

Tyrant 124

Chapter 124: Submission

Andrew's breath came heavy, his face slick with sweat. His fists clenched on the armrests of his chair, knuckles white, veins bulging. The room was suffocating—yet Trafalgar remained perfectly still, calm eyes fixed on him as if waiting for a dog to roll over.

The silence stretched until it cracked under Andrew's labored exhale. His head lowered, his jowls trembling as his pride crumbled.

"Fine," he spat, the word dragging across his throat. "The tax will return to ten percent. And... compensation will be provided."

The servants standing against the wall blinked in disbelief. Their master, who never bowed to anyone, had just surrendered to a man half his age. One exchanged a nervous glance with another, lips pressed tight to hide their shock.

Trafalgar gave the faintest nod. 'Very well, this is settled. I want to go and rest at last.'

Andrew wiped his forehead with the back of his hand, refusing to meet Trafalgar's eyes. His teeth ground audibly as he forced the words out. "Is that enough to satisfy you... Morgain?"

Trafalgar leaned back, his voice smooth, almost mocking. "For now."

Andrew's lips curled, but he didn't dare respond. Garrika, seated nearby, hid her grin behind a clawed hand, her eyes glinting with amusement. To see the fat lord humbled so completely only made Trafalgar's presence feel heavier in the room.

The hall, once filled with Andrew's arrogance, now pulsed with the quiet dominance of Trafalgar du Morgain.

Andrew snapped his fingers, the motion sharp and impatient. A servant rushed forward carrying a tray with parchment, ink, and the family seal. The obese noble's breathing was still uneven, but his voice carried its usual arrogance—though thinner now, like glass about to crack.

"Bring it here," he barked. His hand trembled slightly as he dipped the quill, though he masked it by glaring at Trafalgar.

Trafalgar didn't move from his chair. He simply leaned back, crossing one leg over the other. "Put it in writing," he said calmly. "Ten percent taxes for Augusto's shop, effective immediately. Compensation to be delivered before the week ends. Signed and sealed."

Andrew gritted his teeth. The words sounded like chains clamping down on him. Still, he scrawled his name across the parchment, each stroke heavy and resentful. Finally, he pressed the wax seal, the emblem of Mariven sinking into the crimson blob with a dull thud.

"There," Andrew muttered, shoving the document toward a servant as though the act disgusted him. "Satisfied?"

Trafalgar took the parchment, glanced at it briefly, and set it on the table. "Good. Now it's official."

Garrika reclined in her seat, tail flicking lazily, her grin impossible to hide. "You look like you're having fun," she teased, eyes glimmering as she watched Trafalgar's composure.

He suppressed a smirk. "It's always fun to deal with people who think they're untouchable when they're not, and finally meet someone who really is untouchable."

From the corner of the hall, Leon watched in silence. His hands trembled at his sides, his lips pressed thin. Seeing his father—always a figure of dominance in his life—reduced to silence before Trafalgar made his stomach twist.

Andrew, meanwhile, forced himself upright, trying to recover scraps of dignity. "Don't think this changes who holds power in Miraven," he said darkly.

Trafalgar only chuckled. "Oh, of course not, Mariven is a trading port so it will remain that way, my family would never be interested in something like that."

The meeting ended with no further words. Andrew gestured curtly to his servants, dismissing them all with a wave, but his eyes never once lifted to meet Trafalgar's again. His face was a mask of forced calm, yet his clenched jaw betrayed his fury.

Trafalgar rose slowly from his chair, adjusting his coat with a practiced ease that made the act look almost ceremonial. Garrika stretched like a satisfied predator, her emerald eyes flicking toward Andrew with open amusement.

"Let's go," Trafalgar said simply, and without waiting for Leon or anyone else, he strode toward the hall's tall doors. Garrika followed close behind, her tail swaying lazily.

Leon remained frozen in the corner, his head bowed. Shame and fear pinned him in place. He couldn't bear to follow Trafalgar out, not after watching his father forced to kneel in spirit before him.

When the heavy doors swung open, the guards outside stiffened. They had expected shouting, punishment, perhaps even blood. Instead, they saw their master trailing several steps behind, his head slightly lowered as Trafalgar walked out first.

One guard's mouth fell open. The other quickly snapped his jaw shut, gripping his musket tighter as if afraid of drawing attention.

Trafalgar walked past them without a glance, his steps unhurried, his presence commanding. Garrika leaned in, her voice low but playful. "He really did look like a beaten dog in there."

Trafalgar's lips curved faintly. "Because that's exactly what he is."

The iron gates creaked open, and the two of them stepped out into the fading daylight. Behind them, the mansion loomed—grand in appearance, but hollow in authority now.

They reached the hotel as dusk bled into the streets, lamps flickering awake one by one. Inside the room, Garrika tossed herself onto the nearest chair with a satisfied sigh, while Trafalgar let his back hit the door for a second before crossing to the bed and sitting heavily on the edge.

Garrika stretched, tail swishing. "You handled him," she said, a lazy grin on her lips. "Clean."

Trafalgar exhaled through his nose, "Yeah." He stared at his palms for a beat, as if the skin itself carried the day's weight.

'Acting like that works... but it's exhausting.' He lay back and stared at the ceiling. 'Keep the pressure, never blink, never doubt. If I had hesitated even once in there, he would've smelled weakness and pushed back. One slip, and I'm the one cornered.'

Garrika poured water and nudged a cup into his hand. He drank, the coolness settling his throat.

'It's getting easier, though. Saying the right thing. Wearing the mask. Step by step.' His jaw tightened, and a memory rose—blood, the wet choke at the end. 'Another one today. An elf—this time—who came for my throat. I didn't have a choice. Survive or die. There isn't a third option for me here.' He set the cup down carefully. 'Back on Earth I was just a 21-year-old trying to pass finals and pay rent. Now I'm negotiating taxes with nobles and ending lives between breaths.'

Garrika watched him quietly. "You're thinking too loud," she said softly.

He huffed a faint laugh. "Bad habit."

'Physically tired. Mentally worse. The act burns more mana than skills.' He rubbed his eyes with the heel of his hand. 'Still... Augusto's safe. The rate goes back to ten. Compensation on top. That's progress. Tomorrow I will get my compensation from Augusto, so now I want to chill a bit and get some sleep.'

Garrika stood, tugged the curtains shut, and dimmed the lamp. "Sleep. You look tired."

Trafalgar rolled to one side, letting the mattress swallow the tension. 'Just a few hours.' His eyes slid closed, the city's distant noise fading to a hush as exhaustion finally pulled him under.

Trafalgar was so drained that he fell asleep instantly on the bed... of the double room.