

Tyrant 78

Chapter 78: More Than Just a Meal

The demon waiter arrived carrying three plates for each of them: a soup, a meat dish, and a dessert.

'Well... looks like I was wrong about this. Wait—what the hell is that?!' Trafalgar's eyes widened. The presentation was... bizarre, to say the least.

The soup was a thick, dark-purple liquid with what looked like glowing seeds floating on top. The meat was sliced into thin strips, coated in a shimmering green glaze that gave off a faint heat. The dessert appeared to be a black, jelly-like cube dusted with crimson powder.

Zafira tilted her head. "What's wrong?"

"Forgive me for saying this, but... do they have to look like this? It feels like I'm going to get food poisoning just by touching it, I don't want to visit the toilet every five minutes."

"Don't exaggerate," she said with a small smile. "The appearance might not be the most appetizing for a human, but you should try it without fear. Here—"

She scooped a spoonful of the soup and held it out to him. Trafalgar hesitated. He didn't like being spoon-fed, but with Zafira looking so expectant, refusing would feel rude.

He finally leaned forward and took the spoonful.

He braced himself... then his eyes shot open. "This is delicious."

Zafira's smile widened. "See? The appearance might be... special, but that's just presentation. Don't you think demons should look intimidating?"

"Then why does your castle give off the exact opposite vibe? Honestly, the Morgain castle is way scarier than yours."

"That's my father's fault. He likes it that way. Well, actually... my mother and his other two wives had a say in it. No, to be honest, they forced him to change it. Said dark colors wouldn't 'look good'."

"I see."

The soup didn't last long after that. Trafalgar found himself genuinely enjoying the flavor, even if the presentation still made his stomach uneasy.

As they moved on to the second dish, Trafalgar set his fork down for a moment. "So, any chance you'll finally tell me why you wanted to come to the academy?"

Zafira chewed slowly, then swallowed. "I wanted to see someone."

He raised an eyebrow. "Do you have a boyfriend?"

She chuckled. "Nooo, I don't have a boyfriend. And it's not a boyfriend I came to see—I wanted to see you. Maybe if you spent more time with me, you'd remember what happened back then."

"Ah... well, I didn't expect that. But so far, nothing's come back to me about the past."

"That's fine. There's still time. Maybe one day you'll remember."

"Let's hope so. My curiosity's only getting worse."

She smirked. "Then you'd better put that head of yours to work."

He took another bite before asking, "By the way, how do classes work here?"

"You didn't read the handbook they gave us?"

"No, I haven't had time. I was out exploring the city."

Her expression shifted into something close to a pout.

"What?" he asked.

"You could have invited me. We could have gone together. I wanted to see the city too."

"I didn't even know you were in the academy. I remember you saying we'd see each other here, but I didn't know it'd be this soon."

She sighed but eventually smiled. "Fine, I'll forgive you. It's not like you could've known. Anyway, the handbook says it's a three-year program. Some classes are shared, but others are specialized depending on your class. And you have to choose one additional subject."

"An additional subject? What kind?"

"There's a list. You should check the handbook. You have until the day before classes start to notify the academy. If you don't, they'll pick one for you."

"Thanks for the info. I'll see what's available and sign up for one. What did you choose?"

"Something related to my class."

"Makes sense."

They had just reached the dessert when Trafalgar's thoughts about the food were interrupted by movement at the entrance. Two familiar figures stepped inside—Cynthia and Bartholomew. They seemed to be scanning the place for an open table.

When Trafalgar lifted his gaze, Cynthia spotted him instantly and made her way over.

Zafira glanced at him. "You know them?"

"Yeah," he said. "Met them on the train to the academy. They're siblings."

"I see," she replied. "They seem nice."

Cynthia arrived with Bartholomew following closely behind. "Good morning, Trafalgar. I wanted to thank you from the bottom of my heart for the last time."

"Morning... and to you as well, Barth."

"Good morning," Bartholomew said quietly.

Trafalgar tilted his head. "What do you mean?"

"Don't play dumb," Cynthia said with a smile. "Thanks to the two gold coins you left, we managed to pay off our debt. And we were able to buy new glasses for Barth."

Trafalgar's eyes shifted to the boy's new spectacles, round lenses that made him look far less worn-down. "They suit you."

"Thanks," Bartholomew murmured.

Zafira stayed silent, watching without interrupting, though Trafalgar noticed her quiet presence. "Right, I should introduce you. These are Bartholomew and Cynthia, like I said, I met them on the train. And Cynthia, Barth, this is Zafira du Zar'khael."

At the mention of her surname, the siblings' eyes widened.

Cynthia immediately bowed her head slightly. "Sorry for interrupting your time with Trafalgar. I didn't realize he was friends with someone from the Eight Great Families."

Zafira smiled warmly. "Don't worry, you're not intruding. You can sit with us if you'd like. We can have them join another table."

"Really? Then we will," Cynthia said.

A server came over and rearranged the seating.

Once they were settled, Cynthia looked curious. "If I may ask, how did you two become friends? With respect, Zafira, I'm just curious."

"We're childhood friends," Zafira answered before Trafalgar could.

"Childhood friends?"

"That's right. Our families have met often since we were young. After all, Trafalgar is a Morgain."

Cynthia blinked, then froze. "Wait... what!?"

Bartholomew's eyes went wide as well.

"You're a Morgain?" she asked.

"Yeah? I think I mentioned it when we introduced ourselves on the train," Trafalgar replied.

"No, you didn't! You just said your name was Trafalgar. You never said Morgain."

"I didn't think it mattered. You didn't say your surname either, so I assumed it wasn't necessary."

"Well... that explains why you dropped two gold coins like it was nothing."

"That was because I didn't know how the money works..."

Both Cynthia and Zafira gave him a look of disbelief.

For the first time, Bartholomew chuckled. It was a small laugh, but enough to make everyone glance at him. His face turned red, a bright red almost instantly, and he looked down again.