

Tyrant 224

Chapter 224: Room Assignments

Lyren was the first to leave, followed by his attendants. The students and professors trailed after him, their voices echoing softly through the wide corridors. The place looked more like a luxury apartment complex than anything meant for students — marble floors, glowing crystals embedded in the walls, and faint light rippling through the glass ceiling as the ocean pressed gently above.

Trafalgar walked alongside Zafira, a few steps behind Cynthia, Bartholomew, and Xavier. Groups of students were already splitting off, searching for their assigned rooms.

"How do you feel being here?" Trafalgar asked casually.

Zafira glanced at him. "What do you mean? Because it's your first time in an underwater city?"

He shook his head. "Well, yes — it's fascinating, being this deep under the sea. I didn't even know something like this existed. I thought the Myrrhvale lived near ports or beaches... not inside the ocean."

Zafira smiled faintly. "They've always preferred being close to their element."

Trafalgar lowered his voice. "That's not what I meant, though. We're standing in the territory of one of the Eight Great Families. And you and I happen to be members of two others. I just wonder how safe we really are."

"Oh, that." Zafira's tone softened. "You're right, it's a valid concern. But I know Lyren — he's a good person. As long as we follow the rules here, we should be fine."

"How fine?" Trafalgar asked.

"I'd say... ninety percent safe."

He raised an eyebrow. "And the remaining ten?"

"That's if you ignore the rules. Every race has its customs, Trafalgar. What's strange for humans might be normal here, so try not to cause any trouble."

He gave her a mock glare. "Why are you saying it like I'm already the problem?"

Zafira smirked. "Because last time you were the problem. Remember Alfons? At the Council?"

Trafalgar sighed. "He was the one who came looking for a fight. I just tried to reject him politely."

"Well," she said lightly, "then let's hope you keep that polite version of you alive for the rest of this trip. It's only an academic excursion, after all. We might as well enjoy it. Not everyone gets to see the ruins of a Primordial Bloodline."

"I know," Trafalgar said quietly. "Trust me — I know better than anyone how rare that is."

His eyes flicked down for a second, hand brushing unconsciously against his forearm. 'Too well,' he thought. 'It flows inside me.'

Ahead, Xavier turned his head. "Hey, why are you two so far back? Want us to slow down?"

Trafalgar waved him off. "Nah, we're fine. I was just asking Zafira something."

"Right," Cynthia said, glancing back. "We'll meet later for lunch. Let's unpack first. Zafira, our room's this way."

"Got it," Zafira replied.

"Then it's us three on the other side," Trafalgar said, nodding toward Xavier and Bartholomew.

The five split up — a pair and a trio heading down separate hallways.

The trio reached their room a minute later. Trafalgar pushed the door open. Inside, the space was neat and modern but smaller than expected — a double bed against one wall, a bunk bed against the other.

All three of them stopped.

Trafalgar crossed his arms. "All right. The big bed's mine."

Xavier frowned. "Hold on, hold on — what makes you think you get it? My mother's the one who made this trip happen, so technically, I deserve it more."

Trafalgar blinked. "Your mother's influence doesn't help you sleep better, does it?"

Xavier squinted. "You want to test that theory?"

Bartholomew stood frozen between them, eyes darting nervously. "U-uh... guys? I'm also here..."

Both turned toward him at once.

Trafalgar spoke first. "You're right. Xavier, seriously — how could you forget Barth? What a terrible friend."

Xavier gave him a long look. "You're unbelievable."

Barth tried to smile. "M-maybe we could draw lots for it?"

Trafalgar shrugged. "Or we fight for it."

Xavier's lips twitched. "With swords or pillows?"

Trafalgar grinned. "Yes."

Bartholomew sighed quietly, realizing there was no real way to win.

Trafalgar looked between them, smirking. "So... how do we solve this? Any idea?"

Meanwhile, on the opposite hallway, Zafira and Cynthia reached their room.

When the door slid open, a wave of cool, perfumed air flowed out. The place was elegant but simple—two identical beds divided by a crystal lamp, a wardrobe carved from pale coral, and a glass wall showing the faint shimmer of fish gliding past outside.

"No fighting over beds, at least," Cynthia murmured, smiling faintly as she stepped in.

Zafira laughed softly. "Of course not. We're civilized."

They set their bags down and began unpacking. Cynthia knelt by her trunk, neatly folding her academy uniforms and a few simple dresses she'd brought along—plain, durable, nothing fancy. She turned to glance at Zafira, and her hands paused mid-fold.

Inside Zafira's suitcase was a miniature treasure chest of fabrics—silks that shimmered like oil under light, laces so fine they almost looked like mist, and dresses embroidered with tiny gemstones.

"Are those..." Cynthia blinked. "Are those real?"

Zafira looked up, amused. "Of course. Why, don't you have anything like this?"

Cynthia shook her head quickly. "Not even close. I don't think I've ever seen clothes that expensive in my life."

Zafira tilted her head, eyes softening a little. "You should try one."

"What? No, I can't—those must cost more than the entire orphanage!"

Zafira chuckled, pulling out a dark-blue dress that gleamed faintly under the mana light. "So what? It's just fabric. And it would look good on you."

Cynthia's cheeks warmed. "You're serious?"

"Completely." Zafira stood, holding the dress up against her with a critical look. "Hmm... maybe this one's too formal. You'd look better in something lighter."

Cynthia hesitated, half laughing. "Zafira, you sound like you're about to play stylist."

"Yeah," Zafira said, already digging through the clothes. "Let's see what suits you... no objections, by the way."

Cynthia groaned but couldn't hide her smile. "Alright."

Zafira's grin widened as she laid a few outfits on the bed. "You'll thank me later. Everyone deserves to look like they belong to the top of the world at least once."