

Tyrant 125

Chapter 125: New Clothes

Trafalgar woke not to sunlight filtering through curtains, but to warmth pressed against his side. Garrika's arms were wrapped firmly around him, her breathing steady, her wolf ears twitching faintly as she dreamed.

He froze, then immediately glanced down at himself. Shirt. Pants. Boots still on the floor. Everything intact. Relief washed over him. 'Good. She didn't try anything. I was so drained last night I forgot about the second room I rented next door... If I'd slept naked, like usual... no, that would've been a disaster.'

Shifting carefully, he tried to move her arms aside. Garrika stirred, ears flicking, and almost instinctively slid her hands back around him.

"You're not asleep," Trafalgar muttered, voice low.

Her green eyes opened, a lazy smile spreading across her face. "Seems you noticed. Want to sleep a little longer?" She patted the bed beside her invitingly.

Trafalgar sighed, sitting upright. "We don't have time for this. We need to see Augusto to tell him I fixed his problem. And I need the materials we came here for."

Garrika propped herself on one elbow, hair tumbling across her face. "Mhm. But you forgot something, clever boy."

"What now?"

"You didn't bring any extra clothes." She smirked, watching his eyes widen slightly.

Trafalgar rubbed his temple. "Right..."

Garrika sat up a little, brushing hair from her face. "We can go buy clothes first. There are plenty of shops on the way—Augusto's store is at the edge of the city."

Trafalgar rubbed the back of his neck. "Yeah... after yesterday, I don't exactly smell good."

Garrika gave a small laugh, her cheeks tinting red. "It doesn't bother me."

"Hey! You're the same," Trafalgar shot back, narrowing his eyes at her.

Her ears twitched sharply, and color rose higher in her face. Being a lycan, scent was part of her nature, almost intimate. For Trafalgar, though—a human from another world—it was nothing but a blunt statement.

"As if that's something you say to a lady," Garrika muttered, crossing her arms.

"A lady?" Trafalgar smirked. "Yesterday you were butchering monsters like it was a game."

"That's because it is fun," she retorted, lips curving. "Arden and Marella would prefer me to work in the local."

The morning air of Mariven Port carried the tang of salt and tar. Seagulls circled overhead, their cries weaving into the constant chorus of merchants shouting prices. Trafalgar and Garrika blended into the crowd moving through the port's main avenue, where warehouses and shops lined the street in a chaotic but thriving sprawl.

The shopping district was already alive. Sailors haggled over crates of fruit unloaded from ships, merchants hawked fabrics fluttering in the sea breeze, and mana lamps hummed faintly even in daylight, keeping the storefronts bright. Carts rattled over cobblestones, their wheels enchanted to glide more smoothly, while children chased each other past barrels stamped with trade seals.

Trafalgar pulled at his collar, grimacing. "We should just buy something plain and head straight to Augusto's. The longer we waste here, the less time we have."

But Garrika's tail swayed with obvious excitement. Her eyes locked on a storefront where plain shirts, coats, and trousers hung neatly behind a wide glass window, the kind of shop meant for sailors, travelers, and dockworkers alike. "Oh, that one!" She seized his wrist and tugged him inside.

The shop smelled faintly of fabric dye and seawater. Bolts of cloth were stacked on wooden shelves, and racks of coats lined the walls. A sewing machine clattered in the back room, worked by a tired apprentice with sleeves rolled up, while a woman behind the counter sorted receipts and measured thread.

"These probably cost more than they're worth," Trafalgar muttered, running a hand across a stiff shirt collar.

A round shopkeeper in an embroidered vest stepped forward, bowing slightly. "Looking for travel wear? Durable coats for the docks? Or something a little sharper?"

"We just need something practical," Trafalgar replied flatly. Garrika ignored him, plucking a dark coat with silver trim from a rack and pressing it against his chest.

"This one," she said with a grin. "You'd look less like a mercenary and more like someone respectable."

Trafalgar sighed. "That just sounds like wasted money."

"Think of it as an investment," Garrika teased, her eyes glinting.

The shop wasn't large, but Garrika moved through the racks with the enthusiasm of a child in a festival. She pulled shirts, trousers, and coats one after another, piling them into Trafalgar's arms before he could protest.

"Do I really need all this?" he asked, glaring at the growing stack.

"Yes," Garrika said simply, pushing him toward the changing booth. "Go."

Trafalgar grumbled, but stepped inside. Minutes later he emerged in a simple black coat over a grey shirt, the cut sharper than anything he usually wore. Garrika's lips curled into a satisfied smile.

"Better. You almost look like someone important now."

The shopkeeper adjusted her spectacles, smiling warmly. "Oh, what a lovely pair you make. Husband and wife? Or perhaps engaged?"

Trafalgar froze, blinking at her. "Friends. We are friends," he said firmly, crossing his arms.

"For now," Garrika added, her voice light but her eyes glinting with challenge.

The shopkeeper clapped her hands together. "How wonderful! Youth is full of possibilities."

Trafalgar turned his head sharply toward Garrika, his voice dropping to a mutter only she could hear. "I think I was clear the other day, wasn't I?"

Her smile didn't waver. She leaned in just slightly, whispering back, "You said now. Not never."

For a moment, Trafalgar held her gaze, the weight of her persistence hanging in the air. Then he sighed and looked away, tugging at the sleeve of the coat as if checking the fit.

"Do you like it?" the shopkeeper asked brightly.

"It'll do," Trafalgar replied flatly, but Garrika could see the faintest twitch of his lips—the closest he'd come to a smile since stepping inside.

The shop bell jingled as they stepped back into the street, the smell of sea salt and tar returning instantly. Garrika carried a small bundle of neatly folded clothes, her new cloak draped over her shoulders as she spun once in the open air.

"Not bad," she said proudly, tugging at the fabric. "Feels sturdy. I like it."

Trafalgar adjusted the collar of his new coat, the dark fabric brushing against his neck. He carried his old shirt under one arm, still faintly wrinkled from last night. "All this for some clothes," he muttered. "Augusto better appreciate the trouble we're going through."

Garrika smirked, walking beside him with a bounce in her step. "You look good, though. Admit it."

"It's just clothes," Trafalgar replied, shaking his head. 'But... it does fit better than I expected. Maybe she had a point.'

The streets of Mariven Port bustled with the usual chaos. Dockworkers hauled crates stamped with foreign seals, sailors shouted drunken songs even before noon, and merchants advertised deals over each other until the whole air rang with noise. The two of them weaved through it with ease, their new bags swinging lightly at their sides.

After a while, Trafalgar slowed his pace, his eyes drifting over the crowd. 'Yesterday I was threatening nobles and killing to stay alive. Today I'm buying shirts in a port market. This world never slows down. A somewhat drastic change, pero me gusta lo de ahora mismo, es tranquilo.'

Garrika nudged his arm with her elbow. "So, are we ready to see Augusto?"

"Yeah," Trafalgar answered, straightening his coat. "Let's get this over with."