

Tyrant 3

Chapter 3: Blue Screen, Red Wine

The steak was still warm. Tender, juicy, and perfectly seasoned—Trafalgar cut into it with the kind of patience only a man with too much time and no responsibilities could afford. The wine, crimson and smooth, swirled lazily in his glass.

Then came the voice.

[System Awakening...]

He blinked.

[Recognizing user...]

Trafalgar raised an eyebrow but didn't stop chewing. "What is that?" he mumbled, mouth half-full.

Another cut. Another bite. The wine washed it all down.

[System Awakening complete.]

Ding!

That one made him pause. "Ding?" he echoed. "Seriously? Like... an actual ding?" He glanced around the room. "You're telling me I've got a system now?"

There was no reply—just a soft shimmer in the air before a translucent blue screen blinked into existence before his eyes.

[Say "Status" to access personal data.]

Trafalgar stared at it for a long second.

Then he smirked and said sarcastically.

"This is either the best joke ever... or I'm officially inside a game world."

He leaned back in his chair, letting the wine rest gently in his hand as the screen pulsed faintly, waiting.

"Status," Trafalgar said, with a bit of hesitation—but also curiosity.

The screen blinked, then expanded, displaying a clean, organized interface.

[Host: Trafalgar du Morgain]

[Title: Cursed Heir]

[Age: 15]

[Race: Half-Human/???

[Bloodline: ???]

[Core: Unawakened]

[Talent: SSS]

[Abilities: None]

[Items: None]

He squinted at the screen and read aloud.

"Alright... Host: Trafalgar du Morgain. No surprise there."

[Title: Cursed Heir]

He frowned.

"Not exactly comforting. Why cursed? Why heir? No extra info? No tooltip?" He tapped the floating screen with a finger. Nothing changed. "Figures. Guess I'm stuck with it."

[Age: 15]

"Great. I'm younger again. That's new."

He finished the last bite of steak and let out a slow sigh. The taste lingered in his mouth as he placed the fork down and adjusted his posture, now sitting with one leg crossed over the other.

With the wine glass in hand, he began to spin it slowly.

[Race: Half-Human/ ???]

"OHHHHH!! This is actually pretty good, but what the fuck I am."

[Bloodline: ???]

Trafalgar narrowed his eyes. "Of course. More mysteries. Great."

[Core: Unawakened]

"Fifteen and no Core. No aura, no power, no nothing. Just like the character's background. Weak, ignored, forgotten..."

Then he saw it.

[Talent: SSS]

Trafalgar's jaw dropped.

"What?! WHAT THE FUCK?!"

His voice echoed off the walls.

"SSS?! Is that even allowed?! In the first game, the highest anyone got was S—barely! How the hell do I have SSS?!"

He shot up from the chair, pacing in a small circle before catching himself.

"Okay, okay... Calm down. Don't freak out. You're in the castle of a family that hates weakness. If they find out you're suddenly not weak... things might get complicated."

Knock, knock, knock.

A calm voice came from the other side of the door.

"Young master? Is everything alright?"

Trafalgar froze. He looked at the door, then back at the floating screen.

"All good! Just... a bug! Big, scary bug!" he called back.

There was a brief pause.

"Understood. Call me when you're ready to have the dishes cleared."

Trafalgar exhaled deeply. "Will do."

He waited until her footsteps faded before muttering, "No need to rush. Let's see what else this insane system has for me..."

Trafalgar waved his hand, and the screen remained, floating like a silent observer.

[Abilities: None]

[Items: None]

He groaned. "Figures. God-tier talent, but no toys to play with. Classic."

He leaned forward, resting his elbows on the table. The wine glass was half-empty now, his fingers lazily swirling the liquid as he stared at the glowing interface.

"This looks exactly like a game UI... a clean one, too. Does everyone here have this, or is it just me because I transmigrated?"

He looked around the room, then muttered to himself.

'In the dev notes, they didn't say anything about this. Just vague descriptions of some of the characters. Damn it... I need more information. Anything.'

His gaze drifted across the room.

Bookshelves lined one of the walls—elegant, but barely touched. Most of the books were decorative: thick tomes with golden spines, clearly chosen for aesthetics rather than content. Still, it was worth a shot.

"But first..." He eyed the silver bell beside his plate. "Let's test something."

He reached out and rang the bell—softly, twice.

Nothing.

He frowned. "Huh?"

But just a few seconds later, the door creaked open. Mayla stepped in, as silent as ever, her eyes dropping to the now-empty plate.

"I'll take care of it, young master," she said with a slight bow.

Trafalgar blinked, startled. He hadn't heard her footsteps at all.

"Thanks," he said instinctively.

Mayla hesitated. Her expression didn't change, but her eyes widened—just for a second.

"...It's nothing, young master."

She collected the dishes with practiced grace and left without another word.

Trafalgar watched her go, frowning slightly.

'Is it really that rare for me to say thanks? No memories of threatening her... maybe the old Trafalgar just never spoke much. Or maybe he treated servants like crap, like half the nobles in manhwas and isekais do.'

The thought made him shake his head.

'Whatever. New Trafalgar, new rules.'

The room fell silent once more as the door closed behind Mayla.

Trafalgar stood up and stretched, setting the wine glass down with a gentle clink. The meal had been exquisite. The view, grand. The silence... oppressive.

He walked over to the bookshelf, running his fingers along the spines of various volumes—most of them pristine and untouched. Titles like "Legacy of the Morgain Blades", "On Noble Etiquette", and "A Study of Mana Cores" filled the shelves, their gilded letters catching the light.

'Boring, boring, boring... wait.'

He pulled out one dusty old tome titled "Awakening the Core: A Scholar's Guide." It looked more promising than the others.

"Finally," he muttered, flipping through the pages. The content was dense, full of diagrams and outdated language. Still, it mentioned core stages, talent rankings, and something called "Soul Resonance."

He'd need time to dig into it. Time he wasn't sure he had.

The blue screen still hovered beside him, faint and patient.

"I need to figure this out before someone else figures out I've changed," he whispered.

He returned to his seat and leaned back, staring at the ceiling. The chandeliers above glimmered with enchanted crystals, casting a gentle light across the chamber.

'If the old Trafalgar always stayed locked away in this room, no one's going to check up on me too soon. That gives me... what? A day? Two?'

A bitter smirk tugged at the corner of his lips.

"Just enough time to do something."