

Tyrant 36

Chapter 36: Seraphine's Interest

Lysandra stood beside the carriage, the same one that had brought the four of them to the mine. The demon butler assigned by the Zar'khael family stood nearby, hands clasped behind his back, posture flawless.

"How may I assist you, Lady Lysandra?" he asked with a calm, deep voice.

"I need the communication device," Lysandra replied. "Lord Malakar said I'd find it here. I need to report something important to my father."

"Of course. One moment." The butler opened the carriage door. "Please, step inside for privacy."

Lysandra entered the carriage without another word. The butler followed only long enough to hand her a small, polished orb the size of an apple.

He stepped back outside, closing the door behind him.

Lysandra placed the orb on her lap, rested both hands on it, and channeled mana into its core. The surface shimmered, flickered—and soon, an image took shape.

Her father, Valtair du Morgain, was seated in his high-backed chair, a stack of documents laid before him. He was signing something when the glow caught his attention.

He looked up.

"Oh?" he said, a slight smirk tugging at his lips. "What a surprise. How's the deal going, Lysandra?"

"Completed," she said briskly. "The mine is now under Zar'khael control, and I've received the ten legendary items as per your arrangement at the Council."

"Good," Valttair nodded, then narrowed his eyes slightly. "But that's not why you're calling."

He saw the tension in her face even through the flickering crystal.

"What happened?"

Lysandra's tone dropped.

"There was... an accident. While I was showing the mine to Lord Malakar, Rifts began to open. One of them appeared underground and tore open the floor. Trafalgar was swallowed by the collapse."

Valttair froze.

Then his pen snapped in half.

"I'm on my way," he said sharply. "I can't afford to let him die now. Do you have anything else? Why didn't Malakar go down after him? The bastard has wings and can fly."

"I don't know," Lysandra replied, shaking her head. "Maybe because it wasn't his daughter that fell. A rescue team went down after. They found three bodies—two of our soldiers, and a demon. No sign of Trafalgar."

Valttair's gaze sharpened.

"So he's alive. Good. We can't lose a talent like his now that he's finally useful."

"I'll wait for you here, Father."

The orb dimmed for a moment—but before it fully faded, another voice spoke.

Lady Seraphine had been sitting silently beside Valttair the entire time, her golden eyes fixed on the glowing orb as Lysandra spoke. Her presence had gone unmentioned—but not unnoticed.

As the crystal finally dimmed and the communication ended, Valttair rose from his seat, his expression carved in stone. He moved with purpose, already reaching for the long black cloak hanging by the door.

"I'm leaving now," he said, voice like ice. "That bastard Malakar stood there and did nothing while I almost lost a critical asset to our house."

He adjusted the clasp of his cloak.

Seraphine's gaze didn't waver. "What do you mean by 'a critical asset'?"

Valttair glanced at her over his shoulder.

"Trafalgar," he said flatly. "He's... different now. Ever since he awakened, he's become something rare. You'll understand with time, he might be the future of our house."

With that, he strode toward the exit without another word.

A moment later, the heavy door slammed shut behind him.

Silence.

Seraphine remained still for a long second, eyes narrowed. Then, slowly, she rose from the velvet chair and walked toward the large window behind Valttair's desk. The entire wall was glass, offering a panoramic view of the frozen peaks that crowned Morgain territory. White, vast, and merciless.

Far below, she saw Valttair mount his wyvern.

The creature was massive—black scales, glowing red eyes, and leathery wings that stretched like sails in the wind. It was already clawing at the ground, restless. A moment later, the beast leapt into the sky, wings slicing through the air as Valtair vanished into the distance.

Seraphine stared after him, her arms crossed.

"So... it's that serious, huh?" she muttered. "Tch. Fucking bastard."

Her voice darkened.

"I still don't understand how he awakened his core. He shouldn't have. I made sure of that."

A pause.

"Looks like it's time I teach him a lesson, and make him stay away from 'being the future of this house'."

She turned sharply and walked to the door.

When she opened it, Roland, the ever-nervous soldier, was already waiting.

"You," she said coldly. "Fetch my son, Maeron. He should be in his room."

Roland bowed instantly, sweat forming at his brow.

"Right away, my lady."

He disappeared down the corridor, leaving Seraphine alone again—just for a moment.

Tock. Tock. Tock.

The sound of knuckles against heavy oak echoed through the hallway. Roland stood outside the grand chamber, fidgeting as he waited for a response. Behind the door, a faint pulse of mana hummed steadily—structured, focused. Someone was deep in meditation.

From within, a cold voice answered.

"I hope this is important. Who dares disturb the first heir during his training?"

Roland winced slightly before replying, voice trembling.

"Young master Maeron, your mother—Lady Seraphine—requests your presence. She awaits you in Lord Valtair's office."

A long silence followed.

Then, the door creaked open.

Maeron du Morgain stood tall in the doorway—entirely bare-skinned, sweat glistening faintly across his carved physique. His muscles rippled as he stepped forward, utterly unbothered by the butler's presence.

He was a towering figure—2.22 meters tall, with broad shoulders, a sharp jawline, and short, slicked-back light blonde hair. His blue eyes were icy.

Without a word, he reached for a pristine white robe hanging on a stand near the door and threw it over his shoulders. It draped around his frame, but did little to hide the sheer power beneath it.

Maeron glanced briefly at Roland as he stepped into the hallway.

"Lead the way," he said flatly.

Roland bowed his head and fell into step behind him, careful to remain silent and at a respectful distance.

The doors to Valttair's office creaked open once more.

Maeron stepped inside, his expression unreadable, posture relaxed—but there was always something coiled beneath his surface, something that looked ready to break things just for existing.

Lady Seraphine was standing by the desk, holding a sealed envelope in one hand. Her eyes, golden and sharp like blades, flicked toward her son the moment he entered.

"I heard you were looking for me," Maeron said, voice bored.

"I was," she answered coolly. She extended the envelope to him. "You have a task."

He took it but didn't look at it. "What's this?"

"A letter. Leave it in Trafalgar's room."

Maeron raised an eyebrow.

"Why the fuck do I have to go into the bastard's room?"

Seraphine's tone didn't change. "Because I said so."

He didn't move.

"And that's not all," she added, her gaze narrowing. "There's a maid who works for him—Mayla. Last time, she disrespected one of your sisters I believe, Rivena specifically."

Maeron's expression darkened slightly.

"Yes, I may have heard something like that from her at lunch."

"Handle it," she said simply.

A pause.

Then, Maeron clicked his tongue. "Tch. Fine, Mother."

The heavy doors shut with a dull thud.

Outside, Roland straightened the moment Maeron stepped into the hallway. The soldier opened his mouth to ask if the meeting had gone well—but stopped when Maeron's cold gaze landed on him.

"You," Maeron said, voice low. "Come with me."

Roland swallowed hard.

"Y-yes, young master."

Roland followed. Not because he wanted to—but because saying no to a Morgain got you cut.

He'd learned that the hard way.