

Tyrant 108

Chapter 108: Plans and Promises

Trafalgar sat at the table with Arden and Marella. Garrika soon joined them, her black hair tied into a messy ponytail, curiosity written across her face.

She tilted her head at her grandfather. "Grandpa, why do you look so serious? Did something happen?"

Arden exhaled slowly, his expression grim as he turned to Trafalgar. "The boy needs materials. Rare ones. But they're not so easy to get." He tapped the list lying on the table. "You bought this place knowing it would help with things like this... but right now we're stretched thin. The renovations are swallowing time, and with Ronan's injury, we can't afford to take risks."

Trafalgar leaned back in his chair, saying nothing at first. His eyes narrowed slightly, thoughts drifting elsewhere. 'I don't necessarily need them right this moment. And besides... the Veiled Woman. I don't know where she is but she told me my fate is already written... meaning our paths will cross again, whether I like it or not.'

Before he could voice his thoughts, Garrika reached across the table and snatched the sheet of paper. She scanned it quickly, green eyes lighting up. "I know where we can get these materials. It shouldn't be that hard."

Trafalgar's deep blue eyes sharpened, a flicker of hope stirring. "You do? Arden just said it would be complicated."

Garrika nodded without hesitation. "A few months ago, we had a mission escorting a convoy. The merchant we worked for specialized in rare items and materials. If anyone still has this kind of stuff, it's him. He's not in Velkaris, though—his shop's in another city. But we can reach it through a Gate."

Trafalgar raised a brow, leaning forward slightly. "Are you sure about this? Sounds a little too convenient."

Garrika's tail flicked behind her as she met his gaze with determination. "Of course I'm sure. Why would I lie to you after you saved my life?" Her voice carried a mix of sincerity and playfulness, though her eyes stayed serious.

Trafalgar studied her for a moment in silence, then gave a small nod. "Alright. Will you come with me and show me where this city is?"

"Of course!" Garrika's face brightened immediately, her tail wagging uncontrollably. "We can even leave right now if you want!"

Before Trafalgar could answer, two voices overlapped in unison. "Wait!" Arden and Marella's sharp tone made everyone else turn their heads, even Ronan and Sylven from across the room.

The elderly couple lowered their voices again, though the tension lingered. Arden's eyes softened as he addressed Garrika. "Don't you think it's too soon to jump into something risky, darling? You were kidnapped not long ago. If not for Trafalgar, you might not even be here. And Ronan—" his gaze drifted to the one-armed warrior, "—he lost his arm in that same ambush."

Marella placed a gentle hand on her granddaughter's shoulder, worry clear in her expression. "We just don't want anything to happen to you again."

Garrika pouted, crossing her arms. "I'm not a child anymore. Besides, I'm strong also. Who would dare touch someone tied to the Eight Great Families? Anyone trying would need a death wish."

Marella sighed, glancing at Arden. "She does have a point..."

Trafalgar lifted a hand, cutting in before the argument went further. "Hold on, both of you. I still have classes at the academy for the next three days. I can't just disappear. If I try to push everything and live on three hours of sleep, I'll burn out. It's not worth it."

Garrika's ears drooped slightly, and her wagging tail slowed. For a moment, she looked almost like a scolded pup. Then her mood bounced back, her eyes gleaming as she blurted, "Then we'll go over the weekend! That way we can spend the whole time together!"

Trafalgar rubbed the back of his neck. "Didn't you say the city is connected by a Gate? That means we only need to use the Gate to get there. It won't take long."

Garrika leaned closer, grinning. "Yes, but why not do a little tourism while we're at it? I've never explored that city properly. The last time I went, it was only for a mission, and we couldn't even use the Gate because the client didn't have the permit for the materials."

Trafalgar paused, considering. 'It might not be a bad idea to see more of this world... other cities, different cultures. Why not?'

He gave a small shrug. "Alright then. We can do that."

Garrika's tail started wagging furiously again, her smile wide.

Trafalgar rose from his seat, ready to take his leave. "Alright then. I'll see you all in a few days."

He was halfway to the door when Marella's voice stopped him. "Wait, Trafalgar. Won't you stay for dinner before heading back? I think my cooking is still better than whatever they serve at the academy."

Trafalgar hesitated. It wasn't that the academy's food was bad, but he had been burning through money lately without much restraint. Eating here meant saving coin, and he couldn't deny Marella's cooking carried a warmth that reminded him of something he had back on Earth, and also by Mayla's cooking.

He scratched his chin. "Depends. What's for dinner?"

Marella's lips curved into a smile. "You'll see soon enough. Garrika, Arden—come, help me in the kitchen. We'll prepare something for everyone."

Arden groaned but stood, tossing the stub of his cigar aside. Garrika jumped up eagerly, tail wagging, and followed Marella. The sounds of pots clattering and Garrika's cheerful humming soon filled the air from the back.

Trafalgar sat again, watching as Ronan and Sylven shifted a few tables to make room. The giant human set down a crate of supplies like it weighed nothing, while the two lycans returned from outside carrying a fresh barrel of ale. It wasn't just a tavern being rebuilt—this was slowly turning into a place alive with people, voices, and purpose.

When Marella finally returned, she carried a steaming pot, the scent of herbs and meat filling the room. Garrika followed behind, balancing bread and cheese, while Arden brought out mugs.

Everyone gathered at the table, laughter and chatter overlapping. For the first time in a long while, Trafalgar let himself lean back, taking in the warmth of the scene.

'A family dinner, huh? Last time was with Mordrek and the others, I guess I really need to pay a visit soon.'