

Tyrant 204

Chapter 204: Promise Kept

The air outside the warehouse was thick with smoke and dust. Every few seconds, the ground rumbled from the force of blows inside, and the faint flicker of orange light spilled through the cracks of the wooden walls.

Mayla pressed her hand against her chest, her heart pounding. She knew Trafalgar had told her to stay hidden, to wait until it was over—but the sounds had grown too loud, too violent. Curiosity and worry mixed inside her until she couldn't bear it any longer.

Step by step, she moved closer. The corner of a shattered wall gave her just enough space to peek through.

Her breath caught.

Trafalgar stood in the middle of the firelit chaos, calm and unshaken. The Brawler—massive, armored, nearly twice his size—collapsed forward as Trafalgar pulled a dagger from his temple. The body hit the floor with a heavy thud, and the echo rolled through the burning hall like thunder.

Mayla's lips parted slightly. "He's strong..." she whispered, voice trembling. "Trafalgar is really strong."

She didn't look away. The way he moved—controlled, efficient, cold—reminded her of what he had promised long ago. 'I'll become stronger. Strong enough that no one will ever stand in my way again.'

A quiet voice came from behind her. "You shouldn't be here, sweetheart."

Mayla turned to find Garrika watching her, arms crossed, claws faintly stained with blood. The Lycan's expression softened as she gestured her closer. "Come on. You're safe here with me."

Mayla hesitated before stepping toward her. "I... I was scared," she admitted. "But seeing you both, it feels different now."

Garrika chuckled, draping an arm over her shoulder. "Good. But the main show's about to start—and it won't be pretty."

"I want to see it," Mayla said quietly, eyes still fixed ahead. "I promised I'd stay by his side."

Garrika smirked, ears twitching. "So you like him, huh?"

Mayla's cheeks flushed. "I'm not his maid anymore, so I think I can like him now... so I do."

"Heh. Same here," Garrika said with a grin, turning back toward the flames. "Then let's watch the show."

Inside the warehouse, only two figures remained standing. The flames had consumed everything else—crates, tables, walls—leaving behind a warped metal skeleton and the stench of burning oil.

Lucien stood at the far end, his elegant suit torn, his skin glistening with sweat. The faint shimmer of [Flame Veil] surrounded him, tongues of fire dancing across his body. He gripped his staff with both hands, knuckles white.

"You think this ends with me?" he shouted, voice cracking under the strain. "I've got men everywhere, Morgain! You kill me, and they'll burn your whole life to ash!"

Trafalgar didn't respond. He walked forward slowly. Maledicta dragged lightly against the ground, leaving a faint black line through the dust. His breathing was calm, unbroken—his expression unreadable beneath the shifting light.

Lucien snarled and hurled a [Fireburst Orb]. It exploded mid-air, scattering shards of burning mana. Trafalgar slipped through the haze, unfazed, his movements controlled and economical.

Lucien screamed again, desperation overtaking anger. "You were nothing! A bastard son hiding under a dead name!" Another [Fireburst Orb]—another explosion, closer this time. The shockwave rippled across Trafalgar's coat.

Still nothing.

Lucien's flames grew brighter, his face contorted in panic. "Say something! Damn you, SAY SOMETHING!"

Trafalgar stopped just a few paces away, his gaze steady. "You talk too much," he said quietly. "Don't you ever get tired?"

The words hit harder than any weapon. Lucien's face twisted in fury. He raised his staff and screamed, "Then burn!"

The floor ignited beneath him—[Scorch Field]—a ring of fire spreading outward in a violent surge. The world turned orange and gold, the heat biting into skin.

Trafalgar didn't move until the very last second. Then his body blurred forward, a single step breaking through the blaze as Maledicta rose for the counter.

The firestorm swallowed the warehouse. Heat rippled through the walls, distorting the air like liquid glass. Lucien moved frantically within the inferno, his staff glowing crimson, sweat and soot streaking his face.

"Come on then, bastard!" he screamed, voice hoarse. [Flame Veil] flared brighter, sparks licking at his torn sleeves. "You think you can beat me with that toy sword?"

Trafalgar stepped through the flames, unhurried. Each time Lucien hurled a [Fireburst Orb], he dodged by inches, the explosions washing past him in waves of heat and light. His coat smoldered, skin singed, but his expression never changed. He just kept walking.

Lucien backpedaled, fear flickering behind his fury. "Stay back! I can still—"

The words were cut short.

Trafalgar's body shifted, mana gathering in a dense black spiral around Maledicta. The ground cracked beneath his feet. Shadows coiled upward like smoke, wrapping around the blade as it vibrated with low, thunderous energy.

Lucien's eyes widened. "Wait!!—what is that—"

[Morgain's Final Crescent].

The world seemed to hold its breath.

Trafalgar swung.

The air split open in a massive inverted arc of black light. The slash roared across the hall, tearing through flame and stone alike. The pressure shredded the ground, sent the walls shaking, and cleaved straight through Lucien's body.

THRMM—SHHHK!

Lucien's staff shattered, fragments scattering like dying embers. The impact threw him backward, the force folding his body against the collapsing wall. His chest flashed once—then cracked. The faint glow of his mana core flickered, split, and went dark.

Silence followed.

Lucien slumped forward, coughing blood, eyes wide in disbelief. "Wait... I can pay—"

Trafalgar stood over him, sword dripping mana, gaze cold and empty.

"Don't worry," he said quietly. "I'll take care of all your businesses too."

The last bit of flame died with a hiss. Lucien's body hit the ground with a dull, final thud.

Only the smell of ash and burned air remained.

Silence hung heavy over the ruins. The fire that had devoured the warehouse had dwindled to dim, red embers scattered across the cracked floor. Wisps of smoke curled lazily toward the open roof, carrying the scent of burnt wood and blood.

Trafalgar stood motionless in the center, Maledicta still in his hand. Black residue dripped from its edge, fading into thin air as the blade pulsed faintly with the remnants of mana. For a long moment, he didn't move—just stared at Lucien's lifeless body, as if waiting for something else to happen.

Finally, he exhaled. A quiet, controlled breath. The kind you take when you know it's over.

Maledicta dissolved into shadow, vanishing from his grasp. The black lines it had carved through the floor still glowed faintly before fading. Trafalgar rolled his shoulders once, his movements slow, mechanical.

Then he looked up.

Through the drifting smoke, a figure stood at the edge of the hall. Mayla.

Her eyes were wide—not in fear, but in stunned disbelief. The scene before her was brutal, almost unreal: broken stone, shattered weapons, blood painted across the walls. And yet, she didn't step back. She just stood there, hands trembling at her sides.

Behind her, Garrika leaned silently against the wall, arms crossed.

Trafalgar froze, unsure of what to say—or if he even should. His body still hummed faintly from the mana he'd spent, but now, in the quiet aftermath, the sound of his heartbeat seemed too loud.

Mayla moved first. She walked across the broken floor, her steps unsteady at first, then faster. When she reached him, she stopped just long enough to look at his face—then threw her arms around him.

Trafalgar stiffened. For a second, his hands hovered uselessly in the air. Then he sighed quietly and returned the embrace, one arm wrapping gently around her back.

"It's over," he murmured. "It's done."

"I know," Mayla whispered, voice muffled against him.

Around them, the flames gave one last crackle before fading completely, leaving only the faint glow of moonlight through the broken roof. The air was thick with smoke and silence. Garrika stood nearby, leaning against a broken pillar, her expression unreadable.

Trafalgar was still holding Mayla when the sound of boots echoed from outside—metal striking stone, followed by the muffled shouts of soldiers. Garrika's ears twitched immediately. "Company," she muttered, stepping forward.

The heavy doors at the far end burst open. A rush of armored guards flooded in, their torches cutting through the haze. The insignia of Velkaris City Guard gleamed on their breastplates. Weapons were drawn; the first to enter froze when they saw the scene—the corpses, the fire damage, the blood.

"What in the hell happened here..." one whispered.

Then, from behind the line of soldiers, a man stepped forward.

A man stood a short distance away, silver hair falling loose against the night. He wasn't much taller than Trafalgar, but the weight of his presence was enough to make the air heavier. His face was bare—no beard—and his skin, though marked by time, seemed untouched by weakness, as if sheer will had pushed age back. His eyes, sharp and cold, took in every detail of the scene: the corpses, the burn marks, the blood.

Armand du Morgain.

The old man's gaze finally landed on Trafalgar. For a moment, neither spoke. The silence stretched, thick and suffocating.

Then Armand's voice broke it—steady, low, and heavy. "Trafalgar?"

Trafalgar met his eyes, expression unreadable.

Armand took another step forward, his cloak brushing against the ash-covered floor. "What have you done here?"