

## **Tyrant 17**

Chapter 17: A Different Trafalgar

Trafalgar closed the door to his room.

Without a word, he stored Maledicta.

Mayla turned toward him from the window, concern etched across her face.

"Are you alright, young master?"

"I'm fine. Should there be a reason why I wouldn't be?"

"Well... forgive me for saying this, but these past few days... you've been acting differently. You used to be quiet, timid... someone easy to push around."

"You don't like the way I am now?"

"That's not what I meant..."

Trafalgar looked at her silently for a moment.

"Relax. There's nothing wrong with me. Maybe I just got tired... I figured it was time for a change if I wanted to survive here."

"I see... I'm glad you've come to that decision, young master. Please remember... I'll always be here for you."

"Good. Then, if you don't mind, I'd like to rest for a bit."

"Of course. I'll wake you in time for dinner."

She bowed lightly and left the room.

Out in the corridor, she spotted Roland. The moment he saw her, he flinched, his posture stiff with fear.

Mayla walked past him with pride in her steps, her thoughts clear:

'You get what you deserve, bastard.'

Night had fallen.

The soft clinking of silverware could be heard as Mayla prepared the table with care. Trafalgar sat silently, still half drowsy from his nap.

Then—three knocks at the door.

Tok tok tok.

It opened without waiting for a reply.

Standing there was Lysandra, his older sister and the second daughter of House Morgain. Her platinum blonde hair flowed loosely, and she wore a long sleeping blouse, casual yet elegant. Her green eyes landed on Trafalgar.

"Looks like you're awake, Trafalgar. I'm glad."

"You worried about me, sister?"

"You know I'm the only one in this family who ever treated you like family, right? Don't you feel even a little affection for me?"

"A little... though you didn't stop everything that happened to me either. So... what brings you here?"

"Can I have dinner with you tonight?"

Trafalgar glanced at Mayla and gave a subtle nod.

"Alright."

"Good. While your maid brings me a plate too, we're going to have a little talk."

Trafalgar leaned back in his chair, curious.

"What do you want to talk about?"

"Well, about how you've been lately. Seems like things have gone... well?"

"If by 'well' you mean almost getting killed twice in three days, then sure."

"Twice? Oh, you mean the monsters during yesterday's mission with father? That's normal, you know. Monsters try to kill you. That's all they do."

"That's not what I meant. A Morgain soldier tried to kill me."

Lysandra's expression turned serious.

"Explain."

"There was this soldier who tried to help me when a thirty-meter beast appeared. Debris was flying everywhere. He shouted for me to come closer so he could shield me. But when I got close, he pulled out a dagger and tried to stab me. I summoned my sword and drove it into his heart."

"An attempted murder from within the family... Not common, but it's happened before in this house. Did you tell father?"

"No. Why would I? When Rivena approached me three years ago, he did nothing."

"...I see. I'll try to help you from now on."

"I don't need pity. Don't worry."

Just then, Mayla returned with a new plate—steak and red wine, perfectly arranged.

"Thanks, Mayla. You can leave us for now, I'll call if I need anything."

"Alright, let's change the subject. What weapon did you choose?"

Without a word, Trafalgar reached out his hand. A ripple of mana shimmered in the air, and from it, the blade appeared—Maledicta.

He placed it gently on the table.

"This one."

Lysandra blinked.

"This? You know there are far better weapons in the family treasury, right?"

"Father said the same thing. But I like this one."

"...I see. Well, if it's something you truly chose for yourself, then that's fine."

She sipped her wine and leaned back slightly.

"So, when do you want to start training?"

"Oh, you remembered. Tomorrow morning—does that work for you?"

"Yes. Meet me at the public training grounds the soldiers use, behind the castle."

"Why there and not in a private hall?"

"If I'm going to teach you the Morgain sword style, we'll need space. And the rear courtyard has the most of it."

'Of course... more eyes watching again.'

Lysandra looked him over, then smirked.

"By the way, you handled that insult to our name well. There are rumors about it spreading all over the castle."

'Screw it. In this house, no matter what I do, someone always finds out.'

"Alright. Tomorrow morning it is."

The room fell into a brief silence.

Trafalgar poked at his steak with a fork, eyes unfocused for a moment.

Lysandra watched him, her tone softening.

"You've changed a lot. But I think... it suits you more than how you used to be."

He didn't respond.

'No one's going to protect me here. I'm just trying to survive in this sick world...'

"Thanks for dinner."

"Of course. I'll see you tomorrow."

She stood, brushed a few strands of platinum hair behind her ear, and gave him a rare, sincere smile.

As she reached the door, she paused.

"Trafalgar... just don't die."

He glanced up, eyes steady.

"I'll do my best."

Lysandra left without another word, the door closing softly behind her.