

Tyrant 21

Chapter 21: Arrival to the Floating Island

It was late afternoon.

Trafalgar stood in front of the mirror while Mayla, adjusted the collar of his navy-blue formal outfit. The fabric was smooth, heavy, and lined with silver stitching. She moved quickly but precisely, making sure every fold and button was perfect.

He shifted slightly, looking down at himself.

"I can dress myself, you know," he muttered.

Mayla didn't pause.

"You may be a month away from reaching adulthood, but I am still your maid, young master. And it is my job to make sure you look impeccable for the Council. Lord Valtair won't tolerate a single flaw on a night like this."

Trafalgar let out a small sigh. "Right. Got it."

'So sixteen is the age of majority in this world, huh? Different from Earth... but makes sense.'

Mayla moved behind him and gently gathered his long black hair, tying it into a low ponytail. She secured it with a dark blue ribbon—the same shade as his eyes.

"All done," she said softly, stepping back to check her work. "Please try not to do anything reckless."

Trafalgar smirked slightly at her reflection in the mirror.

"Don't you know me by now, Mayla? I hate being the center of attention."

Mayla raised an eyebrow and gave him a dry look. "Which is exactly why I'm concerned. You've been... different lately, whether you admit it or not."

He turned to face her fully. "Thanks for worrying."

She gave a small bow. "If you're ready, I'll escort you to the departure chamber."

A few minutes later, they were walking through the lower halls of the castle, descending deeper into the underground section. Armed guards stood at attention along the way, their armor glinting under dim magical lights.

They reached a massive iron door, which opened into a large circular chamber.

The walls were made of smooth black stone, and the center of the room held a wide teleportation platform inscribed with glowing runes. Soldiers lined the perimeter.

Trafalgar glanced around.

'I've been here before... haven't I?'

His memory stirred, but nothing detailed came to mind—just a vague familiarity.

Mayla looked at him.

"It's been a long time since you visited this place, hasn't it, young master?"

Trafalgar nodded casually. "Yeah. Years."

As they stepped down the stairs toward the platform, he noticed most of the Morgain family was already present—three of the wives and with him, seven siblings, all dressed in formal attire. Only a few were still missing.

His eyes focused on the structure at the center.

'Wait a second... this is a teleportation gate, isn't it?'

Despite everything—months of training, danger, and playing the role of someone else—a spark of excitement flickered inside him.

'Holy shit. This is so damn cool.'

He didn't let it show on his face.

But inside?

The gamer in him was definitely grinning.

Trafalgar kept his distance near the edge of the platform, casually observing the glowing runes beneath his boots. The air was filled with low murmurs from his siblings, but no one paid much attention to him.
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Until she arrived.

Rivena walked toward him with a slow, deliberate pace. She wore a platinum-colored gown that shimmered with every step, the fabric cut at the side to reveal her leg. A matching platinum choker hugged her neck, and her long blonde-platinum hair was styled in elegant waves.

Trafalgar's shoulders stiffened the moment he noticed her heading his way.

'Oh great. Here comes the snake.'

She stopped in front of him, eyes roaming up and down his figure with open amusement.

"Good afternoon, little brother," she said sweetly, her lips curled into a smirk. "All dressed up for the Council, huh? You look quite handsome like this."

Trafalgar answered without flinching. "Yeah."

She leaned in slightly, tilting her head.

"So cold. Is it the crowd that's making you shy?"

Before he could respond, another voice cut through—sharper, colder.

"Rivena, behave yourself. Why are you even speaking to the bastard?"

It was Verena, her mother and the second wife. She stood not far away, arms crossed and expression tight.

Rivena let out a small laugh and stepped back.

"Yes, yes. Sorry. Just wanted to see if the youngest was ready."

She turned with a fake smile and walked off, hips swaying.

Trafalgar exhaled slowly. His hands were still at his sides, clenched tighter than before.

'She's got some nerve showing up like that... acting like nothing happened.'

Footsteps echoed behind him.

Valttair had arrived, followed closely by Lysandra, Maeron, and Seraphine—all dressed in full formal attire.

Valttair wasted no time.

"Everyone, onto the platform. Now," he said, voice firm. "I don't want a repeat of the last Council. Don't embarrass our name."

His eyes locked onto Trafalgar.

"Especially you. Last time, you were a joke."

Trafalgar looked him straight in the eye. "Understood, Father. I'll do as you said."

'Not like I want trouble anyway. My plan's simple—greet a few people, stick to the edges, and get through this quietly. Just like the last two months: peace, no drama, and nobody bothering me.'

Valttair stepped onto the glowing platform first. One by one, the others followed.

Trafalgar took his place near the edge, just behind Lysandra.

Mayla stood by the stairs, watching silently. She gave him a small wave.

The platform began to hum, glowing brighter with each second.

Then, in a flash of light—

They were gone.

In the blink of an eye, the scenery changed.

They stood on a platform identical to the one beneath the Morgain castle, but everything around them was... different.

Before Trafalgar rose a colossal golden structure, glowing softly under the afternoon sky. Tall spires, glass domes, and curved bridges stretched out in every direction—an architectural masterpiece floating above the clouds.

And then it hit him.

He stepped forward, grabbing the silver railing beside the platform.

'No way... this whole thing is floating?!'

He leaned slightly to look over the edge—and sure enough, far below were endless stretches of clouds and blue sky.

'Holy shit. This is actually a floating island. This is insane. First time I leave Morgain territory and they drop me in something straight out of a fantasy game! Hehe, I'm funny aren't I? Focus Trafalgar not the time to joke around.'

His heart raced, and for a moment he forgot everything else—the pressure, the name, the Council.

He was just... amazed.

A voice beside him pulled him back to reality.

"You alright, Trafalgar?" Lysandra asked, arms crossed as she eyed him. "You remember what Father said. You better behave."

Trafalgar quickly straightened up, clearing his throat. "Yeah. Yeah, I'm good. Thanks for the reminder."

She raised an eyebrow, but said nothing more.

Valttair was already walking ahead, leading the family across the ornate marble bridge that connected the landing platform to the heart of the floating palace.

Servants and staff waited at the entrance—elves, beastmen, even humans—bowing in sync as the Morgains passed.

"Welcome, House Morgain," they announced in unison.

The golden gates opened wide, revealing a massive hall within.

Trafalgar followed the others, eyes darting across every inch of the palace interior. He'd read about things like this. He'd played games full of castles and kingdoms... but seeing it for real was something else entirely.

Inside, the banquet had already begun.

Long rows of tables overflowing with food, rows of waiters carrying silver trays, and nobles mingling across the room.

'Okay... okay. I'm starting to get it. If I'm going to live as Trafalgar, I might as well enjoy the perks too—not just suffer through the rest.'

He spotted roasted meats, delicate pastries, drinks in crystalline glasses, and fruit he couldn't even name.

His stomach growled.

As the Morgain family entered the grand banquet hall, nobles from all directions began to approach them.

House heads, knights, merchants, and envoys from other great families all came forward, bowing, smiling, and offering polite greetings. The attention fell instantly on Valttair, on Lysandra, on Rivena, on Maeron, even on the wives.

Trafalgar stood near the edge of the group... and no one approached him.

Not a single greeting. Not even a glance.

He watched it for a few seconds, then let out a quiet breath and turned away.

'Perfect. Stay busy with the favorites... That means I can eat in peace.'

He slipped through the edge of the crowd and made his way toward one of the less crowded corners of the hall. There, a smaller buffet table had been set up—still lavish, but not as closely watched.

He grabbed a silver plate and filled it with whatever caught his eye: seared golden pheasant, crimson-glazed duck, dumplings, translucent fruit cubes, and two glasses of something sparkling and blue.

He found a seat at a small round table, alone, and sat down without hesitation.

One bite in, his eyes widened slightly.

'...What the hell. This is insane. This isn't just noble food, this is next-level gourmet. Even the bread tastes like money.'

He ate slowly, enjoying the flavors without needing to talk to anyone.

Around him, the chatter and music of the banquet filled the air, but his corner stayed quiet. Just the way he liked it.

He leaned back in the chair, relaxing for the first time that day.

Then—he felt it.

Someone was walking toward him. Not with hesitation, but with calm, direct steps.

He looked up.

'Oh no.'

A girl about his age stood beside his table. She wore a flowing purple dress, elegant but light. Her skin was pale, almost porcelain. Two black horns curved gently from her forehead, and her long purple hair fell in soft waves. Her greyish eyes glimmered faintly, and her silver earrings matched her calm, graceful presence.

"Hello, Trafalgar," she said, voice smooth and clear.

"How have you been since our last meeting... two months ago?"