

Tyrant 210

Chapter 210: Five Minutes is a Long Time

The day passed in calm simplicity, the kind Trafalgar hadn't felt in weeks. The morning sunlight filtered through the streets of Velkaris, scattering across cobblestones and shimmering mana lamps that still hummed faintly from the night before.

He and Mayla had breakfast together — simple, warm, and strangely domestic. There were no awkward silences, just quiet smiles and soft laughter. When the plates were empty, Trafalgar helped her carry the last of her belongings to her new apartment across the district.

By the time everything was settled, the afternoon light was already softening into gold. Mayla stood by the doorway, brushing a stray lock of brown hair from her face.

"Thank you for helping me again, Trafalgar," she said, smiling faintly.

He adjusted his coat and shook his head. "You don't need to thank me. Just... rest for now."

They lingered a little longer, neither eager to say goodbye, until Mayla finally nodded. "All right. I'll see you soon?"

"Yeah," he replied, his voice steady. "Soon."

As he walked away from the building, Trafalgar exhaled, his breath turning faintly visible in the crisp air. The city was alive — merchants shouting from corners, people hurrying to catch the evening trains, the hum of mana rails echoing through the streets.

He walked without hurry, hands in his pockets, the weight of last night still lingering faintly in his chest. It wasn't regret — far from it. Just the quiet realization that things were changing, that his life was moving forward whether he was ready or not.

'It's strange how peaceful everything feels today,' he thought. 'Almost like the world decided to give me a break before throwing something new at me.'

His eyes lifted toward the distance, where the glass towers of the station glimmered with the light of floating crystals. It was time to go back — to the academy, to whatever waited next.

Velkaris central station was as alive as ever — a sea of motion and sound. Traders from distant places shouted over one another, armored knights brushed shoulders with robed mages, and shimmering mana lines pulsed across the marble floors like glowing veins. It was the heart of the city, connecting every corner of the world through mana-powered trains and gates.

Trafalgar stepped into the flow of people, weaving his way through the crowd until he reached his platform. The towering board above him, made of translucent crystal, displayed glowing runes that shifted every few seconds. The next train to the Academy was scheduled to arrive in five minutes.

He sat down on a bench near the edge of the platform, his reflection faintly visible in the polished mana glass behind him. 'Five minutes,' he thought. 'It's not much... but it's enough time to start thinking about everything again.'

His eyes wandered across the station. The architecture always fascinated him — curved arches of silverstone reinforced by mana conduits, glowing blue rails that powered the trains without a single spark of electricity. There was no modern technology here, no engines, no circuits — just pure mana doing what science once did.

It wasn't a primitive world; it was something else entirely. 'A modern age powered by magic,' he mused, watching as a young elf adjusted the mana crystal of a ticket gate. 'Strange, but... kind of beautiful.'

He leaned back on the bench, arms crossed. The mix of medieval attire and arcane machinery didn't feel odd to him anymore. He'd lived here long enough that it felt normal.

Still, as he watched the crowd move with purpose, his mind drifted further — past the noise, past the glowing lights — toward thoughts he'd been avoiding. 'It's been months since I came to this world... and I don't even know if I'll ever see Earth again.'

He sighed quietly, his breath fogging against the faint mana mist in the air. The board above flickered again: Train arriving in 2 minutes.

The noise of the station faded into the background, replaced by the steady hum of the mana lines beneath the floor. Trafalgar rested his elbows on his knees, eyes unfocused, lost in thoughts that felt heavier the longer they stayed.

'Would I go back if I could?' he wondered. 'To Earth... to my old life?'

He tried to imagine it — the quiet days, the familiar skyline, the monotony. Now it almost sounded peaceful. No fighting, no killing, no power struggles. Just normalcy.

But that wasn't who he was anymore.

The memory of Lucien's lifeless body flashed through his mind — the blood pooling at his feet, the cold, detached satisfaction that came with it. He didn't flinch. There was no guilt, no hesitation. It was just... over. 'Killing him felt like stepping on an ant,' he thought bitterly. 'And that's what scares me. How easy it's becoming.'

He rubbed his face, trying to push the thought away. The reflection staring back at him in the glass wall wasn't the same person who once struggled to survive as a nameless college student. His eyes looked calmer, sharper — older. 'I didn't want this life,' he thought, 'but being a Morgain means you don't get to choose peace.'

He straightened his back, gaze distant. The families — the Eight Great Families — were always one mistake away from war. And if that day came, he'd have no choice but to fight again, to kill again. For survival. For status. For his name.

The weight of it didn't break him anymore. It simply settled into place, a quiet truth he'd learned to carry.

"Yeah..." he muttered under his breath, almost a whisper. "Just keep moving forward, like always."

The soft chime of the terminal interrupted his thoughts, the train was arriving.

Trafalgar rose from the bench, adjusting his coat. The crowd moved in waves around him, boarding and disembarking in practiced rhythm. A few guards near the first car glanced in his direction and gave small nods of recognition. They didn't ask for papers or proof — they knew who he was.

He returned the nod silently and stepped aboard.

The interior of the train was wide and polished. The car was quieter than the platform — only the faint murmur of conversation and the whisper of the engines filled the air. Trafalgar walked toward the front section and found an empty seat by the window.

Outside, the vast landscape of Velkaris spread beneath the pale morning light — distant towers gleaming, airships gliding toward the horizon.

The doors closed behind him with a soft click. The train jolted gently, beginning its smooth glide toward the Imperial line. Trafalgar leaned back, letting his thoughts drift—until his gaze caught on something across the cabin.

Two faces.

Familiar.

His heartbeat slowed for a second as recognition settled in. Neither of them had noticed him yet, well one person couldn't notice him without help.

'So much for a quiet ride,' he thought, exhaling softly.