

Tyrant 136

Chapter 136: Shops of Velkaris

Velkaris was alive with motion. The capital's streets stretched wide. Trafalgar walked calmly with his hands in his pockets, while Zafira kept just a step ahead, her gray eyes scanning the storefronts with open curiosity.

Shops spilled their goods out onto the streets, signs glowing with enchantments, stalls overflowing with weapons, potions, and enchanted trinkets. The sound of merchants shouting over one another filled the air, mixing with the clatter of footsteps and the faint hum of mana-lamps igniting as dusk began to fall.

Zafira moved as if she had walked these streets a hundred times before, confident and lively. Every so often, she glanced back at him, her lips quirking as she grabbed his sleeve to tug him toward something that caught her attention.

"Come on, this one looks interesting," she said, pulling him toward a shop decorated with lanterns shaped like dragon heads.

Trafalgar let her lead, his eyes sweeping across the chaotic mix of stalls and glowing signs. For him, the noise was almost too much—merchants calling, customers arguing, hawkers trying to draw them in. But Zafira seemed in her element, her light purple hair catching the glow of the lamps as she leaned over a counter, laughing softly at some trinket on display.

For a moment, Trafalgar thought, 'She really looks like she's enjoying this.'

The dragon-lantern shop opened into a narrow hall stacked with glass cases and wooden racks. Inside, glowing weapons, strange pendants, and enchanted scrolls floated in shimmering displays, each with a neat little tag that shimmered faintly.

Zafira's eyes lit up immediately. "See? Doesn't it look like a shop window in one of those games?"

Trafalgar huffed a small laugh, his hands still in his pockets. "I guess it does. Though I doubt you can haggle in those."

"Want me to try?" she teased, leaning closer to a set of silver gauntlets.

He shook his head, amused despite himself. "I'd rather not get thrown out before I find what I'm looking for."

Zafira picked up a pendant shaped like a coiled serpent and held it up to her neck. "How about this? Suits me, right?"

Trafalgar gave her a quick glance. "It does. But it also screams trouble."

She laughed, lowering it back into its case.

He walked ahead toward a rack of swords, glancing over the blades on display. Zafira followed.

"You really want a new sword?" she asked.

"Maybe," Trafalgar replied. He tilted a blade forward, checking its weight before setting it back. "My actual sword is good, but I think a new one for now will be of help."

Zafira folded her arms, watching him with a half-smile. "Practical."

Trafalgar glanced at her, then smirked faintly. "What can I say? Even I know how to enjoy a walk through the shops."

Her eyes softened at that, though she only chuckled and said, "Good. Because we're far from done."

The next shop was quieter, the air thick with the scent of oil and iron. Racks of weapons lined the walls, each blade gleaming under steady mana-light. A burly shopkeeper stood behind the counter, arms crossed, watching them with a sharp eye.

Trafalgar's gaze settled quickly. Among the racks was a longsword with a sleek black hilt, its blade engraved with faint violet runes that pulsed faintly, as if alive. He reached out and wrapped his hand around it.

The moment his fingers closed on the grip, a familiar notification flared before his eyes:

[Nightpiercer]

Type: Weapon – Longsword

Rank: Epic

Description: Forged with mythril alloy and bound with triple rune inscriptions, Nightpiercer was designed for swift and precise strikes. Its edge cuts clean through armor with minimal resistance, while its runes amplify critical damage during surprise attacks.

Effect: Increases attack speed by 10%. Enhances strikes from stealth or sudden assaults.

Trafalgar swung it once, testing its weight. Balanced. Deadly. Perfect.

"How much?" he asked.

The shopkeeper's grin widened. "Three hundred gold."

Trafalgar's expression barely shifted. "Two hundred."

The man slammed a fist on the counter. "You mock me? For an Epic blade?"

Zafira watched quietly, her lips twitching into a smile.

"Two-fifty," Trafalgar said evenly. "Now. Cash."

The silence stretched until the shopkeeper snarled, "Two hundred and eighty. Not a coin less."

Trafalgar nodded, satisfied. "Deal."

He handed over the pouch of gold and the system chimed as the weapon vanished into his inventory. Inside, he thought:

'Almost broke now...'

Zafira chuckled softly, gray eyes glinting. "You've really changed."

By the time they stepped back onto the main street, the sky above Velkaris had darkened into deep violet. Mana-lamps lit every corner, their golden light spilling over cobblestone roads. The noise of the market had shifted—less frantic haggling, more laughter, music, and the hum of the night crowd filling the air.

Trafalgar adjusted the strap of his coat, his new sword safely stored in his inventory. For a moment, they simply walked in silence through the lively streets. Zafira looked perfectly at ease, her pendant glinting softly against her chest, her expression content.

Then Trafalgar broke the quiet. "Since you've been guiding me around all day," he said calmly, glancing at her, "how about I treat you to dinner? Consider it repayment for the trouble."

Zafira stopped mid-step, her eyes widening just a fraction before she caught herself. She had expected to drag him through shops, yes. She had expected him to buy what he needed, yes. But this? An invitation, from Trafalgar of all people? That she hadn't seen coming.

Her heart jumped, but she masked it with a composed smile, brushing a strand of purple hair behind her horn. "Dinner, hmm?" she said lightly, tilting her head. "I suppose I can accept. But only because you owe me."

Trafalgar smiled faintly, as if amused by her act. "Fair enough."

They continued walking side by side, the glow of the city casting their shadows long across the stone. Zafira's smile lingered, but inside her thoughts swirled.

'He's really not the boy I once knew... and yet, somehow, this feels better.'