

Tyrant 184

Chapter 184: The Lord of Euclid

Snow crunched underfoot as Trafalgar stepped out of the carriage, Caelum at his side. The gates to Euclid's lordly mansion loomed ahead—once belonging to Mordrek, now his by decree of Valtair. Wide gardens spread across the front, their paths cleared of snow by workers who bowed quickly as he passed. The building itself looked untouched by the dragon's rampage, tall windows reflecting pale winter light, banners of House Morgain hanging neatly along the outer walls.

Trafalgar's eyes lingered on the newly fitted mithril plates that reinforced the gates and sections of the outer wall. The glimmer of the silver-blue metal caught his attention.

'Mithril, huh? Don't tell me it's from Augusto's. Would be ironic—me getting richer from my own family's purchases. Not impossible... but probably too much of a coincidence.'

He smirked faintly and shook the thought away, focusing on the present.

The mansion was impressive, no doubt, though not on the scale of the Morgain fortress where he had stayed before. Still, its polished stone walls and gilded fixtures spoke of wealth, the kind reserved for the ruling bloodline. For a moment, Trafalgar felt the weight of inheritance press against his shoulders.

'So this is it. Mordrek's house, his family's place... and now mine. Anthera wanted no part of it after his death. Can't blame her. Wonder if I'll ever see Sylis again. Maybe... someday.'

The thought drifted through him as he tightened his cloak against the cold. His breath fogged in the air, but his body, strengthened by the Primordial Bloodline and now his Pulse core, kept the worst of the chill at bay.

He glanced at Caelum, silent and expressionless as always. Ahead, the mansion's heavy doors waited, promising warmth—and the first step into his new role as Lord of Euclid.

They stopped before the mansion doors. The iron handles glistened with frost, but before Trafalgar could push them open, Caelum placed a hand lightly against his arm.

"Young master," the servant said, voice calm and steady. "I cannot remain here. My place is at the main castle. Now that Lord Valtair has named you the Lord of Euclid, movements within the house will stir. Someone must watch closely."

Trafalgar tilted his head, studying him. Caelum's pale eyes betrayed nothing, his tone as flat as always. It was the same cold loyalty he had shown from the beginning.

"Yeah... I get it," Trafalgar muttered. His breath misted in the cold. "I would've liked to head back to the academy sooner, but thanks to Father, everything got delayed again. Now I've got things here and in Velkaris before I can even think about classes."

Caelum inclined his head slightly. "Remember, you hold the Shadowlink Echo. Use it if anything arises. For now, Lord Valtair has ordered me to abstain from acting directly. Still, if I hear anything vital—anything that involves you—I will inform you immediately."

There was a pause before he added, with the faintest weight in his words, "My loyalty to you is absolute, young master. I chose you myself, as I once chose Mordrek. That bond is not so easily broken."

Trafalgar met his eyes for a moment, then gave a small shrug. "Like I told you the first time, I never thought I'd be the heir. But... if you chose me, then fine. Just keep me informed about what's happening at the castle if something serious goes down."

Without another word, Caelum gave a curt bow and stepped back toward the carriage. Snowflakes trailed behind the wheels as it rolled away, leaving Trafalgar standing alone in the garden before the mansion doors.

The heavy doors opened with a low groan, and a familiar figure awaited him in the entry hall.

An elf maid, her hair tied neatly behind her ears, dipped into a graceful bow. Her sharp, almond-shaped eyes met his briefly before lowering again, her tone smooth and practiced.

"Welcome back, Lord Trafalgar, Lord of Euclid. You must be tired from your journey. A hot bath and a warm meal have already been prepared."

Trafalgar's lips twitched, half a smirk forming. 'This one again. The same maid who once hinted at... other services. I told her no last time. Hope she remembers that.'

He didn't comment, only gave a short nod. "That sounds good. It's colder here than I'd like to admit. Lead the way."

Before she could move, though, he raised a hand.

"Wait. Where's Arthur? Captain of the Tenth Squad. I left him in charge of Euclid while I'm gone. My servant should have already notified him to meet me."

The elf straightened and answered smoothly, though a faint smile tugged at the corner of her lips. "As you command, Lord Trafalgar. I will summon him at once."

She slipped away through one of the side doors, leaving him momentarily alone in the wide reception hall. The place hadn't changed since the first time Mordrek had brought him here: high ceilings supported by black marble pillars, chandeliers that glittered with embedded mana-crystals, and polished floors reflecting the winter light that streamed in through the tall windows.

Two younger maids entered quietly, heads bowed, placing a tray of tea and small dishes before him. "For you, my lord."

Trafalgar exhaled, easing into a chair and wrapping his hands around the steaming cup. "Thanks," he muttered. Despite everything, he wasn't rude to those who served.

Now it was just a matter of waiting.

The wait didn't last long. The echo of boots on stone reached Trafalgar's ears before the doors at the far end opened again. The elf maid returned, leading a broad-shouldered man with streaks of gray in his dark hair. His uniform was plain but well-kept, the insignia of the Tenth Squad stitched onto his cloak.

Arthur.

He moved with the kind of presence that came only from decades on the battlefield, every step firm, deliberate. Yet his face carried no arrogance—only the quiet discipline of someone who had survived too much to waste words.

The maid stopped just inside the hall, gesturing lightly. "As requested, Lord Trafalgar. Captain Arthur of the Tenth Squad."

Arthur bowed, not stiffly, but with measured respect.

"Lord Trafalgar," he said, his voice deep and steady. "I am relieved to see you safe. I stand here as instructed, ready to serve."

Trafalgar studied him for a moment, then let a faint smile tug at his lips. "Good. I'm glad to see you too, Arthur."

The older man's eyes lifted slightly, and for just a second, a spark of pride broke through his composed expression. To be called by name—not just by title—meant more than he let on.

"Leave us," Trafalgar said, glancing toward the elf maid. His tone carried no malice, but it brooked no argument.

She bowed smoothly and withdrew, her steps fading into the corridor until the two of them were alone in the reception hall.

Arthur straightened fully, meeting Trafalgar's eyes. Silence stretched between them for a breath, heavy but not uncomfortable.

The real conversation was about to begin.