

## Tyrant 165

### Chapter 165: The Funeral of Swords

The uproar still echoed across the hall—shouts, murmurs, whispers of disbelief. But Valttair remained standing, his sword gleaming with unyielding light. When he finally spoke, his voice cut through the storm like steel.

"Euclid has been decided," he declared. "Trafalgar will take the seat. The matter is closed."

The clash of voices faltered, then fell silent. One by one, the family members lowered their gazes under the weight of his tone.

A gray-bearded uncle broke the silence first, bitterness in his voice. "You place a Gate under the care of a boy who has barely seen sixteen winters? Are you mad?"

From another table, a cousin added sharply, "What does he know of ruling? You gamble with our strength, Valttair."

An older aunt leaned forward, crimson earrings swaying. "Your wives have heirs more fitting, yet you humiliate them all by naming the bastard."

Murmurs of agreement swept the side tables.

Valttair's eyes narrowed, and he lifted the sword just slightly. "Enough. Euclid will not be questioned again. A Morgain does not need your permission to choose. He needs only strength to enforce his will—and I have it."

The words landed heavy, suffocating further protest.

Another uncle, younger and sharper-tongued, spoke in defiance. "Then you bind us to your whim? What of the balance among the branches? What of the other Seven Families watching us? Do you think they will ignore such recklessness?"

A cousin scoffed openly. "They'll laugh at us the moment they hear. Trafalgar, lord of Euclid? A joke."

The whispers swelled again, but Lysandra's calm voice cut through: "Better a single decision than endless bickering. Father has spoken. Do you really want the other Families to see us clawing at each other like starving dogs?"

The jab silenced several of the cousins, shame flashing in their eyes.

Still, one of Valttair's brothers leaned forward, his tone low but pointed. "You're daring the entire room, Valttair. If Trafalgar fails, it will not just be his ruin, but yours."

Valttair turned his head, his grey eyes cold. "Then he will not fail."

No one spoke after that. The hall fell into a stillness so complete that even the crackle of the torches felt loud.

Trafalgar remained seated, stiff in his chair, pulse hammering in his ears. The silence pressed against his skin, but his thoughts drifted in a single, dry line: 'You must really like me a lot, Valttair...'

Valttair did not sit back down. His platinum hair fell loosely over his shoulders, catching the torchlight, while his sharp gray eyes swept across the chamber.

"The matter of Euclid is finished," he declared, his tone cutting through the lingering murmurs. "Now we turn to what must come next. At dawn, we will honor Mordrek with our tradition. As always, his funeral will be held at the Cemetery of Swords. Every Morgain present will attend. None will be absent."

A few heads bowed in respect, others stiffened at the weight of the words.

One of Valttair's brothers spoke first. "So the rite will be done in full?"

Valttair inclined his head once. "Yes. As it has always been, so it shall be now."

Whispers followed, a somber acceptance spreading among the tables.

From his place, Trafalgar shifted slightly. 'The Cemetery of Swords... sounds like something out of a fantasy game, hehe. Guess this will be my first time seeing whatever their "tradition" really is.'

But the quiet did not last. A cousin leaned forward, voice sharp with unease. "And what of the one who killed him?"

Valttair's gaze swept across the table, silencing them. "We will not speak in riddles. Mordrek fell in battle against a dragon, and as I said before, we will avenge him."

The word sent a ripple of shock through the chamber. Gasps, shouts, and hushed disbelief followed instantly.

Murmurs spread quickly, relatives and guests of other bloodlines exchanging uneasy glances.

Another cousin leaned forward, frowning. "Everyone in the territory has heard already, Valttair. They know Mordrek fell to a dragon—but what they don't know is where the beast hides."

Valttair's gray eyes narrowed, sharp as blades. "Then let it be clear: the dragon was gravely wounded in its clash with Mordrek. It did not vanish into legend—it still lingers within Morgain territory. And we will find it."

The words hit the chamber with weight, but he did not stop there. His gaze swept the room before settling briefly on his son. "Do not forget—there was a dragon before in the lands of Euclid. Trafalgar crossed paths with it... and survived."

A ripple ran through the hall. Dozens of eyes shifted back toward Trafalgar, whispers rising, some in disbelief, others in awe. Surviving such an encounter was no small feat, and for a moment, the stigma attached to his name was replaced by something else entirely.

Trafalgar felt the weight of every stare pressing against his skin. 'Fantastic. As if I needed more attention tonight...'

The murmurs died down only when Valtair's voice struck again, hard as iron. "At sunrise, the funeral will proceed at the Cemetery of Swords."

The meal lingered only a short while after Valtair's final words. Conversation was hushed, broken by scattered whispers and darting glances.

At the high table, Anthera rose quietly. Her black dress caught the torchlight, simple yet solemn. Beside her stood Syllis, her young face pale but composed, lips pressed tightly together as she fought to remain steady.

Clinging to her skirt were the twins, Mael and Eron, no older than six, both dressed in small black tunics. Their wide eyes carried only confusion—they could not truly grasp what had been lost.

Without a word, Anthera inclined her head toward Valtair, then began leading her children out of the hall. The guests shifted aside in silence as the four departed. The sound of their footsteps fading down the corridor weighed heavier than all the shouting from earlier.

The hall was thinning out, the clamor of earlier arguments replaced by hushed conversations. Servants began clearing the tables.

Trafalgar rose slowly, his chair scraping against the stone floor. His eyes found Seradra, standing near one of the pillars, tall and composed, crimson eyes calm after the storm of the evening.

He approached her, rubbing the back of his neck. "Hey, Seradra... where's the bathroom?"

She studied him for a heartbeat, then her expression softened slightly. "Down that hall. Third door on the right." Before he could turn away, she added, "And Trafalgar—congratulations. Euclid is no small responsibility. You earned more tonight than most will admit."

He blinked, caught off guard. His hand moved back to scratch his head awkwardly. "The truth is... I didn't really want it," he muttered under his breath, then straightened a little and said, "But... thanks."

Seradra's lips curved faintly, almost approving. She gave a small nod.

"Right," Trafalgar murmured, already turning down the corridor.

His footsteps faded into the corridor, leaving the hall of Morgains behind.