

Tyrant 164

Chapter 164: The Chosen of Euclid

The heavy silence of the hall was broken when Seradra's sharp voice cut across the chamber.

"Valttair, don't you think this matter can wait until after the burial? You promised you would behave."

Tall and severe, her crimson eyes locked onto her brother with the weight of command.

Valttair straightened, unflinching. "The duties of the Morgains cannot wait. Euclid is now without a ruler. A gap like that leaves our territory weak, and weakness invites attack. This is a matter of utmost priority."

Seradra's gaze hardened, her expression carved from ice. "I asked for respect. Do you truly believe anyone would dare lay a hand on our family during the days we are gathered here? You insult our strength with such words."

An older voice intervened, deep and resonant. The Morgain patriarch, her father, leaned forward, his tone carrying authority. "Seradra, my dear... I understand your sentiment. But you know well that the peace among the Eight Great Families always hangs by a thread. It is better to choose someone now, to succeed Euclid without delay. Remember—it holds one of our Gates. That makes it vital."

The weight of his words settled over the room.

Valttair turned, his gaze sliding toward Seradra. "I know this isn't the right moment, but I already spoke with Anthera."

At that, eyes shifted toward the quiet figure of Anthera. She met Seradra's gaze calmly before speaking. "It's all right. Thank you for your concern, Seradra. But I've already agreed with Valttair in private. I want this matter settled quickly."

A long silence stretched. Seradra exhaled, steady but reluctant, crimson eyes narrowing slightly. She had always been distant from Anthera—one commanding the fortress at the Morgain peak, the other living quietly in Euclid. Yet respect lingered between them.

"If that is what you truly want, Anthera," Seradra said at last, "then so be it."

"Thank you," Anthera replied with a small nod.

Valttair inclined his head once, closing the matter. "Good."

From his seat, Trafalgar watched the exchange, shoulders stiff. His thoughts cut in, sharp but quiet: 'Makes sense. From what I know about Mordrek, neither he nor his family wanted to stay tangled with the Morgains. This is the cleanest and fastest way for them to walk away.'

The silence did not last long. From another table, a man in his forties rose to his feet. His voice was steady, but his words carried an edge.

"Valttair... you've given no important territory to any of your children. Only Lysandra. Don't you think it's time to choose an heir worthy of Euclid?"

Murmurs rippled through the chamber like a spreading fire. Heads turned instinctively toward Lysandra, who sat poised and composed. Her platinum-blond hair was tied back in a combat ponytail, her green eyes scanning the hall without flinching. She betrayed no emotion, no reaction—simply watching.

The whispers grew louder, threads of speculation weaving together.

On the high table, Seraphine leaned closer to her son, Maeron. Her lips brushed his ear, voice low but intent. "Be ready..."

Maeron's jaw tightened, his eyes gleaming faintly with expectation. Around the chamber, the other wives straightened, each certain that their child would be chosen. Their gazes sharpened with quiet ambition.

Trafalgar observed from his place, his back stiff against the chair. 'Whoever gets Euclid wins more than land—they win leverage. No wonder everyone's watching like hawks.'

Valttair pushed back his chair and rose to his full height. The air shifted instantly, all conversation dying away. With a sharp motion of his hand, he summoned his weapon.

A surge of mana coursed through the hall, bright and oppressive. From a shimmer of golden light, a sword materialized—long and regal, its blade shining with a brilliance that demanded reverence. The edges glowed faintly as if infused with the very essence of authority, each line flawless, sharp enough to sever not just flesh but will. It was a weapon of unmistakable class—Unique-grade, a blade that mirrored its wielder's domineering presence.

The glow reflected across faces, silencing even the boldest murmurs.

Maeron's chair scraped as he began to stand, his chest swelling with anticipation. His mother's eyes gleamed, lips twitching into a smile. The tension was at its breaking point.

Then, Valttair lifted the sword and leveled its point—not at Maeron.

Across the table, the radiant tip aimed toward a pale young man with dark eyes and hair tied in a modest ponytail.

Trafalgar.

A ripple of shock tore through the chamber. Dozens of gazes locked onto him, disbelieving. The silence was crushing, heavier than any roar of outrage.

Trafalgar sat frozen, his heartbeat drumming in his ears. The weight of every eye pressing down on him made his skin prickle. He hadn't moved a muscle, but in that instant, it felt as though the entire hall had tilted, spotlight burning only on him.

The silence shattered in an instant.

Seraphine shot to her feet, her chair clattering back. "Are you insane, Valttair? Giving Euclid to the bastard?!"

Another wife rose just as quickly, her voice sharp with fury. "Why him, when your sons are stronger, better trained, better at everything?"

A third snarled, slamming her hand against the table. "All of them are better choices than him!"

The fourth's voice cracked with outrage, echoing across the hall. "You shame us before the family with this madness!"

The chamber exploded in noise—wives shouting, cousins murmuring in disbelief, others whispering furiously among themselves. Everyone knew Trafalgar's name. The bastard du Morgain, the stain they all mocked in hushed voices. None of them, except Lysandra and Valttair, had the faintest clue of the power he carried.

Now, with a single decision, Valttair had upended the balance of succession.

The glow of his Unique sword held steady as he turned his gaze on Seraphine. His voice was iron. "This is the result of your actions. You already know what awaits you if you cross me again."

The warning cut sharper than any blade. Seraphine flinched but stood defiant, rage simmering in her eyes.

Around them, the uproar only grew louder—an ocean of chaos, fury, and disbelief.

But Trafalgar heard none of it. His mind was a blank canvas, pierced only by one jagged thought that refused to fade.

'You've got to be fucking kidding me.'