

Tyrant 32

Chapter 32: Echoes Above and Below

The earth still trembled.

Chunks of crystal lay shattered across the cavern floor, and ash hung in the air like powdered smoke. The rift remained open—its jagged edges pulsing with a sickly violet glow—as more of those abominations spilled through.

Lysandra stepped forward.

Her grip on the hilt tightened.

They came in waves—twisted Void Creatures, their bodies hunched and disjointed, some bounding like beasts, others crawling on malformed limbs. Their movements were erratic. Inhuman.

Lysandra didn't flinch.

"Reform the line!" she shouted. "Front guard, brace! Rear units—on me!"

The soldiers scrambled to comply, fear in their eyes.

She raised her free hand.

A faint hum echoed through the chamber as magic gathered around her fingers.

"[Morgain's Verdict]."

With a single swing, a sharp crescent of white energy shot from her blade, cutting through three creatures in a clean arc. Their bodies collapsed mid-lunge, dissolving into black sludge before they could scream.

More emerged.

She pivoted, magic flowing again—her feet light on the stone, her stance perfect.

"[Morgain's Requiem]."

Dozens of glowing sigils burst beneath her boots, spreading outward in a spiral. Spears of white light erupted from the ground around her, impaling anything within reach. Void Creatures howled as they were skewered, limbs twitching before vanishing into ash.

Still, they came.

From the rift, more and more poured out, as if the void itself had no end.

Lysandra's brow furrowed. She was holding the front, but her mana was steadily draining. The number wasn't decreasing fast enough.

Until—

He arrived.

Heavy footsteps echoed like thunder.

Malakar stepped into the chamber, expression unreadable. Blood clung to his boots.

Lysandra turned her head sharply. "Malakar."

He didn't answer.

Instead, he raised a single hand toward the battlefield.

The blood on the ground began to tremble.

Every droplet—demon, voidspawn, or otherwise—rose from the stone like marionettes on strings. Red mist curled around his fingertips, gathering into a swirling vortex above his palm.

Lysandra backed up instinctively.

Then—he released it.

Hundreds of blood-formed needles launched across the battlefield in all directions—so fast they screamed through the air. Each one found its mark. Creature after creature dropped without a sound, pierced through skulls, hearts, spines. The cavern was silent once more.

A complete massacre in a single breath.

Lysandra stood frozen, eyes wide.

'That power... it rivals with Father...'

She turned back toward the crater where Trafalgar had fallen.

And a new thought struck her.

'Shit. Trafalgar... I can't let him die. Not now. Not after finally being acknowledged...'

She ran toward the edge of the chasm and peered down, heart thundering.

Too deep.

No way he could've survived that.

She clenched her fists.

Malakar stood at the edge of the collapsed ground, peering down into the abyss.

His expression remained unchanged—calm, unfazed. Not a hint of worry.

Zafira approached behind him, careful not to get too close to the unstable edge. Her voice was quiet, but firm.

"Father... is Trafalgar alive?"

Malakar didn't turn to face her. His gaze was fixed downward, eyes glowing faintly as mana coursed through his senses.

"I can feel several essences below," he replied. "But I cannot confirm which is his."

Lysandra approached from the other side, still catching her breath.

"So he... might be alive?"

Malakar didn't answer immediately.

Then: "Perhaps. When the rescue team arrives, we'll know."

He raised his hand again—this time not for violence, but for signal.

"Send a scout team," he commanded. "Take a healer, two combatants, and one with sensory magic. Anyone still alive down there needs immediate extraction."

A demon soldier saluted and ran off.

Zafira crossed her arms, her brows drawn together.

"I didn't sense him die. Maybe that's something."

Lysandra glanced sideways. "It's a long fall."

"I've survived worse," Zafira said with a shrug, though her tone wavered.

Malakar finally looked at both of them.

"If he survived a fall like that, with a core barely at Spark... then perhaps his value runs deeper than I thought."

Lysandra blinked.

Zafira's mouth opened slightly, then closed.

The battlefield had gone quiet. The rift still pulsed dimly, but no new creatures emerged. The corpses of voidspawn littered the cavern—black blood still steaming where it touched crystal.

But Lysandra's eyes remained fixed on that dark hole.

She couldn't shake the thought:

'If he's alive... then he's more than just lucky.'

- Trafalgar POV -

A dull ache echoed through Trafalgar's entire body.

His eyes fluttered open slowly, pupils struggling to adjust to the dim light. Everything felt... off. The ground beneath him was cold and uneven—stone, cracked and damp. Dust floated lazily in the air.

For a few seconds, he didn't move. Just... breathed.

'...I'm not dead?'

He blinked again. Groaned. His ribs screamed in protest as he rolled slightly onto his side.

There, a few feet away, lay Maledicta—its faint glow flickering like a dying ember.

Not far from the sword were the other bodies.

Twisted. Broken. Their limbs bent at wrong angles, armor crushed like paper. One had blood leaking from their mouth. Another was missing an arm. The third had no visible wounds—but his chest wasn't rising.

Trafalgar's breath hitched.

'They... they didn't make it.'

His hands trembled as he pushed himself up onto one elbow.

His fingers reached forward—stretching, straining—until they wrapped around Maledicta’s hilt.

The moment he touched it, the weapon pulsed.

He exhaled shakily and.

Fshh.

The sword vanished in a flash of light.

Still dazed, he looked upward. The hole above was nothing but a speck of distant light now—framed by jagged stone, impossibly far.

‘How the hell... did I survive that?’

His heart pounded in his chest, erratic, confused.

His head throbbed. His thoughts were cloudy, slow.

And then he remembered.

The message.

He closed his eyes and thought it—‘Status.’

A faint blue glow appeared before his eyes.

But before he could read it, the previous system message lingered.

[Bloodline has awakened successfully.]

Trafalgar stared.

The flickering light from the system window reflected in his wide, disbelieving eyes.

"...What the fuck does that even mean?"