

Tyrant 102

Chapter 102: History Class

The classroom grew silent as Professor Rhaldrin climbed onto the desk, his small figure standing tall in spite of his size. His crimson eyes swept over the students before he spoke, his voice sharp and clear.

"Surely some of you know this already. If not, you will now. The world as we know it—thriving with mana, advanced in ways unimaginable—was not always so."

The students leaned forward, curiosity sparking. Even those who whispered during class presentation kept quiet.

Rhaldrin clasped his clawed hands behind his back, pacing slowly across the desk. "Our races have always existed, but there were two forces... two existences that repel each other to this very day."

He paused, letting the silence build. "Can anyone tell me what they are?"

For a moment, no one dared to answer. Then, surprisingly, a hand shot up. Bartholomew. Despite his timid nature, his eyes were shining with enthusiasm.

Rhaldrin tilted his head toward him. "Yes? And you are?"

The boy stiffened under the sudden attention. "B-bartholomew, professor."

"Very well, Bartholomew. Give us your answer."

All eyes turned toward him. The weight of the room pressed down, but he swallowed hard and said, "The Primordials... and the Void Creatures."

Whispers died instantly. A ripple of tension swept through the class.

Rhaldrin's whiskers twitched. "Correct." His tone carried approval, and he resumed pacing. "The Primordials—those born with the Primordial bloodline—have always been the natural enemies of the Void Creatures."

The words sank heavily into the room. Even Trafalgar found himself leaning in, interest sparked.

'So that's what they are... The librarian in Euclid only gave me scraps of information. This professor is laying it out clearly.'

Professor Rhaldrin folded his hands behind his back, his tail flicking as he continued.

"Thousands of years ago—none can say the exact time—the war began. A war between Primordials and Void Creatures. It raged across continents, burning civilizations to ash. Both sides suffered devastating losses. Entire bloodlines vanished, and countless worlds were scarred."

The students listened in silence, many of them gripping their quills as if the weight of history itself pressed down on them.

"But in the end," Rhaldrin went on, "the Primordials prevailed. Not without cost, no... their victory was bought with sacrifice. Countless Primordials gave their lives, leaving only a handful behind. Their final act was to drive the Void Creatures into another dimension, sealing them away from this world. Thanks to them, the rest of us—humans, elves, demons, dwarves—were able to grow without fear."

The professor's crimson gaze swept across the hall. "And even now, the Primordials watch from the shadows. Few remain, but their vigilance ensures the Void does not return."

Trafalgar's jaw tightened slightly.

'So this is what Primordials truly are... The old librarian in Euclid hinted at it, but only in fragments. This explanation makes it real.'

He raised his hand. Rhaldrin noticed immediately and gave a nod. "Yes?"

"Can more Primordials still be born today?" Trafalgar asked.

Rhaldrin studied him for a long moment before answering. "Yes. They can. But it is rare—so rare it borders on impossible. The few who still carry the bloodline hide themselves away, nearly extinct. Do not expect to see one walking among you. That is the reality."

Trafalgar lowered his hand and gave a small nod. "Thank you, professor."

Professor Rhaldrin tapped his claw against the desk before continuing.

"With the Void Creatures sealed away, the world entered an era of rebuilding. Races flourished, alliances were forged, and at the heart of it all, the Eight Great Families rose to prominence. They were the peak of our civilization, each unique in strength and influence, and each vital to maintaining balance after the war."

He paused, his crimson eyes narrowing slightly as he scanned the students. "And I see we have some of their heirs here with us today. Alfons au Vaelion, from the House of Varlion—renowned mages. Zafira du Zar'khael, of the demonic house known for their bloodlines. And Trafalgar du Morgain, of the ancient swordmasters."

The room erupted into hushed murmurs.

"That blond one is Alfons?" A group of girls whispered, giggling behind their hands.

"He's so handsome..." another added, sighing.

Meanwhile, the boys' voices carried differently.

"Look at Zafira... she's gorgeous."

"Think I have a chance with her?" Laughter followed, half-jealous, half-dreaming.

And then came the harsher whispers, directed at the dark-haired youth seated beside Zafira.

"That's the bastard Morgain, isn't it? The useless one."

"Can't believe he's actually sitting next to her."

Trafalgar let the words roll off him with a faint smirk.

'Nothing new. Same rumors as always. They'll change soon enough. Still, I can already smell a cliché coming... someone trying to rope me into helping them flirt with Zafira just because I sit here. Ridiculous.'

Professor Rhaldrin ignored the chatter, continuing in his sharp voice. "Remember this: what your families tell you may be biased. In this class, I will teach you history not as your houses see it, but as it was witnessed by the world."

The murmurs faded, attention returning to the small but commanding figure.

Professor Rhaldrin reached for a small bottle at his side, taking a measured sip before checking the time. His whiskers twitched, and he gave a decisive nod.

"That will be enough for today," he said, his voice carrying clearly across the hall. "It is your first lesson. I will not fry your brains just yet. Good luck in your next class."

With that, he waved his tiny clawed hands in a shooing gesture. The sight of the rat professor dismissing them in such a casual way almost made a few students laugh.

Chairs scraped back as the class began to stand. The lecture hall filled with the rustle of books and the shuffle of feet.

Trafalgar rose from his seat, stretching his arms before glancing at Zafira beside him. Her grey eyes met his calmly, as if she had been waiting for him to say something.

He cleared his throat. "Want to grab lunch? My treat."

Her brows arched in mild surprise, but a faint smile curved her lips. "Oh? Trafalgar du Morgain, extending an invitation? Of course. I would never refuse someone of the Eight Great Families."

Trafalgar smirked faintly. "Didn't you already refuse Alfons? You told me back at the council."

Zafira chuckled softly, brushing a strand of hair back into place. "That's true. But from now on, things will be different."