

Tyrant 16

Chapter 16: The Chosen Blade

Trafalgar stood in front of Valttair once again.

"You surprised me," Valttair said, arms still behind his back. "I didn't expect you to act that way — defending your maid, defending our name."

"I believe I did what I should, Father."

"Good. I like that. That's how you should've acted from the beginning. Well... better late than never, as they say. I called you here for the promise I made. Today, you will receive your weapon."

"My weapon?" Trafalgar asked.

"Correct. I told you before we went to deal with the emergency, didn't I? All my children receive a blade after awakening their mana core. Though all of them got theirs at age three. You're the first to get it at fifteen."

Trafalgar blinked. 'He's insane. Who gives a sword to a three-year-old?'

Out loud, he said, "Sorry I wasn't a son worth the effort until recently."

"It doesn't matter," Valttair replied, unmoved. "I imagine you awakened some sort of unique talent, considering how you went from nothing to awakened in a single night. Tell me — what rank is your talent?"

Trafalgar held back a breath.

'I can't tell him it's SSS. In the first game, the highest was S. Maybe it's the same in this world. Better to go with something that sounds strong but not suspicious.'

"A-rank, Father."

Valttair narrowed his eyes. "A, hmm? Seems I was mistaken then. Don't get me wrong — most of my children are A-rank. All but three. Lysandra, Rivena, and Maeron. Though I suppose you already knew that."

Trafalgar nodded silently, though he hadn't known anything about the rank his siblings were.

He raised his voice again. "May I ask you something, Father?"

Valttair glanced at him. "It seems your behavior's grown bolder too. Go ahead — I'll allow one question."

"Thank you. What was the cause of yesterday's attack?"

"Ah, that?" Valttair waved a hand dismissively. "Nothing serious. I've missed a few of the Council's meetings lately, and we've had minor territorial issues with another Great House. They just wanted to send a message — to push for a formal discussion."

Trafalgar nodded slowly.

'They're insane. Who sends monsters as a negotiation tactic? What happened to messengers?'

He opened his mouth again. "One more question, if I—"

"No," Valttair interrupted. "You've used your chance. Next one, earn it. Come, time to retrieve your weapon."

Valttair turned away from his desk and walked toward one of the walls. He pressed his hand against a panel.

A low hum echoed as a section of the wall shifted. A hidden passage opened, revealing a staircase descending into darkness.

Valttair looked over his shoulder. "Go through there and choose a sword. This is the Morgain family treasury. Each of my children is allowed one treasure. Go. Return when you've chosen."

Trafalgar stepped into the hidden passage.

The light from the study faded behind him as the stone door slid shut. For a moment, he stood in pitch black.

Then, a faint glow appeared at the bottom of a long staircase. He began to descend.

Step by step, the air grew cooler, denser. The silence was absolute.

When he reached the bottom, the chamber opened before him — vast, gold-trimmed, and lined with endless racks of weapons. The floor was polished obsidian, and the walls shimmered with embedded mana stones.

Trafalgar stared. Dozens of weapons: swords, spears, rapiers, katanas, even exotic blades he didn't recognize.

He walked past the nearest display and ran his fingers over a crimson longsword.

[Item Acquired: Crimson Howl — Rank: Legendary]

He raised an eyebrow.

The next was a sleek katana.

[Item Acquired: Veinslicer – Rank: Legendary]

And then a rapier with a violet glow.

[Item Acquired: Silent Iris – Rank: Legendary]

He kept moving.

None of them called to him. None felt... right.

As he stepped near a low table, his foot caught on something hidden beneath it. He stumbled forward and dropped to his knees with a small grunt.

"Ow... what the hell?"

He turned to see what he'd tripped over.

Under the table, wrapped tightly in a faded cloth, was a long object — dusty, ignored.

Trafalgar pulled it free and removed the cloth.

It was a sword. Simple. The hilt was black, matching the color of his hair. The blade was clean silver, but the way it reflected light made it seem almost blue — a deep, dark blue like his eyes.

A system window appeared.

[Item Acquired: Maledicta – Evolutive Weapon, Common Rank]

He stared at it.

"Maledicta, huh... Evolutive Weapon? That actually sounds promising. In games, these things always end up brokenly strong. And if I add SSS Talent on top of that..."

A small grin formed on his lips.

"I think I've found my sword. Let's see if Valttair accepts it."

Trafalgar emerged from the hidden chamber with the sword still in hand. He hadn't sheathed it. Not yet. Not until Valttair approved it.

He stepped back into the study. Valttair was already standing near his obsidian desk, arms crossed.

"Have you chosen?" — he asked without turning around.

"Yes," Trafalgar replied calmly. "This will be my sword."

Valttair slowly turned to face him. His eyes locked onto the weapon, frowning.

"I don't remember placing a sword like that in the treasury. Hand it over."

Trafalgar hesitated for a moment, then extended the blade.

Valttair took it with one hand and examined it carefully. His gaze sharpened.

"[Epic Rank]? How could something like this end up in the Morgain treasury? Hmph. No matter. Put this away. Go back and choose another. I'll personally get rid of this piece of junk."

"No," Trafalgar said firmly.

Valttair raised an eyebrow.

"No? You're defying your father's word?"

"This sword... it reflects who I am. Trash, like I was until just days ago. Just like me. I'd like to keep it."

A long silence followed. Valttair stared at him, trying to determine if this boldness was real or a fleeting spark.

Finally, he handed the sword back.

"Fine. Take it. Just don't regret it later."

Trafalgar accepted it, gripping it tightly with both hands.

"I won't."

"Good. You may leave."

"Thank you, father."

He turned and walked toward the door, steps steady.

As he opened it, a thought crossed his mind:

'Looks like the system didn't let him detect it's an evolutive weapon because it shows him another rank... Works in my favor.'