

## Tyrant 105

### Chapter 105: A Taste of Another World

The classroom buzzed with faint noise as Selara clapped her gloved hands together. A puff of green smoke escaped from one of her sleeves, but she didn't seem to notice. Her emerald eyes, magnified behind her strange goggles, darted across the sparse group of students until they all went quiet.

"Alright, listen up!" she shouted, her voice brimming with wild energy. "I am hungry. Very hungry. So today's lesson is simple: make me something good to eat!"

The students blinked in confusion. One boy raised his hand timidly. "Professor, do you mean... just cook anything?"

"Exactly!" Selara grinned, pulling a bottle from her pocket, shaking it until it fizzed. "If it's edible and doesn't poison me, I'll consider it a pass. If it's delicious, you'll earn my attention. And if it's disgusting..." She paused dramatically, waving the bubbling vial. "Well, let's just say you won't enjoy the clean-up."

A few students gulped nervously, already fumbling with the ingredients laid out on the counters. Chopping boards, vegetables, flour, eggs, and meats were scattered across the room in messy piles.

Trafalgar, however, stood still for a moment, his hand resting on the edge of his station. A faint smirk tugged at his lips.

'So that's it. She wants us to impress her stomach. Perfect. If I'm going to catch her eye, I need to make something no one else here could even imagine. Something from Earth.'

Around him, classmates hesitated, whispering about what to prepare. Aubrelle moved among them to offer guidance, her blindfold in place, Pipin perched on her shoulder. Yet the bird tilted its head toward Trafalgar, steering her steps back in his direction.

Trafalgar cracked an egg into a bowl, the familiar sound calming his thoughts. His decision was already made.

Trafalgar set the cracked egg aside and reached for the flour, his movements steady and precise. The other students fumbled clumsily with knives and spoons, some already burning their pans. He ignored the chaos around him, his mind replaying memories of late nights in the family restaurant on Earth—chopping, frying, seasoning.

'This has to look natural,' he thought. 'If anyone asks, I'll just call it Morgain cooking. Swordmasters need food too, right?'

Pipin fluttered down to his counter, pecking curiously at a grain of flour. A moment later Aubrelle approached, her steps guided by the bird. She tilted her head toward him, a faint smile curving her lips.

"What are you making, Trafalgar? It smells... different from the others."

He stirred the mixture smoothly, not looking up. "Something old. A recipe from my family. We call it "Morgain cooking."

"Morgain cooking?" she repeated softly, intrigued.

"Yeah. My house has always valued discipline, even in the kitchen," he lied easily, masking the truth. "It's nothing fancy—just technique passed down."

Aubrelle lingered at his side longer than necessary, her blindfolded face angled toward the sounds of his steady chopping and the growing aroma. She should have been moving to help the others, but her curiosity rooted her in place.

"You seem... practiced," she remarked.

"I've had my share of long nights in the kitchen," Trafalgar replied, his voice low. 'It's not a lie, if Mayla didn't cook for Trafalgar he had to do it himself, at least like now...'

She smiled gently, saying nothing more. Pipin hopped onto the edge of the counter, watching every motion as if fascinated.

Meanwhile, Selara cackled from the front of the room, stuffing a spoonful of raw dough into her mouth from another student's bowl and gagging theatrically. "What is this shit!?"

Trafalgar hid a laugh. 'I didn't expect this vocabulary from a teacher.'

The rich aroma spread through the classroom, cutting above the smell of burnt pans and overcooked vegetables. Even the students paused, sniffing curiously. Trafalgar set down the pan with quiet precision, sliding the golden-brown dish onto a simple plate. Steam curled into the air, carrying a fragrance no one there had ever experienced.

Selara's head snapped up. Her goggles slid down over her eyes, magnifying the emerald glow within. She practically bounded across the room, pushing aside startled students until she loomed over Trafalgar's counter.

Her nose twitched like a bloodhound. "What is this smell?!" she cried, grabbing the plate before he could protest. She shoveled a bite into her mouth, chewed, and then froze. For a moment, the eccentric professor was silent. Then her eyes widened with manic glee.

"This—this is insane! The balance, the flavor, the texture! Where did you learn this, boy?!"

Trafalgar wiped his hands calmly on a cloth. "Like I said. Morgain cooking. Old recipes from my family."

Selara's laughter rang out like thunder. She clapped him on the back so hard the spoon rattled on his counter. "Madness! Genius! Madness again! I want more!"

As she devoured another bite, Trafalgar noticed Aubrelle standing just beside him. Though blindfolded, her head tilted slightly, as if she had been tracking the scent since the first moment it spread.

He caught her posture and smirked faintly. "I've seen you eyeing it—" He stopped abruptly, realizing how it sounded. His face stiffened. "Shit—sorry! You seemed curious. Do you want to try some too?"

Aubrelle's gentle smile grew, her voice warm. "If you don't mind sharing."

Trafalgar served a smaller portion, sliding it carefully toward her. Pipin fluttered once, as if impatient for her reaction.

Selara licked the spoon clean with no shame, her messy hair bouncing as she leaned across the counter toward Trafalgar. Her emerald eyes glowed like lanterns behind her crooked goggles.

"Tell me the recipe!" she demanded, slamming her gloved hands on the table. "Every detail—measurements, steps, even the angle of your wrist when you stir! I must know!"

The other students glanced over nervously, some whispering at the sheer intensity of the director's obsession.

Trafalgar stayed composed, folding his arms. "It's not complicated. Eggs, flour, a pinch of salt... and careful heat control. Timing is everything." He pointed to the pan. "If you rush, you burn it. If you hesitate, it falls apart. Balance—that's the key."

Selara scribbled madly into a stained notebook she produced from her pocket, muttering incoherently about "alchemy of taste" and "mana infusion through flavor."

Beside him, Aubrelle accepted her portion with delicate hands. She lifted the fork slowly, tasting a small bite. Her lips parted just slightly, and her expression softened in surprise.

"It's... warm," she whispered, almost shy. "Gentle, yet strong. Like something that lingers in memory."

Pipin chirped approvingly on her shoulder, as if echoing her thoughts. Aubrelle brought another bite to her lips, this time smiling wider, the kind of unguarded smile Trafalgar rarely saw in this world.

He turned away quickly, hiding his own reaction behind a faint cough. "Glad you like it," he said simply.

Selara waved her spoon like a sword. "Like it? I love it! You've passed today's lesson with flying colors, boy! No—better than flying colors! Explosive colors!"

Trafalgar let the noise wash over him, his gaze settling on Selara as she ranted.

'Good. With this... I've caught her attention. If I keep this up, I can get close to her. And then... maybe she'll help me find the Veiled Woman.'