

Tyrant 28

Chapter 28: The Punishment Flight

The elevator platform hummed softly as it ascended. A faint vibration ran beneath Trafalgar's boots, steady and rhythmic.

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.

[Item: Oathbinder]

Type: Accessory – Rank: Legendary

"More info."

The panel expanded.

[Item: Oathbinder]

Type: Accessory – Rank: Legendary

-15% Mana Skill Usage

+15% Damage

'Holy shit. This thing's cracked. -15% mana usage and +15% damage? You only see bonuses like this from full set synergies in MMOs. And this is just one item? If all legendary gear is like this... what the hell does a Unique-rank item look like?'

He grinned slightly, fingers twitching with anticipation.

The platform came to a smooth stop, and the ornate metal gate in front of them hissed open. At the far end of the hall stood a door.

Roland stepped forward, bowing slightly.

"We've arrived, young master. Your father is waiting inside."

Trafalgar didn't look at him.

"You can go."

"Y-Yes, of course." Roland quickly turned and vanished down with the elevator.

Trafalgar stepped toward the door, his hand already reaching for the handle.

'Let's get this over with.'

Trafalgar opened the door and stepped into the familiar office.

Lysandra turned at the sound, seated across from Valtair. She raised a brow. "Trafalgar? What are you doing here?"

He closed the door behind him and walked in calmly. "Father summoned me. Said he wanted to give me my punishment."

Lysandra leaned back slightly in her seat. "Punishment...? Oh. Right. He figured it out."

Valttair's gaze shifted toward her. "You knew about Trafalgar's Talent?"

Lysandra's fingers tapped once on the armrest.

"I didn't know how you'd react. And if the rumor spread to the rest of the family..."

Valttair narrowed his eyes just a bit. "Worried about one of your siblings? That's not like you."

She gave a small shrug. "I've been the only one who treated him like a person. That wasn't going to change."

Valttair nodded slightly.

"Good. I planned to keep it a secret from the outside world as well. With that kind of strength, Trafalgar would make an easy target."

Lysandra turned her head sharply toward him.

"Strength? Wait—what rank is his Talent?"

Valttair lifted his chin, tone flat.

"SSS."

Lysandra blinked, her expression stiffening.

"SSS?! I thought maybe it wasn't A... but the people who have that kind of talent you can count them on one hand."

"Exactly," Valttair said. "And now, one of those belongs to our family."

He leaned forward slightly, placing both elbows on the desk.

"Anyway. Let's get to the point. As punishment, Trafalgar will be accompanying you."

Lysandra stared at him.

"To Zar'khael territory?"

Valttair nodded. "That's correct."

"You want me to babysit him while I'm trying to negotiate a mine deal?"

Valttair let out a low breath, as if the answer were obvious.

"You'll depart this afternoon. Everything's already arranged."

He turned his gaze to Trafalgar.

"You may leave to prepare."

Trafalgar gave a small nod and exited the room without another word.

As the door clicked shut behind him, Lysandra sighed and crossed her arms.

"Alright. So what's the real reason you're throwing him into this?"

Valttair looked out the nearby window, voice quiet but firm.

"I want to see how he handles pressure. The deal is already settled—they'll just want to inspect the cave. I want to see how Trafalgar navigates all of it."

Lysandra gave an exaggerated exhale, tilting her head back slightly.

"Fine. I'll take him."

Valttair's voice didn't change.

"When you return, I want a full report on his behavior."

"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?"