

Tyrant 83

Chapter 83: Urgent Arrival

Trafalgar sat at his desk, the small pouch of gold he had taken from Dren long ago resting in his hand. He loosened the drawstring and began counting, stacking coins into neat little piles.

"Four hundred and sixty-seven gold coins... and eighty-two silver coins," he muttered.

He let out a long sigh, leaning back in his chair. 'I've spent way too much in such a short time!!! I really need to start watching my finances. Although... now that I think about it, Valttair would probably give me money if I asked. Hehehe... but no. I'm not doing that. He's still a piece of shit — only interested in me now that I'm useful.'

Pushing away from the desk, Trafalgar stood and grabbed his coat. Today was the day he needed to sign up for that additional class. He didn't like the idea of someone else picking it for him just because he hadn't registered yet.

Crossing the courtyard, he entered the academy's main building and headed straight for the reception counter.

"Good morning. I'm here to register for the additional class," Trafalgar said.

The receptionist nodded, pulling out a sheet. "Of course. Here's the list of classes still available."

Trafalgar froze mid-reach. 'Still available? Wait... they could get full?!? And Zafira didn't think to tell me this earlier?!?'

Snatching the list, he scanned through it.

— Literatur? Boring.

— History? Meh. Never liked it back on Earth.

— Theatre? Not going to help me survive in this world.

That left only one option: Cooking Classes.

'Well... that one might actually be useful. Who doesn't like eating good food? And between these four, it's easily the best choice.'

He checked the box beside it, scribbled down his name, and handed the paper back.

"Thank you," the receptionist said. "You're all set. I'll make sure it's recorded. Nothing else you need to do until classes start."

"Alright. See you."

Stepping out into the crisp air, Trafalgar stretched. 'Good. Now... time to head to Velkaris. There's nothing else for me to do around the academy right now.'

Trafalgar made his way toward the mana train station, boots clicking against the stone path. As he stepped onto the platform, a sudden flutter of wings came from above.

The pale bird landed right on his head.

"Oh, Pipin. Hey there, how's it going? I'm guessing Aubrelle's nearby then?" he said with a faint smile.

Sure enough, Aubrelle appeared a few moments later, her steps light but confident despite her eyes being clouded.

"Hello, Trafalgar. Are you going to Velkaris as well?"

"That's right," he replied. "I've got a place I need to visit."

"I see. I'm going too."

Trafalgar bit the inside of his cheek to keep from laughing. There was just something absurd about hearing I see from someone who was blind...

Pipin's beak pecked sharply at his head, making him flinch.

"Agh— alright, alright. Sorry, sorry. You caught me off guard," he said, rubbing the spot. "Where are you headed?"

"I'm meeting with a friend."

They boarded the train together, settling into adjacent seats. The gentle hum of mana channels filled the cabin as they spoke casually about small things—the weather, academy gossip, and the food in Velkaris—until the train slowed to a stop at their destination.

Trafalgar raised a hand in farewell as Aubrelle turned down a different street, Pipin fluttering after her. With the crowd parting around him, he adjusted his coat and began walking toward a certain alleyway.

'She really is just a normal girl... but being able to see through Pipin is pretty fascinating. Makes me wonder what other summons she's got. Maybe a bear? A rhino would be cool. Or—since this is a fantasy world—she could even have a phoenix... or a unicorn.'

The streets of Velkaris bustled with merchants shouting prices, the scent of fresh bread and sizzling meat drifting through the air. Trafalgar wove through the crowd, his mind still wandering in absurd speculation about Aubrelle's possible summons.

By the time he turned into the narrow side alley, the noise of the city dulled, replaced by the faint creak of wooden signs swaying above shuttered doors. At the far end stood a modest shop with a faded sign—Marella and Arden's place.

Pushing the door open, he stepped inside and called out casually, "Hey, Marella. Give me today's special."

From behind the counter, the elderly woman looked up and smiled warmly. "Oh, Trafalgar, it's you again. Seems like you really do like my cooking. I'm glad to hear it. Just give me a moment."

She disappeared into the back, the sound of pots and utensils clinking faintly.

The bell above the door jingled again. Trafalgar glanced over his shoulder—two figures stumbled in.

Ronan, the human mercenary, was pale as death, his right sleeve empty where an arm should've been. Blood soaked through his clothes. Beside him, Sylven the elf held a makeshift tourniquet, his face grim.

Trafalgar's eyes widened.

Sylven barked, "Get Arden or Marella—now!"

Without wasting a second, Trafalgar dashed through the side door into the back, his boots thudding against the wooden floor. "Arden! Marella! Something's happened!"

It was clear this wasn't just a casual visit anymore.

Marella emerged from the kitchen, wiping her hands on her apron, a hint of irritation on her face at Trafalgar's sudden urgency. "What is it, boy—?"

The words died in her throat as she stepped into the shopfront. Her gaze landed on Ronan, barely upright, blood dripping steadily onto the wooden floor. The empty sleeve, the unnatural pallor, the sheer amount of crimson—it froze her in place.

Her hand flew to her mouth. "By the gods..."

Syven tightened the tourniquet, his jaw clenched. "He's fading fast. I need your help, now."

Marella's eyes darted to the spreading pool beneath Ronan's boots, then back to his ashen face.

In an instant, the fear in her expression hardened into focus. She dropped to her knees beside him, already barking orders toward the back. "Arden! Bring the kit—hurry!"

Trafalgar simply stood watching the scene unfold.