

## Tyrant 61

### Chapter 61: Before the Mission Begins

It had been two weeks since Trafalgar learned Severance Step. Only one week remained before his official departure to the academy.

Strangely enough, being away from the Morgain castle had done wonders for his mood. No scheming, no daily stress about staying alive. Life in Euclid—Mordrek's quiet, snow-covered city—was simple.

Every few days, Caelum would send updates through the [Shadowlink Echo]. So far, no changes. Mayla was doing fine. According to Seraphine, she'd been unusually quiet.

Now that the Council meeting had ended, the castle was practically empty. All the children of Valttair had returned to manage their own territories. Just like Mordrek.

Their father wanted to see how competent his offspring could be—not just in battle, but in ruling. As heirs of one of the Eight Great Families, they were expected to excel not only in strength but also in governance. Politics, logistics, diplomacy—the full package.

But right now, Trafalgar was naked and asleep in bed.

Mana naturally gathered around his body, forming faint currents that swirled over his skin. It was one of the many benefits of Primordial Body. Unfortunately, those same benefits came with minor... inconveniences.

Like this morning.

The door slammed open without warning.

"Wake up, bastard!"

Sylis's voice echoed through the room.

Nothing.

She stepped inside, her boots crunching softly against the wooden floor.

"Seriously...?"

Trafalgar was dead asleep, lying on his stomach, the blankets barely covering anything at all.

"Tch..."

Sylis marched to the edge of the bed, gripped the sheets—and with one powerful pull, ripped them away.

"WAKE UP!"

Like a launched projectile, Trafalgar's body flew from the mattress and slammed onto the floor with a painful thud.

"Gah—! What the—"

He groaned, blinking through the fog of a very vivid dream. Something about pulling a legendary character on his first gacha roll.

Then reality set in.

He was naked.

And Sylis was standing there, completely frozen, her face redder than her hair.

She had her hands over her face. Well... almost over it. Her fingers weren't exactly sealed shut.

Trafalgar sat up groggily and looked down at himself. Then looked back at her.

"Oh. Right."

"W-Why the hell are you naked!?" she shouted, voice cracking.

He scratched his head. "It's more comfortable to sleep this way."

"Y-You could've at least worn something!"

"You could've just tapped my arm or whispered in my ear. Did you have to yeet me across the room?"

"I tried that! You didn't budge!"

He frowned and rubbed his hip. "My ass hurts from the landing."

Then he glanced at her again. "You're still staring."

Sylis let out a noise somewhere between a scream and a groan. "Don't you have any shame!?"

"What? You came into my room. You saw me. And now you're still looking. Who's the pervert here?"

"I'm not—! Just put some clothes on and meet us in the garden! My dad's waiting!"

"Yeah, yeah..." He waved lazily. "Close the door on your way out."

The door slammed shut behind her.

Alone again, Trafalgar muttered as he stood up, stretching his back.

"...Seriously, what the hell's her problem?"

Trafalgar stood alone in the middle of his room, arms relaxed at his sides. The faint light from the window cast a pale glow across the floorboards, highlighting the frost patterns on the glass.

Still groggy, he ran a hand through his unkempt hair.

"...Damn mornings."

He grabbed a white shirt from the back of a chair and slipped it on, followed by a pair of black pants and his usual boots. As he buttoned the shirt halfway, he summoned his leather undersuit with a flicker of mana:

[Item: Leather Undersuit – Rank: Uncommon]

It appeared in his hand like a ripple in the air. With practiced ease, he slipped it on beneath his clothes, the light armor molding to his frame.

"Better."

He moved to the small mirror on the wall and began tying his hair into the usual low ponytail, a few strands falling naturally around his face.

As he brushed his teeth, he muttered under his breath, staring at his reflection:

"She could've knocked. Or knocked again. Or waited. Tch... says I'm the shameless one."

He spat, rinsed, and leaned closer to the mirror.

"...And she didn't even look away. Not really. Fingers weren't even closed."

He narrowed his eyes.

'Is she just weird? Or worse...?' He shook his head quickly. 'No. No, Trafalgar. She's your cousin. Stop. This isn't Alabama.'

Grabbing his coat from the nearby rack, he slipped it on and adjusted the collar. Fully dressed now, he looked ready—well, almost.

He raised his hand and in response, a shimmer of black energy swirled at his hip as his weapon appeared, resting in its holster, silent as ever.

Trafalgar gave the room one last glance before opening the door.

"Let's get this over with."

He stepped into the hallway and made his way toward the garden.

The morning breeze was sharp but not biting, carrying the scent of pine and distant snow. As Trafalgar stepped into the garden, the wind caught his long black hair, lifting several loose strands and sending them fluttering behind him like dark ribbons.

The sun peeked just over the stone wall that surrounded the estate, casting a soft gold hue over the frost-kissed grass. He spotted Syllis and Mordrek near the stone path—one visibly flustered, the other casually inspecting the edge of his sword.

Syllis stiffened the moment she saw Trafalgar approaching, her face still slightly red as she quickly turned her head away.

Mordrek noticed and raised an eyebrow. "Sylis? You sick or something? You're flushed. Got a fever?"

Sylis waved both hands in front of her. "No, no! I'm fine, Father. Really."

"You sure? If you're not feeling well, we can—"

"I said I'm fine!"

Mordrek shrugged, unconvinced but not pushing the issue. His gaze shifted to Trafalgar as the boy approached.

"Morning, bastard. Ready for some fresh air and monster guts?"

Trafalgar adjusted his coat slightly, hair still drifting lazily behind him. "I guess."

Mordrek motioned toward the stone arch where a butler stood beside a horse-drawn carriage, reins in hand.

"Let's move out, then. We've got a bit of a ride ahead."

Sylis and Trafalgar followed him into the carriage, the thick wooden wheels creaking slightly as they climbed in. The horses neighed softly, and moments later, the vehicle began to roll out of the estate.

Inside, Mordrek crossed his arms and stared through the small window at the passing scenery. "We're heading to the southern forest. Locals have reported strange monster movements. Something out there's stirring up trouble—pushing creatures out of their usual territory."

Trafalgar leaned against the side of the carriage. "And the three of us are enough to deal with it?"

Mordrek chuckled. "I am. You two are just along to watch and maybe swat a few small ones. Don't worry—I've got a private squad meeting us there. Reinforcements."

"Morgain soldiers?" Trafalgar asked.

"Of course. Every territory holder builds their own retinue. I started mine at eighteen, after I married your aunt."

Trafalgar's gaze dropped for a moment. "So one day I'll have to manage a territory too?"

"Definitely. Especially being part of the main family. You'll be expected to lead, fight, and govern."

"...I see."

The city slowly disappeared behind them. Fields gave way to hills, and in the distance, the edge of the southern forest loomed—dark, vast, and waiting.

The carriage wheels slowed as they left the gravel road behind. Tall trees rose ahead, casting long shadows across the path. The southern forest stood like a living wall—dense, ancient, and humming faintly with mana.

Trafalgar leaned forward, parting the curtain slightly to get a better look. The morning sun filtered through the canopy in uneven beams, painting the road in flickers of gold and green.

Mordrek tapped the roof twice with his knuckle.

"Almost there. I can feel it... something's not right in that forest."

Sylis remained quiet, arms folded, her eyes fixed on the treeline. She had calmed down since earlier, but a lingering tension clung to her posture.

The butler up front gave a signal, and the carriage came to a gentle stop.

Mordrek stood, stretching his back with a faint crack. "Alright. Time to get to work."

The door creaked open.

One by one, they stepped out—boots crunching on frost-laced soil.

In front of them, the forest loomed. Not a single bird chirped.

Trafalgar narrowed his eyes. 'Something really is off...'