

Tyrant 27

Chapter 27: The Cursed Heir's Reward

Trafalgar remained seated on the edge of the bed, his fingers gripping the fabric of the sheets while his mind spun like a storm.

'Zafira... Alfons... the duel... and that veiled woman... all in just a few hours. What the hell is this world even doing to me?'

His gaze drifted toward the ornate ceiling, though he barely registered it. His thoughts were far from the present.

'I need to figure out who that veiled woman was... and what she gave me. But how? It's not like I've got some divination ability or anything. And then there's Aubrelle... right, she was one of the ten playable legendary characters too. Now that I think about it... if I had transmigrated into her... would I have had a pus--'

He shut his eyes and exhaled sharply.

'Focus, Trafalgar. Fucking focus.'

The realization dug into his brain like a splinter.

'If Aubrelle is here, then the other eight legendary characters could be too. Maybe even some of the epic and rare ones... but let's be honest, who ever gave a damn about those in a gacha game? No one maxed out a B-rank unless they had a fetish or were masochists.'

He rubbed his temples, already feeling the beginnings of a headache.

'Still... maybe there's one among the other legendaries who can help me find out more about the veiled woman. I only know scraps of their background stories, but I know them better than anyone else in this world. Trafalgar's memories filled in the blanks for him, sure... but the others? I'm on my own there.'

The pressure started to mount. His chest felt heavy, his brain crowded.

'Tch. So many questions. So few answers. Maybe things will come to light piece by piece. For now... I should probably worry about Valttair.'

His eyes narrowed.

'I don't know how he'll react once he figures out I've been hiding my real Talent. After the duel with Alfons, he probably noticed I've already learned the Morgain Blade. And it's only been—what?—a day?'

He clenched his fists lightly, just as the door creaked open behind him.

'Speak of the devil...'

The door creaked open, and Valtair stepped inside alone. His gaze swept across the room until it landed on Trafalgar, seated on the bed, his dark hair slightly messy, his navy-blue jacket wrinkled from the earlier fall.

"You're awake, Trafalgar," Valtair said calmly, closing the door behind him.

"So it seems, can I ask you a question father?," Trafalgar replied, keeping his tone neutral.

Valttair tilted his head slightly, studying him with interest.

"Later, first this is interesting."

Trafalgar frowned. "What is it, father?"

"Don't you feel anything strange in your body?" Valtair asked, stepping closer with his hands clasped behind his back.

"What do you mean?" Trafalgar leaned forward a bit, wary.

"Take a good look," Valtair said, nodding toward him. "Open your system."

Trafalgar sighed under his breath and muttered, "Status."

A blue translucent screen shimmered into view before him:

[Host: Trafalgar du Morgain]

[Title: Cursed Heir]

[Age: 15]

[Race: Half-Human / ???]

[Bloodline: ???]

[Core: Spark]

[Class: Swordsman]

[Talent: SSS]

[Abilities:

Passive Skill: Sword Insight (Lv.Max)

Passive Skill: Morgain Blade (Lv.1) – Unique Rank

Active Skill: Arc Slash – Common Rank]

His eyes scanned the details quickly. Nothing seemed out of place... until he noticed the change.

'Wait... my core isn't Origin anymore...'

"Spark?" he muttered, eyes narrowing.

"Correct," Valttair said with a small smile. "It seems you've achieved a breakthrough. You're now at the second rank of mana core, Trafalgar. Quite the feat, considering it's been barely two months since your awakening."

"Wow..." Trafalgar stared at the screen. "So I'm not Origin anymore? I guess I'm still behind the others, but... this is a huge step."

"It is," Valttair nodded. "And that kind of progress, in such little time, only happens with a powerful Talent. Which I'd very much like to know the truth about." He narrowed his eyes slightly. "Don't try to lie again, not while I'm still in a good mood."

Trafalgar straightened his back slowly, his expression stiffening.

'Well... I managed to live peacefully for two months. I guess my time's up.'

He took a slow breath.

"My real Talent... is SSS, father."

The room fell into complete silence.

Valttair stared at him for a long moment.

Then... he laughed.

It started low, like a breath caught in his throat, but quickly grew into a full, genuine laugh that echoed through the room. He wiped the corner of his eyes with one hand as if brushing away tears.

"Oh, the gods do have a sense of humor," he muttered between chuckles. "To think... it was worth keeping you around after all."

Trafalgar blinked, visibly thrown off.

'He's... laughing? I expected him to get angry. To punish me. Not this.'

He searched his inherited memories for something—anything—that matched this version of Valttair. But there was nothing. In all the few memories Trafalgar could access, the man had been distant, cold, unreadable. Not once had he seen him smile—let alone laugh.

'What the hell is going on...?'

Valttair finally composed himself, exhaling deeply as he stepped closer.

"You thought I'd be angry?" he asked with a raised brow, clearly amused.

"A little, yeah," Trafalgar admitted, eyes narrowing. "Wasn't exactly expecting tears of joy."

"Angry?" Valttair repeated, letting out another short laugh. "No, no. For the first time in generations... someone in our family has an SSS-ranked Talent. Do you have any idea what that means?"

"I imagine it puts a target on my back," Trafalgar muttered.

"It means you're valuable." Valttair's tone turned serious now. "The other Great Families have children with such talents too, SS or SSS—though they're not all the same, there are some SSS that can be considered above others SSS. But now... the Morgains are back in the game."

'So I'm not the only one,' Trafalgar thought. 'It's kind of disappointing... but at the same time, it means Valttair won't treat me like trash anymore. And Rivena... she'll have to stay far away.'

Valttair turned away slightly, reaching into his coat.

"You'll still be punished for lying to me, of course. But for now..." He raised his hand, revealing a silver ring glowing faintly with magical energy. "Take this."

Trafalgar's eyes locked onto the glowing silver ring resting in Valttair's palm. Thin, elegant, but radiating a subtle magical pressure—it was unmistakable.

"Are you sure about this, father?" he asked, standing up slowly. "Giving me a legendary item?"

Valttair nodded, still holding it out.

"You earned it. That duel with Roderic's son was public. You put him in his place, and by extension, elevated our name. Besides..." He glanced briefly at Trafalgar. "I still don't understand why you insisted on keeping that blade when I gave you the chance to replace it. At least this way, I know you'll be carrying something worthy of your bloodline."

Trafalgar stepped forward, extending his hand.

"I see... thank you, father."

The ring fell onto his palm with a soft weight. The moment it made contact, a soft chime rang in his mind.

[You have received: Oathbinder, Type: Accessory – Rank: Legendary.]

(If you want more information about the item, say so.)

'A legendary accessory... I'll check the details later, once I'm back in my room.'

He stared at the ring for a moment longer, then closed his fingers around it. Inside, his gamer instincts were going wild.

'Let's fucking go. First legendary drop, baby.'

"Well, what is that question you wanted to ask me?"

"I actually fainted because of a woman who was dressed in black with a veil, it seems she forced me to eat something which caused me to faint, who is that woman?"

"Hmm, I have no idea. With the number of guests who come to the council whenever it's held, it's hard to spot someone just by their attire. And what did she force you to eat?"

"It was shaped like a pill."

"A pill, huh. I'll have someone look into it. At first glance it doesn't seem like she's done anything to you"

Valttair turned toward the door and began walking.

"Be in my office tomorrow morning. That's when I'll decide what punishment fits your little lie."

Trafalgar followed him with a nod.

"Understood."

As they exited the room, Trafalgar glanced once more at the fading light from the ring.

'This Council answered a lot more than I expected... gave me more questions too. But at least I have some allies now... and my first legendary item.'

And with that, the Council of the Eight Great Families came to a quiet end.