

Tyrant 167

Chapter 167: Cemetery of Swords

Silence pressed against the walls, broken only by the faint drip of water from the faucet. Trafalgar sat in the bath, the compass resting in his damp hand, waiting—hoping—for the voice to return. But the air remained still.

His jaw tightened. "How the hell did you even speak to me?" he muttered aloud, the words echoing faintly against the tiles. No answer came.

He leaned back, staring at the ceiling. 'Of course. She's not going to make this easy. She doesn't want me to find her. Which means... I'll have to wait until fate decides to throw her in my path again.'

His thoughts circled back to her message, cutting and simple: get stronger.

'I'm already trying. Everything I've done since waking up in this world has been about surviving, about getting stronger. But if she went out of her way to say it again... then she must mean I'm not moving fast enough.'

His fingers curled around the compass, knuckles white. That explained her demand: to use it on Mordrek's killer, not on her. The assassin was here, somewhere in Morgain territory. Finding it would make him stronger—or at least force him to fight.

But the idea twisted his gut. 'I don't like it. What I want is to find her. I need answers—why I'm here, why me, what the hell this "destiny" is supposed to mean. That's what I've been chasing since the beginning.'

Steam fogged the air, curling in pale tendrils around him. His reflection on the water rippled, distorted, as if even the bath mocked his uncertainty.

For the first time in hours, Trafalgar lowered the compass onto the edge of the tub. He exhaled a long, unsteady breath. 'Get stronger, huh? As if I needed the reminder...'

Trafalgar rose from the bath, water streaming down his body. He grabbed a thick towel and began drying himself, his reflection staring back at him from the enchanted mirror.

'Now on top of everything, Euclid is under my name.' He let out a humorless laugh, rubbing the towel through his hair. 'Why? Does Valtair really think that highly of me? Maybe it's obvious after I revealed my SSS talent... but still. Handing me an entire territory?'

He tied the towel around his waist and leaned against the counter, frowning at his reflection. The thought spun in his head relentlessly. Euclid wasn't just land. It was a Gate—an open connection to Velkaris. That alone made it dangerous, valuable, and potentially the strongest card he had.

'With Euclid, I can move between territories without anyone realizing. That's an insane advantage. But the downside...'

He paused, scowling. 'I'm still in the academy. I just got there. How am I supposed to manage a territory while I'm away? It makes no sense. Either Valtair wants to test me, or he's setting me up for something bigger.'

He dried the rest of his body and began pulling on his clothes, piece by piece, still lost in thought.

'I'll need someone I can trust to hold Euclid for me. Someone loyal, competent, and already close to me. The answer's obvious—Caelum. With Mayla awake and safe, he doesn't need to guard her anymore. I can bring her with me to Velkaris, which frees him up. He's the only one I'd risk handing the keys to.'

He fastened his belt, straightened his jacket, and exhaled. 'I'll talk to Valtair about it when the time comes. But with the recent attack, Euclid's in pieces. Whoever takes charge will also have to rebuild.'

Trafalgar shook his head, the weight settling in his chest. 'Great. A ruined city, a Gate to guard, and enemies everywhere. Just what I needed.'

Trafalgar left the bathroom behind, his footsteps echoing softly as he descended the stone staircases, three floors down. The fortress seemed quieter now, the distant murmur of voices fading into the walls. By the time he reached the lower level, the silence was almost absolute.

'I saw the Cemetery of Swords when we landed with the wyverns... might as well take a closer look. Tomorrow the whole family will gather there, but I want to see it for myself first.'

He turned toward the exit, only to feel a sharp gust slip through the cracks of the heavy doors. Even before stepping outside, the chill bit into his skin. He frowned. 'If I go out like this, I'll freeze solid. Even with the Primordial Body, this kind of cold is no joke.'

Glancing to the side, he noticed a row of heavy coats hanging on wooden hooks. Thick, fur-lined cloaks, designed for this brutal climate. He reached out, pulled one down, and slipped it over his shoulders. Warmth immediately settled in, though the fabric weighed on him like armor.

The System gave no reaction. No message, no ping. Just silence.

'Right. Not an item, just clothes. Means I can't store it in the inventory. Shame—this would've been useful to keep.'

He pulled the hood up, adjusted the clasps, and pressed his shoulder against the door. The hinges groaned as he pushed it open.

The wind slammed into him instantly, icy and merciless. Snow whipped across the stone courtyard, stinging his face. Even wrapped in fur, even with the resilience of his Primordial Body, the cold gnawed at his bones.

Trafalgar squinted against the gale and stepped out into the night. 'Guess this is what counts as "fresh air" up here.'

Ahead, the Cemetery of Swords loomed in the darkness.

The courtyard stretched wide before him, and beyond it rose the Cemetery of Swords. The night was clear, the stars burning brighter than torches, bathing the entire site in a pale, silver light. No lanterns, no flames—only the heavens above, their glow spilling over steel and stone.

Trafalgar walked forward slowly, the crunch of snow under his boots muffled by the wind. The cemetery rose in circular terraces, each ring higher than the last, leading toward a center platform at the peak.

His breath caught as he took it in.

Thousands of blades. No—tens of thousands. Swords of every kind jutted from the frozen earth, their hilts glinting under the starlight. Longswords, rapiers, katanas, daggers—it was as if every generation of Morgains had left a mark here, each weapon carrying the weight of its owner's name.

'These aren't ordinary weapons,' Trafalgar thought, running his eyes over the variety of shapes. 'Some of them look like true items—legendary, maybe even unique. And there are... so many.'

He climbed the first terrace, then the next, his steps slow, respectful despite himself. The higher he went, the more the air seemed to thrum, as if the swords themselves hummed with memories. The starlight shimmered against every blade, turning the cemetery into a sea of steel constellations.

At last, he reached the summit.

There, at the center, stood a single sword apart from all the rest. It wasn't thrust into the ground like the others—it was chained down, heavy links binding it to the stone platform. Radiance bled from its edge, not like a Unique-grade weapon, but something greater, something that shouldn't exist.

Trafalgar stared, words caught in his throat.

Then, behind him, a voice broke the silence—familiar, one he had heard at the dinner.

"That sword belonged to the first Morgain."