

Tyrant 133

Chapter 133: The Soulbound Compass

Trafalgar stood quietly as Selara moved about her laboratory with manic energy, her long platinum hair bouncing wildly with each step.

"Alchemy isn't just a class," she said suddenly, her emerald eyes flashing as she perched her odd goggles down over her face. The lenses glowed faintly with runes as she inspected the mythril shard. "It's... a way of living. A philosophy."

Trafalgar raised a brow, half amused. "You sound like you've been waiting your whole life to say that."

Selara chuckled, unconcerned by his jab. "In a way, I have. When I was little, I was always mixing things I shouldn't—crushed flowers, bits of metal, anything I could get my hands on. The moment my core awakened, my path was decided. [Alchemist]. It wasn't chosen by fate. It was me, reflected back."

She twirled the shard of mythril between her fingers, the emerald glint of her eyes nearly feverish. "This class rewards obsession. And obsession, boy, I have in abundance."

Trafalgar folded his arms, letting out a quiet breath. 'I can see that much.'

Selara ignored him, already setting the mythril onto a rune-inscribed plate. Around it, she arranged dried herbs, powdered minerals, and glowing crystals, her hands darting with mechanical efficiency. "Now," she murmured, "let's see what sort of echo we can bind into form."

The laboratory lights flickered as mana began to gather, the faint hum of power building in the air. Trafalgar shifted his stance, the weight of anticipation pressing against him.

Selara adjusted her goggles, the tinted lenses glowing faintly as she spread her arms over the workbench. One by one, she positioned the ingredients: the mythril at the center, dried herbs around it like a wreath, powdered minerals forming a ring, and faintly glowing crystals placed at the cardinal points of a rune circle carved into the table itself.

Trafalgar stood back, watching the chaotic arrangement somehow settle into precise order under her hands.

"Alchemy isn't about throwing things into a cauldron," she said, her voice sharp with conviction. "It's about extracting the essence—forcing different truths to coexist in one body. That's why it's cruel and beautiful all at once."

Her fingers moved quickly, tracing symbols in the air. With each gesture, the runes carved into the workbench lit up. Mana surged through the lines, connecting each ingredient in a web of light.

Then she whispered the name of her technique, her tone calm, almost reverent:

[Eternal Craft Synthesis]

The effect was immediate. The mythrill began to glow white-hot without flame. The herbs crumbled into ash, spiraling upward as faint green motes. The powdered minerals fused into thin streams of light that circled the shard, while the crystals cracked open, releasing bursts of blue mana that joined the flow.

The air trembled, heavy with energy. Trafalgar squinted against the brightness, the hum of the laboratory turning into a steady, resonant pulse.

Selara's hands moved like a conductor guiding a symphony. Each flick of her wrist bent the streams of light closer, weaving them together into a single, radiant form.

The streams of light twisted and folded into themselves, condensing over the glowing shard of mythrill. Slowly, the brightness dimmed, hardening into form. What remained in Selara's hands was a round lens framed in polished silver-blue metal, its edge etched with faint runes. Inside the glass, instead of magnification, a thin black needle spun lazily, quivering as though searching for a direction.

Selara pushed her goggles up onto her messy hair, emerald eyes gleaming with satisfaction. "There," she said proudly. "It's not really a lens—it's a compass. It won't show you what you're looking for, but it will point the way."

Trafalgar stepped closer, studying the item. "So it guides me?"

"Exactly," Selara replied, turning the compass so the runes caught the laboratory light. "Once you think of the person you want to find, the compass will tether itself to their soul. The needle will guide you until you stand before them."

Trafalgar's brow furrowed slightly. "What's the catch?"

"There are conditions." She ticked them off on her fingers. "You must have met the person at least once. And—" her tone sharpened, "there must have been physical contact. A brush of hands, a handshake, anything that left a trace of their soul against yours. Without that, the compass can't link."

Trafalgar's jaw tightened. He remembered too vividly the cold paralysis of that night—the Veiled Woman's hand pressing a pill to his lips, her forceful grip freezing him in place until he swallowed.

That counted.

He looked away quickly, not letting Selara see the tension flicker across his face.

Selara placed the compass gently on the workbench, its needle spinning restlessly until it stilled. "It's ready. Remember, you have one use only."

Selara slid the finished item across the workbench toward him. The compass glowed faintly in his palm, warm to the touch.

A system prompt blinked before his eyes:

[Soulbound Compass]

Type: Utensil

Rank: Legendary

Description: Crafted by the hyper-mega-marvelous Legendary Alchemist Selara. This unique artifact allows the user to locate a specific person. By focusing on the memory of someone with whom physical contact has been made at least once, the compass will link to their soul and point the way until they are found.

Limitation: Can only be used once.

The needle inside twitched, quivering briefly before settling into stillness, as if waiting for his command. Trafalgar studied it in silence, then let it dematerialize into his inventory with a ripple of light.

He exhaled softly and looked at Selara. "Thank you. Really. This means a lot."

Selara waved off his words with an almost careless gesture, but her grin gave her away. "Don't thank me yet. You'll pay me back."

Trafalgar raised a brow. "With what? More materials?"

"No," she said firmly, emerald eyes flashing with mischief. "With food. Cook me something tomorrow. Something good. And not just the usual—I want something innovative, something I haven't tasted before."

Trafalgar sighed, "Alright, I'll think of something innovative, for when I'm in your class."

"I'm an alchemist," Selara corrected, adjusting the strange goggles on her forehead. "Experimentation is in my blood. I expect the same from my personal cook."

He shook his head, turning toward the door. 'Personal cook, huh?'

"Fine," he said over his shoulder.

Selara leaned back against her bench, messy hair framing her manic grin. "Good. Now get out of my lab before I find more work for you."

Trafalgar chuckled under his breath and stepped into the hall. Three days of classes still stood between him and the weekend. For now, he had promises to keep—one of them involving Zafira.