

## Tyrant 70

### Chapter 70: An Unfortunate Scene on the Rails

Trafalgar walked through the narrow passage connecting the train carriages, the metallic clank of his steps echoing softly beneath him. The further he went, the less luxurious the surroundings became — plain wooden panels replacing polished walls, and simple seats taking the place of velvet-cushioned chairs.

'There was a bathroom back in the first carriage... but I'm not walking into that knowing Alfons will be waiting outside for me to come out. He'd probably make a whole scene.'

He pushed open the next carriage door, letting the faint scent of food drift in from somewhere ahead.

'He's got an age already, doesn't he feel embarrassed acting like that? Well... I guess that's what happens when you grow up spoiled. Belonging to one of the Eight Great Families and thinking you're the best thing in the world.'

His pace slowed as he scanned the rows of seats, looking for any sign of trouble before continuing deeper into the train.

Trafalgar eventually reached a carriage that looked different from the others, polished wooden floors, neatly arranged tables, and the faint clatter of dishes coming from a service counter at the far end. A restaurant carriage. In the corner, a door marked with a simple male figure caught his eye.

Perfect.

He stepped inside, the smell of cleaning solution faint but noticeable. A row of stalls lined one wall, their doors painted a dull grey. He pushed open the nearest empty one and stepped inside, locking it behind him.

With a sigh, he sat down.

Glup!

The sound echoed in the small space, and his lips curled slightly.

'Now that I think about it... funny how I came to this world. People would expect some cliché — getting hit by a truck, maybe — but me? I was on the toilet. Not exactly heroic. Eh, I'm not going to complain either. Let's just say I'm one of a kind in this world.'

He leaned forward slightly, resting an elbow on his knee as his thoughts drifted.

Glup!

'Things have been pretty calm since I stayed with Mordrek... well, except for that dragon in the forest. Still gives me a bad feeling. That thing didn't come to eat, it looked me over from head to toe back when we were on Alfred's ship. It knew I'd be there. The real question is... is it a friend or an enemy? Hard to say. And it knows the Veiled Woman too...'

His eyes dropped to the side panel of the stall. Two round buttons sat there, unlabeled.

'Two buttons? No drawings, nothing.'

Out of idle curiosity, he pressed the lower one.

A second later, a thin jet of water shot up and directly hit him where he least expected.

"Agh!" He nearly jumped, gripping the side of the stall for balance.

The sensation was... surprising. Startling. And definitely nothing he'd used before.

'Didn't expect that. Never even used one of these on Earth, where I lived, toilets were the normal kind. Nothing this... technological.'

After a moment, he exhaled.

'Well, at least I'm clean now.'

Standing, he pulled up his pants and stepped out of the stall, heading to the sink. The faucet let out a steady stream of cool water as he washed his hands.

When he looked up, the mirror reflected a pair of dark blue eyes staring back at him. His dark hair framed a face that, for months, had felt foreign.

'Looks like I've finally gotten used to my new appearance.'

But then, something shifted in the reflection — movement in the background caught his eye.

In the mirror's reflection, Trafalgar spotted the source of the movement — the stall next to the one he'd used had its door hanging open. Inside, someone's head was leaned forward and half-buried inside the toilet bowl. From the clothes, simple and plain, it was obvious they weren't wealthy. And since this was the men's bathroom, it was clearly a boy.

Trafalgar frowned slightly, glancing over his shoulder.

'Someone? Not my problem.'

He turned back to the sink and let the water run over his hands, watching the clear stream disappear down the drain. Still... something nagged at him. That odd, faint pull in his chest that he wouldn't have described as conscience — more like an itch he couldn't ignore.

He shut the water off.

With a low exhale, he stepped toward the open stall. "Are you alright?" he asked, voice calm but firm.

The boy didn't answer.

"I'm going to pull you out of there, okay? On three, I'll push you out," Trafalgar said, already bracing himself.

"Three."

"Two."

"One."

With a firm pull, he lifted the boy away from the toilet. The weight wasn't much, and the strength he'd gained through training made it feel almost effortless.

Once upright, the boy stumbled slightly but caught himself. His hair was pure white, falling messily around his face, dripping water onto his soaked shirt. His gaze stayed locked on the floor, his hands brushing over the wet tiles as if searching for something.

Trafalgar's eyes followed the movement until they landed on a pair of broken glasses lying just out of reach.

"No... my sister's going to kill me..." the boy murmured, his voice quiet and almost trembling.

"You okay?" Trafalgar asked again, leaning slightly forward to get a better look at him.

The boy flinched but still didn't meet his eyes. Instead, he stammered out, "Th-th-thank you..."

Trafalgar clicked his tongue softly. "Tch. Looks like your glasses are broken. Can you even see properly? Do you need help? I can walk you back to your seat. Your clothes are soaked, too..."

The boy shook his head lightly. "Thanks, but I'm fine. I can—"

The sudden slam of the bathroom door cut him off.

The door burst open with such force it bounced off the wall, and a sharp gust of air rushed into the bathroom. Standing in the doorway was a girl with long, straight white hair that shimmered faintly under the mana-lit lamps. Her sharp yellow eyes darted between Trafalgar and the boy, taking in every detail of the scene in an instant.

Trafalgar still had one hand resting on the boy's damp shoulder. The kid was dripping water from head to toe, his glasses broken on the floor, looking downcast and timid.

It didn't take much imagination to see how this might look to someone walking in right now.

An elegant bow of pale light materialized in the girl's hands, its string already pulled taut as an arrow formed out of pure mana. Her voice rang with sharp authority:

"Get your hands off my brother, bully!"

Trafalgar blinked, processing the words, then glanced between her and the boy.

'...Yeah. This really doesn't look good.'

"Eh, actually—" he began, raising his free hand in a placating gesture.

But he didn't get to finish.

Fwoosh!

An arrow screamed past his cheek, so close it sliced a thin line across his skin before embedding into the tiled wall behind him. The sting of the graze made him flinch, but more than that, the sheer speed left him frozen for half a heartbeat.

He hadn't even had time to react.

The girl's yellow eyes narrowed, her bow still trained on him, and the tension in the air grew heavier.