

Tyrant 100

Chapter 100: The Test Ends, the Path Begins

When Trafalgar opened his eyes, he found himself back in the wide hall where they had first been teleported before the labyrinth. All around, dozens of students were seated or standing, their voices low, waiting for some kind of announcement.

Beside him sat Cynthia, arms crossed and looking composed as ever.

"What happened?" Trafalgar asked, his voice still groggy.

"You collapsed," Cynthia replied flatly. "I had to drag you to the end."

Trafalgar blinked at her, a faint smirk tugging at his lips. "Oh? You actually helped me? I thought you'd leave me behind. Is the name Morgain really that scary to you?"

Cynthia's gold eyes narrowed. "Listen, here in the academy, surnames don't matter much. Be careful with what you say. You could end up like Alfons one day if you're careless. And this time, you won't have the protection they gave us in the labyrinth."

A nervous chuckle escaped him. "Hehe... it was a joke, you know that, right?"

Cynthia didn't respond.

"You do know it was a joke... right?" Trafalgar pressed again, but her silence only grew heavier.

The sound of footsteps echoed through the hall. Zafira emerged from the crowd, walking with her usual poise, and just behind her came Bartholomew—Cynthia's younger brother. His eyes darted nervously around, never able to settle on anyone for long.

Zafira stopped in front of them, her tone calm but curious. "How did it go for you two?"

Cynthia stood smoothly, brushing invisible dust from her clothes. "We managed well enough. We met partway through and reached the end together."

Trafalgar pushed himself to his feet too, dusting off his clothes. "I think you're leaving out a few very important details."

Before he could elaborate, Cynthia's arm shot out with startling speed. She caught his wrist, twisted, and in one smooth motion had him locked in place. Pain shot through his shoulder.

"Nggh—Cynthia!" Trafalgar winced, struggling.

Her grip tightened, voice cold. "Shut up."

Zafira tilted her head, her sharp eyes catching every nuance. 'Something definitely happened between them,' she thought, but chose not to pry.

"Nothing important, right, Trafalgar?" Cynthia said, her expression calm as though nothing unusual was happening. "What about you two?"

Zafira crossed her arms. "I entered the labyrinth alone, but I ran into Barth early on. From there, we moved together. Things were fairly simple, thanks to his sleeping skill."

Trafalgar immediately struggled harder, eyes flashing toward Cynthia. "See!? SEE, Cynthia!? I told you!" His voice cracked with defiance, though Cynthia's grip didn't budge.

Her voice cut sharp and cold. "Shut up."

Barth perked up at the mention of his contribution, cheeks burning red. "Y-yeah! I was useful, right, Zafira?" He gave a hopeful smile, almost pleading for her confirmation.

"I just said that, didn't I?" Zafira replied dryly.

Barth rubbed his neck, embarrassed. "Right... yes... that's true."

Cynthia finally sighed and released Trafalgar, who gasped for air, rubbing his shoulder. "I'll let it slide this time. At least the money will help support the orphanage."

"Damn! You're strong," Trafalgar groaned. "Are you sure you're not a—"

But Cynthia's glare froze him in place. He swallowed hard, realizing she might actually break something if he finished the sentence.

The hall had grown restless. Dozens of conversations overlapped—complaints, laughter, and arguments blending into a chaotic buzz. The students who had barely survived the labyrinth were boasting, while others argued over who had carried more weight in their teams.

Trafalgar opened his mouth to add another jab at Cynthia, but then—

Nothing

Not a single sound left his throat. He tried again, louder this time, but his lips moved uselessly, no voice following. His eyes darted around and he realized the same thing had happened to everyone. Silence had swallowed the entire hall.

'What the fuck? Did I go deaf?' he wondered, pressing a hand to his ear. But no... he could still hear the faint sound of his own breathing.

Up on the balcony where the four directors sat, Kaelen lifted one hand lazily. The faint shimmer of a skill glowed around him, the source of the silence. His expression was calm, even bored, as if this display of magic was nothing more than swatting away an annoying fly.

From the same balcony, another figure rose. Her presence drew every gaze.

Tall, elegant, with pale skin that almost glowed beneath the dim lights—Althea. Her long black hair flowed in dark waves, her crimson eyes sharp enough to pierce through stone. The black and silver attire she wore was both martial and regal, fitting her noble, vampiric bloodline.

When she spoke, her voice was rich and commanding, yet smooth like silk.

"Well done, all of you. Some of you performed better than others, but you endured nonetheless. In your assigned rooms, you will find personalized schedules prepared for each of you. You may leave now. Classes begin tomorrow."

Kaelen flicked his wrist, dispelling the silence. Sound returned in an instant—murmurs, whispers, and even gasps as the students realized they could speak again.

Trafalgar exhaled in relief, muttering under his breath, "Finally..."

As the crowd dispersed, the great hall slowly emptied. Groups of students gathered their things, some chattering excitedly, others walking in silence after the ordeal. Trafalgar stretched his arms, eager to leave.

"I'm heading out," he said, giving Cynthia a half-wave before turning on his heel.

"Wait, I'll go with you," Zafira called out, stepping quickly to match his pace. Her expression was calm, though there was a quiet sharpness in her eyes—as if she hadn't missed the tension between him and Cynthia earlier.

The two walked side by side through the academy's main corridors. Outside, the evening sky was painted orange and violet, the sun dipping toward the horizon. They crossed the courtyard in silence before reaching the dormitory building.

Trafalgar glanced around. No sign of Alfons. He smirked. 'Good. That idiot would have jumped at the chance to complain about losing again. Sure, I didn't exactly win cleanly... but a 2–0 is still a 2–0. Next time he runs his mouth, I'll make sure to remind him.'

Zafira's footsteps slowed as she stopped at her own door, right across from his. "We'll see each other tomorrow, then. Classes begin, and I'd suggest you look at your schedule before sleeping."

"Yeah, I'll check it later," Trafalgar replied, hand already on his door handle.