

Tyrant 14

Chapter 14: Midday Sickness

The light of midday leaked through the curtains.

Trafalgar's eyes snapped open. His body tensed. His breath came out short, shaky.

Images from the night before flashed across his mind — blades cutting through flesh, screams, blood, the lifeless body of a man he had killed.

He pushed the sheets away and sat up, hands trembling. His stomach churned violently.

Without thinking, he stood and rushed toward the bathroom. But halfway there, a sharp, stabbing pain shot through his head.

"Argh!" he groaned, clutching his temple.

His knees buckled. He dropped to one knee, barely keeping himself from collapsing completely. The pain worsened, pressure building in his skull as the nausea spiked.

Then it happened — his body lurched, and he vomited onto the floor.

He stayed there, breathing heavily, one hand on the cold stone, the other still pressed to his head. His throat burned. His body felt hollow.

The door burst open.

"Young Master!!" cried a voice.

Mayla entered in a rush. Her brown hair was tied back in a neat ponytail, her eyes wide with alarm as she took in the scene — Trafalgar on the floor, and vomit staining the ground beside him.

"Wait, let me help you."

She hurried to his side and knelt down. Without hesitation, she slipped an arm around his back, helping him sit upright.

He didn't resist. His limbs were too weak. His pride, for once, remained silent.

Mayla guided him slowly back to the bed. He sat down, breathing unevenly, wiping the corner of his mouth with the back of his hand.

"Thank you, Mayla."

"It's nothing," she said softly. "Please wait here. I'll clean this up and bring you something warm."

Trafalgar nodded faintly, leaning back against the pillows.

As Mayla left the room, his gaze drifted to the ceiling.

The silence returned — heavy and sharp, just like the guilt.

Mayla returned quickly.

In one hand she carried a bucket, a cloth, and a set of cleaning tools. In the other, a small tray with a bowl of steaming soup.

She knelt beside the mess without a word and began cleaning with practiced movements. Within minutes, the stone floor was spotless again. She rose, wiped her hands, and moved the chair from Trafalgar's desk over to the bedside.

She set the tray down and smiled at him.

"I brought you something light. You need to eat."

"I can feed myself," Trafalgar muttered, sitting up straighter.

"No. You nearly fainted again earlier. You shouldn't strain yourself. Please, let me do it."

She sat down, lifted the spoon, and gently blew on it.

"Open your mouth, Young Master."

Trafalgar hesitated.

For someone who had been a university student back on Earth, this was humiliating — being spoon-fed like a child. But his body ached, and the warmth of the soup smelled oddly comforting.

He opened his mouth without protest.

The first spoonful slid down easily. Warmth filled his chest. Mayla continued feeding him, patient and quiet, smiling every few bites.

When she set the empty bowl aside, she looked at him with a gentle expression.

"All done. Feeling a little better now, Young Master?"

"...Yeah. Thank you, Mayla."

"It's nothing. I'll take the tray."

As she stood to leave, Trafalgar reached out and lightly grabbed her wrist.

"Wait... can you tell me what happened?"

Mayla paused, then nodded.

"Well... after the others returned, you were unconscious on a stretcher. They carried you straight to your room. I asked what happened, but no one would say anything. Not until your father told me it was due to exhaustion."

She looked down, her voice quieter.

"I was really worried, Young Master. You didn't move for hours. Ah—right. Your father also left a message. He wants to see you in his office. He said to let you know once you woke up."

Trafalgar exhaled.

"Alright. I'll go shower first. Can you let him know I'll be there soon?"

"Of course. I'll do that now. Excuse me, Young Master."

Mayla gave him a quick bow and left with the tray in hand.

The door clicked softly behind her.

The steam from the shower clouded the mirror.

Trafalgar stood in front of it, water dripping from his hair, trailing down his bare shoulders. He leaned both hands on the edges of the sink, eyes locked onto his reflection.

His face looked pale. Hollow. There were dark circles under his eyes, and a tension in his jaw that hadn't been there before.

He stared for a long moment.

'This is getting too much...'

His fists clenched against the stone basin.

'Fucking Trafalgar... you bastard. You had everything. All the privilege. And you wasted it.'

His breathing slowed. The guilt didn't fade — it sat deep in his chest, like a weight he couldn't cough out.

He grabbed a nearby towel and dried himself off in silence.

Once dressed, he pulled on a black noble outfit — simple, but sharply tailored. The same kind his brothers wore. For the first time, it didn't feel like it belonged to someone else.

He adjusted the cuffs, fixed the collar, and glanced once more at the mirror.

About thirty minutes had passed.

Trafalgar finished getting ready, fastening the last silver button on his coat. He ran a hand through his damp hair and moved toward the door, ready to head to his father's office.

Just as he reached for the handle, voices echoed faintly from the hallway.

One was Mayla's — soft, polite, slightly nervous.

The other was rougher. Male. Confident in the wrong way.

"...You've always been so loyal to the young master. Doesn't he let you rest at all?"

"I'm sorry, Sir, but I have duties to attend to. Please let me pass."

"Come on. Just a minute. No one's watching. You don't need to be so tense."

Trafalgar's hand froze on the doorknob.

His eyes narrowed.

Mayla's voice came again, more urgent. "Please, I said I need to go."

Trafalgar opened the door.

The sound was sharp — decisive.

Both figures at the end of the hall turned.

The soldier's hand was too close to Mayla's waist. Her posture stiff, eyes wide.

Trafalgar stepped out into the corridor without a word.