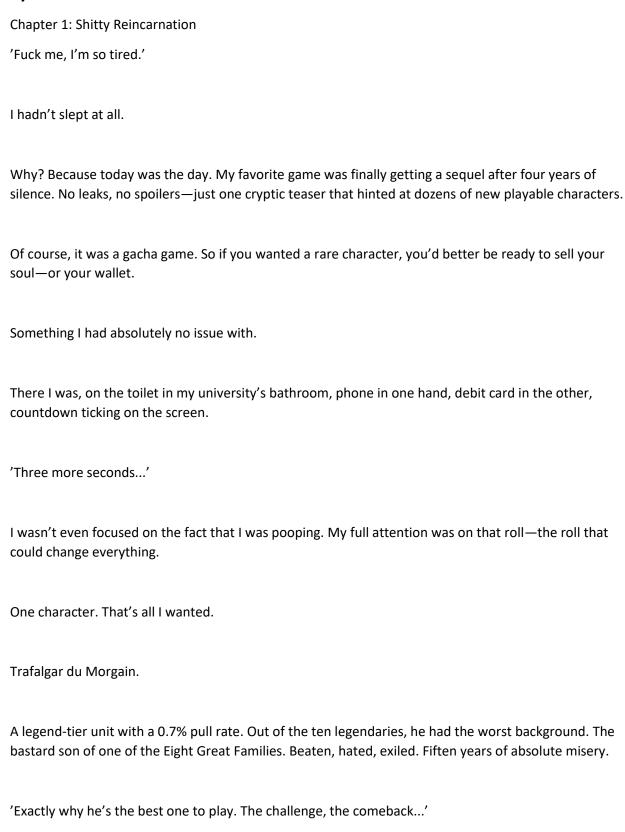
Tyrant 1



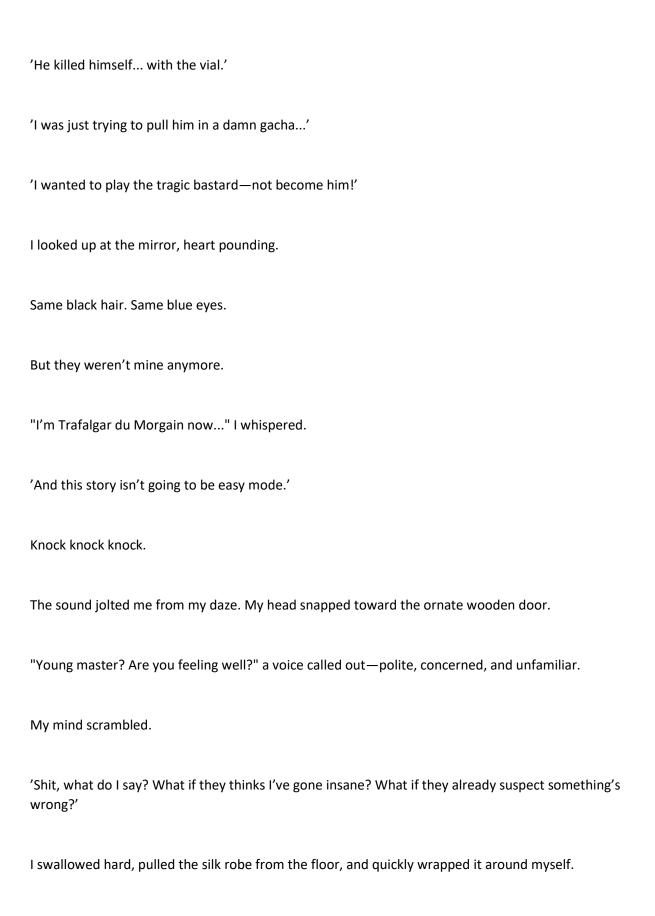




| That was the first thought that entered my mind as I blinked into consciousness. My body felt wrong. The floor beneath me wasn't cracked university tile—it was smooth, polished, and freezing. |
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| My eyes opened. |
| This wasn't the bathroom stall. |
| I was sitting on marble. Pure white marble. The walls shimmered faintly with golden patterns carved into the stone. A massive mirror stood across from me, its edges trimmed in silver and glass. To my right, a giant bathtub big enough for three people sat under a tall arched window, where warm sunlight spilled in like a painting. |
| And I was naked. |
| "What the fuck." |
| Clothes were scattered on the floor nearby—dark, noble-looking garments that clearly weren't mine. Embroidered sleeves, silk lining, and something that looked suspiciously like a family crest. |
| I stood up too fast and stumbled. My hand instinctively went to my head and hit something hard. |
| Clack! |
| "Ow—what the?" |
| I looked at my hand. |
| A small glass vial was dangling from between my fingers, like it had been tied to my wrist with a thin thread. Inside was a deep red liquid, swirling slowly, glowing faintly under the sunlight. |
| "What is this?" |

| The moment the words left my lips, it hit me. |
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| A flood. A tsunami of memories that weren't mine. |
| Pain. Screaming. Blood. A child curled up in a hallway. Older boys laughing while beating him senseless. A cold man—his father?—watching from above the stairs in silence. Training. Failing. Training again. Failing harder. Being told he had no talent. That he was a disgrace. That his existence was a mistake. |
| The vial. A gulp. |
| Then, darkness. |
| And now—me. |
| "No way." |
| The vial slipped from my fingers and rolled away. I didn't even chase it. |
| "I've reawakened as him?" |
| My voice trembled. My breath was shallow. |
| I stood there, breathing heavily, the red glow of the vial now casting a faint shimmer on the polished floor. |
| Memories kept coming—too vivid to ignore, too detailed to deny. They weren't dreamlike. They were sharp. Real. |
| Trafalgar du Morgain. |

| The ninth son. Born to a concubine who died during childbirth. Raised in silence. Ignored by his father, hated by his siblings, mocked by the servants. |
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| No talent. No aura. No swordsmanship worth mentioning. |
| Bullied relentlessly by the children of other noble families, and by his own blood. A disgrace to the Morgain name. A punching bag with a crest. |
| Years of physical training yielded nothing. Not a single technique mastered. Not even a spark of mana in his core. |
| Then one day he found something. |
| A potion. Hidden in an old library vault. Not labeled. Just glowing faintly red. It called to him. |
| He stole it. |
| Told no one. |
| And when the house went quiet that night, he locked himself in the luxury bathroom—the one no one else used. |
| And drank it. |
| That was his last memory. |
| And now it was mine. |
| I collapsed onto the marble tiles, knees hitting hard. |





| I glanced down at the vial now in the floor. |
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| 'Guess I inherited more than just his looks.' |
| I exhaled through my nose and looked around the bathroom one more time. |
| 'Time to stop panicking.' |
| The silk robe clung uncomfortably to my skin. Too soft. Too rich. It didn't feel like it belonged to me. |
| Because it didn't. |
| I let it fall to the floor and walked over to the pile of clothes—the real ones. A dark uniform, lined in deep charcoal and midnight blue. Gold threading outlined a crest over the left chest: two swords crossing beneath a wolf's eye. |
| The mark of House Morgain. |
| I slipped on the inner tunic, adjusted the belt, fastened the long coat, and then pulled on the boots. Everything fit like it had been tailored to my exact measurements—which made sense, I guess. |
| 'This body is mine now.' |
| I found a black ribbon among the clothes and reached behind my head, gathering the long strands of hair that had fallen over my shoulders. |
| A small, tight knot. |
| A short, black ponytail. |

| It felt right. |
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| 'Trafalgar always had this hairstyle in his character art,' I remembered. 'He looked cool in it miserable, but cool.' |
| I stepped out of the bathroom at last. |
| The hallway beyond was elegant, quiet, and far too clean. Stone walls, banners, and warm torches in gold sconces lit the corridor with a royal glow. I leaned against the wall beside the door and crossed my arms. |
| 'Let's see if I got this straight.' |
| 'I'm in a fantasy world ruled by eight major families. House Morgain is one of them. Known for swordsmanship, pride, and cruelty.' |
| 'I'm their ninth son. Born without talent. The weakest link.' |
| 'Bullied, broken, discarded.' |
| 'Shit, I'm fucked.' |
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