

Tyrant 72

Chapter 72: Two Gold Coins

Trafalgar kept his expression neutral, but in his head, I was already thinking about how I could use Bartholomew, at least to help him with his goal.

'This is great... another legendary character from the game, right in front of me. If I play my cards right, I can befriend him, and I've already made a good start by helping him earlier.'

He knew the Archivist class wasn't just some uncommon curiosity. In the game's character description, the developers had gone out of their way to highlight it, something they almost never did unless it was meant to be important. For him, that meant value.

Leaning forward slightly, Trafalgar looked at the boy. "Sounds like a unique class to me. You shouldn't be down about it, I'm sure it's a strong one. No limits, unlike me for example... I'm just a [Swordsman]."

Bartholomew shifted uncomfortably, fingers brushing against the edge of the table. "Yeah... thanks for the encouragement, but... I'd have to train in everything at once. And my talent isn't anything amazing to make up for all I'd have to learn."

'This kid's mentality pisses me off. You have a class where you can learn everything, EVERYTHING, and you complain because you think it's shit? I'll have to teach him things, yeah... leave that to your older brother.' Trafalgar's expression did not change on the outside, and remained neutral even with these thoughts he had, but he already made plans for that little class of Barth.

Before Trafalgar could reply, the girl's voice cut in, calm but edged with a faint reprimand. "I don't think you should talk like that to someone who's trying to help you, Barth."

The boy's head lowered immediately. "Sorry."

Trafalgar waved a hand lightly, brushing off the awkwardness. "Don't worry about it."

Still, in his mind, he was already thinking of the possibilities. An Archivist could learn anything, and if he gained this boy's trust, there was no telling how useful that could be down the road.

Trafalgar set his spoon down, the last traces of his meal gone. As the quiet hum of the restaurant wagon carried on around them, he slid one hand into the pocket of his trousers. His fingers brushed against the familiar texture of a small pouch — the one heavy with gold coins he'd taken from Dren and his band of mercenaries after killing them.

Without drawing attention, he loosened the strings and pinched two coins between his fingers. Their weight was solid, the golden sheen catching just the faintest glimmer from the wagon's overhead lamps. He slid them beneath his folded napkin, careful to keep his movements casual.

Pushing his chair back, he stood. "I hope we meet again at the academy," he said, his tone easy. "I'm heading back to my wagon."

Cynthia looked up at him, her expression softening. "Yes... and I'm sorry again for what happened earlier."

He offered a faint smile, the kind that didn't quite reach his eyes but carried its own meaning. "Don't worry about it."

The truth was, the smile wasn't about forgiveness. Inside, he was pleased, he'd just confirmed another legendary ally's identity. That alone was enough to put him in a good mood.

As he walked toward the exit, Cynthia and Bartholomew's eyes followed him. His stride was steady, his coat shifting slightly with each step. Instead of heading toward the cheaper, more crowded sections, he moved in the opposite direction — toward the high-priced wagons.

"Did he take the wrong way?" Cynthia murmured.

Bartholomew shook his head faintly. "Did you see the clothes he's wearing? Doesn't look like someone who's short on money."

"Now that he's gone, are you talking again?" Cynthia replied quickly.

Once Trafalgar was gone, Bartholomew slouched slightly in his seat, eyes drifting toward the window. "You know I'm not great with people," he muttered. "And my first impression wasn't exactly... the best."

Cynthia gave him a sidelong look, her tone more gentle than before. "He didn't seem like a bad person. You shouldn't worry so much about it."

Bartholomew hesitated, then asked, "We... have enough to pay for the meal, right?"

"Yes," she said with a small nod. "We've still got a few copper coins left."

He lowered his gaze again. "Sorry about the glasses... I know they'll be expensive to replace."

"Don't worry about it," Cynthia replied quickly.

Just then, the waiter returned to clear the table. He reached for the folded napkin in front of Trafalgar's empty seat — and as he lifted it, two gleaming gold coins slipped free and landed on the table with a soft clink.

"Looks like you almost lost your money," the waiter remarked, eyebrows raised. "Be more careful, kids."

Cynthia picked them up, the cool metal warming in her palm. Her thoughts sharpened immediately. 'It must have been him. That's the only explanation, they were in his napkin.'

Bartholomew stared. "He left us... two gold coins? Does he know how much that's worth?"

"Remember," Cynthia said, closing her fingers around the coins, "we need to pay him back when we see him again. Trafalgar... that was his name, right?"

Barth nodded.

Those two coins would change more than just their next meal. They could buy the supplies they needed for their first year at the academy, a proper pair of glasses for Bartholomew, and maybe even pay for laundry, considering his clothes weren't exactly in their freshest state after what happened earlier. It was pure luck the toilet had been clean.

- Trafalgar POV -

'I wonder if two coins will be enough... I really need to figure out how the economy works here.'

Trafalgar stepped back into his wagon, the quiet atmosphere a sharp contrast to the restaurant's warm buzz. Out of the corner of his eye, he caught sight of Alfons sitting in his seat, looking bored, clearly tired of waiting for him to return.

'Good. Dodged that one. Now... just don't make eye contact with him again.'

Keeping his gaze forward, Trafalgar walked down the aisle until he reached his seat, where Marlen was waiting. The man glanced up and gave a faint, knowing smile.

"Seems you really did need to go to the bathroom, young master."

Trafalgar sank into his seat, only for Marlen's expression to shift as he noticed something. His brow furrowed, and he leaned closer. "You have a fresh cut... and it's still bleeding."

Before Trafalgar could answer, Marlen was already looking around the wagon for something, a cloth, anything to treat it.

"Are you alright, young master?"

Trafalgar touched his cheek, feeling the faint sting under his fingertips. "Oh, that? Just bumped into something while walking through the wagons. Nothing serious."

Marlen narrowed his eyes slightly. It wasn't the kind of mark you got from bumping into something — it was a clean slice. But he didn't argue. Instead, he carefully dabbed the wound and wrapped it to stop the bleeding.

The train's steady rhythm slowed, the wheels screeching softly against the rails as they began to brake. Moments later, the call came down the wagon: they'd reached the academy station.