

Tyrant 71

Chapter 71: The Jack of All Trades

Trafalgar stood frozen, the air in the cramped bathroom thick with tension. Just a few feet away, the girl with the long, sleek white hair had her bow drawn tight again, the shimmering mana string humming faintly. The first arrow had already left a shallow cut across his cheek, and a thin line of blood traced down to his jaw.

'Shit... she's got deadly aim. Another one like that and it will leave my head like the black horse's...'

"Let go of my brother," she said sharply, her yellow eyes locked onto him. "Last warning."

Trafalgar slowly lifted his hand from the boy's soaked shoulder, taking one deliberate step back.

"Look at what you've done to him..." she continued, her tone dripping with accusation.

She adjusted her aim, the bow lowering slightly — not toward his head this time, but toward his leg. He could see in her eyes she meant to wound him, to make sure he couldn't follow.

But before she could loose the arrow, the boy stepped forward, moving between them. His wet clothes clung to him, and his voice trembled as he spoke.

"W-wait... he... he helped me."

The girl blinked once, her bowstring still drawn. "Are you sure about that? You're not being intimidated into saying something else?"

The boy shook his head firmly despite the stammer in his voice. "No... it was him. He pulled me out of there—" he pointed toward the stall, "—and offered to take me back to my seat. Without my glasses, I can barely see, you know that."

The tension in the girl's posture eased, and the bow in her hands dissolved into thin air, the mana dispersing into faint wisps of light. She let out a small exhale. "I see... my apologies for that. We had a

little... incident with some people in another wagon. I didn't expect them to split into two groups — one must have come after him while I was dealing with the others."

Trafalgar lowered his hands slowly, though his gaze stayed fixed on her. "Well... the situation can be misunderstood, but firing at me without a word, don't you think that was a bit much?"

Her lips pressed together for a second before she gave a curt nod. "You're right. I'm sorry. Let me make it up to you, come have something to eat with us. We're in the restaurant wagon."

'Hmm... looks like this could buy me some time and keep me away from Alfons. Might as well kill time until we reach the academy.'

"Alright," Trafalgar replied, "but you should probably take care of your brother first. I'll wait outside."

"That's true... thank you," she said, glancing at the boy before turning her focus back to him for just a moment.

Trafalgar stepped past them and out into the corridor, leaving the siblings alone inside. From just beyond the door, he could still hear their voices faintly.

Trafalgar leaned against the wall outside the bathroom, arms loosely crossed, letting the low rumble of the mana-powered train fill the brief silence. Through the thin door, the sound of voices filtered out clearly enough.

"You shouldn't have left my side..." the girl's tone was firm but not unkind. "Look what happened because of it."

"Sorry..." the boy's voice was small. "I wanted to go get help... they had you cornered, so I thought... but they brought me here to the bathroom and then... that happened."

A faint sigh followed. "Well, I'm glad you're alright. But next time, don't wander off. Still... thank you for trying to fix the problem." There was a pause, then a shift in her voice. "Now the bad part, we're going to have to take some work to replace your glasses. Those are beyond repair."

"Sorry..." the boy repeated, the guilt in his tone clear.

"Lift your head, Barth—" she stopped herself short, softening her voice. "You're an adult now, and this year we're both going to the academy. If we get good grades, we can try for the scholarship and get more money to help the orphanage."

"Alright..." he murmured, the reply more of an exhale than a statement.

Trafalgar pushed away from the wall as the door opened. The boy emerged, holding onto the girl's arm for guidance — even without his glasses, his head was bowed slightly, avoiding Trafalgar's eyes. The sight was... oddly mismatched. She was at least a head shorter than him, yet she moved like his personal bodyguard.

"Sorry for making you wait," the girl said, glancing up at Trafalgar.

"It's fine," he replied with a faint shrug.

"Shall we go?"

"Sure."

Without another word, the three of them started walking toward the restaurant. The clink of cutlery and the murmur of diners grew louder with every step.

They stepped into the restaurant wagon, the air warmer here, carrying the smell of grilled meat and freshly baked bread. Sunlight filtered in through wide windows, glinting off polished tables neatly set with silverware. A few passengers glanced their way, but most kept to their meals.

The girl led them to an empty table by the window. A waiter approached almost immediately, placing menus in front of them with a polite nod before stepping back.

"Order whatever you want," she said, setting her own menu down and meeting Trafalgar's eyes. "It's the least I can do."

Trafalgar raised an eyebrow. "Are you sure? I think you have other priorities."

Her gaze shifted ever so slightly, a flicker of something that told him she'd realized he might have overheard the conversation outside the bathroom.

"I wasn't trying to listen," Trafalgar said, leaning back in his seat, "but these wagon walls aren't exactly thick."

"Don't worry," she replied after a pause, her voice steady again. "We might have some new expenses, but we can afford to pay you back. It's the least we can do."

She raised her hand slightly. "Please, for table ten," she called to the waiter.

The man returned promptly, pen ready, and they began ordering. Trafalgar glanced over the menu once more before settling on the cheapest option — plain white rice with a small side.

"Are you sure that's all you want?" she asked, a faint crease in her brow.

"Yeah. I'm not that hungry," Trafalgar replied casually.

For her brother, she ordered a simple burger, and the same for herself. The waiter noted everything down and left. The steady rhythm of the train on the rails filled the brief quiet between them.

Once the waiter disappeared toward the kitchen, the girl rested her elbows lightly on the table. "We haven't introduced ourselves yet," she said. She placed a hand briefly on the boy's shoulder. "This is my younger brother, Bartholomew, and I'm Cynthia. Nice to meet you."

The boy gave a small nod, his voice quiet. "Nice to meet you."

"Trafalgar," he replied with a slight tilt of his head. "Likewise."

A short moment passed before Trafalgar leaned back slightly in his chair. "If you don't mind me asking... what exactly happened back there? The way I found your brother was... a bit unusual."

The boy stayed silent, his gaze on the table, clearly either too shy or too embarrassed to answer. Cynthia's tone, however, was matter-of-fact. "We've got some debts. Missed last month's payment, and some people came looking for us."

Trafalgar hummed quietly and, sensing the heaviness in the topic, shifted the subject. "I heard you're going to the academy too."

"That's right," Cynthia said with a small smile. "We'll be new students this year."

"Then I hope we get along," Trafalgar replied.

'Not bad to make some friends... but there's something off. I swear I've seen the kid's face somewhere before... but where?'

"By the way," he added, "your aim with a bow is impressive."

"Thanks," Cynthia replied, her expression softening slightly. "We train hard to keep it that way. I owe that to our mother..."

'They're from an orphanage, so she's probably dead... still, I'm sure I've seen the boy somewhere before...'

Trafalgar glanced away briefly. "Sorry if I made you remember something unpleasant."

Cynthia shook her head lightly. "Don't worry. It's been a long time."

The boy finally spoke up, his voice hesitant but trying to match the conversation. "My sister's amazing, right? My class isn't as impressive though..."

"Don't say that," Cynthia chided gently. "You should have more confidence in yourself."

"But it's true. I don't have a set specialty..."

Trafalgar leaned forward slightly. "Why's that?"

The boy stayed silent, but Cynthia stepped in. "He's an Archivist. He can store skills of any kind basically, he thinks it's not something incredible."

Trafalgar froze mid-bite, nearly choking on his food as the thought clicked hard in his mind.

'It's him!!!! Another legendary character from the game... the Jack of All Trades. Oh yes!!!, this guy can come in handy to learn some skill about finding people.'