

Tyrant 104

Chapter 104: The Legendary Chef

The sound of quills being set down and chairs scraping back filled the hall as Professor Selvara dismissed the class. She reminded them that this had only been an introduction—later lessons would go deeper into Talents, Bloodlines, Classes, and Skills. For now, it was enough to plant the foundation.

Trafalgar walked out into the corridor alongside Zafira. Students streamed past them, their chatter buzzing in the air.

Zafira glanced at him, her grey eyes calm. "Well, I'm heading to my elective. See you later, Trafalgar."

"Yeah, see you," he answered with a short nod.

They parted ways at the next intersection, Zafira disappearing into the crowd. Trafalgar turned left, following the signs toward the practical wing of the academy. His next destination: Cooking.

His lips curved slightly at the thought.

'Let's see what I can learn. I wonder if they'll teach how to prepare monsters. If I could cook them properly, it might open up an entirely new set of recipes... The idea alone makes me curious.'

The hall grew quieter as he approached the elective classrooms. Most students gravitated to combat or theory-based subjects, leaving the culinary corridor oddly empty.

Trafalgar's thoughts drifted as he walked.

'I never expected to find myself enjoying this hobby. But the truth is... I like it. Back on Earth, my part-time job at the family restaurant was grueling, yet rewarding. The hours were long, the work exhausting—but cooking had a rhythm to it, a strange satisfaction when a dish turned out right.'

He clenched his fist lightly, almost amused.

'Even here, in another world, that feeling hasn't faded. Maybe it never will.'

Reaching the classroom door, he placed his hand on the handle and exhaled slowly.

"Alright," he muttered. "Let's see what kind of cooking they teach in a place like this."

The door creaked open as Trafalgar stepped into the cooking classroom. Compared to the packed lecture halls, this room felt almost deserted. Only a handful of students had chosen the elective, scattered across the rows of counters and stoves. The faint smell of herbs and spices lingered in the air, hinting that the room had already been used that morning.

Trafalgar's eyes swept the space, and then froze.

'Aubrelle...?'

She stood near the front, her long blonde hair falling straight down her back, a white band of cloth covering her eyes as always. Even without sight, her posture carried grace, the kind that made her presence impossible to ignore. At her side perched Pipin, the pale bird that rarely left her shoulder.

Trafalgar narrowed his eyes slightly.

'She's a year above me. What's she doing here in this class?'

Not wanting to draw attention, he chose a seat at one of the empty stations, keeping his distance. But Pipin noticed him instantly. With a flap of wings, the bird fluttered over, landing on his desk and cocking its head.

"Really?" Trafalgar muttered under his breath.

Moments later, footsteps approached. Aubrelle followed the bird, her lips curved into a gentle smile.

"What a surprise, Trafalgar," she said softly. "I didn't expect you to take this class."

"Good morning, Aubrelle," he replied politely. "I didn't think I'd share a lesson with you, considering you're a year ahead."

She tilted her head slightly. "Oh, that. I'm not a student here. I'm the assistant for this class."

"Assistant?" Trafalgar asked, his brows lifting. "Then who's the professor?"

Aubrelle's smile widened just a touch. "Selara."

Trafalgar's chest tightened. 'It's her. The Alchemist. Finally. With her... I might find the Veiled Woman.'

Trafalgar remained quiet for a moment, his gaze drifting to the faint steam rising from the cauldrons at the back of the room. Aubrelle, though her eyes were covered, tilted her head toward him. Through Pipin's vision she could perceive the shapes around her—not perfectly, but enough to read the presence of others.

"Are you really that surprised one of the four directors teaches this class?" she asked, her tone gentle but edged with curiosity.

Trafalgar scratched the back of his neck. "Well, yeah. Isn't it strange? Shouldn't the room be packed if people knew a director was teaching?"

Aubrelle let out a soft laugh, the sound light but knowing. "We avoid mentioning it. If we did, half the academy would sign up out of vanity, not interest. This way, only those who truly enjoy cooking choose it."

Trafalgar leaned back on his stool, crossing his arms. "Makes sense. I picked it because I like cooking. That's why I'm here."

She nodded as if satisfied with his honesty. "Good. Then pay attention to the lessons. Selara can be... eccentric. But if you listen, you'll learn more than you expect."

Her bird, Pipin, hopped onto the counter, pecking curiously at a stray spoon before fluttering back to her shoulder. Aubrelle adjusted her long hair with one hand, then turned toward the front.

"I need to prepare the materials before class begins. Don't let your thoughts wander too much, Trafalgar," she added with a faint smile.

He raised a brow, amused. "That's a little hard, given who's about to walk through that door."

Aubrelle didn't reply, simply gliding away to arrange stacks of ingredients and utensils for the lesson.

Trafalgar exhaled slowly, his mind racing. 'Selara. The Legendary Alchemist. If I play this right, she might help me. I'll have to surprise her somehow... maybe with my cooking.'

The door swung open with a sharp creak, cutting through the low chatter. Every student in the room instinctively turned their head.

She entered without ceremony, her presence both chaotic and commanding. Selara's platinum-blond hair spilled down her back in a tangled mess, as though she hadn't touched a brush in weeks. Emerald eyes glowed beneath her strange goggles, pushed up onto her forehead, their glass lenses smeared with faint streaks of alchemical residue. Her robes were green and white, stuffed with pockets, each bulging with flasks, herbs, or half-finished contraptions.

She walked straight to the front, muttering to herself as she fished a vial from one pocket and shook it, frowning when it fizzed too loudly. She tossed it back into another pocket without looking, then clapped her hands together. The sound was surprisingly sharp, echoing across the near-empty classroom.

"Alright! Let's cook!" Selara declared, her voice bright and eccentric, as though she were announcing the start of a festival instead of a lesson.