

Tyrant 122

Chapter 122: The Mansion

The mana-powered carriage slowed to a halt, its faint hum fading as the three passengers stepped down—Trafalgar, Garrika, and Leon. The air felt heavier here, as if even the breeze carried the weight of wealth and judgment.

Leon looked pale, sweat dripping down his temple despite the shade. He couldn't hide it. Everything that had unfolded until now—his reckless gamble in the mines, his betrayal—was his fault. Trafalgar was still breathing only because he had reacted fast in that moment of chaos. If he hadn't... all the effort he'd poured into surviving these past months would have gone to waste.

Trafalgar lifted his gaze to the mansion ahead. It wasn't plated in gold, but it radiated wealth all the same. The stone walls stretched wide, flanked by a gate guarded by two men with polished muskets. Beyond lay a vast garden, neatly manicured hedges sculpted into elaborate shapes—dragons coiled mid-flight, soldiers in rigid stances, and at the center of it all, a massive figure carved from greenery.

Trafalgar smirked inwardly. 'I'm guessing that's Andrew, Leon's father. A life of luxury, no worries, just sitting on his ass while the world spins around him. Any fatter and he might actually explode.'

Beside him, Garrika stifled a laugh. The detail was almost too perfect—the shirt of the hedge-statue rode up slightly, revealing a rounded belly. She covered her mouth, but the sound slipped through.

Trafalgar leaned closer, whispering sharply, "It's bad manners to laugh at someone's looks, you know."

"It's just... the detail's too good," Garrika whispered back, her shoulders shaking.

Leon didn't hear a word. His whole body trembled as if every step toward the gate pulled him closer to his execution.

The three approached the iron gate, the crunch of gravel beneath their boots breaking the silence. The two guards standing watch stiffened the moment they recognized Leon. Both men snapped to attention, lowering their muskets only slightly.

"Young master Leon," one of them greeted, his voice firm but respectful. "Welcome back. How was the expedition in the mines? Did you get what you wanted?"

Leon froze. His lips trembled, but no words came out. The sweat clinging to his forehead told a different story than the one he wanted to give.

The guards noticed quickly—and more importantly, they noticed Trafalgar and Garrika trailing behind him. Their brows furrowed, suspicion flashing instantly into hostility.

"Don't move!" one barked, raising his musket in a heartbeat. The other mirrored him, both barrels now trained on Trafalgar and Garrika. "Step away from the young master or we'll blow your heads off!"

Trafalgar's muscles tensed, though his face betrayed nothing. Months of instinct screamed at him to act, but he forced the urge down. He couldn't look weak. So instead, he stood motionless, eyes cold and unreadable.

Leon's panic boiled over. His voice cracked, desperate but loud. "LOWER YOUR WEAPONS, NOW! He's my guest—this is Trafalgar du Morgain himself!"

The words hung heavy in the air. The guards glanced at each other, confusion turning into disbelief. One even chuckled, a sneer curling on his lips.

"The bastard of House Morgain?" he scoffed. "Impossible. Everyone knows that whelp never leaves the castle."

Trafalgar's eyes narrowed. He'd already sent word back to the castle and Velkaris about how he expected to be treated. In Miraven, however, such news clearly hadn't spread. His gaze shifted toward Leon, sharp and commanding, a silent order that carried no room for disobedience.

'Train your dogs... or I'll do it for you.'

Leon felt Trafalgar's stare burning into him, sharper than any blade. His throat tightened, but he knew—if he didn't act now, Trafalgar would. And if Trafalgar acted, someone's head would roll.

With a shaky breath, Leon summoned his weapon. A longsword materialized in his grip, its steel glinting under the afternoon light.

Trafalgar's eyes flickered. 'So he's a swordsman... didn't expect that. If we'd fought back in the mine, I probably would've lost. Lucky for me, he never pushed it. Guess I'll have to keep playing the role of the noble who decides who lives and dies.'

Leon tightened his grip, then, without hesitation, slammed the pommel of his sword into the guard's stomach.

Thud!

The man dropped instantly, gasping for air, clutching his midsection. His musket clattered to the ground.

"Agh—!" he wheezed, struggling to breathe. His eyes rose to Leon in disbelief. "Y-Young master...?"

But Leon's face was pale with terror. He wasn't angry at the guard—he was afraid. Afraid of what Trafalgar might do if he didn't prove himself. The image of Trafalgar mercilessly driving a dagger through the throat of one of his mercenaries in the mine still haunted him. He knew that if he hesitated now, the result would be worse.

The downed soldier staggered upright, then dropped to one knee, trembling. "Forgive me, young master. I... I meant no disrespect."

The other guard quickly lowered his musket, bowing deeply in panic.

Trafalgar clicked his tongue, the sound sharp and irritated. He didn't bother to hide his disdain.

Garrika, standing silently, watched every detail. Her green eyes lingered on Trafalgar. The calm, decisive way he carried himself made her chest tighten. For a lycan, strength and resolve were intoxicating traits in a mate. He had rejected her once... but her instincts whispered she would try again.

The gates creaked open, and the three of them stepped past the guards in tense silence. Neither soldier dared to raise his head. Trafalgar didn't even glance at them—he had already dismissed their existence.

The mansion loomed larger the closer they came. Its walls were clean-cut stone, its windows framed with polished wood. Inside, chandeliers cast a warm glow over the grand hall.

Trafalgar let his eyes roam.

'Big ass mansion I give him that, but it looks like shit compared to my castle hehe.'

Leon cleared his throat, forcing confidence back into his trembling voice. "P-please wait here. This is the guest hall. I'll inform my father immediately. The servants will bring refreshments soon."

He bowed slightly before turning to leave, his steps hurried, almost desperate to escape Trafalgar's presence.

The room fell into silence once more. Garrika crossed her arms, her gaze drifting between the ornate walls and Trafalgar himself. The faint smile tugging at her lips wasn't for the mansion—it was for him.

Trafalgar pulled out a chair and sat down casually, his posture loose, almost lazy, as if this hall belonged to him instead of Leon's family. His eyes half-closed, studying the chandeliers above.

'Well, time to sort this out and get back, I'm pretty tired already.'