

Tyrant 141

Chapter 141: The Truth

"Mayla has awakened."

Caelum's words lingered in the air like a bell toll. Trafalgar felt his chest tighten, not with fear, but with something heavier—something he hadn't allowed himself to feel in a long time.

'Mayla... awake.' It was the only thought that filled his mind.

The original Trafalgar had shared a special bond with her. She was the one who cared for him with genuine warmth, even after Rivena had shattered him as a child. When others looked at him with indifference or contempt, Mayla's eyes had held compassion. Later, even she grew colder, masking her affection with formality—but she had always known what he endured.

Since he had transmigrated into this body, Trafalgar had noticed changes in her too. The careful distance she once kept had begun to crumble. She had shown glimpses of the old Mayla, the loving caretaker the original Trafalgar had cherished. For him—the man she served now—she became a reminder of something rare in this world: kindness.

'She's more important than Mordrek ever was,' he admitted silently. The truth struck harder than expected. Mordrek's death left a sting, but Mayla's recovery eclipsed it. Her place in his heart ran deeper, shaped both by the boy she once protected and by the man he was now.

Resolve sharpened in him. 'The moment I see her, I'll take her out of the Morgain estate. She deserves freedom, not a gilded cage. I'll set her up in Velkaris, buy her an apartment, pay her enough to live without worry. Whether she stays or leaves, the choice will be hers. After everything she's survived, it's the least I can give her.'

The thought steadied him, even as the room fell silent once more.

Trafalgar's eyes narrowed. "Caelum... if you're standing here, does that mean Mayla is unprotected?" His tone was calm, but the edge in it was unmistakable.

From the beginning, he had made one thing clear: Mayla's safety came before everything. If Caelum had abandoned that order, it would be a betrayal Trafalgar would never forgive.

But Caelum didn't flinch. His voice remained even, reassuring. "Do not worry, young master. One of my clones is with her even now. She is safe. At this very moment, she is awake, reading in the infirmary room. Tomorrow morning, you may see her for yourself."

Trafalgar released a breath he hadn't realized he was holding. Still, his jaw clenched. 'Good... so she's not alone. I should've known Caelum wouldn't disobey me outright. But even so, the thought of Mayla unguarded... I can't stand it.'

Caelum continued, his tone calm, almost instructive. "For now, I recommend you rest. We must leave before classes begin, to avoid attracting unwanted attention. As the heir of one of the Eight Great Families, your absence will draw whispers regardless—better to keep them to a minimum."

Trafalgar leaned back slightly, crossing his arms. "And Mordrek's death? It hasn't been made public, has it?"

"No," Caelum confirmed. "The Morgains have chosen silence. Lord Mordrek was a pillar of strength. If news of his death spread too quickly, our enemies would be emboldened. Secrecy buys us time."

'Enemies... of course. If the world knew, they'd circle like vultures. The Morgain name is powerful, but even a single crack could bring chaos.'

His eyes flicked back to Caelum. "I understand. But I still have questions."

Caelum bowed his head slightly. "Ask, young master. I will answer what I can."

Trafalgar's gaze hardened. "First question. Did Mordrek die... or was he killed?"

For a heartbeat, Caelum remained silent. That pause told Trafalgar everything before the words even came.

"Lord Mordrek was assassinated."

Trafalgar's fingers curled against his arm, his face calm but his thoughts burning.

'Assassinated... someone with his strength, cut down? That means whoever did it wasn't ordinary. To kill someone like Mordrek, you'd need a terrifying level of power. What kind of force could pull that off?'

He leaned forward slightly, eyes narrowing. "Assassinated, then."

Caelum inclined his head in confirmation.

Inside, Trafalgar's thoughts spun faster.

'It couldn't have been another of the Eight Families. Caelum just said the Morgains are keeping it secret, which means they don't want the outside world to know. If it was one of the Eight, the rumor would already be spreading like wildfire. No... this had to be an external force.'

His mind flashed to his brief time in Euclid—the warmth of Mordrek's household, the normality that felt so rare in this world. To think that all of it had been shattered by some unknown enemy only deepened the pit in his chest.

He drew a slow breath, forcing the storm back under control. His voice remained low but firm. "Then let's continue."

Caelum's golden eyes glinted faintly under the mana-light. "I will answer, young master, but know this—some truths are heavier than they appear."

Trafalgar's voice sharpened. "Next question. How is Sylis? The twins? His wife? And Euclid itself—what state is it in?"

Caelum answered without hesitation. "Lady Sylis is shaken, but alive. The twins are too young to grasp the full weight of what has happened, though the loss will shape them regardless. Mordrek's wife has

endured, though her grief runs deep. As for Euclid, the city sustained some damage, but Lord Mordrek carried the battle into the forest to spare his people. Casualties were minimal."

Trafalgar's brow furrowed. 'The forest... of course. That's the same place where we crossed paths with Caelvyrn. Could it really be connected? If so, then...'

He leaned forward, voice cutting through the silence. "Then tell me—what was the motive? Why was Mordrek killed?"

Caelum's lips pressed into a thin line. "That is not yet known. The family is still investigating. Your father believes answers will come when the killer is captured. Until then, speculation will only weaken us."

Trafalgar's eyes narrowed, his pulse quickening. "So you already know who it is."

Caelum gave the faintest nod. "Yes. The identity is confirmed." He paused, letting the weight of his words hang before delivering them. "Lord Mordrek was slain by a dragon."

The room fell silent.

Trafalgar's breath caught, a chill crawling down his spine.

'A dragon... of course. At that level of strength, it's the only thing that makes sense.'

Memories surged—the oppressive presence in the forest, the scaled shadow in the trees, the name etched into his mind ever since.

His voice slipped into a murmur, barely louder than a whisper, yet certain as iron.

"Caelvyrn..."