

Tyrant 38

Chapter 38: Family Reunion

Inside the obsidian-walled meeting chamber of the Zar'khael castle, the atmosphere was anything but cordial. A single long table dominated the room, carved from dark stone.

Lord Malakar du Zar'khael stood near one end, arms crossed, posture relaxed but unreadable. His demonic features were sharper than most—black horns curved backward from his skull, and his crimson eyes held the weight of centuries.

Across from him, Valttair du Morgain adjusted his dark cloak, expression cold as ever. Beside him, Lysandra stood silently, her gaze fixed ahead, not daring to interrupt.

Valttair broke the silence first.

"Why didn't you go after my son, Malakar? I thought our families had a good relationship."

Malakar smirked, unbothered. "Since when do you care that much about the bastard? Did he become useful recently? Something change your mind?"

Valttair's jaw clenched slightly, but he kept his tone measured. "That's none of your concern."

"Then your son isn't mine either," Malakar said with a shrug. "Looks settled to me."

Lysandra remained silent, watching two of the most powerful men in the continent speak to each other like wolves with barely sheathed fangs.

Valttair exhaled through his nose.

"Whatever. He's on his way now. Took me longer to get here than expected—ran into a few complications. But since we're all here..." He turned to Lysandra. "Summon the ten items Malakar gave you."

Lysandra raised her hand over the table.

One by one, items began to appear out of thin air, materializing with brief flashes of magical light. A crimson blade, a pair of black-gold rings, a gleaming spear, a glass bottle filled with shifting silver liquid, a single shoulder pauldron etched with arcane glyphs, and several rare artifacts with fluctuating energy signatures.

Valttair stepped closer to the table, scanning the items without touching them.

"Hmph. You weren't stingy," he muttered. "I can forgive you for the Trafalgar incident."

Malakar gave a slight grin.

"I'm a businessman, Valttair. The mine has more value than I expected."

"So I heard. Lysandra mentioned Rifts started forming inside the cave. Unusual, to say the least."

"Correct. I'll have to investigate. Might find something... interesting."

Valttair didn't bother hiding his irritation. "I hope you don't."

Malakar chuckled. "You sold me your rights. That includes the right to be curious."

Before Valttair could reply, the faint sound of wheels and hooves echoed from beyond the chamber.

The carriage rolled to a halt at the foot of the familiar golden gates.

Trafalgar stepped out slowly, eyes narrowing at the scene before him.

It rose from the valley like a mirage—sunlight bouncing off its immaculate white spires. Massive gardens stretched around it, bursting with vibrant flowers and perfectly trimmed hedges. Fountains danced across marble courtyards, and birds circled lazy patterns overhead.

Elegant gothic arches, pristine black-and-gold rooftops, and magical lampposts lining emerald stone paths.

'Right... forgot this place looks like some overpriced palace, not a demon stronghold. Who the hell thought this matched infernal bloodlines?'

His new clothes—simple, clean, and freshly offered by the escort—felt out of place against the opulence. Still, he moved forward.

'Can I relax for even a second in this world? Three months, that's all it's been. And already everything wants me gone. But no... I'm not that easy to get rid of. I'm like a cockroach. Cut off my head, and I'll still crawl another mile. Throw me a nuclear bomb or try to burn me, I'll keep walking. Now that I think about it, cockroaches are almost immortal, aren't they? Who knows what that product they use to kill them will contain?'

Waiting just beyond the grand steps stood Zafira du Zar'khael.

Porcelain skin. Black horns curved smoothly from her forehead. Her long, violet hair shimmered in the sunlight, eyes pale grey and watchful.

'Still don't get what her deal is. Why so interested in me? We've barely even talked properly, what is the secret that she won't tell me? Some parts of Trafalgar's memory are still blurred, so I don't know anything about it.'

She stepped forward, voice soft but direct.

"You alright? How the hell did you survive that fall?"

Trafalgar shrugged. "No clue, really. Luck. Landed on a corpse, stabbed into the walls with my sword on the way down. Guess that slowed me enough to avoid splattering."

Zafira raised a brow. "That sounds horrible."

"Yeah," he said. "It was."

She didn't press further.

"Your father's here too," she added. "They're waiting inside."

'Valttair came all the way out here...? That confirms it. He actually sees value in me now. I suppose because of my unique talent... of course, but now I got the bloodline too, he can't learn that, at least not now with Malakar in front, if Void Creatures target me other people can too and I can't hide from them like from the Void Creatures thanks to the pill, I hope there's nothing that can manifest it like the talent.'

A demon butler approached in silence, dressed in deep red robes embroidered with black thread.

"Lord Malakar and Lord Valttair await in the war room. Follow me."

Zafira gave a nod and glanced at Trafalgar.

They walked behind the butler, passing under tall archways and down enchanted halls filled with floating lanterns and etched murals. No matter how many times he saw it, the contrast still bothered him—refined wealth dressed up in a demonic skin.

Eventually, they reached a grand set of doors flanked by horned guards.

The butler bowed stiffly. "This is the room. I'll take my leave."

Zafira answered with a polite "thank you," and the butler vanished down the corridor.

Trafalgar glanced at the door, let out a quiet breath, and pushed it open.

The heavy door creaked open, and Trafalgar stepped inside.

Three pairs of eyes turned toward him.

Valttair was the first to speak, arms behind his back, voice steady.

"See? I told you back at the Council—your daughter is beside my son."

Malakar exhaled through his nose, smirking as he leaned back in his chair.

"Yeah, yeah. Looks like you weren't joking about that alternative proposal."

Zafira frowned slightly. "Alternative proposal? What proposal?"

Malakar waved a hand dismissively. "Nothing worth discussing. Just an idea that wouldn't benefit our family... or you, especially."

She gave her father a cold look but didn't press further.

"If you say so."

Malakar moved toward the center of the room, casually eyeing the table where the legendary items were still neatly laid out.

"You see, Lysandra? Like I said—there was no need to worry. I sensed other mana signatures deeper in the cavern."

Lysandra gave a short nod. "I see that now."

Trafalgar remained quiet, standing near the doorway. His eyes flicked between the two lords, trying to read the room.

Then Valtair turned to him, his tone shifting—not soft, but not dismissive either.

"Trafalgar. I'm glad to see you alive. We're leaving now. I've already wasted enough days over this."

Trafalgar nodded once. "Alright, Father."

'Did he just say he's glad I'm alive? So I've become valuable enough to keep alive, I mean this made sense since he came here... or I'm in deeper shit than before. Probably both.'

Valttair turned toward Malakar and gave a faint, tight smile.

"Well then, I'll be taking what's mine."

He raised one hand slightly, and the legendary items vanished from the table in controlled flashes of violet light—one after another, without a word.

"Until next time, Malakar. Hopefully not too soon."

Malakar gave a lazy salute. "Same goes to you."

Trafalgar turned to follow Valtair and Lysandra as they exited. Zafira hesitated, then walked beside him.

They moved through the halls once again, guided only by memory this time.

Valttair glanced over his shoulder as they walked.

"How did you survive, Trafalgar? Lysandra said the drop was really deep."

Trafalgar shrugged.

"I summoned my sword, stabbed into the wall, slowed myself down... barely worked. Hands got torn up from doing it over and over."

Valttair gave an approving nod.

"Sounds like the ring helped."

"It did," Trafalgar replied. "That extra strength probably kept my arms from getting ripped off."

Valttair didn't smile, but there was something close to respect in his tone.

"Good. Lysandra—when we return, I want you to begin showing him the basics of the Morgain sword techniques. He still has a few days before he depart to the academy. If he grasps the fundamentals, he might be able to learn the actual skills later."

Lysandra, walking just behind them, responded plainly.

"Understood, Father."

Soon, the exit opened up before them—an open courtyard where Valttair's massive wyvern awaited.

Trafalgar stared up at the beast, blinking.

'Goddamn. That thing's way bigger than the serpent I killed.'

Lysandra split off toward the floating airship dock, where Alfred already stood by the ramp, waiting. The gangplank had been lowered.

Zafira slowed down as they reached the base of the stairs.

She turned to Trafalgar, voice quiet but firm.

"See you back at the academy."

Trafalgar gave her a nod.

"Yeah. See you too, if I make it there in one piece."