

Tyrant 202

Chapter 202: The Lycan's Hunt

Trafalgar let out a short, dry laugh at Lucien's confused question. The sound echoed strangely in the tense air.

"How can you ask that?" he said, taking a step forward, Maledicta still lowered but alive with faint mana. "You kidnapped someone important to me. You remember what happened last time, don't you? I told you what would happen if you ever touched anything of mine again. I'd send my family to erase you."

Lucien's expression cracked. A tremor ran through his body, a cold realization washing over him. Even the men fighting Garrika froze for a heartbeat, thrown off by Trafalgar's tone.

Lucien raised a shaking hand. "W-wait! Stop!"

The [Rogue] and [Duelist] hesitated mid-swing, both stepping back. The warehouse fell into uneasy silence, broken only by Garrika's low breathing and the drip of blood from the decapitated body nearby.

Lucien's voice wavered, desperate. "This has to be a misunderstanding, Lord Trafalgar du Morgain! I haven't gone near your property since that day. I've followed every word you said. I don't know why you killed one of my men. Garrika appeared out of nowhere and attacked first!"

Trafalgar tilted his head slightly. "Is that so? Then what about the girl you tied up? The one I told you not to touch."

Lucien swallowed, words tumbling out. "Her? I—I didn't know she was yours, my lord. Please forgive me."

Garrika let out a sharp snort. "You never learn, huh?"

"Shut up, bitch," Lucien spat, glaring at her. "I still have scars from last time."

She raised her claws, eyes flashing. "Want new ones?"

Lucien ignored her, turning back to Trafalgar. "We can settle this... like before, yes?"

Trafalgar's answer was quiet but final. "I'm afraid not, Lucien. I gave my first and last warning."

Lucien straightened slowly, forcing a grin that didn't reach his eyes. "Well, Trafalgar... seems we still have the numbers on our side." His fingers twitched, sparks of flame gathering around them. "Let's see how long that confidence lasts."

Trafalgar didn't even blink. He turned his head slightly toward Garrika, his voice calm and measured.

"Take the [Rogue] and the [Duelist]. Don't hold back."

Garrika grinned, fangs flashing under the flickering mana lamps. Her tail swayed once behind her, the motion lazy but sharp. "Got it. You'll handle the rest?"

He nodded. "Lucien and the big one are mine."

Garrika glanced at him again, reading the hard line of his jaw and the quiet anger in his eyes. It wasn't the cold indifference she was used to—it was something else, sharper, protective. She felt her pulse quicken in response. 'He's pissed because they touched her... gods, that's actually kind of hot.'

"Fine," she said, rolling her shoulders. "I'll make it quick. You can play with your two after."

"Appreciate it," Trafalgar murmured.

Across the hall, Lucien barked orders. The [Brawler] stepped forward, muscles tensing; the [Rogue] and [Duelist] spread out to flank Garrika. Heat from Lucien's mana made the air shimmer, the scent of smoke and blood mingling in the warehouse.

Trafalgar raised Maledicta, its dark blade humming softly. Garrika's claws extended, catching the faint blue glow of the lamps.

For a brief moment, everything stilled—their eyes locked across the broken floor, four opponents tightening their stance against two predators.

Then Garrika's voice cut the silence, low and eager.

"Let's see if you rats can still move after this."

The first move came from the [Rogue]. He vanished into the dim light with [Silent Step], his mana signature fading completely. The faint scuff of a boot sole was the only trace he left behind—too soft for most to notice, but Garrika's ears twitched.

She didn't turn. Her nostrils flared once. The smell of sweat and cheap iron crept closer from behind.

Clang!

Her right arm swept backward, claws intercepting twin daggers mid-swing. Sparks exploded where steel met bone. The Rogue staggered, eyes wide; he hadn't expected her to react.

"Wrong prey to stalk," she hissed.

The [Duelist] didn't hesitate. Using [Precision Stance], he dashed in from the front, sword glinting silver. Each thrust came in perfect rhythm—one, two, three—but Garrika flowed around them, feet sliding over the dusty floor with predatory grace. She ducked beneath a horizontal slash, then snapped upward with her left claw. The impact sent the Duelist stumbling back, a thin cut now across his chest.

The Rogue lunged again, spinning low. This time his off-hand flicked forward—a small needle glimmering in the lamplight. Thunk. It nicked Garrika's shoulder. Her body jerked slightly, the limb tingling.

"A paralytic?" she growled, flexing her arm. Her regeneration fought the venom immediately, mana pulsing through her veins. The burn faded within seconds. "Cute trick."

She crouched low. [Lupine Rush].

A flash of movement—she became a blur of claws and fur. In an instant she slammed into the Rogue, both of them crashing against a wall. Her knee pinned his arm, claws carving deep lines through his leather vest.

He tried to roll away, activating [Shadow Roll], twisting beneath her strike and disappearing into the gloom again. But Garrika's head snapped toward the sound of his heartbeat.

"Found you."

She spun, kicking off the wall, and both feet lashed out. Her clawed toes raked across the floor and caught him mid-escape—CRUNCH! His ribs folded under the impact, breath bursting from his lungs.

The Duelist charged again, sword raised. He caught her flank with a shallow cut, the edge biting through fur. Garrika snarled and turned, eyes burning bright gold now.

Her hands blurred. [Beast Claw Barrage]!

Dozens of strikes fell in less than a second—slashes that shredded steel, cloth, and flesh alike. The Duelist barely managed a block before his guard shattered. Her claws ripped through his arm, sending his weapon spinning across the ground.

The Rogue tried to crawl away, coughing blood. Garrika stepped over him, shadow falling across his face. "You're done."

She raised a claw, still dripping, and drove it straight through his chest.

The body went limp instantly. She exhaled hard, her chest rising and falling, adrenaline burning away the fading traces of poison.

Only the Duelist remained upright, bleeding heavily, eyes wide with disbelief. Garrika turned toward him slowly, claws flexing, breath steadying into a low growl that reverberated through the ruined hall.

"Round two," she muttered, voice rough with excitement.

The [Duelist] was desperate now. Blood dripped from his sleeve as he picked up his sword with his remaining hand, breathing raggedly. His eyes darted between Garrika and the corpses at her feet. Fear crept into every motion, yet pride forced him forward one last time.

He inhaled sharply and lunged with a roar, activating [Feint Mirage]. A shimmer rippled through the air, creating two after-images that split left and right, both striking simultaneously. It was a textbook maneuver — elegant, precise, and useless.

Garrika didn't even blink. She closed her eyes for half a second and sniffed. The scent of iron and sweat gave him away instantly.

"There."

She sidestepped the illusion, grabbed his wrist mid-thrust, and slammed him into a broken pillar. Stone cracked on impact. The man gasped, dropping his sword again. Garrika leaned close, her voice low, almost playful. "You should've run."

Her teeth flashed white as she bit down. [Moonfang Rend]!

CRUNCH!

A sickening sound tore through the warehouse. Her fangs pierced deep into his neck and shoulder, tearing through both armor and bone. Mana burst outward in a small, blue shockwave, leaving only silence behind. When she let go, he was already falling, eyes glassy, blood soaking the floor.

Garrika wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, a faint grin curling her lips. "Two down. No fun at all."

The air around her was heavy with the copper scent of blood and burnt dust. Her heartbeat slowed, instincts easing now that her prey lay still. She looked across the room, ears twitching at the roar of mana.

Trafalgar was already engaged—his blade clashing against the [Brawler]'s armored fists while Lucien stood behind him, summoning flames that painted the entire hall in orange light. Each explosion shook the ground, sending waves of heat toward her.

Garrika's claws retracted slowly, her green eyes gleaming with feral pride. She crossed her arms, smirking as she watched.

"Guess it's his turn now."