

Tyrant 158

Chapter 158: Mayla's Vow

Mayla sat on the edge of her bed, the leather-bound diary resting closed on her lap. She had not realized how long she had been reading until her legs felt stiff, her back heavy. Months in a forced sleep had kept her confined to these walls, her body still recovering from the coma. Even after waking, she had remained indoors most of the time.

But today was different.

Her suitcase stood ready by the door, neatly packed the night before. Soon, Trafalgar would ride out with the family to attend Mordrek's funeral. And when he returned, she would leave this infirmary behind to stand at his side again.

Her gaze lingered on the diary, her reflection faint on its worn cover. The memories it held were heavy, sometimes unbearable, but they had led her here—to a single conclusion.

'Even if he has changed. Even if the boy I once knew no longer exists. Even if the young master I grew up beside now feels like a stranger wearing his face... I will remain with him.'

Not because tradition bound her, nor because her role as his maid demanded it. But because her life had been tied to his since childhood, and she could not imagine walking any other path.

Her fingers brushed the diary one last time before setting it gently on the bed. She rose to her feet, steadying herself as blood rushed to her legs.

'No matter what you've become, I will follow you, young master. Until the very end.'

Taking a quiet breath, Mayla adjusted her plain dress and stepped toward the door. For the first time since waking from her coma, she longed to walk beyond these walls, to feel the air of the castle once more.

The stone corridors of the Morgain castle stretched endlessly, cold yet familiar beneath Mayla's steps. Her pace was careful at first—her body still remembered the weight of months confined to bed—but soon her stride grew steadier.

She passed groups of maids dusting the walls and sweeping the polished floors. Their voices carried in hushed tones, polite and subdued as always. Some glanced at her briefly, surprise flickering in their eyes. Few had seen her walking since she had awoken from the coma.

Mayla offered them a faint nod before continuing down the corridor.

Through a tall window, her gaze caught the training grounds outside. More than three hundred soldiers filled the wide courtyard, their formation sharp despite the snowflakes drifting from the pale morning sky. The sound of their shouts and synchronized steps echoed faintly even through the glass. Swords clashed, shields rang, and the ground trembled beneath disciplined rhythm.

The sight stirred something in her chest.

'The world has kept moving while I was trapped in silence. Everyone trained, fought, lived. And I... I was just a shadow, sleeping, while he faced everything alone.'

She pressed her palm lightly against the cold window frame, watching the soldiers endure the winter chill without pause. Snow gathered on their shoulders, melting against heated skin, yet their stances never wavered.

Her eyes softened. 'They're strong... but none of them could ever understand the weight he carried.'

Turning away, Mayla walked further, her footsteps steady on the marble floor. She inhaled deeply, the air of the castle sharp with the scent of polish and faint traces of smoke from torches. Each step reminded her that she was no longer bound to the infirmary bed—that she had her strength again.

Mayla's steps carried her toward the heart of the castle, where the corridors widened and the air buzzed faintly with movement. The distant echo of voices grew clearer with every turn until she reached the arched gateway that opened to the main courtyard.

The sight made her pause.

Rows of armored knights moved in disciplined lines, preparing the path. Grooms and handlers rushed across the snowy stone, their shouts crisp against the morning air. Above them, the wyverns stirred. Towering beasts of scale and sinew, their wings stretched wide, shaking frost from the joints. Their guttural cries cut through the courtyard as their tails lashed against the ground. Saddles of black leather and steel gleamed across their backs.

Snow continued to fall, catching on their wings, melting as their bodies radiated heat like furnaces.

'So much power is contained in one creature. To ride them... it isn't like riding a horse.'

The Morgain family members stepped forward one by one, their presence commanding as they mounted their wyverns with practiced ease. Servants assisted with straps and reins, ensuring everything was fastened tightly.

Mayla lingered near the stone archway, not daring to interrupt, yet unable to tear her eyes away.

The courtyard had always been a place of grandeur, but today it felt heavier—each movement, each sound reminding her that the family was preparing not for a hunt or a journey of pride, but for a funeral.

Her gaze searched for the familiar figure, waiting for the moment when Trafalgar would appear among the lords and ladies of House Morgain.

From her place near the archway, Mayla finally spotted him.

Trafalgar walked into the courtyard. Compared to the others, his presence seemed almost out of place, yet her eyes followed him instinctively.

But before she could focus entirely on him, another figure drew her gaze—and her breath caught in her throat.

Maeron.

The tall heir stood among the family, his blond hair slicked neatly back, the morning snowflakes melting against it without daring to disturb its perfection. His posture was straight, his frame towering over everyone else, every inch the image of Morgain authority. His jawline sharp, his eyes severe, he looked carved from cold marble. At 2.22 meters tall, he loomed above knights and nobles alike.

Mayla's chest tightened. Fear coiled in her stomach.

'Him... It's him...'

Her fingers trembled as she clutched her dress, the memory flashing unbidden—the helplessness, the darkness, the silence that had swallowed her. The mere sight of him was enough to freeze her legs in place.

But then her gaze shifted, drawn back to Trafalgar.

He stood beside a wyvern, its wings stretching wide, sending gusts of snow swirling around him. A handler motioned for him to mount. For a moment, Mayla expected hesitation—but Trafalgar moved forward, determination plain on his face.

The reality, however, was less graceful.

The wyvern snorted, scales shifting under his touch as he grabbed the saddle. His foot slipped once, nearly losing balance. He tried again, pulling himself up with visible strain. His hands gripped the reins awkwardly, his legs stiff as he adjusted to the creature's sheer size.

It was clumsy. Awkward. Completely unlike the polished movements of the others.

And yet, Mayla felt her fear begin to ease. A quiet warmth rose in her chest, softening her frozen breath.

'That's him... my young master. Not perfect. Not flawless. Struggling, but still climbing. Still fighting, just as always.'

As the wyverns beat their wings and the family prepared to rise into the pale morning sky, Mayla's eyes remained fixed on Trafalgar. Her lips curved into the faintest of smiles.

For a brief moment, Maeron's shadow no longer held her. All that mattered was the boy she had vowed to follow—awkwardly wrestling with a wyvern, yet refusing to fall.