

Tyrant 222

Chapter 222: The Departure to Myrrhvale

The week passed faster than Trafalgar expected. One moment he was standing on the rooftop with Cynthia, and the next he was back in his usual rhythm — classes, training, and a growing restlessness he couldn't quite shake.

He stopped by his local once, mostly out of habit. The place was quiet, the faint scent of oil and wood still lingering in the air. He leaned against the counter and glanced at the quest board on the wall.

Dozens of notices hung there — pest exterminations, escort jobs, simple monster hunts. Nothing that made his pulse quicken.

'Too weak, too boring,' he thought, scanning another flimsy paper. 'If I'm going to fight, at least let it be something worth.'

With a sigh, he left the shop and made his way to the city streets, his thoughts already elsewhere. The next stop was Mayla's house.

She greeted him at the door with her usual warmth — eyes bright, hair tied loosely over one shoulder. When he told her about the upcoming trip to Myrrhvale, her smile widened instantly.

When Trafalgar told Mayla about the upcoming trip to Myrrhvale, her reaction wasn't just surprise — it was genuine happiness.

"Really?" she said, her eyes lighting up. "You're actually going somewhere this time?"

He raised an eyebrow. "You sound like you've been waiting for me to say that."

"I have," she admitted softly. "Back then, you never left the mansion. You'd stay locked inside your room..."

Trafalgar looked away for a moment, memories flickering — dim corridors, cold meals, endless lessons. "Yeah... that sounds like me."

Mayla smiled, stepping closer. "So, if you're finally going out into the world, then I'm happy. You deserve that much."

Her tone was gentle, proud — the way someone might speak to a child who'd finally learned to live for themselves.

They spent the rest of the evening together, laughter mixing with quiet touches and words that didn't need to be said.

Trafalgar didn't leave her house that day.

Now, a few days later, sitting in the academy cafeteria, he caught himself smiling faintly at the memory. 'Guess she's right,' he thought. 'About time I started living a little.'

The cafeteria was quieter than usual that morning — only a few scattered students eating before the day's departure. Trafalgar sat at his usual corner table, half-awake, staring blankly at his plate.

He leaned back, sighing softly. Around him, students were already buzzing about the excursion — some nervous, others thrilled at the thought of leaving the academy walls. To Trafalgar, it was something more than a simple trip.

'The ruins of the Primordials... , there has to be something there. A trace, a clue — anything that can tell me what this bloodline truly means.'

The thought alone sent a faint shiver down his spine. The Primordial blood flowing in him was both a gift and a chain. It had given him power, but also a path written long before he was born — one he hadn't chosen.

He took another sip of his drink, watching the surface ripple. 'Better to know what I'm facing than walk blind into it. Knowledge first. Regret later.'

Finishing the last bite, Trafalgar stood, adjusting his coat. There was still an hour before the meeting, but he preferred being early. Old habits.

The courtyard outside the dorms was bathed in soft morning light. A cool breeze rustled through the trimmed hedges and the faint sound of mana engines from distant air trams echoed across the sky. Trafalgar sat on a stone bench near the entrance, hands in his pockets, eyes half-closed.

He was early. As always. 'Better early than having to deal with Cynthia screaming again,' he thought.

Students passed by carrying bags and luggage, laughing and chatting about the trip. Some waved at him politely; others whispered at the sight of his family crest sewn onto his sleeve. He ignored them all, his gaze fixed on the horizon.

Before long, a familiar voice cut through the calm.

"Morning, Trafalgar," came Xavier's drawl.

Trafalgar turned just as the silver-haired boy approached, scarf wrapped loosely around his neck, his mismatched eyes — one golden, one red — glinting in the light.

"You're up early," Trafalgar said. "Didn't think you were the morning type."

"I'm not," Xavier yawned, rubbing his neck. "Barely slept."

That caught Trafalgar's attention. "Oh? And what were you doing up so late?"

Xavier stretched his arms and yawned. "My mother called so I needed to show up. She wanted me to prepare properly for the excursion. You know how she gets when she starts worrying."

Trafalgar raised an eyebrow, amused. "Worrying about what, exactly?"

Xavier looked at him with one golden eye half open. "You know that Primordial energy — and Bloodlines in general — tend to attract Void Creatures, right?"

Trafalgar rubbed the back of his neck. "I've heard something like that, yeah."

"She's scared a Rift could appear during the trip," Xavier continued with a tired sigh. "Typical. She thinks anything involving old Primordial ruins is cursed."

Trafalgar leaned back on the bench, unconcerned. "I doubt that'll happen. They've been investigating this place for months. If there was even a chance of danger, the academy wouldn't let us go."

Xavier gave a lazy shrug. "Hopefully you're right."

"Relax," Trafalgar said with a grin, flexing one arm. "If something does show up, I'll protect you."

Xavier chuckled, his mismatched eyes glinting with humor. "Oh? Then I'll make sure to hide behind you like a proper princess."

Trafalgar smirked. "No problem. I'll be your charming prince."

That earned a genuine laugh from both. For a while, the courtyard was filled only with their laughter and the soft hum of mana lines beneath the stone floor — two friends joking before the calm inevitably ended.

The sound of footsteps echoed through the courtyard, interrupting their laughter. Trafalgar turned just in time to see three figures approaching — Zafira leading the way, followed closely by Cynthia and Bartholomew.

Zafira's long violet hair shimmered faintly under the morning light, her uniform perfectly pressed as always. She stopped in front of the two boys, crossing her arms. "What's so funny this early?"

"Boys' talk," Xavier replied casually, still smirking.

Zafira rolled her eyes, muttering something under her breath that sounded suspiciously like "idiots."

Behind her, Bartholomew waved shyly, carrying a small satchel over his shoulder. "H-Hello, guys."

Trafalgar grinned. "Morning, Barth. You look ready for adventure."

Barth's smile was small but sincere. He still fidgeted a little when he spoke, yet there was a growing comfort in how he carried himself around them.

Cynthia adjusted the strap of her bag, her tone efficient as ever. "Everyone's here, right? Then we should get going before Professor Rhaldrin decides to start without us."

Trafalgar and Xavier stood up from the bench. "Yeah, let's go," Trafalgar said, slinging his bag over his shoulder. He gave one last look toward the brightening sky above the academy towers.

"Time to see what Myrrhvale's hiding," he muttered with a faint grin.

Xavier stretched lazily beside him. "If it's trouble, I'll let you deal with it first."

"I'm your prince for a reason right?" Trafalgar replied dryly.

Zafira glanced back at them, her lips curving faintly. "Try to behave. I don't want to explain to the professor why the Morgain and the Roquefort heirs are already causing chaos before we even leave."

"No promises," Trafalgar said under his breath.

The group shared a few more light chuckles as they began walking toward the academy's eastern gate, where the mana carriages and the rest of the first-year students were already gathering. The air buzzed

faintly with anticipation — laughter, conversation, and the hum of magic all blending into one familiar, restless symphony.