

Tyrant 2

Chapter 2: A Seat at the Edge of the Table

Trafalgar stood quietly in the corridor outside the bathroom, arms crossed over his chest. His posture was stiff but composed, his dark uniform pressed and proper. The black ribbon tying back his hair swayed gently with every subtle breath he took.

He looked calm on the outside.

But inside, his mind was racing.

There was something he'd forgotten.

'The vial.'

His eyes narrowed.

It was still in there—under the basin, where it had rolled earlier. The same vial that had ended the life of the original Trafalgar. The same one that could expose everything if anyone ever found it.

He pushed open the bathroom door and stepped inside.

The air still smelled faintly of soap and marble polish. He knelt beside the basin and, after a moment of searching, his fingers brushed against cold glass.

There it was.

The small vial dangled from the string that had once been tied to his wrist. The red liquid inside shimmered like blood under candlelight, as if it still remembered what it had done.

Trafalgar stared at it for a moment.

Then slipped it into the inner pocket of his jacket.

'I can't let anyone find this.'

'If someone connects it to poison... they'll know he took his own life.'

And if that happened, the questions would start. The rumors. The suspicions. Maybe even a burial.

And Trafalgar du Morgain, the reawakened one, couldn't afford that—not when he had just arrived.

'And I definitely can't tell anyone I'm not him.'

'I'm not supposed to exist here.'

He adjusted the coat, making sure the pocket was secure, and stepped back into the hallway just as the sound of soft footsteps echoed in the distance.

'Lucky me,' he thought bitterly. 'I get to play the worst role in the game. From inside the character.'

The footsteps grew louder—soft, precise, almost musical.

Trafalgar turned his head just as a young woman appeared from around the corner. She wore a crisp black-and-white maid uniform, the fabric immaculately pressed and modest in design. Her brown hair was tied into a neat ponytail that swayed with her steps, and her warm, chestnut eyes lit up faintly when she saw him.

She stopped a few steps away and gave a small, practiced curtsy.

"Good morning, young master."

Trafalgar blinked.

For a moment, he froze. Then a name floated up from the depths of memory—not his own, but the one that came with this body.

Mayla.

She had been one of the few servants assigned to him. Quiet, efficient, and—most importantly—neutral. She never insulted him, but she never defended him either.

He gave her a small nod. "Where are we headed?"

Mayla straightened, folding her hands in front of her.

"To your quarters, young master. As usual, your meals will be served there. You... always dine alone."

Trafalgar paused.

'Right... of course I do.'

He looked away briefly, then muttered, "Forget I asked."

"As you wish."

The two began walking down the corridor side by side.

Mayla kept a respectful distance, never speaking unless spoken to. Her footsteps were silent, barely audible even on polished stone.

Trafalgar kept his eyes forward, but his thoughts were restless.

'This is real. All of it. The people, the walls, even the way they talk.'

It was like watching an anime character come to life—only colder. More rigid. There were no exaggerated smiles or tsundere energy here.

The corridor opened into a long, high-ceilinged hall lined with velvet carpets and towering windows. Golden candelabras stood between each archway, casting warm flickers of light on the dark stone walls.

And on those walls—portraits.

Each one massive, oil-painted, framed in carved obsidian and trimmed with silver.

The air grew heavier as they walked past the first one.

Valttair du Morgain.

The patriarch.

He stood with a greatsword sheathed at his hip, arms crossed, eyes cold as steel. His silver hair was slicked back, his jaw sharp, his presence overwhelming even in a painting.

Trafalgar slowed slightly.

'He looks like he could kill someone just by standing there.'

Mayla didn't stop walking. She was used to the portraits. She didn't need to look.

The next was Lady Seraphine, the first wife. Regal, cloaked in violet and gold. Her eyes held the kind of sharpness that could flay flesh without touching it.

Then came Maeron, the eldest son—armor-clad, sword in hand, standing atop a battlefield.

Lysandra, graceful and poised, holding a rapier at rest.

Lady Verena, fierce and flame-haired.

Helgar, massive and bare-armed, resting a greatsword twice his height on his shoulder.

Rivena, smirking with a curved dagger dripping purple venom.

Lady Naevia, smiling softly.

Sylvar, with a tactical gaze and slender build.

Nym, half-hidden in a cloak of shadows, her eyes glowing faintly.

Lady Ysolde, cold and statuesque, flanked by her two children—

Darion, noble posture, eyes burning with restrained ambition.

Elira, young and distant, but standing with her blade drawn, as if ready to fight the world.

And finally... at the very end of the hall, barely lit, slightly off-center—

Trafalgar du Morgain.

His portrait was smaller. Dimmer. The frame lacked the polished obsidian of the others. The boy in the painting wore dark robes and stared downward, hands at his sides, eyes half-closed.

It looked less like a portrait and more like a record.

A reminder.

Trafalgar stopped walking.

He stared at it for a long moment.

'Even in a painting... I'm an afterthought.'

Mayla paused a few steps ahead and turned, noticing that he'd stopped.

"Is something wrong, young master?"

Trafalgar forced a neutral expression and resumed walking.

"Nothing."

They reached a tall wooden door carved with the sigil of House Morgain—two crossed swords beneath a wolf's eye, half open, half closed. Mayla stepped forward and opened it without hesitation.

"This is your room, young master," she said softly.

Trafalgar stepped inside.

And blinked.

For someone labeled the disgrace of the family, his room was anything but lowly.

Polished black marble floors reflected the afternoon light pouring in from tall arched windows. A massive king-size bed, draped in dark velvet and silver embroidery, sat beneath an intricate chandelier. Against the far wall, a fireplace of black stone remained unlit, but ready. The walls were lined with shelves—some filled with books, others empty, waiting to be used.

To the left, a private bathing chamber stood open, white steam curling faintly from within.

And in the center of the room, atop a long, obsidian dining table, sat a silver tray.

Perfectly arranged on it: a seared steak resting on a bed of roasted vegetables, a goblet of dark red wine, and utensils of polished silver.

Trafalgar stared at it all in silence.

Despite the luxury, the room felt... unused. Immaculate. Like it had been cleaned daily but never truly lived in.

Like a display piece.

"Thank you, Mayla," he said, turning to her. "You may leave."

She bowed her head with practiced grace. "As you wish, young master."

And just like that, she was gone. The door clicked softly shut behind her.

Trafalgar stood there, alone.

Surrounded by beauty.

Drenched in emptiness.

Trafalgar sat at the table, knife and fork in hand. The steak was hot, juicy, and perfectly seasoned—the kind of meal he'd only seen on TV back in his old world.

He took a bite.

"...This is insane," he muttered, chewing. "Why the hell is it this good?"

Each bite melted in his mouth, the vegetables were crisp, and the wine—rich, full-bodied, a little dry—slid down his throat like silk.

He lifted the goblet and gave a short, bitter laugh.

"Who's gonna stop me? My nutritionist? My RA? My Ethics professor?"

He took another drink.

"This world's already a mess... might as well drink like a noble while I can."

But the smirk faded quickly.

He set the goblet down and leaned back in his chair, staring at the ceiling.

'What now?'

'Everyone here hates me. I'm talentless. Powerless. A disappointment before I even get started.'

His eyes dropped to the dark wood of the table, then to his reflection in the wine.

'Why did it have to be Trafalgar?'

Just as the silence settled in—

A sudden pulse ran through his chest. Not pain. Not warmth. Just... pressure.

He straightened.

Then, in the back of his mind, a sound.

[System Awakening...]

His breath caught.

But nothing more followed.

The voice was gone.

The room was still.

Trafalgar slowly stood up, his eyes scanning the walls as if expecting something to change.

Nothing did.

"...What the hell was that?"