

Tyrant 68

Chapter 68: Gate to Velkaris

The cold wind of Euclid never rested, and yet Trafalgar stood at the front gate of the mansion, carrying two well-packed bags—one in each hand.

Everyone was there: Anthera with her calm, motherly smile; the twin boys, Eron and Mael, running around in the snow; Sylis with arms crossed, trying to look grumpy but failing; and Mordrek, arms behind his back, watching in silence.

Anthera stepped forward first.

"You're all set, Trafalgar?" she asked kindly. "Remember, you're always welcome here. If you don't want to stay at the main castle, our home is always open to you."

Trafalgar nodded, letting out a small smirk. "Yeah... much better than that prison."

Anthera chuckled as the twins tackled Trafalgar's legs for a final hug.

"Be careful out there!" yelled Mael.

"Don't forget us!" added Eron.

Sylis approached him next, giving him a quick, awkward hug before stepping back with a light huff.

"Don't die," she muttered, then looked away.

"Same to you," Trafalgar replied with a grin.

Then came Mordrek.

The man had trimmed his platinum-blond hair short again, looking even sharper than before. He stood tall in his black coat, gray eyes fixed on Trafalgar.

"It seems this is goodbye," Mordrek said. "The carriage is ready. The captain will take you directly to the Gate. No mercenaries or assassins this time. Within Euclid's walls, you are safe."

Trafalgar gave a small nod. "Thanks for everything, Uncle."

It was the first time he'd called him that. Mordrek raised an eyebrow, then offered a rare smile.

"You're welcome... Trafalgar."

'He didn't call me bastard this time,' Trafalgar thought, smiling slightly as he turned toward the carriage. 'Guess I earned it.'

The door opened. The same captain who'd led the squad into the forest incident stood waiting with a respectful nod.

"Ready, young master Trafalgar?"

Trafalgar stepped up and tossed both bags inside before climbing in himself.

"Yeah," he said, eyes glinting. "Let's see what Velkaris looks like."

The carriage rolled forward through the wide roads of Euclid, the snow a quiet, constant backdrop to the noble district. Trafalgar sat inside, one arm resting on the window frame as he watched the world pass by. For once, he wasn't tense. No one was chasing him. No one was waiting to kill him.

'Strange feeling,' he thought. 'This time, I'm not running away from something... I'm heading toward it.'

The captain sat up front, reins in hand, but turned slightly over his shoulder. "We should arrive at the Gate in about thirty minutes, Lord Trafalgar."

"Alright."

Trafalgar returned to his thoughts.

'This world really is more advanced than I first imagined... Mordrek said there's a train in Velkaris. Not like Earth's bullet trains, probably something closer to steam... powered by mana, maybe.'

He glanced down at his two bags. Inside one were his clothes—nothing fancy, just enough for practical use. In the other: 500 gold coins. A reminder of the mercenary he had killed.

'Still don't know how the economy works here... Asking would sound dumb. I'm supposed to be sixteen and from one of the Eight Great Families. If I ask how money works, they'll think I've lived in a cave.'

He sighed and leaned back. 'Well, technically, I did.'

The city began to shift around him—less residential, more industrial. Wide paved stone roads, large structures lined with mana-infused lamps. A few guards saluted as the carriage passed. Finally, the carriage slowed.

"We've arrived."

Trafalgar opened the door and stepped out, both bags in hand. Before him stood a large obsidian-colored building. Guarded, reinforced, and humming faintly with magical energy. Two armored soldiers at the front door noticed him.

"Lord Trafalgar," they said in unison. "We wish you safe travels."

The doors opened. Trafalgar walked forward with confident steps.

The moment Trafalgar stepped into the building, a wave of warm mana brushed against his skin. The interior was clean and grand—marble floors, crystal chandeliers powered by floating orbs of light, and at the far end of the hall... the Gate.

A wide obsidian arch stood embedded into the wall, its surface shimmering like a liquid mirror. Faint glyphs pulsed along the sides in blue, violet, and gold. It looked like something ripped out of a fantasy game—and it was real.

'Looks like a portal to the Nether... just missing the lava and piglins.'

A man in formal attire approached—black suit, white gloves, silver pin in the shape of a gate.

"You must be Lord Trafalgar," the man said, bowing slightly. "We've been expecting you. Please, follow me."

Trafalgar nodded and walked beside him. They stopped a few meters from the portal.

"This is your assigned Gate. Once you step through, you'll arrive in the Velkaris hub," the butler explained. "Think of it as walking through a waterfall. It might feel strange for half a second, but it's safe."

"I've used something similar before," Trafalgar replied. "Though the one I used was on the ground. This one looks more... serious."

"It functions the same, only you walk into it yourself. On the other side, there will be many people of all races, species, and affiliations. But one of our Morgain retainers will be there. He'll recognize you immediately."

"Got it."

The butler stepped aside. "Then whenever you're ready, young master."

Trafalgar adjusted the grip on his two bags. 'Well, here we go.'

He stepped forward.

The moment his body touched the portal, the world warped. A chill ran through his spine, pressure building in his ears—and then, silence.

When he opened his eyes, he was no longer in Euclid.

Trafalgar's boots touched solid ground. He blinked.

The air was warmer here. Brighter. A wave of ambient mana buzzed faintly in the air, coming from dozens of large, glowing arches scattered across the wide hall. Each gate pulsed in a different color—red, green, blue, gold—representing destinations, he assumed.

'This... is Velkaris?'

He stood in the middle of a massive transit hub, easily the size of a coliseum. Polished stone floors stretched outward, filled with people of all races—elves with flowing robes, dwarves with armored shoulders, beastkin with fur and tails, and humans in uniforms or casual attire. Criers called out destinations, vendors sold mana-infused snacks, and guards in black and white armor patrolled the area with watchful eyes.

'Okay, this is way more advanced than I thought...'

Trafalgar looked around, unsure where to go next—until a man in his early thirties approached. He wore a dark vest over a formal shirt, a Morgain crest pinned to his collar.

"Young master Trafalgar?" the man asked, stopping a few feet away.

"That's me."

"Welcome to Velkaris. My name is Marlen. I've been assigned to guide you to your temporary residence and help you get settled near the Academy district. If you'll follow me, please."

Trafalgar nodded. "Lead the way."

They began walking through the crowd, heading toward a set of wide marble stairs leading out of the hub.

As they ascended, Trafalgar caught his first glimpse of the city beyond.

And what he saw made him stop for half a second.

Dozens of floating bridges, magic-driven carriages flying between towers, glowing mana lanterns hanging from trees, and an enormous white spire piercing the sky in the distance—clearly the capital's central structure.

'So this is the most powerful city in the world... Velkaris.'