

Tyrant 95

Chapter 95: The Hidden Catalyst

Trafalgar stood alone again, silence reclaiming the corridor. The echo of the director's sudden arrival still lingered in his mind.

'They didn't appear right away when the rift opened... only when I showed up. Does that mean they were watching me? If so, they must still be observing this place, since the accident happened right here.'

He exhaled quietly, gaze flicking toward the ceiling as if searching for hidden eyes.

'If they're watching, I can't just sit here doing nothing. Better to make it look like I'm focusing on recovery—maybe they'll get bored and turn their attention elsewhere. Meditation will do.'

He stepped into a darker corner and lowered himself to the floor. Crossing his legs, he steadied his breathing and closed his eyes.

Mana surged naturally into his body, his Primordial Body pulling it in with extraordinary efficiency. The energy rushed through his veins, knitting away fatigue and restoring what he had lost in the fight.

Time slipped by unnoticed.

An hour later, he opened his eyes, feeling his core steadier, fuller. 'That should've been long enough for them to lose interest.'

He rose from the floor, brushing dust from his clothes, ready to investigate.

Trafalgar walked back toward the place where the rift had appeared. The air felt heavier there, still carrying a faint distortion that prickled against his skin.

The ground bore scars of battle—scattered debris, scorched stone, and arrow marks from the elf's bow. Even the air smelled faintly of burnt mana.

'Damn, this will make finding anything harder. Too much destruction... too many traces overlapping.'

With a flick of thought, he summoned the Blazewick Torch. A small flame flared into life, chasing the shadows back.

"Alright," he muttered to himself, raising the torch toward the ceiling. "Step by step. Ceiling first, then the walls, and last the floor."

He scanned carefully.

On the ceiling, deep marks where arrows had missed their targets, splintering stone with unnerving precision. Some had left wider cracks, proof of strength beyond his own.

'These guys were stronger than me for sure... Lucky I didn't run into them before. They didn't look like the type to team up.'

Nothing unusual there.

Next, the walls. Once lined with torches, now reduced to blackened stumps or shards of wood, destroyed during his own fight.

'That's why I need this torch now. No light left after what happened here.'

He brushed his hand against the wall, stopping when his fingers felt a shallow gap. He leaned closer, lifting the torch.

A hole—unnatural in shape. Not caused by a stray arrow or a misfired spell.

He frowned. Empty.

'Did something fall out?'

Lowering the torch, he crouched and swept rubble aside with his hands. Stone fragments scraped his palms, dust rising with each movement. Then—

A faint glimmer reflected the torchlight.

Trafalgar's lips curved into a grin. "Bingo."

He reached down slowly, the light of the flame catching on something dark and sharp beneath the debris.

Trafalgar pushed the last chunk of stone aside, revealing a shard half-buried in the dirt. It was dark and metallic, like a broken fragment of a blade, its surface glimmering faintly under the torchlight.

He reached down, fingers hovering just above it. The shard vibrated, releasing a low hum that made his skin crawl.

'...What the hell is this?'

He brushed it with his fingertip.

Instantly, the shard liquefied—turning into a black fluid that clung to his skin instead of dripping off.

"—Tch!" His breath caught. The liquid seared into his palm, burning hotter than molten metal.

The torch fell from his other hand as he collapsed to his knees, clutching his wrist. His lungs fought for air, each gasp ragged.

"Gh—! Hhhhhh—ahh!" His voice broke into a strained groan, the pain tearing through his nerves as if his hand was being fused with lava itself.

The black liquid crawled up his arm, etching lines into his flesh. When the burning finally subsided, he stared down in shock.

A mark now coiled along his forearm—a twisting black tattoo shaped like a serpent, its body incomplete, fading before it reached his elbow.

"No... no, no, no!" Panic surged. He scratched at it desperately, nails raking across his skin.

"WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS SHIT?! WHY WON'T IT GO AWAY?!"

His chest heaved, breath wild and uneven. For a moment he wanted to tear his arm off just to make it stop.

But then instinct whispered: panic was useless. He forced himself still, squeezing his eyes shut.

'Inhale... exhale... Inhale... exhale... Calm down, Trafalgar.'

When he opened his eyes again, the mark still remained—jet black and gleaming faintly in the torchlight.

'What the hell... is this thing?'

A soft chime rang in his ears. The air itself seemed to ripple.

A translucent window appeared before his eyes:

[System Message]

Second Awakening Achieved.

His heart skipped. "Second... awakening?"

He summoned his status.

[Host: Trafalgar du Morgain]

[Title: Cursed Heir]

[Age: 16]

[Race: Half-Human / Half-Primordial]

[Bloodline: Primordial Being]

[Core: Spark]

[Class: Swordsman / Riftspawn]

[Talent: SSS]

[Abilities]

[Passive Skill: Primordial Body – Lv. MAX]

[Passive Skill: Sword Insight – Lv. MAX]

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

[Skill: Arc Slash (Lv.2) – Common Rank]

[Active Skill: Severance Step (Lv.1) – Epic Rank]

[Active Skill: Severing Fang (Lv.1) – Rare Rank]

[Items]

[Shadowlink Echo – Rare]

[Shadowhide Leather Armor – Rare]

[Maledicta, Evolutive Weapon – Uncommon]

[Oathbinder – Legendary Accessory]

[Leather Undersuit – Uncommon]

[Blazewick Torch – Common]

[Widow's Whisper – Rare]

Trafalgar's eyes narrowed at the word glaring back at him.

"Riftspawn...?"

'Why this? Shouldn't my second class have been tied to swordsmanship? To Morgain? Unless... this is from her side. From my mother's bloodline...'

Another window flickered into existence.

[New Passive Skill Acquired]

Skill: Riftborn Feast (Passive)

Description: The Riftspawn thrives upon the essence of the Void.

Each time the host slays a creature born of the Rift, their total power permanently increases by 0.001%.

The gain scales with the strength of the slain creature.

Trafalgar clenched his fist, staring at the serpent-like tattoo etched into his arm, the mark pulsing faintly.

"...A permanent boost? Sounds broken on paper, but Rifts aren't common. Right now, this is worthless." He clicked his tongue.

Still, the thought lingered—if Rifts became more frequent, this "worthless" skill could snowball into something terrifying.

'Just who is the mother of Trafalgar?'