

## Tyrant 116

### Chapter 116: Too Quiet Indeed

The silence of the cavern shattered.

One by one, the glowing red dots above began to move. What Trafalgar had first mistaken for crystals shifted, multiplied, and crawled. The ceiling wasn't stone—it was alive. Thousands of eyes gleamed down at them, reflecting the faint violet glow of the mythrill veins.

With a sound like dry branches snapping, the swarm descended. Silken threads unraveled, and shapes dropped into the open space. The first landed with a sickening thud—a spider the size of a hound, its chitinous body gleaming black under the lanternlight. Another followed. And another. Then dozens.

And at the center, something far worse.

The massive arachnid lowered itself slowly, eight legs unfurling like spears. Its bloated body was armored in jagged plates, each step making the stone vibrate. At full height, it loomed nearly eight meters tall. Its fangs dripped venom that hissed when it struck the ground.

Trafalgar froze. His throat went dry, and his fingers tightened on Maledicta's hilt.

'Oh, fantastic. Out of every possible nightmare in this cursed world, it just had to be spiders. I hate spiders. Always hated them. Eight eyes, hairy legs, the whole disgusting package. And now I get the deluxe, king-sized version. Lucky me.'

He muttered aloud without meaning to, his tone sharp and dry: "Yep. This is definitely where I die. Call my funeral 'Spider Chow à la Morgain.'"

Garrika's ears twitched at his sarcasm, "What does that mean?" Her claws lengthened, eyes glowing bright green as she shifted into her lycan form. Her tail lashed like a whip behind her.

Trafalgar simply responded. "You wouldn't understand."

Augusto cracked his neck, the muscles in his arms bulging as his transformation began as well. His claws glinted, teeth bared in a grin. "Well. Breakfast is served."

Trafalgar shot him a look. "Breakfast? You're insane. That thing could eat a horse and still ask for dessert."

The giant spider let out a screech, a noise so sharp it rattled their bones. The smaller ones answered in chorus, skittering forward in a black tide.

Maledicta materialized in his hand with a low hum, its black-blue edge shimmering faintly in the cavern's glow. The weapon felt alive.

The swarm erupted all at once. Dozens of spiders, each the size of hounds, scuttled forward. Their legs clattered against stone, mandibles snapping in a chorus of hunger.

Trafalgar exhaled, steady and cold. His mana had fully recovered after the long stretch of silence earlier, his core thrumming with energy. But he wasn't about to waste it here. 'Skills on creatures this weak would be pointless. Technique alone is enough. Save mana for later, I still have a bad feeling.'

The first spider lunged. He stepped forward, blade angled low, and cut it in half with a single precise motion. No wasted effort. His follow-up swing split the next through its face, ichor spraying across the stone floor.

Another came from his blind side. Trafalgar pivoted smoothly, catching it with the flat of his blade before driving Maledicta upward, impaling it through the underbelly. He shoved the carcass aside and slid into position for the next.

Each movement was clean, economical, almost surgical. His swordsmanship wasn't flashy—it was lethal.

Across the cavern, Augusto's body had shifted, muscles bulging, fur running along his arms and shoulders. With a feral roar, he ripped into the swarm, claws tearing through chitin. His strikes were wild, brutal, a stark contrast to Trafalgar's precision.

Then came the real battle.

The monstrous spider—eight meters tall—descended fully into the cavern. Its bulk blotted out the violet glow, fangs dripping venom that hissed when it hit stone. Garrika surged forward, her transformation surging past Augusto's half-form. Claws extended, muscles coiled with Flow Core strength, her eyes glowing like emerald fire.

The beast reared back, stabbing down with two massive forelegs. The ground shook under the impact.

Garrika caught the strike with both arms, claws screeching against hardened chitin. Sparks flew. She slid back but held firm, fangs bared in defiance.

The cavern shook as Garrika's claws locked against the spider's massive forelegs. Sparks danced where beast met beast, her muscles straining as the eight-meter monstrosity pushed her back. Venom hissed against the stone floor, the sound sharp as burning oil.

With a surge of power, Garrika twisted to the side, claws raking deep into the spider's armored limb—[Beast Claw Barrage]. Her hands became a blur, slashing in rapid succession, tearing through the hardened chitin until cracks spider-webbed across its surface. The giant beast shrieked, staggering back a step.

The monster lunged again, mandibles snapping like guillotines. Garrika dropped low, her legs coiling, then exploded upward—[Lupine Rush]. She closed the distance in a blink, her claws sinking into the spider's underbelly. Black ichor sprayed across her arms as she ripped free, forcing the beast into a frenzy.

"Garrika!" Augusto called from the swarm, but she didn't look back. Her focus was absolute.

The spider reared back, striking with a stabbing leg. Garrika met it head-on, biting down with jaws that had sharpened into gleaming fangs—[Moonfang Rend]. The crack echoed through the chamber as her bite pierced through the armored limb, snapping bone and carapace in one savage motion. Venom dripped down her chin as she tore a chunk free and spat it aside.

The arachnid screeched, stumbling, but its size gave it resilience. It swung wildly, knocking loose chunks of rock from the cavern walls. Garrika absorbed a glancing blow, skidding across the ground, but her body shimmered with regenerative force—[Lycan Resilience]—stamina returning even as blood ran from her arms.

Trafalgar, still surrounded by smaller spiders, stole a glance at her. For a heartbeat, he simply watched, eyes narrowing. 'So this is what a Flow Core looks like in combat... ruthless, fast, relentless. She's holding her own against something that could crush us all in a blink.'

He tightened his grip on Maledicta, slicing down another spider that leapt at him. 'Good. She takes the big one. Augusto and I keep the swarm under control. Simple math.'

Garrika let out a low snarl, claws glowing faintly as she launched herself back at the monster, unflinching even as it loomed over her.

The real clash had just begun.

The swarm pressed harder, skittering legs filling every corner of the cavern floor. Trafalgar's blade cut through them cleanly, but for every carcass that fell, two more seemed to emerge from the shadows. Mandibles clashed against stone, and the air reeked of venom and ichor.

One of the smaller spiders lunged, fangs snapping at his arm. Trafalgar sidestepped, slashing across its face and kicking the twitching corpse aside. His eyes flicked down at the sizzling venom it left on the ground.

'Venom... just like last time.'

An idea sparked. He crouched briefly, letting Maledicta's edge scrape against the poisoned fluid, coating the blade in a thin sheen of acid-green.

In his other hand, a flash of fire bloomed—Blazewick Torch – Want light? Have fire. The conjured flame burned red, wild and unstable. Trafalgar tilted it toward Maledicta.

The moment the flames kissed the poisoned steel, the sword flared violently. Blue fire raced along the black blade, edged in red, wrapping it in a furious aura. The air crackled with heat, shadows twisting against the cavern walls.

Trafalgar's lips curved in the faintest smirk. 'Improvised or not, it works.'

He extinguished the torch in an instant, letting it vanish back into his inventory. No time to waste with theatrics.

Another wave of spiders surged. Trafalgar moved to meet them head-on, Maledicta blazing with fire and venom. Each strike cleaved through bodies and left flames licking across shattered limbs. The swarm screeched, the scent of scorched chitin filling the chamber.

Across the battlefield, Augusto tore a spider apart with his claws, howling in excitement. Garrika was still locked against the massive arachnid, claws digging deep into its armor as the beast screeched in fury.

But for Trafalgar, the battle was endless repetition—slash, parry, stab, burn. His breathing deepened, muscles taut, every swing efficient.

Another spider leapt from the side. He impaled it mid-air, flames erupting from its cracked body. Black smoke curled upward as it collapsed in pieces.

Still, more kept coming. The floor writhed with movement, mandibles clattering in a deafening chorus.

Trafalgar gritted his teeth, eyes sharp as steel. 'They are infinite or what...?!'