

Tyrant 215

Chapter 215: Announcement

Professor Rhaldrin set a heavy book on the podium, the thud echoing through the half-filled classroom. "Good morning, class," he began, his whiskers twitching slightly. "Today's lesson will be... a little different."

Dozens of heads turned toward him. Even the usual murmurs fell quiet. Rhaldrin almost never deviated from schedule.

Then, the door opened.

A tall young man stepped in—older than any first-year or third-year. His hair shimmered faintly with a sea-green tint under the mana lights, and his skin held a subtle pearlescent hue, like sunlight reflecting on calm water. Though he appeared human, something in his presence carried a quiet current—fluid, balanced, deep.

Rhaldrin's crimson eyes glinted. "Students, allow me to introduce Lyren di Myrrhvale, son of Lady Nyssara di Myrrhvale."

The name rippled through the class like a spark. Lady Nyssara—the matriarch of the Myrrhvale family—was known for her sea-colored robes and the faint gills hidden beneath her high collar. A noble descended from merfolk blood.

Whispers erupted at once. It was rare enough to have three heirs from the Eight Great Families—Trafalgar, Zafira, and Alfons—in one class. A fourth? Practically unheard of.

Trafalgar leaned toward Xavier. "So this is the big surprise? Someone from Myrrhvale?"

Xavier grinned slightly. "Partly. Just wait—you'll see."

Zafira arched an eyebrow. "You sound unusually eager, Xavier. Should we be worried?"

"Maybe excited," he replied, smirking.

Trafalgar tilted his head, curious. 'What's got him so worked up? He's acting like a kid before a festival.'

He folded his arms, eyes narrowing slightly toward the front. 'Whatever this is, it's better than history class.'

Rhaldrin stepped forward, placing his paws neatly behind his back. "I imagine you're all wondering why a member of House Myrrhvale is here today," he began, his tone calm but firm. "The reason is simple—the academy has been collaborating with the Myrrhvale family on a recent discovery. Something... quite extraordinary."

A faint murmur spread across the room.

Rhaldrin's crimson eyes gleamed. "We will be organizing a field excursion. A short journey, three days in total. You'll be visiting a site recently unearthed within Myrrhvale territory—ancient ruins that are believed to have belonged to the Primordials themselves."

The words struck like thunder.

Gasps rippled through the students. Zafira's eyes widened slightly; even Cynthia looked stunned. Bartholomew's jaw dropped open, his quill nearly slipping from his hand.

Meanwhile, Trafalgar froze completely.

'Primordial ruins...?' His pulse throbbed in his ears. 'You've got to be kidding me—actual ruins connected to them? That's... that's huge.'

His hands clenched under the desk. 'If I can go there... maybe I can find something about my own bloodline. Something that explains what I am.'

He fought to keep his face neutral. On the outside, calm; inside, his mind was screaming. 'This isn't just a trip—this is a damn goldmine!'

Next to him, Bartholomew turned, eyes glowing with joy. "Trafalgar, pinch me! I have to make sure I'm not dreaming!"

Without hesitation, Trafalgar reached over and did just that.

"AH!" Bartholomew yelped, jumping up so abruptly that every head in the room turned toward him. His pale hair only made the crimson spreading across his cheeks stand out more. Cynthia groaned softly, covering her face.

The laughter that followed was light but short-lived as Rhaldrin cleared his throat. "Now that we're all awake," he said with dry amusement, "I'll let our guest, Lyren di Myrrhvale, explain the details."

Trafalgar exhaled slowly, pulse still pounding. 'Primordial ruins... This trip just became one of the most important things that's ever happened to me.'

Lyren stepped forward calmly, resting one hand on the edge of the podium. His voice was deep but clear, carrying the composure of someone used to being listened to.

"Good morning, everyone. My name is Lyren di Myrrhvale, third heir of House Myrrhvale."

He paused, letting the murmurs fade before continuing. "As Professor Rhaldrin mentioned, the ruins were discovered a few months ago in our family's territory. Until now, we've kept the finding confidential—mainly to ensure preservation and to study the site properly. The professor himself has been invaluable to our research, helping identify symbols and structures we couldn't understand on our own."

He offered Rhaldrin a polite nod. "As a gesture of gratitude, we've decided to open the site to the academy for a controlled expedition. You'll be among the first outside our family to see it."

The classroom erupted in whispers again—half disbelief, half excitement. Even the most composed students looked electrified by the idea of walking through ancient ruins.

For scholarship students like Cynthia and Bartholomew, who had never left Velkaris, this was more than a lesson—it was a miracle.

Bartholomew leaned toward Trafalgar, whispering fast. "Do you realize what this means? A once-in-a-century discovery! We'll be standing where history itself was born!"

Trafalgar gave a faint smile, though his thoughts were far from calm. 'Born, huh... maybe it's closer to home than you think.'

The pulse of mana within him stirred faintly, as if his very blood responded to Lyren's words. 'If those ruins belonged to the Primordials, there's a chance I might find something—anything—that connects to me.'

Lyren concluded smoothly, his tone respectful but firm. "That's all from me. I hope you'll look forward to the journey, and that it broadens your understanding of our world's history."

He stepped back, earning a nod from Rhaldrin, who clasped his paws again. "Thank you, Lyren. Now—listen closely, everyone. You'll have one week to prepare. The trip will last three days, so plan your schedules carefully. There will also be some time for local sightseeing once research hours are complete."

The class buzzed again, this time with pure excitement.

Rhaldrin clapped his paws together, the sound crisp enough to silence the last murmurs. "That will be all for the announcement," he said. "Now, open your books to page thirty. We still have history to learn."

Then he glanced at Lyren. "You're welcome to stay if you wish."

Lyren smiled lightly. "With pleasure, Professor. It's been years since I graduated—I could use a refresher."

A few students chuckled softly as he looked around for a seat.

His gaze landed on Zafira. "Good morning, Zafira. Is this seat taken?"

"Not at all," she replied, her tone calm and polite.

"Then I'll take it, if you don't mind." Lyren slid into the chair beside her with quiet grace.

"Pleasure to meet you," he added, turning toward Trafalgar.

Trafalgar nodded faintly. "Likewise."

'So this is the third heir of Myrrhvale...' he thought, studying him out of the corner of his eye. 'I don't remember him from the Council. Maybe the old Trafalgar met him, but those memories are still blurry.'

'He looks composed. What's more interesting is how easily he talks to Zafira. She doesn't tense up like when Alfons is around. Guess that's because she already turned that idiot down once.'

Zafira noticed Trafalgar's slight smirk and raised an eyebrow, but said nothing.

Professor Rhaldrin began his lecture again, his voice blending with the scratch of quills and the low hum of mana lamps above. The normal rhythm of class returned—or almost.

Trafalgar's mind wasn't on the pages in front of him. 'A week to prepare... three days on-site. If there's even a fragment of information about the Primordials, I'll find it. No one needs to know why I'm really interested, and maybe I will find something related to my class too.'