

Tyrant 142

Chapter 142: A Restless Night

When Caelum left, silence reclaimed the room. Trafalgar lay on his bed staring at the ceiling, but rest did not come easily. Sleep had always been a fragile thing for him, and tonight it was nearly impossible.

The day's revelations weighed heavily.

'Mordrek's death... it hurts, yes, but not as much as it should. I barely knew him. The pain will be sharper when I see Syllis and the others—because for them, it's not an uncle they've lost, but a father, a pillar of their home.'

Yet that grief was overshadowed by something else entirely.

'Mayla is awake.'

The thought pulsed in his mind again and again. After so many time of uncertainty, of wondering if she would ever open her eyes again, the idea that she was conscious, alive, breathing—he almost couldn't believe it. The heaviness of loss gave way to a spark of hope.

But hope did not mean peace. His body shifted restlessly, tangled in sheets that felt too warm, too heavy. His mind refused to quiet.

'Tomorrow... tomorrow I'll see her with my own eyes. Whatever comes next, that's all that matters for now.'

He closed his eyes and forced himself to stay still, but time slipped by slowly. Minutes stretched into hours. His breathing steadied, though never fully sank into the rhythm of sleep.

When dawn finally came, Trafalgar was already awake. It wasn't unusual. In his past life, he'd spent countless nights cramming for exams, fueled by coffee, energy drinks and desperation, learning how to function on two or three hours of rest. Compared to those nights, this was nothing new.

He sat up, adjusting his jacket, and waited in silence for Caelum's return.

Tock, tock, tock.

"Young master Trafalgar, it is time for us to leave."

Caelum's calm voice carried through the door. Trafalgar rose immediately; he had been awake for hours, prepared long before the knock came. He opened the door to find the familiar figure waiting—pale gray hair neatly combed, a black suit of high rank pressed to perfection, gloves fitted tightly. His expression, as always, was unreadable.

Trafalgar stepped out, locking the door behind him. "Let's go."

They crossed the hallway in silence and entered the circular mana platform. Its glowing runes lit softly beneath their feet as the mechanism descended, the railings humming with restrained energy.

Caelum spoke first. "I spoke with your father, Lord Valtair last night."

Trafalgar's eyes flicked toward him. 'Spoke with Father? Must've used the Shadowlink again, the same item he uses to check on me each week. But what did they talk about?'

Caelum continued, voice steady. "The funeral has been set for three days from now. You will likely be away from the academy for one or two weeks. I informed the directors— all four are aware. There will be no complications regarding your absence."

Trafalgar nodded slowly. "I see, also I forgot to ask yesterday but who is in charge of Euclid now? You mentioned the city suffered damage from Mordrek's battle with the dragon. With him gone... who's managing it? His wife, Anthera?"

Caelum's golden eyes shifted briefly toward him. "No. Lady Anthera refused. She claimed she has nothing to do with the Morgain family."

Trafalgar fell silent. 'Bold... but logical. Anthera wants nothing to do with us. Mordrek tried to distance himself through that marriage, but now... now she has every reason to walk away.'

A prickle of unease crawled down his spine. 'So who will take over? Every Morgain controls a territory eventually... Could it be me? Damn it, I have a bad feeling about this.'

The platform touched down at the base of the academy. From there, Trafalgar and Caelum made their way to the station, where elegant carriages gleamed under the morning light. They boarded the first wagon, reserved exclusively for nobles and the wealthy—its interior lined with velvet seats and polished brass rails.

Trafalgar took a place near the front. Caelum sat beside him, posture rigid, eyes scanning the cabin with quiet vigilance.

Then—flutter.

A pale bird swooped down, its feathers white as snow, eyes glowing crimson. Without hesitation, it landed right on Trafalgar's head and gave him two quick pecks.

Trafalgar blinked. 'Pipin? Then that means... Aubrelle must be here too.'

Caelum reacted instantly. A dagger shimmered into existence in his gloved hand, his aura shifting sharp and dangerous. He moved as if to strike the bird down.

Trafalgar shot him a hard glance and raised a hand. "Stop. He's not an enemy. He's a friend's summon."

Caelum's weapon vanished as quickly as it had appeared, though his golden eyes lingered warily on the bird.

Pipin, completely unbothered, pecked Trafalgar again before hopping onto the back of his seat.

A voice soon followed from the aisle. "So it was you he found."

Walking carefully with her cane was a girl in a flowing white dress, golden hair falling neatly past her shoulders. A white bandage covered her eyes, though she didn't stumble. The bird perched nearby tilted its head, and she mirrored the motion as if seeing through him.

Trafalgar allowed himself a faint smile. "Aubrelle."

Her lips curved gently, her presence soft but sure, filling the carriage with an unexpected warmth.

"Good morning, Trafalgar."

Aubrelle's voice was soft but clear as she stopped in front of his seat, Pipin fluttering to rest on the cane in her hand.

Trafalgar straightened slightly, offering her a faint smile. "Morning, Aubrelle. Didn't expect to run into you this early."

Beside him, Caelum had already risen. The moment her surname passed unspoken between them, he bowed his head with perfect courtesy. "Lady Rosenthal. An honor."

Though not one of the Eight Great Families, the Rosenthals still commanded immense respect. Aubrelle inclined her head gracefully. "There's no need, sir. I was only running an errand in Velkaris... but now I'm heading back."

Trafalgar nodded. "I see. As for me, I'll be away for a few days. Family matters."

A small shadow of disappointment flickered across her features, but she covered it quickly with a gentle smile. "That's a shame. The cooking classes will feel rather dull without you."

Trafalgar gave a quiet chuckle. "I doubt that. You're more talented than I am."

Aubrelle shook her head lightly. "Still... it won't be the same."

With that, she shifted her cane, Pipin giving one last peck at Trafalgar's shoulder before hopping back to her. She moved down the aisle, her composure intact, though the slight warmth on her face lingered unseen.

Trafalgar leaned back, unaware, his thoughts already drifting elsewhere. For him, it was just a pleasant encounter with a friend.