

Tyrant 77

Chapter 77: Secrets Over Breakfast

Sunlight poured through the tall window, casting golden stripes across the bed. Trafalgar blinked, the unfamiliar warmth pulling him out of sleep. No crisp mountain air, no frost on the glass, just good heat. Velkaris was far from the snow-capped Morgain territory, and here, the weather was nice.

'Right... I'm in the academy dorms,' he reminded himself, pushing the sheets aside. As usual, he was naked.

He sat cross-legged in the center of the room, closing his eyes. Mana clung to his skin thanks to his Primordial Body, and he began guiding it through his limbs, toward the core in his chest. The slow, steady rhythm of absorption filled the silence.

Fifteen minutes later, he stood, rolling his shoulders before heading into the bathroom. The hiss of the shower filled the room, steam rising as warm water cascaded down his back.

'Should I go warn Arden and Marella about what's coming? If I get on their good side now, I could use them later for information. With the right contacts, I won't have to dig for every scrap myself and the chances to live peacefully grow.'

He shut off the water, toweling off while his mind kept moving. 'Barth might be the key... if he agrees. With his Jack of All Trades class, I might pull it off. The problem is that he's a coward who's afraid of his own shadow.'

He pulled on a loose white shirt, black pants, and shoes.

'Or maybe there's an easier way. If I just buy the place outright, it'd be under my name. Arden and Marella could keep running it, and Lucien wouldn't have a leg to stand on. It'd even make me money. Simple. But the problem is that they wouldn't sell the place to no one.'

He stepped into the hallway. This floor was reserved for members of the Eight Great Families, meaning fewer faces, but more eyes that mattered. While he waited for the magic elevator to reach his floor, his mind circled back to Lucien.

'The good thing is, he doesn't know who I really am. He only knows the bastard Morgain version. That could be an advantage... if I play it right.'

"Wait!"

A female voice came from the left. Purple hair, two curved horns, grey eyes. Zafira du Zar'khael—his so-called childhood friend.

"Well, Trafalgar," she smiled, "looks like we meet again. How have you been since the mine incident?"

Trafalgar didn't answer right away—not because his gaze had wandered to her chest like the first time they met, but because it was strange. Someone who actually seemed to care about him because of something "he" had done when they were younger. The problem was, his memory of that part of Trafalgar's life was hazy. When he'd reincarnated, some sections were just... blank. And Zafira liked to keep it that way, teasing that it was a "secret."

"Good morning," he finally said with a calm nod. "I've been fine this past month. Things have been a little busy since the mine incident, but I'm still in one piece, as you can see. How about you?"

"I'm glad to hear that," she replied, tilting her head slightly, a playful glint in her grey eyes. "I've been well. Things have been calm for me since the mine. I've been looking forward to coming to the academy."

"Oh?" Trafalgar raised a brow. "What's so special about the academy? I mean, I know it's big and impressive, but is there something in particular?"

Her lips curled into a mischievous smile. "It's a secret. Maybe I'll tell you one day."

"Another secret? Seems like you enjoy playing that game," he said, crossing his arms loosely.

"What? Are you mad? Do you want me to tell you right now?"

"There's no need," he shrugged. "If you wanted to tell me, you would. I'm not going to force you."

"You are no fun," she huffed, though her smirk didn't fade. "By the way, are you going to have breakfast? Maybe I'll tell you if you come along."

"Yeah, I was planning to. I want to try something new—eating the same food back in my family's territory got old."

"Then you should try some demonic dishes," she said, clearly amused. "They're good."

Trafalgar imagined monsters with eyes, slimy tentacles, and strange smells—but then remembered how his assumptions about the demon castle had been completely wrong. Prejudices weren't worth much here; maybe the food would surprise him.

"Fine," he agreed.

The two stepped onto the round platform of the magic elevator, descending together toward the city-like sprawl of the academy grounds. Their destination: a restaurant that looked far too classy for a student cafeteria.

They stepped out of the elevator and crossed the courtyard, the morning air already warm compared to the icy chill Trafalgar had grown up with. The building Zafira led him to was nothing like he expected from an academy "cafeteria." Tall glass windows, carved stone pillars, and a gold-trimmed entrance gave it more the look of an upscale restaurant than a student dining hall.

Inside, soft music played over the quiet murmur of early patrons. Plush chairs, polished wood tables, and waiters dressed in crisp black-and-white uniforms made Trafalgar feel like he was stepping into a high-class venue in Velkaris' wealthiest district.

'Didn't expect them to have a place with this much class. Compared to my university back on Earth, this is ridiculous. Back there it was endless lines of students fighting over a lukewarm coffee or some sad pre-packed sandwich to survive boring lectures.'

A tall demon waiter approached, bowing politely. "Welcome. Please, follow me."

They were led to a corner table by the window, where a view of the academy's sprawling gardens stretched out below. Zafira immediately leaned forward, skimming the menu like she already knew exactly what to order.

"I'll have two of this, two of that, and one of this as well. For drinks, water," she said with casual authority, handing the menu back without even looking at Trafalgar.

He didn't bother asking for anything else. She'd already said she'd order what was traditional, so there was no point in piling on. "Guess I'll have what she's having," he told the waiter, earning a slight smirk from Zafira.

"You'll like it," she said, leaning back in her chair. "Some of these dishes are... different, but good."

"I'll take your word for it," he replied, though his mind still pictured plates of steaming meat with too many eyes staring back at him.

While they waited, sunlight filtered through the window, catching in Zafira's purple hair and the faint curve of her horns. She looked relaxed, almost content, but there was still that playful glimmer in her eyes—as if she was waiting for the perfect moment to hit him with another teasing remark.