

Tyrant 201

Chapter 201: Crescent of Retribution

Trafalgar crouched beside Mayla and cut through the thick ropes with one clean stroke. The strands fell away, brushing against the floor.

"I'm here," he said quietly, his voice steady despite the noise echoing beyond the walls. "Stay behind me."

Mayla rubbed her wrists, the skin red and marked. "What's happening? Are they... from your family?"

He shook his head. "I'll explain later. Garrika's fighting five of them outside. I need to help her." He glanced toward the half-open door, where distant shouts and metal clashing filled the air. "You'll hide here until we're done, understood?"

Mayla hesitated, then nodded. Her hand caught his sleeve before he could turn. "Be careful, Trafalgar. Don't get hurt."

For a second he froze, surprised by the warmth in her voice. The same concern as always—simple, honest. 'Even now... she still worries like before.'

He managed a small, awkward smile, trying to look confident for her sake. "I'll be fine. Just lock the door from inside."

He pulled free gently, leaving her crouched beside the broken chair. As the door creaked shut, her worried eyes lingered through the gap until the lock clicked.

The hallway beyond smelled of smoke and dust. Shouts echoed from deeper inside—the sound of Garrika's growl followed by the crash of splintering wood. Trafalgar's steps grew quieter, calculated.

'A five-on-one... typical of Lucien's thugs. They always swarm instead of fighting fair.'

His jaw tightened. The last time, Lucien had tried the same trick—kidnapping, threats, turning people into property. 'I warned him. Once should've been enough.'

The thought alone made his chest feel heavy, not with fear, but irritation sharp enough to sting. He exhaled slowly and moved toward the noise. It was time to settle this properly.

Trafalgar stopped behind a stack of wooden barrels, keeping his breathing low. From here, the whole scene unfolded clearly. Garrika was surrounded—five men closing in, blades flashing under the flickering mana lamps. She moved fast, her claws striking sparks each time they met steel.

He stayed still, watching.

'Five opponents... but none of them move like trained soldiers. Garrika's handling it well, but if they corner her, even she'll get cut.'

He studied them one by one, letting the analyst inside him take over.

The first—light armor, one-handed sword. His posture gave it away immediately. '[Duelist].' The moment Trafalgar focused, the familiar pulse of his passive triggered—Sword Insight. For a second, he followed the man's movements. Yet no pain followed, no mental strain.

'Weird. No headache. So there's nothing worth memorizing... means his technique's worse than mine.'

He shifted his gaze. Lucien stood at the center, weaving sparks of flame between his fingers—[Pyromancer]. Two more thugs circled: one moved low and light, twin daggers glinting. '[Rogue]. Common class... Caelum had the same.' The other, bulkier, fists wrapped in metal bands—'[Brawler]. The tank.'

But the last one drew his full attention. Hooded, muttering faintly as purple mist curled around his hands. 'A debuffer? What the hell is that class called? But he is my main priority to strike.'

A loud clang echoed—Garrika smashed one man into a crate. Splinters flew, but another attacker lunged immediately. She blocked with her forearm, snarling.

Trafalgar's fingers brushed the air, and a dark shimmer formed in his hand. Maledicta materialized with a low hum, its surface rippling with faint blue mana.

He crouched lower, eyes narrowing as energy gathered around him.

'Five enemies. One opening.' He inhaled deeply, steady, focused. 'Let's test the Pulse Core properly.'

Mana flared through Trafalgar's body, a cold vibration pulsing from his core to the tips of his fingers. His grip on Maledicta tightened until the hilt creaked.

He exhaled once—slow, measured—and pressed his right foot into the ground.

The world seemed to stretch.

[Severing Step].

The air snapped apart with a violent hiss.

Whsssh—!

In the blink of an eye, his form blurred—then vanished entirely. The pressure wave rippled outward, scattering dust and light. A heartbeat later, he materialized in front of the [Hexbinder], close enough to see the fear widen in the man's pupils.

The caster barely lifted his hands to chant. Too slow.

Trafalgar's sword arm moved. It wasn't a swing—it was an equation, perfectly executed.

[Morgain's Final Crescent]

Mana flooded into Maledicta until the blade bled black light. The air twisted violently around its edge, bending as if gravity itself had turned sideways. The swing came from below, rising in an inverted arc.

SHHK—THRMM!

A streak of obsidian light erupted forward, a crescent of condensed mana that howled through the space. The slash didn't just cut—it erased the air in its path.

The [Hexbinder] froze mid-step. For a heartbeat, the sound vanished. Then a faint crack echoed, followed by the slow separation of flesh from bone.

Thud.

The body toppled backward.

Thmp—roll... roll...

The head struck the floor twice before coming to rest at Lucien's feet, leaving a dark trail behind it that shimmered faintly with black flames.

The room fell silent. Garrika stopped mid-motion, eyes wide, her claws still raised.

Lucien's breath hitched as he looked from the rolling head to the figure standing amid the dying crescent's glow—Trafalgar, motionless, his sword humming low like a living thing.

Then came the scream:

"TRAFALGAR DU MORGAIN!! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE!?"

The echo carried through the warehouse, swallowed only by the faint hiss of fading black fire.

Garrika landed beside him, boots skidding across the blood-stained floor. Her claws gleamed under the mana light, eyes burning bright green.

"Well," she muttered with a half-grin, "took you long enough. Is Mayla okay?"

Trafalgar's sword lowered slightly, black mana still rippling across Maledicta's edge. "She's fine," he said, tone clipped but steady. His gaze never left Lucien. "Now it's two against four."

Lucien stood frozen, the severed head at his feet leaking a thin line of blood across the stone. His expression was confusion twisted with rage, as if his brain still refused to process what had happened.

The [Brawler] shifted in front of him—massive frame tense, shielding his employer—while the [Pyromancer] behind tried to summon another flame, trembling. To their right, the [Rogue] crept into position behind Garrika, daggers ready, and the [Duelist] stood beside him, blade raised.

Garrika's lips pulled back, revealing sharp fangs. The faint growl that followed wasn't human.