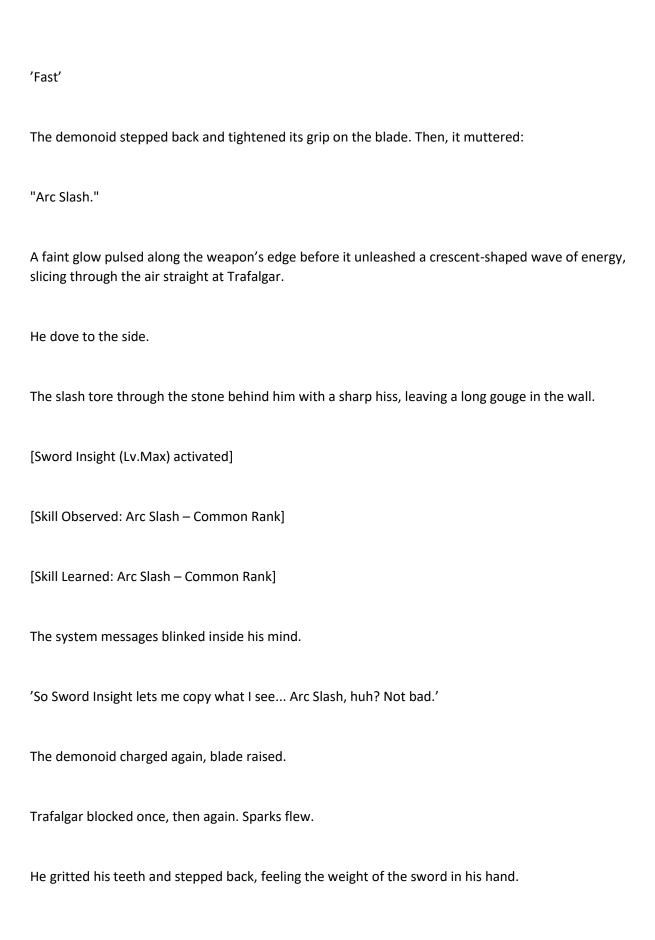
Tyrant 12



| Then the first projectile came—crimson and fast. A bolt of condensed flame, aimed straight at his head. |
|--|
| He dove sideways, the heat searing his cheek as the spell slammed into the dirt behind him. |
| He landed hard—right beside the corpse of the Morgain soldier he had stabbed to survive. |
| The same sword was still embedded in the man's chest. |
| Trafalgar stared at it, hesitating. |
| 'I don't want to touch it again.' |
| But he had no choice. |
| His hand wrapped around the hilt. He yanked it free. A sickening spray of blood followed as the steel slid from the soldier's pierced heart. |
| No time for guilt. |
| A shadow fell over him. |
| Trafalgar spun just in time to see a demonoid—black robes, two curved horns, glowing red eyes—lunging at him with a jagged blade. |
| Instinct took over. |
| Trafalgar stepped in, twisted his hips, and with one clean motion, severed the creature's head from its shoulders. |
| The body collapsed, twitching. |

| Then the headache hit him—sharp and sudden. |
|--|
| "Ah—!" He staggered, clutching his temple. |
| [Sword Insight (Lv.Max) activated] |
| His vision blurred as dozens of movements, postures, and clashes began to etch themselves into his memory. Every fight around him—every swing, every feint, every kill—was being recorded. |
| Burned into him. |
| 'I need to get to Valttair. That's the safest place right now.' |
| Trafalgar gritted his teeth and started running. |
| Screams echoed through the night. Steel clashed against steel. Spells lit the sky with bursts of fire and lightning. |
| Trafalgar pushed forward, dodging debris and weaving between fallen bodies. The demonoids were relentless—casting spells, swinging blades, moving like trained assassins. |
| Ahead, one blocked his path. |
| It looked similar to the one he had just killed—black cloak, two horns—but its eyes were pitch black instead of red. It grinned, revealing sharpened teeth. |
| Without a word, the creature dashed forward. |
| Trafalgar raised his blade just in time to parry the first slash. |

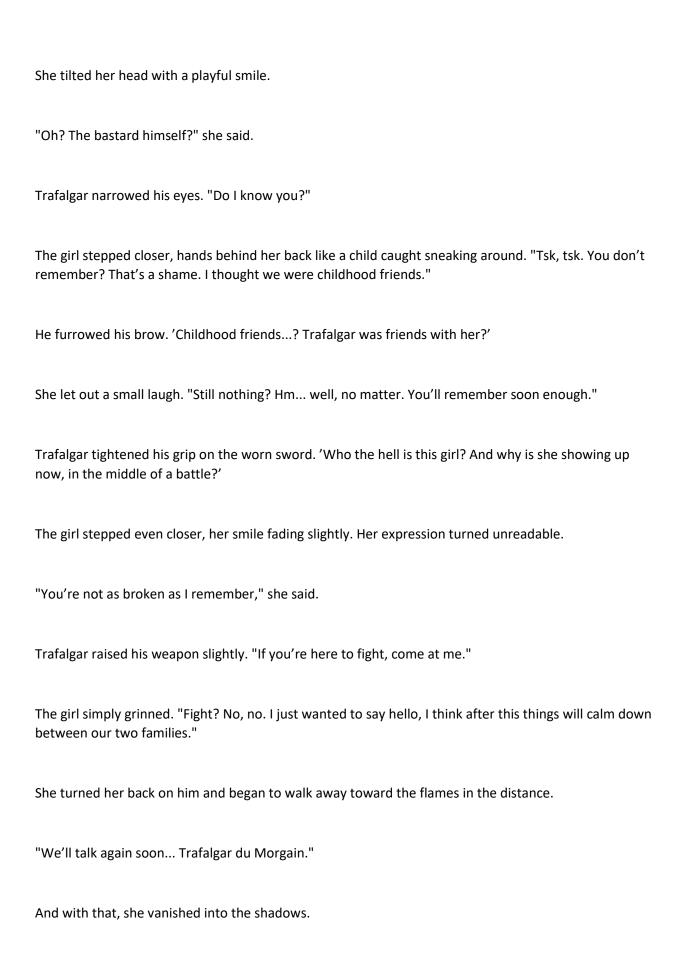




A soft chime echoed in his head. [Weapon durability low: Common Sword – 19% remaining] "Shit," he muttered under his breath, glancing at the cracked blade. It was stained with blood, the edge chipped and trembling in his grip. 'Now's not the time for this. I need to reach my father.' The stone roads were littered with debris, corpses, and glowing embers. The chaos of battle had spread through the district. In the distance, he could hear a thunderous roar—not from a beast, but from raw magic detonating in the air. Trafalgar darted into a narrow alley, boots splashing through pools of blood and ash—only to stop dead in his tracks. The path was blocked by collapsed rubble. "Perfect..." he growled. Before he could decide whether to climb or backtrack, a female voice called out from the other end of the alley. Trafalgar turned swiftly toward the voice.

At the far end of the alley, stepping out from the shadows, was a girl around his age. She wearing a tattered cloak over fitted black leather armor. Her skin was pale. Two black horns curved from her forehead, and long purple hair flowed behind her in waves.

Her eyes were greyish— not glowing, but faintly shimmering.



Trafalgar stood there frozen for a few seconds.

'...What the fuck was that?'