

Tyrant 85

Chapter 85: Time to Use Your New Skill

Right now, it was a race against time. The sun was already dipping toward the horizon, shadows stretching long across the streets. Trafalgar needed to find Barth before it got too late. If Barth went to bed early, dragging him out would be a hassle, and this wasn't the kind of night for delays.

He made his way quickly to the station and hopped on the train headed for the academy. Coincidentally, Aubrelle was on the same ride, seated a few meters ahead—in the section for people with money.

'It's her again,' Trafalgar thought as he stepped through the doorway into her carriage. 'I still don't know exactly who the Rosenthals are... but if she was at the Council, she's got to be from a wealthy, powerful family.'

She was easy to spot, sitting with perfect posture, a pale bird resting in her hands. The little creature stared up at her, occasionally making soft sounds. Trafalgar recognized it instantly. Pipin.

He approached, noticing the empty seat beside her. Better to greet someone you know.

"How was your meeting?" he asked as he sat down.

Aubrelle's head turned slightly, surprise flickering across her face. She hadn't expected Trafalgar to be on the same train at the same time.

"Oh, Trafalgar du Morgain, we meet again," she said with a faint, ironic lilt, a small smile tugging at her lips. "It went well. I caught up with a friend. How about you? Did your meeting go the way you wanted?"

"More or less. But I'm satisfied," Trafalgar replied.

Aubrelle was a sweet girl, despite her blindness. They let the conversation fade into a comfortable silence, the steady rhythm of the train filling the gap.

After a few moments, she spoke again. "Hey, Trafalgar, can I ask you something?"

"As long as it's not too personal, go ahead."

"What do you look like?"

Trafalgar blinked. "What do you mean? Physically, or what Trafalgar du Morgain is like as a person?"

"I can guess what you're like as a person," she said. "You know I can see through Pipin, but it's only silhouettes—no fine details, no colors beyond a dull tone."

"That's an easy one, then," Trafalgar said. "I have navy blue eyes, black hair in a small low ponytail, and right now I'm pretty well-built. Why ask?"

"Well... back at the Council, you stumbled onto my secret when you fell on me and pulled off my blindfold. I know it wasn't on purpose, and you didn't flinch at my scar. I appreciated that."

The train slowed as the academy drew near.

The train hissed as it came to a stop at the academy station. The doors slid open, letting in the cool evening air.

Trafalgar and Aubrelle stood up together.

"Well, until next time," Aubrelle said, giving a polite nod.

"Yeah. Take care, Aubrelle," Trafalgar replied.

They stepped off the train and parted ways—Aubrelle heading toward the dorms reserved for the wealthy students, while Trafalgar went straight for the main dormitory building. His pace quickened. There was no time to waste.

The academy's dorm complex was a tall, wide structure with multiple floors, each serving a different group of students. Trafalgar walked straight through the large double doors into the lobby, where a middle-aged receptionist sat behind a curved desk made of polished oak.

He leaned casually on the counter. "Hey, quick question. Do you know where I can find Bartholomew? He left some things behind, and I wanted to return them."

The receptionist glanced at a ledger, flipping a couple of pages before answering. "Bartholomew, third floor. Room 102."

"Thanks."

The man nodded politely and went back to his paperwork. Trafalgar turned toward the wide open space at the side of the lobby where the dorm's elevator sat. It wasn't a box like in modern buildings—it was a circular platform, open on all sides, with no railings, supported by a glowing array of magical runes.

He stepped onto it, feeling the faint hum of mana beneath his feet. The platform began to rise smoothly, passing by the first floor, then the second. The air shifted slightly as it moved, the motion so effortless it felt like floating.

'Hope he's not asleep,' Trafalgar thought, glancing at the glowing symbols underneath him. 'If I have to wake him up, it's going to be a pain. And if he hesitates too much, we lose the timing.'

The platform slowed as it reached the third floor, coming to a stop with barely a sound. Trafalgar stepped off, entering a quiet hallway lit by a series of enchanted wall lamps. The soft light pooled on the polished wooden floor, stretching out in neat, warm patches.

Room 102 was halfway down the corridor. Trafalgar adjusted his coat as he walked, already preparing how he was going to pitch this to Barth.

Trafalgar stopped in front of Room 102, the number engraved neatly on a bronze plate fixed to the door. He raised his hand and knocked firmly.

Tock, tock, tock.

No answer.

He waited a moment, then knocked again—louder this time.

Tock, tock, tock.

Finally, a faint, trembling voice came from inside. "W-who is it?"

"It's me, Trafalgar," he said. "We're going to Velkaris. Time to put that new skill of yours to work."

There was a pause, followed by the sound of hesitant footsteps. The door cracked open just enough for one nervous eye to peek out.

"You mean... right now?" Barth asked, his voice wavering.

"Yeah. Right now," Trafalgar said, leaning against the doorframe. "You've been sitting on it long enough. Tonight's the night you use it."

Barth's fingers tightened on the door. "I... I'm not sure. What if it doesn't work? I've never tried it on someone in a real situation before."

"It'll work," Trafalgar replied, his tone firm. "And even if it doesn't, I'll handle the rest. But I didn't pay twenty-five gold for you to keep it locked away."

Barth blinked. "T-twenty-five gold... right"

"Yeah," Trafalgar said flatly. "So you're coming. No excuses. Consider this your investment paying off."

Barth looked down at the floor, his unease clear in the way his shoulders curled inward. "But... what exactly are we doing?"

"Don't worry about the details," Trafalgar said. "You just have to do your part when I tell you. The rest is on me."

The younger man hesitated, biting his lip, but finally gave a small nod. "Five minutes... I'll be ready."

"Good," Trafalgar said, stepping back toward the hallway. "Meet me downstairs."

As he walked away toward the elevator, Trafalgar allowed himself a small smirk. 'Now I just need to make sure he doesn't freeze.'