

Tyrant 15

Chapter 15: The Ninth Speaks

Trafalgar stood in the corridor, just outside his room. A few meters ahead, he saw Mayla — her waist held by a man in armor, who was trying to pull her closer with a smug look on his face.

The soldier looked to be in his forties, with black hair and a dark beard. He wore light plate armor, though no visible weapons were on him.

'He must be keeping them in his inventory,' Trafalgar thought, noting that both of the man's hands were on Mayla.

The soldier noticed him and spoke casually.

"Trafalgar, good. I was just coming to get you. Your father wants to see you."

He let go of Mayla, though his eyes lingered on her for a moment too long.

'Disgusting bastard,' Trafalgar thought.

Mayla had always been the only person in this place who truly cared — for the old Trafalgar and for him now. She had never treated him with shame, never hidden her concern.

The soldier straightened up and motioned with his chin.

"Come on, Trafalgar. Follow me."

There was no respect in his voice. Of course, no one in this house had ever given him any.

Trafalgar didn't move.

The soldier frowned. "Didn't you hear me? I said follow me."

Trafalgar's expression hardened. "Who are you?"

Three simple words — but not something the old Trafalgar would have ever dared to say. The old one would've lowered his head and followed like a beaten dog. But not him. Not now. This world had already taught him how to survive, and he knew he had to adapt quickly.

The soldier scoffed. "Me? I'm... Roland. Now stop wasting time and come."

Trafalgar didn't budge. His eyes remained fixed on the man.

"You deaf or something?" the soldier barked. "Your father's waiting."

"No," Trafalgar said calmly. "I think you're the one who's deaf. I asked who you are — not your name."

Roland hesitated. His brow furrowed slightly, confusion creeping into his expression.

He opened his mouth again. "I'm a soldier of House Morgain."

Trafalgar stepped forward, voice still cold. "Good, so you're not deaf. Now let's find out if you're just stupid or pretending."

He stopped a few feet from the man. "Who am I?"

Roland blinked. "Trafalgar?"

"No. Wrong." Trafalgar narrowed his eyes. "I give you one more try. Make it count."

This time, Roland straightened his back. His tone shifted — slower, more careful, the casual arrogance gone.

"You are Trafalgar du Morgain... Ninth Heir of the Morgain family, son of Valtair du Morgain, the Sword God."

Trafalgar gave a faint smile. "Better. So you do have a brain after all."

Then his voice dropped, sharper. "Now summon your sword."

Roland tensed. "Why would you want my sword, sir?"

Trafalgar tilted his head. "Did I say you could ask questions? I told you to summon it."

Without another word, Roland obeyed. A flash of light appeared in his hand as the system responded.

Trafalgar took the sword from him. Roland's hand remained extended in the air, fingers still half-open.

[Item Acquired] – Silver Sword (Rare Rank)

In one clean motion, Trafalgar swung the blade.

A sickening sound followed — flesh splitting, bone snapping.

Roland screamed and fell to his knees. His severed hand landed on the cold stone floor between them, blood pooling fast.

'Looks like I could cut through it thanks to the item's rank,' Trafalgar thought calmly.

He tossed the sword back, letting it clatter beside the trembling soldier.

"You can store it again now," he said, voice devoid of emotion. "Pick up your hand."

Roland's face was pale, twisted in pain, but he obeyed.

"Now lead me to my father. And next time you think about putting your hands on what's mine or speaking to me without respect—"

Trafalgar leaned in, eyes cold.

"—the next thing I cut won't be so forgiving."

Roland nodded rapidly, sweat mixing with the blood on his face.

The two began walking down the corridor — Trafalgar in calm, steady steps, and Roland stumbling ahead of him, clutching his severed hand with his remaining one. Blood dripped from the wound, leaving a trail along the polished stone floor.

Behind them, Mayla stood frozen in place. Her eyes were wide, lips parted slightly. She had not expected that — not from him.

Trafalgar glanced over his shoulder. "I'll see you later."

She gave no reply, only nodded silently and turned to fetch cleaning supplies, her movements stiff.

The silence between Trafalgar and the soldier stretched on as they made their way through the winding interior of the fortress. Servants and guards looked away as they passed, either pretending not to notice or too afraid to intervene.

Eventually, they reached a circular chamber. In its center stood a platform made of black steel, etched with faint glowing runes. A simple metal railing ran along the edge.

Breathing heavily, Roland spoke through clenched teeth. "Young Master... please, hold on to the rail."

Trafalgar placed a hand on the bar. A second later, the platform vibrated slightly and began to rise — slow and smooth, lifted by invisible magic.

He glanced at the soldier, who kept his head down, trembling.

'I didn't want to do it,' Trafalgar thought. 'But I have to send a clear message. If I want to survive in this house for the next three months, they need to understand what happens when they cross the line with me.'

As the elevator ascended, the castle slowly gave way to light. At the top, only one door awaited.

The platform came to a smooth stop.

In front of them stood a single door — tall, dark wood with silver trims. The only entrance on the entire top floor.

Roland turned his head slightly, still breathing through gritted teeth. "We've arrived, Young Master."

Trafalgar didn't move. He stared at the door, arms crossed.

After a few seconds, he spoke. "Do I have to open it myself?"

Roland's eyes widened. "Oh! Forgive my rudeness— of course not, sir."

With trembling fingers, he reached for the handle and pushed the door open.

The heavy door opened with a soft creak.

The hearth in Valtair's private study crackled softly, casting golden light across shelves of ancient tomes and the steel sheen of countless swords mounted on the walls.

The room was massive, but there was no warmth in its grandeur.

Behind the obsidian desk stood Valtair du Morgain, his arms crossed behind his back, staring out through the wide arched window that framed the snowy expanse of his domain.

The mountains loomed like frozen titans, and below them, the castle stretched over the cliffs like a fortress carved from ice and shadow.

Valttair turned slightly, his crimson eyes landing on the blood-soaked figure of the soldier — and on Trafalgar, who stood beside him without a scratch.

"What is going on?" he asked, voice calm but sharp.

Trafalgar stepped forward. "The escort you sent tried to put his hands on my personal maid. He also addressed me without respect. I gave him a punishment I deemed fair."

Valttair studied him in silence, then looked at the soldier. Blood still dripped from the stump.

"...I see. You did well to protect your name."

He turned fully now, expression unreadable. "You. Go to the healers. I trust my son taught you a lesson."

The words hit harder than the blade had.

Roland bowed his head, clutching his wrist. "Yes, my lord."

He turned and left the room quickly, boots leaving faint streaks of blood on the stone floor.

Trafalgar remained where he was, unmoving.

'He called me his son...'