

Tyrant 89

Chapter 89: A Morgain's Leverage

Several hours had passed since Trafalgar, Garrika, and Barth had locked themselves away in the private room. The muffled noise of laughter and music from the lower floors had long since dulled, leaving only silence pressing against the walls. Inside, they waited, tense but patient.

Outside, footsteps echoed down the hallway. Lucien strolled leisurely, a glass of liquor in one hand. He didn't bother bringing guards; why would he? As far as he knew, his clients were satisfied, and everything was running smoothly. Still, curiosity tugged at him. Trafalgar hadn't left the room, and no word had come. Time to check.

'He must have incredible stamina,' thought Lucien.

He stopped before the door and rapped his knuckles against it.

Tock. Trock. Tock.

Inside, Trafalgar raised his head. "Yes?"

Lucien's smooth voice came through the wood. "Everything alright in there?"

"Ah, yeah," Trafalgar answered, his tone even. "You can come in if you want."

The door creaked open. Lucien stepped inside, flashing his usual smug smile. "So, how was the nigh—"

He never finished. Barth's eyes squeezed shut as he whispered the trigger for his skill. A faint ripple spread through the air, invisible but heavy, and Lucien's body sagged instantly. The glass slipped from his fingers, shattering across the floor as he collapsed in an ungraceful heap.

Barth gasped softly, hands trembling from the exertion, but Trafalgar was already moving. He darted forward, shutting the door with a firm click, sealing the room again.

"Garrika," Trafalgar ordered quickly, his voice sharp but controlled, "get him on the bed and cuff him. Same way we did with you. Don't hurt him... yet at least. I don't know how strong this bastard actually is."

Garrika's emerald eyes gleamed with hatred. She clicked her tongue. "Tch. Fine. But if he tries anything—"

"You'll get your chance," Trafalgar cut in, his tone decisive. "I promise you'll have your moment. First, I need to talk to him."

Garrika grabbed Lucien by the collar with ease and hauled him onto the bed. The cuffs clicked one by one as she locked his wrists and ankles, binding him just as she had been bound earlier.

Barth sank into the sofa, pale and shaken, hugging himself as though afraid he'd just committed a crime. Trafalgar, on the other hand, stood steady, eyes locked on Lucien's unconscious form.

The tables had turned.

Ten minutes later, Lucien's eyelids began to twitch. His breathing quickened, and his fingers strained weakly against the cuffs. Trafalgar frowned.

'That's too fast. When Barth used the skill on me, I was out for twenty. Which means this bastard's core is stronger than mine... and stronger than Garrika's, too. Damn it. I'll have to act fast.'

"Garrika. Barth," he said, voice low but commanding. "Be ready."

At once, Garrika's hands shifted, nails elongating into sharp claws as a faint shimmer of wolf mana coursed through her arms. Her ears twitched, tail stiff, every line of her body tense like a predator seconds before striking.

Barth stood shakily, sweat dampening his forehead, his lips pressing together as he gathered mana in his trembling hands. His whole body shook, but his eyes stayed on Lucien.

Lucien's eyes snapped open. He groaned, blinking as the haze cleared. It only took a second for him to register his restraints—and who was standing over him.

"What the hell is this?" His voice cracked, anger dripping from every syllable. "Trafalgar, what are you doing? Are you insane?!"

"Relax," Trafalgar said evenly, taking a step closer. "We're going to talk."

"Talk?!" Lucien barked, straining against the cuffs. The bed rattled beneath his weight. "Do you have any idea who I am? I own this place! You think you can humiliate me like this and walk away? I'll have you killed!"

Barth flinched at the venom in Lucien's words, nearly letting his spell go off prematurely. Garrika's claws dug into the armrest of the sofa with a screech, her green eyes blazing.

But Trafalgar didn't waver. He raised a hand, calm but firm. "You'll want to listen before you scream yourself hoarse."

Lucien's face twisted with fury. "Listen? You've lost your mind—"

Trafalgar stepped closer, the edge of Maledicta shimmering faintly as he let the weapon manifest in his hand. Its dark steel reflected the lamplight, humming with restrained energy.

"Sit tight, Lucien," Trafalgar said coldly. "Because if you don't calm down right now, this conversation is going to get a lot shorter than you'd like."

Lucien's lips curled into a sneer, but the faint tension in his eyes betrayed unease. "You're bluffing. You don't scare me, boy."

"Oh?" Trafalgar tilted his head, then raised his free hand. A glimmer of mana pulsed, and an object materialized in his palm. A small, node.

[Item – Shadowlink Echo, Rank: Rare]

Lucien's eyes narrowed. "What is that supposed to be?"

"This," Trafalgar said, holding it up, "sends messages directly to the Morgain family. In fact, if I push mana into it, my father Valtair will hear that his son is being threatened in a brothel in Velkaris... by a man named Lucien, who just happens to own several lucrative businesses in the city."

Lucien scoffed, but his throat bobbed as he swallowed. "You expect me to believe that?"

Trafalgar smirked. "Then let me show you."

He pressed a small stream of mana into the crystal. The orb pulsed, and a voice began to play.

"Hello, Trafalgar. Weekly update: no suspicious movement from Seraphine, Rivena, or Marron. Your father is restless, and Mayla—"

"Oops," Trafalgar cut the playback abruptly, tucking the item back toward his chest. "You weren't supposed to hear that. Pretend you didn't."

Lucien's mouth hung slightly open. Even Garrika and Barth looked stunned, eyes darting between Trafalgar and the glowing node.

"Now then." Trafalgar's voice hardened as he manifested Maledicta fully, the black steel humming in his grip. He rested the edge near Lucien's restrained arm. "Do you remember Ronan? The human you left with only one arm because of your schemes? Seems fair I take one of yours to balance things out."

Lucien's composure shattered. His face drained of color, sweat breaking across his brow. "No—no, please! I don't have a healer strong enough for that! Don't—please!"

Trafalgar leaned closer, his voice cold. "Then listen carefully. From now on, things change. Garrika is no longer yours. The shop that belonged to Arden and Marella? It belongs to me. You can keep running your businesses, but if so much as a hair is harmed on anyone in that place, it won't be your arm—it'll be your head."

Barth shivered where he stood, goosebumps crawling his skin. 'He's terrifying... but... that's so cool.'

Lucien's chest heaved, panic raw in his voice. "Y-yes! Understood! I swear, I won't go near them again. I don't even want Garrika—take her, she's worthless to me compared to what I already have!"

Garrika's lips curled in disgust. She leaned forward and spat directly on his face, her eyes flashing with rage.

Trafalgar simply tightened his grip on Maledicta, the blade humming low. "Good. Because I'm not done."

He let the Shadowlink Echo materialize once more in his palm, its faint glow filling the tense silence. With a deliberate infusion of mana, his voice carried into it.

"Caelum," Trafalgar said, tone cool and measured, "I'm in a brothel in Velkaris. The owner's name is Lucien. If you don't hear from me within the hour, inform my father immediately. Thanks."

The crystal pulsed once, confirming the message sent. Trafalgar slipped it away, meeting Lucien's horrified gaze.

"Now I've got insurance," he said. "If anything happens to me, your name goes straight to Valtair. Do you understand the position you're in?"

Lucien nodded rapidly, his body trembling against the restraints. "Y-yes, I understand! Please, just—just don't kill me!"

"Relax," Trafalgar said, his smirk sharp as a blade. "I'm not here to kill you. But you owe me compensation for this little mess."

Lucien blinked. "C-compensation?"

"One hundred gold coins," Trafalgar said flatly. "Now."

Lucien's jaw dropped. "One hundred!? Are you insane? That's—"

Trafalgar tilted Maledicta a fraction closer, the edge grazing Lucien's sleeve. His eyes hardened. "Did I stutter?"

Lucien's resistance crumbled instantly. "No! No, of course not, Lord Trafalgar du Morgain. I'll prepare it immediately. Please, just—take the cuffs off and I'll arrange it."

"Good," Trafalgar replied. "And while you're at it, bring her something decent to wear." He nodded toward Garrika, who still glared at Lucien with murderous intent.

Lucien swallowed, nodded frantically, and scrambled the moment Trafalgar released the cuffs enough for him to leave. He nearly tripped as he bolted out of the room.

Silence settled once more. Garrika and Barth both turned their eyes to Trafalgar, their expressions caught somewhere between awe and disbelief.

Trafalgar raised an eyebrow. "What?"