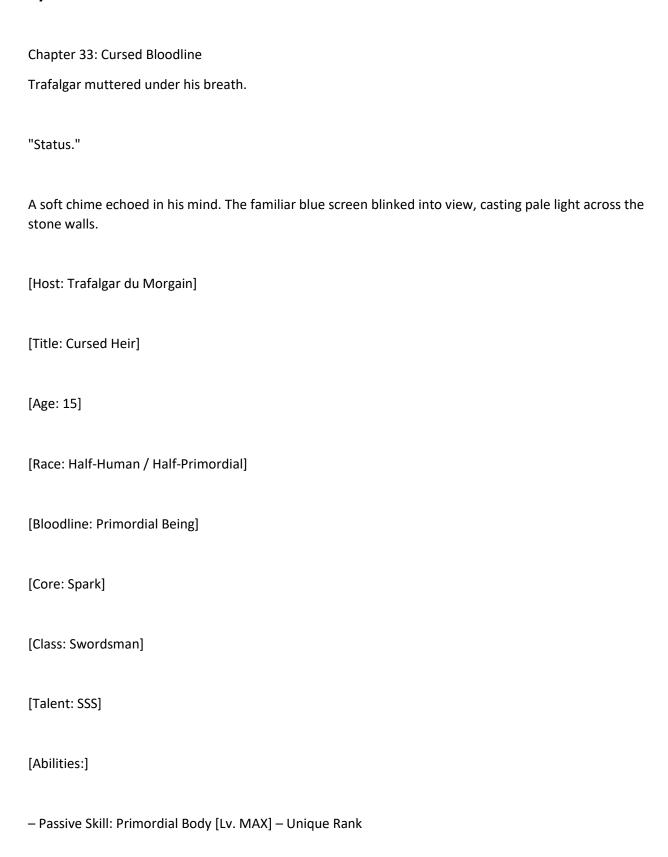
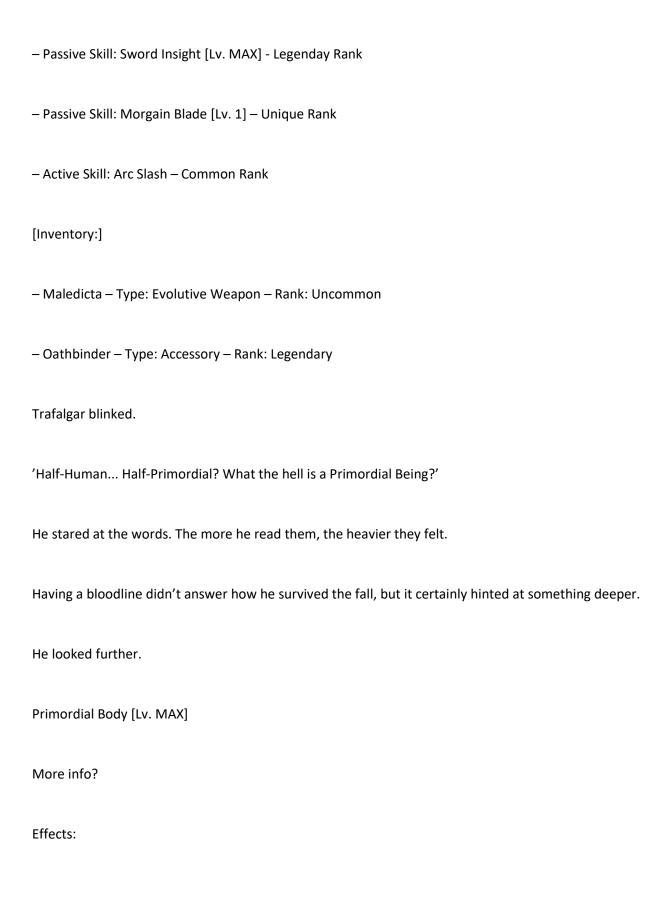
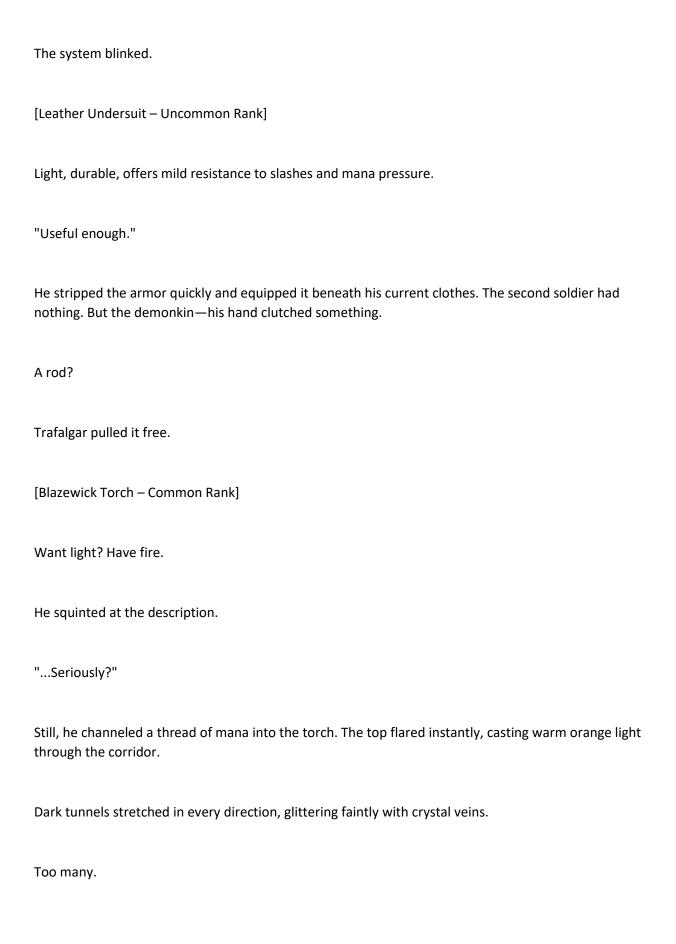
## **Tyrant 33**





Mana Absorption (x3)
<ul> <li>Passively absorbs mana from the environment at triple the normal rate, regardless of terrain or affinity.</li> </ul>
Rapid Mana Regeneration
<ul> <li>Internal mana restores significantly faster, allowing quicker casting and recovery.</li> </ul>
Enhanced Physical Foundation
– All physical attributes—strength, speed, endurance, reflexes—are passively boosted by 25%.
Trafalgar stared.
Then—
"What the fuck. This is OP!!"
His voice echoed against the cavern walls.
A crooked grin broke across his face.
"With this I can actually get stronger—fast, maybe the decade of difference won't be that big after all."
But the smile faded just as quickly.
The light of the status screen flickered out, and he was reminded of where he was.

The man's chest was caved in, face half-buried in dust, blood dried across his lips. A Morgain soldier—one of his. Someone who'd probably never even spoken to him. Someone who still died falling beside him.
He exhaled, low and shaky.
Then he moved, slowly and with care.
With both hands, he reached down and gently pulled the soldier's cloak over his face.
One by one, he did the same for the other two—one demonkin, one human.
When he finished, he sat on his knees and clasped his hands together.
No prayers came. He didn't know any. But the silence said enough.  For a moment, nothing stirred in the depths of the mine. Only the faint hum of distant crystals and the
ever-present pressure of mana in the air.
Trafalgar stood again, shoulders squared.
His whole body still ached, and every breath reminded him how close he'd come to death.
'Looting the dead feels wrong. But this isn't about pride. It's about survival.'
He approached the bodies again, brows furrowed in discomfort. One of the Morgain men had thinner
armor layered beneath his plate—still intact.





She looked away. "Trafalgar is different. He finally earned a sliver of respect. And now tragedy follows him again."
She paused, then added in a lower tone:
"Why did a rift open here? Why were there Void Creatures at all?"
Zafira, standing at her side, turned to her father as well. "Yes. Was it random? Or something made it happen?"
Malakar's crimson eyes gleamed faintly in the crystal light.
"There are two kinds of monsters in this world," he said. "Those that belong to our realm—and those that come from beyond."
"Void creatures," Lysandra murmured.
"They are drawn to anomalies," Malakar continued. "Beings or objects that don't belong here. That call to them. Whatever lies in this mine it stirred their hunger."
Lysandra frowned. "So there's something we missed?"
"Perhaps. But now it's my mine," Malakar said simply. "If something valuable lies within, the Zar'khael will claim it."
"That's what the agreement said," Lysandra muttered, arms crossed.
Beside her, Zafira looked back toward the edge of the pit. "Do you think Trafalgar is still alive?"
Malakar didn't answer immediately. He looked down into the abyss again—then closed his eyes briefly.

"I don't know," he admitted. "But when the team returns, we'll find out."
- Trafalgar POV -
The cavern narrowed as Trafalgar turned a corner—then froze.
Three creatures blocked the path ahead.
Each stood over a meter and a half tall, crab-like monsters with thick black carapaces and mana crystals jutting out of their backs like jagged spines. Their legs clicked with unnatural rhythm, and a faint glow pulsed from within their shells.
Without hesitation, Trafalgar switched the torch to his left hand and summoned Maledicta into his right. The blade materialized with a cold shimmer.
'Seriously Fan-fucking-tastic.'