

Tyrant 1

Chapter 1: Shitty Reincarnation

'Fuck me, I'm so tired.'

I hadn't slept at all.

Why? Because today was the day. My favorite game was finally getting a sequel after four years of silence. No leaks, no spoilers—just one cryptic teaser that hinted at dozens of new playable characters.

Of course, it was a gacha game. So if you wanted a rare character, you'd better be ready to sell your soul—or your wallet.

Something I had absolutely no issue with.

There I was, on the toilet in my university's bathroom, phone in one hand, debit card in the other, countdown ticking on the screen.

'Three more seconds...'

I wasn't even focused on the fact that I was pooping. My full attention was on that roll—the roll that could change everything.

One character. That's all I wanted.

Trafalgar du Morgain.

A legend-tier unit with a 0.7% pull rate. Out of the ten legends, he had the worst background. The bastard son of one of the Eight Great Families. Beaten, hated, exiled. Fifteen years of absolute misery.

'Exactly why he's the best one to play. The challenge, the comeback...'

"3..."

"2..."

"1..."

"YESSSSS!!! IT DROPPED!!!"

BAM.

A loud thud came from the stall next to me.

"Bro, you're not the only one in here, and some of us are trying to focus!"

"Sorry!" I replied, clasping my hands in a reflexive apology—even though no one could see me.

I opened the app faster than lightning, skipped all the opening cutscenes, and went straight to the store. Inserted my card. I had to get him. I needed him.

'Card ending in 6831... expiration 12/37... name... Trafalgar... oh shit, we have the same name, huh?'

Clicked purchase.

ERROR.

Tried again.

ERROR.

"What the hell?! Come on!"

ERROR: INSUFFICIENT FUNDS.

"No... no no no—!"

"DUDE! I'M FIGHTING FOR MY LIFE OVER HERE, COULD YOU SHUT THE FUCK UP?!"

The guy next door sounded like he was dying.

I shut up. Completely. Just sat there, phone in hand, empty inside.

Fifteen minutes later, I heard the toilet flush and the sound of a belt buckle.

"Thanks, man. You finally shut up and I could focus."

No response came. Just silence.

The student stepped out and went to class, unaware that the stall next door now stood empty.

Inside, only a phone remained—still glowing with the words:

"Congratulations! You've obtained the legendary character: Trafalgar du Morgain."

"Why does my ass feel so cold?"

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.

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.

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.

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.

'He killed himself... with the vial.'

'I was just trying to pull him in a damn gacha...'

'I wanted to play the tragic bastard—not become him!'

I looked up at the mirror, heart pounding.

Same black hair. Same blue eyes.

But they weren't mine anymore.

"I'm Trafalgar du Morgain now..." I whispered.

'And this story isn't going to be easy mode.'

Knock knock knock.

The sound jolted me from my daze. My head snapped toward the ornate wooden door.

"Young master? Are you feeling well?" a voice called out—polite, concerned, and unfamiliar.

My mind scrambled.

'Shit, what do I say? What if they thinks I've gone insane? What if they already suspect something's wrong?'

I swallowed hard, pulled the silk robe from the floor, and quickly wrapped it around myself.

"Yeah," I called out, trying to sound calm. "I'm fine. Is... something wrong?"

There was a pause.

"It's just... you've been in the bathroom for over three hours."

'Three hours? I've been passed out for that long?'

I cleared my throat. "Ah, right. Sorry. I was... relaxing in the bath."

A chuckle came from the other side of the door. "Understood, young master. I'll have something prepared for you to eat."

"Thanks," I replied, forcing a nod, even though no one could see it.

Footsteps echoed away from the door.

Silence returned.

I leaned back against the wall and let out a long, shaky breath.

'Okay. I bought myself a little time.'

'What do I know so far?'

'I'm Trafalgar du Morgain. Fifteen. No talent. Ninth son of House Morgain. Abused. Ignored. Hated.'

'And now I'm in his body. With no idea how this world really works beyond what the game told me.'

I glanced down at the vial now in the floor.

'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.

'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.'