

## Tyrant 46

### Chapter 46: A Corpse for Breakfast

- Roland POV -

Roland walked silently through the shadowed hallways of Morgain Castle, the faint flicker of torches dancing across the cold stone walls. His footsteps were slow, careful, as if rehearsing the words he'd soon deliver to Lady Seraphine.

"If I tell her that the bastard is investigating her... and that I gained his trust because of it, maybe she'll reward me. That bastard humiliated me—cut off my hand like I was nothing because I touched his maid. If I keep acting submissive, I can earn both their trust and betray him when the moment is right."

His lips curled into a faint smirk.

'She terrifies me... but power always comes with risk.'

The air in the corridor felt heavier than usual, the silence more suffocating. Somewhere, deep in the stone structure, something moved—a whisper of wind where there should have been none.

Unseen from the darkness, a pair of golden eyes narrowed.

Roland yawned, stretching his jaw wide. He barely had time to blink.

Thunk.

A needle struck his tongue, piercing the muscle in the middle of his yawn. Another sliver of silver pierced his right temple a heartbeat later.

His body jerked once—then collapsed.

There was no scream, no sound, no witness—just a silent end swallowed by the dark.

And as the golden eyes vanished back into the shadows, unseen hands dragged the corpse silently into the darkness, leaving not a trace behind in the hallway.

- Trafalgar POV -

The morning light filtered softly through the tall windows of Trafalgar's chamber, bathing the stone walls in gold. Everything felt quiet. Normal.

Until he sat down.

"Fuck!" he shouted, stumbling back from the table.

Lying right in front of his breakfast plate, perfectly still and grotesquely pale, was the severed head of Roland—his lifeless eyes staring blankly at the ceiling.

Caelum appeared behind him, calm as ever. "Apologies, young master. I didn't mean to startle you."

Trafalgar clutched his chest. "You could've at least bagged the damn thing! Or better yet, burned the body and told me later! Why the hell is his head on my breakfast table?"

Caelum stepped forward, tone unchanged. "Roland intended to betray you. Lady Seraphine planned to kill him, but before that, she was going to attempt to buy him off. He was going to act as a double agent—working both sides."

Trafalgar raised an eyebrow. "But you got to him first."

"I did," Caelum confirmed. "The public explanation will be that he died of a heart attack in his sleep. No suspicion will fall on us."

"I see..." Trafalgar exhaled slowly, gaze still fixed on the head. "So even after everything, he tried to stab me in the back again. I suppose this is better than having him lurking around."

He stood up and stretched with a sigh. "Good work, Caelum. Tomorrow, I'll leave for the academy."

Caelum bowed lightly. "Indeed. Also... today marks your sixteenth birthday. From now on, you are considered an adult. Congratulations, young master."

Trafalgar blinked, mildly surprised. "Is that so... I'd forgotten with everything that's been happening lately."

"No need to worry," Caelum replied. "Mayla will remain safe while you are away."

"Good," Trafalgar nodded. Then, with a disgusted frown, added, "Also, get this head out of here. I'm losing my appetite."

Caelum tilted his head slightly. 'It seems the young master still isn't used to seeing corpses.'

"As you wish. Give me a moment," he said, lifting the head by the hair and turning away without hesitation.

Trafalgar was left alone.

Trafalgar gagged violently, stumbling back from the table.

'Shit—nope, not dealing with this.'

Naked and pale, he turned and sprinted toward the bathroom, nearly tripping over the edge of the rug. The door slammed behind him.

A moment later, the sound of retching echoed faintly through the chamber. Water splashed. A choked breath. More retching.

He leaned against the sink, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. His reflection looked almost amused at his misery.

'I might've killed people and seen my share of corpses... but I'm still not used to it—especially not when a head's served up for breakfast.'

Eventually, he returned to the room, now wearing a loose black shirt. The head was gone. So was the smell—mostly.

Caelum reappeared just as Trafalgar sat down at his desk.

"I assume the cleanup is complete," Trafalgar muttered without looking.

"Of course," Caelum replied calmly. "Though you may want to avoid meals near corpses in the future."

"Really? Do you really think that?" Trafalgar said dryly.

He pulled open a drawer and retrieved a small glass vial—empty, but instantly familiar. Its dark red tint, the narrow neck, and the faint crimson residue clinging to the inner rim made its identity unmistakable.

He held it between two fingers, studying it silently.

The very poison that had killed the original Trafalgar.

Caelum's eyes narrowed. "You know what that is."

"That's why I'm asking for another," Trafalgar said evenly.

Caelum's tone turned grave. "That poison kills in under a minute if untreated. For anyone below Pulse core level, it's nearly impossible to survive. Past that, its effects lessen... but you're not there yet."

"I know." Trafalgar's voice was calm. "Which is why I need it."

"You're expecting an ambush?"

"I'm expecting everything."

Caelum studied him for a moment longer, then gave a small nod. "Very well. I'll get it."

"Good." Trafalgar placed the vial back in the drawer and leaned back in his chair.

Trafalgar remained seated at his desk for a while after Caelum left, the silence wrapping around him like a heavy blanket.

He glanced at the empty vial once more before shutting the drawer.

'So tomorrow, I leave for the academy.'

He leaned back, arms behind his head, staring at the ceiling.

'I will be sixteen years old... considered an adult in this world. It's strange how fast people grow up here, but I guess it makes sense when power decides everything. Childhood doesn't last long when you're training to kill by twelve.'

His gaze drifted toward the wardrobe in the corner. Still unopened.

'I should probably start packing...'

He stood up with a low sigh, walking slowly to the window. The sky outside was clear. Peaceful. Deceptively so.

'I hope things at the academy are calmer. But who am I kidding?'

His fingers tapped against the glass absently.

'I need to find clues about the veiled woman. How she knew my title. Why she acted like that, like she knew who I was.'

He turned away from the window.

'And the Primordials... I need answers. If I'm ever going to understand what I've become, I have to start there.'

A soft knock.

Caelum stepped in, holding a small black case in one hand.

Trafalgar turned to face him. "Already?"

"Already," Caelum replied, setting the container down on the desk with precision.

Trafalgar eyed it in silence for a moment, then gave a faint nod. "Efficient, as always."

Caelum inclined his head. "I'll continue monitoring the targets. Mayla remains unharmed."

"Good. Don't waste a resources escorting me," Trafalgar added. "Keep your attention on her. That takes priority."

"As you wish," Caelum said.

His eyes flicked toward the still-closed suitcase near the bed. "You should begin packing. Lord Valttair arranged for a carriage at dawn."

Trafalgar sighed. "Right. I'll get to it."

Caelum left without another word.

Trafalgar stood alone, staring at the case for a few seconds longer before finally moving to open his wardrobe.

- Valttair POV -

The wind howled between them as their massive wyverns soared over jagged peaks, wings cutting through the morning air.

Valttair's eyes were locked on the horizon.

His brother spoke first. "You've been quiet since we left the rift site."

"I'm thinking."

"About the rift... or about the bastard? I heard he is making some noise lately."

Valttair didn't answer right away.

"About him."

A chuckle carried across the air. "Didn't think you gave a damn."

"He's an important asset to our family now," Valttair replied coldly. "He has to reach the academy alive."

The other wyvern dipped slightly before steadying again.

"You want me to watch him."

"Yes, tomorrow he heads for the academy. There's a good chance someone will make a move on him. I want you to evaluate the threat. If he can handle it, let him. He needs the experience. But if he doesn't stand a chance—step in."

The younger brother let out a long yawn, stretching one arm lazily while guiding his wyvern with the other. "Sure, brother, sure... leave it to me. Maybe—just maybe—my boredom will finally vanish. Even if it's only for a little while."