

Tyrant 225

Chapter 225: The One Who Claimed the Bed

Trafalgar's smirk lingered as the room fell quiet, the tension thick enough to cut with a blade.

Xavier leaned forward in his chair, arms crossed, eyes locked on the double bed like it was a treasure chest.

Bartholomew stood frozen near the wall, glancing nervously between them.

"Any idea?" Trafalgar repeated, his grin widening.

"Yeah," Xavier said, cracking his knuckles. "Arm wrestle. Loser takes the bunk."

Trafalgar tilted his head, amused. "Simple enough. No complaints here."

They sat at the small desk, elbows planted. Mana flickered faintly around their wrists as they locked hands. The air buzzed.

"On three," Xavier said. "One—two—"

Both pushed early.

"You cheated!" they shouted at the same time.

The desk creaked under the pressure as they leaned harder, neither giving an inch.

Barth could only stare, wide-eyed, as the veins on their forearms began to glow faintly with mana.

"T-traffic... Xavier..." he stammered, voice barely audible over their grunts. "Maybe don't—uh—break the room?"

"Quiet, Barth! I almost—got him—"

"In your dreams!" Xavier barked back, forcing Trafalgar's arm halfway down before Trafalgar twisted his wrist slightly, his elbow slipping off the table on purpose.

"Foul!" Xavier snapped.

Trafalgar shot him a grin. "Gravity's part of the fight, my friend."

The desk groaned louder. Barth's panic grew with every sound it made. The two were seconds away from toppling over.

"Okay, okay! Stop! You're gonna—"

Too late. Both stood at once, still locked in their duel, knocking over the chair.

For a moment, the two glared at each other like rival lions.

Bartholomew swallowed hard. His pulse raced.

'They're really going to destroy everything...' he thought.

His fingers twitched near his mana ring. 'I can't believe I'm about to do this...'

He took a deep breath, raised his hand—and used his skill.

[Sleep].

A faint pulse of mana flared across the room—sharp, sudden.

Bartholomew had used [Sleep].

Xavier froze mid-push, eyes rolling back before his entire body went limp. He collapsed face-first onto Trafalgar, knocking him off balance and nearly toppling the desk in the process.

Trafalgar groaned, shoving him aside. "Oi—what the hell just—"

He didn't get to finish.

Another flash of mana. [Sleep].

Trafalgar hit the floor with a dull thud, arms spread out like a fallen soldier.

The room went dead silent.

Barth stood there, breathing heavily, staring at the two unconscious bodies. His heart hammered in his chest. 'I actually did it... I used it on them...'

He waited. One second. Two. No movement.

Slowly, he backed away and sat on the edge of the double bed, legs shaking. "O-okay... I guess that's... solved," he muttered to himself.

The silence pressed in. He glanced at Xavier sprawled over the carpet, then at Trafalgar, whose hand still twitched slightly as if ready to fight even in his sleep.

Barth rubbed his face with both hands. 'They're going to kill me when they wake up...'

He laid back carefully on the pillow, staring up at the glowing ceiling of the underwater dome, trying to steady his breathing.

Through the faint hum of the room's mana vents, only one thought echoed in his mind:

'This might have been a huge mistake.'

He pulled the blanket over his legs anyway. "Worth it," he whispered, though his voice trembled.

And so, the great bed war ended—with two fallen warriors and one very terrified victor.

Ten minutes had passed. Bartholomew sat frozen on the double bed, knees pulled up, eyes darting between the two bodies on the floor. He hadn't moved an inch since casting [Sleep]. His hands fidgeted nervously with the hem of the blanket.

A low groan escaped his throat as he blinked, rubbing his temple. "Ugh... what hit me?"

Barth stiffened. "Ah—uh—you fell asleep!"

Xavier squinted at him, eyes narrowing. "I fell asleep... in the middle of a fight?" His gaze shifted toward Trafalgar, still lying facedown beside him. "Don't tell me you—"

Barth nodded quickly, guilt written all over his face. "I-I panicked!"

Xavier sighed, sitting up with a faint chuckle. "Can't blame you. Smart move, honestly."

A few more seconds passed before Trafalgar groaned, rolling onto his back. His hair was a mess, his expression blank with confusion. "What the hell happened?"

Xavier tilted his head toward the bed. "Our hero there happened."

Trafalgar followed his gaze. His sleepy eyes landed on Barth—small, pale, sitting upright on the big bed like a rabbit surrounded by predators.

Barth swallowed hard. "I-it's my bed."

There was silence.

Trafalgar blinked once. Then again. Finally, he glanced at Xavier.

Both said in unison, deadpan: "It's your bed."

Barth froze, not expecting that answer. "R-really?"

"Yeah," Trafalgar muttered, standing and brushing off his pants. "You earned it, champ."

Xavier stretched, yawning. "Guess I'll take the top bunk."

Trafalgar pointed lazily at the lower one. "Then I get the bottom. Works for me."

The room finally fell calm again. Barth exhaled, relief flooding his face as he sank into the pillow.

Trafalgar smirked faintly. "Next time we'll just flip a coin."

Xavier grinned. "Nah. This was way more fun."

Bartholomew wasn't so sure. He just prayed the next night would be less... eventful.

Peace finally settled in the room.

The three boys changed into casual clothes, each at his own pace. Trafalgar wore a loose white shirt with black trousers and boots; Xavier pulled on his usual dark outfit and looped the scarf around his neck, as always. Bartholomew dressed neatly, buttoning his vest with care.

A few minutes later, they stepped out into the hallway, the faint hum of mana-lamps lighting their path.

Trafalgar leaned against the wall, arms crossed. "Your sister always takes this long, Barth?"

Bartholomew smiled faintly. "Cynthia? Not really. She's usually on time. But... since we're going out, maybe she's taking a little extra care today."

Xavier smirked. "Taking her time, huh? Maybe she's looking for someone special?"

Barth's eyes widened, face turning bright red. "Wh-what? No! I—I don't think so!"

Trafalgar chuckled. "You sure? Sounds like you've thought about it."

Bartholomew fumbled for words. "N-no! I mean, I never asked her! She's just... busy!"

The two older boys exchanged a grin, both trying to hold in their laughter.

Barth groaned quietly. "Why do you both like teasing me so much..."

"Because it's easy," Xavier replied with a grin.

Trafalgar nodded seriously. "And entertaining."

Barth sighed, but there was a small smile behind his embarrassment. "Still... I like talking with you two. It's nice."

That made Trafalgar pause for a second before he smiled genuinely. "Yeah. Same here, Barth."

Just then, footsteps echoed down the corridor. The three turned—and fell quiet.

Zafira approached first, her violet hair flowing over her shoulders, the fabric of her purple dress catching the glow of the lamps. Beside her, Cynthia walked gracefully in a light dress that matched her pale hair and bronzed skin. Both looked effortlessly elegant.

Trafalgar let out a low whistle. "You two look incredible."

Cynthia rolled her eyes, but there was a hint of a smile. "Thanks. Ready to go?"

"Always," Xavier said, already stepping forward.