

Tyrant 140

Chapter 140: News

"Lord Mordrek is dead."

Caelum's words cut through the room like a blade.

Trafalgar stopped in place, the weight of the statement freezing him mid-breath. For a moment, his mind went blank, caught between disbelief and the chill of inevitability.

'Mordrek... dead?'

The man had been his uncle—the uncle of the original Trafalgar—but also someone he himself had come to know, even if only for a short time. He remembered the weeks he spent in Euclid, living with Mordrek's family. They hadn't treated him like an outcast or a burden. Mordrek had been strict, yes, but fair. His home had been warm, full of life. In some ways, it reminded him of his own family back on Earth—a family that loved him, one he hadn't appreciated enough before it was torn away.

'Three weeks, maybe a month... it wasn't long. But still, I grew attached, didn't I? Mordrek wasn't like Valtair. He wasn't like a worthless monster. He was... a normal human.'

Trafalgar's expression barely shifted. Yet inside, there was a quiet ache, a recognition that something genuine had been lost.

Caelum studied him carefully, noting the calm, almost unshaken reaction. But he said nothing. His young master would speak when he was ready to do it.

Trafalgar inhaled slowly, grounding himself. The truth was, Mordrek's death didn't crush him the way it might have crushed Sylis or his younger children, but it wasn't meaningless either. The bond had been faint but real, enough to sting.

'In my world, death was rare for me. My parents, my grandparents—they were still alive when I vanished. I was lucky. But here? Here, family members die, betray, or kill each other constantly. Mordrek's death... it feels wrong, but maybe this is just how things work in this cursed bloodline.'

His eyes narrowed slightly, voice low but steady. "So that's the bad news."

Caelum gave a solemn nod. "Correct, young master."

The silence stretched long after Caelum's words, but Trafalgar's mind wasn't fixed on the Morgain estate anymore. Instead, it drifted back to another world entirely.

'Earth... I vanished without a trace. My parents must have gone crazy looking for me. My grandparents too—they were still alive, still healthy. Did they think I ran away? Were they afraid I was dead? God, they must've cried their eyes out. And here I am, months later, worrying about survival in a world that doesn't even belong to me. I never once thought of going back... not seriously. But is there even a way? Or am I stuck here forever?'

A dull pressure tightened in his chest. For the first time since his reincarnation, guilt stabbed deeper than fear.

His gaze shifted, unfocused, as memories of Euclid surfaced—warm lamplight, a crowded table, laughter that felt almost normal. Mordrek's family.

'They're the ones really suffering now. His wife... left without her partner. Syllis, sharp as ever, but still just a teenager. She'll carry the weight of this. And the twins? Too young to understand, but old enough to feel the absence. They'll grow up with a hole in their lives, whether they can name it or not.'

He pressed his lips together, his face unmoving, but inside the ache pulsed like a hidden bruise.

'Mordrek's home wasn't mine, but it reminded me of what I lost. Now it's gone. And I can't do a damn thing about it.'

Caelum said nothing. He could see the storm flickering behind his young master's calm mask.

Trafalgar finally broke the silence, his voice low but steady. "I assume that's why the whole family has gathered again. Mordrek's death."

Caelum inclined his head. "That is correct. The elders and your uncles have all returned to the estate. A funeral is to be held, and your presence will be required."

Trafalgar's eyes narrowed slightly. "So I'll have to leave the academy."

"Yes," Caelum replied calmly. "We will depart tomorrow morning. The Gate leading to Euclid will take us close, but from there it will be a day's journey by road. I will inform the academy directors of your absence. You need not concern yourself with the details."

'A funeral... so soon. The Morgains don't waste time.'

His gaze dropped to the floor for a moment. 'Still, this means I'll see the rest of them again—all of them in one place. Rivena, Seraphine, Maeron, the elders... some of them are even here in Velkaris already, sitting in that Tower. I don't know much about the others, but I doubt any are forgiving. If anything, they'll be worse.'

Caelum went on, "The funeral will take place at the highest peak of the Morgain territory. The cemetery there is ancient, protected by one of the elder matriarchs and by Lord Valtair's sister. Only members of the main family are permitted entry. Servants like myself cannot attend."

Trafalgar raised a brow. "So I'll be surrounded only by blood relatives. Lovely."

Caelum's expression didn't change, though his golden eyes flickered briefly with understanding.

Trafalgar exhaled through his nose. "Don't worry. I'll be fine. With Valtair present, no one can touch me. Not Rivena, not Seraphine, not any of them. As much as they might want to, Father still needs me alive."

Even as he said it, his thoughts hardened into steel. 'If the entire family is gathering, this isn't just about honoring Mordrek. There's more behind it. I need to prepare for whatever games they are about to play.'

"All right," he said at last, his tone clipped but steady. "That explains the bad news. Mordrek's death, the funeral, the gathering of the entire family. But you said there were two pieces of news." His eyes lifted, fixing sharply on Caelum. "What's the good one?"

Caelum's posture never wavered, hands clasped neatly behind his back. His golden gaze remained steady, unreadable. "Yes, young master. The other matter is not tied to the estate directly, but it concerns someone close to you."

Trafalgar tilted his head, suspicion stirring. "Close to me?"

Caelum gave the faintest of nods. "Mayla has awakened."

For a moment, Trafalgar's breath caught. His fingers curled against his palm, his composure cracking just enough for surprise to flicker across his face.

'Mayla... awake? After all this time?'

He leaned back slightly, the words echoing inside his mind. The memory of her pale figure surfaced—unmoving, trapped in silence. The guilt that came with leaving her like that, powerless to change anything, tightened in his chest.

'She's alive. She's back. That's... that's something I didn't think I'd hear tonight. Mordrek gone, but Mayla...'

His lips pressed into a thin line. The contradiction of emotions churned inside him—grief for one loss, a fragile relief for the unexpected recovery of another.

Caelum remained quiet, giving him space to process.

Trafalgar finally spoke, his voice low. "So that's the good news."

"Yes," Caelum confirmed. "Mayla lives."

Silence settled again, but this time it carried a different weight—less of death, more of an uncertain future.

Trafalgar's thoughts whispered like an oath.

'Mordrek is gone, but Mayla... she's still here. Whatever this family becomes, I won't let her be swallowed by it again.'

Mayla was awake.