

Tyrant 33

Chapter 33: Cursed Bloodline

Trafalgar muttered under his breath.

"Status."

A soft chime echoed in his mind. The familiar blue screen blinked into view, casting pale light across the stone walls.

[Host: Trafalgar du Morgain]

[Title: Cursed Heir]

[Age: 15]

[Race: Half-Human / Half-Primordial]

[Bloodline: Primordial Being]

[Core: Spark]

[Class: Swordsman]

[Talent: SSS]

[Abilities:]

– Passive Skill: Primordial Body [Lv. MAX] – Unique Rank

– Passive Skill: Sword Insight [Lv. MAX] - Legenday Rank

– Passive Skill: Morgain Blade [Lv. 1] – Unique Rank

– Active Skill: Arc Slash – Common Rank

[Inventory:]

– Maledicta – Type: Evolutive Weapon – Rank: Uncommon

– Oathbinder – Type: Accessory – Rank: Legendary

Trafalgar blinked.

‘Half-Human... Half-Primordial? What the hell is a Primordial Being?’

He stared at the words. The more he read them, the heavier they felt.

Having a bloodline didn’t answer how he survived the fall, but it certainly hinted at something deeper.

He looked further.

Primordial Body [Lv. MAX]

More info?

Effects:

Mana Absorption (x3)

– Passively absorbs mana from the environment at triple the normal rate, regardless of terrain or affinity.

Rapid Mana Regeneration

– Internal mana restores significantly faster, allowing quicker casting and recovery.

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.

A dead silence surrounded him. The air smelled of dust and iron.

Three broken bodies lay nearby, limbs twisted unnaturally from the fall. Their armor still bore the sigils of Morgain and Zar'khael.

For a moment, he'd forgotten.

Now, reality came crashing back.

'Right. I'm in the bottom of a cursed mine. Surrounded by corpses and alone.'

He looked down at his hands, then at the rocky void above.

'What good is a rare bloodline if I die down here?'

He exhaled slowly.

'Focus, Trafalgar. Survive first. Celebrate later.'

He clenched his fists. His body still ached from the fall—bruised ribs, throbbing legs, probably internal bleeding—but he was alive.

And as far as he could tell, that was already a miracle.

He needed a plan.

Trafalgar crouched beside the nearest corpse.

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.

Then came the next thought.

'...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.

The system blinked.

[Leather Undersuit – Uncommon Rank]

Light, durable, offers mild resistance to slashes and mana pressure.

"Useful enough."

He stripped the armor quickly and equipped it beneath his current clothes. The second soldier had nothing. But the demonkin—his hand clutched something.

A rod?

Trafalgar pulled it free.

[Blazewick Torch – Common Rank]

Want light? Have fire.

He squinted at the description.

"...Seriously?"

Still, he channeled a thread of mana into the torch. The top flared instantly, casting warm orange light through the corridor.

Dark tunnels stretched in every direction, glittering faintly with crystal veins.

Too many.

"Shit," he whispered. "Now what?"

- Lysandra POV -

The rope hissed as it was pulled taut, winding around the gears of the descent mechanism. A demonkin soldier emerged from the dark pit, armor scratched and dusted with mana residue.

He knelt before Malakar.

"My lord," he said, voice steady despite the climb. "We've descended over one hundred fifty meters... and we still haven't reached the bottom. The terrain is unstable."

Malakar didn't flinch. "Understood. No more men down for now. Bring reinforcements, and reinforce the rigging. I won't waste lives needlessly."

The soldier nodded and turned to carry out the command.

Lysandra stepped forward. Her brow was furrowed, her fingers curled in silent tension.

"Can't we move faster? They could be—"

"Lady Lysandra," Malakar interrupted without raising his voice. "Panic helps no one. I told you—I felt several signatures below. That means there's still hope."

"...Forgive me."

Malakar's gaze lingered on her. "Didn't expect such concern for a brother, from you."

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.'