

## **Tyrant 101**

### Chapter 101: The First Day of Lessons

Trafalgar pushed open the door to his room, every muscle in his body demanding rest. He was ready to collapse face-first onto the bed when something white caught his eye. An envelope lay on the floor, slid halfway under the doorframe.

He bent down, picked it up, and frowned at the wax seal. The crest of Velkaris Academy stared back at him. Breaking it open, he unfolded a single sheet inside.

'So this is my schedule...'

The neat script listed only five subjects, spread from Monday to Thursday. The first immediately made his brow twitch.

Swordsmanship. Taught directly by one of the four directors.

'Great. Another headache from Sword Insight... Still, if I endure it, maybe I can pick up something new. I only have four skills right now, and one's just evasion. My arsenal is pathetic.'

The second: History—a shared class with all students.

The third: System Theory—probably about talents, bloodlines, and skills.

The fourth: Survival Training.

That one made him pause. 'Now that's useful. If they actually teach practical methods, it could save my life.'

And the last subject... his elective.

Cooking.

Trafalgar stared at the word, blinking. Then he smirked faintly. 'Guess it's not the worst. Back on Earth, I worked part-time at a family restaurant after uni. At least I won't embarrass myself completely.'

He tossed the schedule onto the desk and finally collapsed onto his bed. But before sleep could drag him under, he raised his hand. And an item materialized. Shadowlink Echo.

Infusing mana into it, he felt the item pulse, then a calm, familiar voice echoed through the quiet room.

"Good morning, young master. Let's begin with the usual report. At the end, I bring good news."

Trafalgar sat up slowly, eyes narrowing. 'Good news? Could it be about Seraphine, Maeron, or Rivena?'

The orb in Trafalgar's hand pulsed again, and Caelum's calm voice filled the room.

"First, Lady Seraphine. She has begun a hunger strike. Lord Valttair punished Maeron severely, and it seems this is her way of protest. As for Lady Rivena, she has not appeared since my last message. She has always directed her cruelty toward you, young master. With no one else to torment, she remains silent."

Trafalgar's eyes darkened, his fingers tightening around the orb.

'Rivena... she destroyed Old Trafalgar. She tried to break me too, but Lysandra was there. That was the only reason she failed. One day... no more running. I'll make her pay. Both her and that other bitch, Seraphine.'

The voice continued, steady as if unaware of Trafalgar's burning thoughts.

"Now for the good news. Your maid, Mayla, has shown signs of movement. She did not wake, but her body shifted. This is the first reaction she has had since falling into her coma."

For a moment, Trafalgar froze. His chest tightened, and the fire in his eyes softened.

'Mayla... she moved? After all this time...'

He swallowed hard. No one could predict how long a coma might last. Days. Years. Or never. But even the faintest twitch was hope.

He whispered, almost reverently, "Good... keep watching her. If Mayla finally wakes, tell me immediately."

Trafalgar lay back on his bed, staring at the ceiling. A flicker of relief warmed his chest, but only for a heartbeat. His jaw soon tightened again, his mind circling back to Seraphine, Rivena, Maeron.

'These days in the academy feel almost peaceful compared to what I lived through before. But it won't last. Someday, I'll have to face them all.'

His eyelids grew heavy as the room sank into silence.

'Someday...'

Trafalgar's thoughts drifted into silence as sleep pulled him under. The last thought in his mind was Mayla's faint movement, a spark of hope he hadn't allowed himself in so long. That spark lingered even as darkness took him.

When his eyes opened again, he was no longer staring at the ceiling of his dorm. Morning light spilled across wooden desks, and the low murmur of voices surrounded him. He blinked slowly, realizing he was already seated in a classroom. The transition from night to day felt seamless, like waking from one world into another.

Students filled the wide lecture hall, dozens of them shuffling into their places. This was History, one of the core subjects shared by all. The weight of expectation hung in the air, and for once, everyone looked alert.

Bartholomew sat near the front beside Cynthia, practically bouncing in his chair. He waved eagerly when Trafalgar looked his way. "I love history," he said to him before, eyes sparkling with genuine excitement.

Trafalgar couldn't help but glance at Cynthia beside him. Her gaze met his instantly—sharp, cold, and cutting. It was enough to freeze him in place. He turned his head away without a word.

A faint rustle at his side drew his attention. Zafira slid into the chair next to him, her long purple hair tied neatly back, the curve of her horns catching the light. Her grey eyes lingered on him, calm but not without reproach.

"Good morning, Trafalgar," she said softly. "You could have waited for me. We could've walked together."

"Tomorrow then," he answered. "I didn't know when you'd leave."

Her lips curved into the smallest of smiles. "Fine."

The chatter in the hall began to fade as the classroom door creaked open.

Dozens of heads turned, expecting a tall, robed scholar or perhaps a stern knight like the directors.

Instead, the figure that entered was... small. Very small.

A creature no taller than a child padded across the floor, robes swishing around its furry frame. Its snout twitched, whiskers flicking as it adjusted the stack of books in its clawed hands. Beady black eyes swept the room with an intelligence that made the students shift uncomfortably in their seats.

Trafalgar blinked once, then twice. He leaned toward Zafira and whispered, "That's our professor?"

The creature's ears twitched. Without even turning, it answered. "Yes, I am your professor."

A ripple of surprise shot through the class.

The rat-like figure climbed onto the desk at the front, setting down the books with surprising strength. Once settled, it clasped its hands behind its back and spoke with a voice sharper and clearer than most humans.

"Good morning, new students of Velkaris Academy. I am Professor Rhaldrin, and I will be teaching you History."

Murmurs spread, disbelief mixing with curiosity. Some students tried to stifle laughter; others stared with wide eyes, caught between awe and confusion.

Trafalgar leaned back, watching carefully. 'A rat teaching history? Why does this surprise me after everything that has happened?'