## **Tyrant 28**

| Chapter 28: The Punishment Flight  |
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| The elevator platform hummed softly as it ascended. A faint vibration ran beneath Trafalgar's boots, steady and rhythmic.  |
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Roland stood beside him, stiff as a statue. His black hair was neatly combed, and his dark beard trimmed to perfection, but it didn't hide the nervous energy radiating from him. His eyes stayed locked forward, avoiding Trafalgar's gaze at all costs.

Trafalgar watched him in silence for a few seconds before finally speaking.

"So... how's your hand?"

Roland flinched. A bead of sweat formed at his temple.

"B-Better, young master. Completely healed. The healers did an excellent job. Thank you for asking."

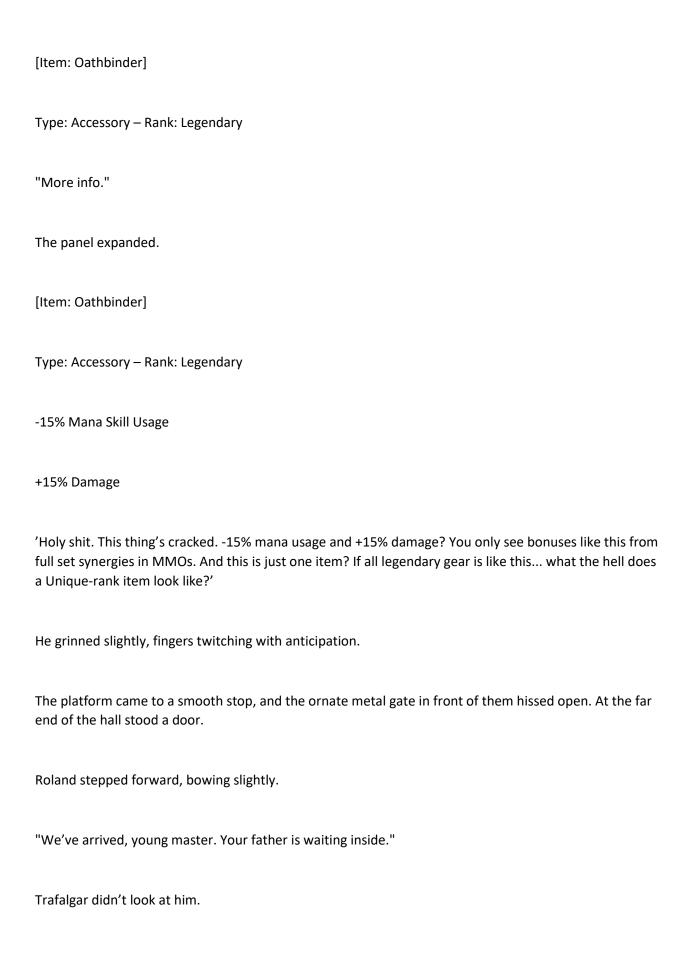
'Still sweating, huh. Good. Let that fear simmer a little longer.'

Trafalgar said nothing else. The platform continued its slow climb toward the highest level of the Morgain estate.

'Guess I've got a minute...'

He raised his hand slightly and whispered, "Status."

The familiar blue panel shimmered into view. He flicked through the usual info until he reached what he really cared about.









"Understood."

The sun had begun its slow descent behind the snowy peaks, casting a pale orange light over the courtyard. Snowflakes drifted gently through the air, catching on Trafalgar's cloak as he stepped into the open space behind the estate.

Lysandra stood waiting near the edge of the stone path, arms crossed, her long coat fluttering in the cold breeze. Her expression was unreadable, as always.

Trafalgar approached, stopping a few steps away.

"So... how are we getting there?"

Lysandra glanced at him, then raised her hand and pointed toward the sky without saying a word.

Trafalgar followed her gesture, squinting against the light.

Between the white-capped mountains in the distance, something massive was gliding toward them—its silhouette cutting through the clouds like a blade.

"A ship?" he muttered.

The vessel approached with a low, resonant hum that vibrated through the very air around them. Its body was long and sleek, forged from blacksteel and engraved with ancient runes that glowed faintly with flowing mana. Six massive wings extended from its sides—two dominant ones at the center, flanked by smaller, stabilizing pairs near the front and rear.

Mana exhaust hissed from vents along the underside, forming trails of glowing vapor as the ship descended slowly through the snow-laced sky. Large crystal nodes pulsed near the engines, casting flashes of blue light across the hull in sync with the ship's movement.

The nose of the craft curved forward like the tip of a spear, and along its flanks were turret-like fixtures—arcane cannons or propulsion stabilizers, it was hard to tell. The sound it made was somewhere between the whine of compressed wind and the rumble of a controlled storm.

And it was headed straight for them.

Trafalgar stared for a moment in stunned silence as the full weight of what he was seeing sank in.

"...What in the actual fuck?"