

## Tyrant 154

### Chapter 154: Vipers' Reaction

The silence after Trafalgar's jab didn't last long. Seraphine's golden eyes widened, her face stiffening before twisting into fury. She pushed back her chair and stood, her voice rising sharply across the hall.

"You insolent bastard! Do you think you can mock me at this table? After everything your father Valttair has given you, this is how you repay him—by spitting shit at your elders?"

Her hands trembled as she pointed across the table at him, her composure shattered. "You are nothing! A mistake of blood, a parasite leeching off this house. You should be grateful you're even allowed to sit here!"

Gasps echoed faintly around the table. Even the younger children shrank at the sight of the First Wife, usually so regal, losing herself completely.

Trafalgar didn't flinch. He sat comfortably, one elbow on the armrest, his chin propped lazily on his hand. His dark-blue eyes fixed on her with a cool, almost amused gleam.

"Loud," he murmured, his voice steady, cutting through her rage. "For someone who once tried to starve herself into looking important, you've got plenty of energy to waste."

Seraphine's face flushed crimson.

Trafalgar tilted his head, his smirk widening. "And let's be clear—I don't owe you respect. Not after you sent dogs to slit my throat, or your personal soldier. Call me a bastard, a parasite, whatever helps you sleep. But I'm still here. Alive. Breathing. Which is more than can be said for those assassins you paid for."

The words hung heavy in the air. Seraphine's fists clenched at her sides, trembling with fury, yet she found no immediate reply.

Trafalgar leaned back again, calm as ever. 'Shout all you want. I'm not the old Trafalgar, and I don't have the patience of a saint either.'

Lady Verena's voice cut next, cold and sharp. "Disrespecting your elder sister and insulting the First Wife? You've grown arrogant, Trafalgar. A little height and a bit of muscle, and you think yourself untouchable."

Rivena leaned forward, her lips curved in a cruel smile. "He's just acting out. That's what happens when you let a caged rat taste freedom—it bites. Don't worry, dear brother, I'll remind you of your place later." Her tone dripped with venom, her eyes daring him to flinch.

At the far side, Lady Ysolde gave a soft chuckle, the sound more mockery than humor. "Look at him, Verena. Finally showing some spine. I almost find it entertaining. Almost."

Even the children shifted uneasily, eyes darting between their mothers and Trafalgar. Only Naevia remained quiet, her calm expression giving nothing away.

Trafalgar let them finish, his fingers drumming once against the table before he spoke. His voice wasn't raised, but it carried, slicing through the murmurs.

"Family, huh?" He let the word linger in the air, tasting of iron. "I don't see family sitting at this table. I see snakes. Vipers hissing at each other, waiting for someone to bleed so you can feed."

His gaze swept the room, resting briefly on each one in turn—Seraphine, Verena, Rivena. "You think words will break me? You already tried blades. You already tried poison. And yet, here I am. The bastard who refuses to die."

"Trafalgar," she said carefully, "this isn't the way. Words thrown in anger will only—"

He cut her off, his voice sharp but steady, refusing to waver. "No, Lysandra. I've stayed silent for years—swallowing every insult, every humiliation, every strike they thought I couldn't endure. And they mistook my silence for weakness."

His gaze swept the table, daring anyone to look away. "Do you really think people have no limit? That I would just sit here forever, letting you spit on me while I keep my head down? Does that tiny little brain of yours not grasp it? Actions have consequences. Always."

The words cracked through the air like whips, his restraint finally shattered.

Gasps rippled across the table, some from shock, others from outrage.

Seraphine leaned forward, her golden eyes blazing. "Are you threatening me, you little shit?" Her voice dripped with venom, each word a challenge.

Trafalgar's smirk widened, his tone cold and deliberate. "If that's how you want to hear it... then yes. Take it as a threat. Or better—take it as a promise."

The hall tensed as if a blade had been drawn, the air charged with the weight of his defiance. Lysandra pressed her lips into a thin line, torn between pride and dread, while the rest of the wives and children bristled at his words.

Trafalgar didn't back down. Not this time. Not ever again.

The hall erupted—voices rising, chairs scraping, the wives hissing like cornered vipers. Verena shouted over Seraphine, Ysolde laughed cruelly, Rivena whispered something vile under her breath just loud enough for Trafalgar to hear.

And then, Valtair moved.

His hand slammed down against the table, the blackwood groaning under the force. The sound rang out like thunder, silencing every tongue in an instant.

"Enough."

His voice cut through the air, colder than the mountain winds that howled outside. The weight of authority in it left no room for argument. His gray eyes swept the table, hard and unyielding.

"If you cannot behave as a family," he said, each word sharp and deliberate, "then this dinner ends here. I will not preside over a brood of squabbling children."

The silence that followed was suffocating. No one dared to speak—not even Seraphine, who still glared daggers at Trafalgar.

Valttair leaned back, his expression carved from stone. "We depart soon. The highest peak of Morgain will be our destination. There, at the family cemetery, Mordrek will be laid to rest. Prepare yourselves. I expect discipline, not disgrace."

The words hung heavy in the vast chamber.

Trafalgar sat motionless. 'So that's it. He still sees me as valuable enough to shield, but not enough to call out their venom. Fine. Let him keep his order. I'll keep my promises.'

One by one, the others lowered their gazes. The feast ended not with warmth, but with the cold reminder that the true storm hadn't even begun. And Trafalgar was ready.