Tyrant 20

Chapter 20: Before the Council

Trafalgar walked behind Lysandra in silence, both of them having already dismissed their weapons. She led the way with her usual confident stride, boots echoing softly against the cold stone path.

He, on the other hand, was deep in thought.

'Let's see what memories the old Trafalgar had about the Council.'

He focused.

Fragments started surfacing—fuzzy at first, then sharper.

'Right... the place was stunning. Filled with nobles—at least three hundred of them. Every major family sends their full lineup. That means the Morgain family alone shows up with nearly fifteen people: siblings, wives, and the patriarch.'

His eyes narrowed slightly as more memories emerged.

'Of course, they all used to mock him. Even his own siblings. When the Morgains treat one of their own like trash, it gives everyone else a free pass. That's how it was back then. No wonder the other families joined in.'

Trafalgar clenched his jaw briefly.

'This year... I'll stay out of the spotlight. Say hello, keep my distance, and disappear. That's the safest bet. Technically, it'll be my third time seeing them.'

Then a flash hit him.

A girl.

Her skin was pale, almost porcelain. Two black horns curved from her forehead. Long, purple hair flowed behind her in waves. Her eyes—greyish and calm—had once looked straight at him with something no one else had shown: kindness.

She had smiled.

She had played with him.

'Wait—her?'

His eyes widened.

"Fucking hell," he muttered under his breath.

Lysandra glanced back at him with a raised eyebrow. "Something wrong?"

Trafalgar shook his head quickly. "No. Just thinking."

She turned forward again and sighed.

"Well, get ready. The rest of the family still can't stand you."

"You didn't have to remind me," he said with a dry look. "Trust me, I know."

They kept walking, passing through the side corridors of the castle. The halls were colder today, quieter—like the entire household was holding its breath.

Trafalgar's thoughts returned to the girl.

'That's her. Now I get why she said we were childhood friends.'

He frowned.

'Ugh... not that I know her. The old Trafalgar did. I just have his memories. Still, I remember one thing—she was the only one who ever took him by the hand and played with him. They were around eight years old.'

His pace slowed slightly.

'At least now I know who the hell she was. And... it confirms something else. Not all demons are evil. Even if some of them tried to kill me... that girl clearly wasn't. Maybe there's no war coming after all.'

He remembered her voice—calm but serious: "It will be resolved at the soon."

Trafalgar exhaled slowly as they approached a large door.

The messenger ahead of them came to a stop in front of a tall, polished door flanked by two armored guards. Without looking back, he spoke firmly.

"We've arrived. Please enter. The other members of the family are already inside."

Lysandra pushed the door open without hesitation and stepped in first.

Trafalgar followed.

The room was large and circular, with a vaulted ceiling and black banners lined in silver hanging from every column. At the center was a long obsidian table, and surrounding it were the most powerful members of House Morgain.

He counted quickly, in total they were—nine heirs, four wives, and Valttair himself seated at the head.

Trafalgar took a step forward... and instantly felt it.

Dozens of eyes on him. Most of them filled with disdain, annoyance, or plain disinterest. No one offered a seat. Not that he expected one.

Then a voice, laced with fake sweetness, cut through the air.

"Hello, little brother. After this two months, you look better now... more mature."

Rivena.

She was seated near the front, legs crossed elegantly, her expression a perfect mask of warmth.

Trafalgar's entire body tensed. His hands curled slightly.

A chill ran down his spine.

'Ugh. What a disgusting bitch.'

He didn't respond. Just lowered his gaze for a second and looked away.

Then came the voice that quieted the room instantly.

Valttair stood.

"Good. It seems everyone is finally here," he said, voice deep and commanding.

He looked around, and his eyes briefly rested on Trafalgar, unreadable.

"Tonight, we leave for the Council. It will begin with a banquet. While the Eight Great Families celebrate, the heads of each house will meet privately."

He paused.

"One of the main topics will be the recent attack by House Zar'khael. They've crossed a line, and consequences must be discussed."

Murmurs rippled through the room but quickly died down.

Valttair continued.

"Until then, all of you will attend the event as Morgains. That means maintaining our image. Our reputation."

His gaze locked on Trafalgar.

"Especially you. Now that you've awakened... I expect you to carry yourself properly."

Trafalgar didn't flinch. He held his ground and nodded once.

"Understood, Father."

Valttair gave a slow nod in return.

"Good. That will be all. You're dismissed. Go prepare. The maids will assist you with your formal wear."

Without another word, Trafalgar turned and walked out first, his boots echoing against the stone as he left.

Behind him, quiet footsteps followed as the rest of the family began to move.

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Seraphine POV:

Far from the noise of the main hall, in one of the upper chambers of the Morgain estate, Lady Seraphine stood alone.

Her room was lavish—draped in crimson silks and golden trims, a large mirror framed with enchanted runes standing across from her. Snow still fell outside the balcony, but inside, the air was thick and stifling.

She stood by the window, fanning herself aggressively.

"How is this possible!?" she hissed, her golden eyes wide with fury.

Despite the cold air seeping through the stone walls, her skin was flushed, and her fan moved faster, as if trying to cool the storm inside her head.

"That bastard boy... he actually awakened?"

She turned sharply, heels clicking against the marble floor as she began pacing.

"I made sure—personally—that he carried a curse since he was a child. He was never supposed to awaken. Not after a decade of failure."

Her voice rose with each word, and the fan snapped closed in her hand.

"For ten years, he trained like a dog and never got anywhere. And now—now—suddenly he breaks through?"

She stopped in front of the mirror, staring at her reflection. Her long platinum blonde hair, usually perfect, was slightly frayed at the edges from how many times she had run her fingers through it.

"What changed?" she muttered, voice lower now. Almost shaken. "What happened these last few months?"

Her hand trembled, still gripping the fan tightly.

The image of Trafalgar came to mind—calm, quiet, standing tall in the family chamber.

Seraphine's jaw tightened.

'No. Something's not right. He wasn't supposed to awaken at all.'