

Tyrant 74

Chapter 74: From Rags to Riches

Trafalgar followed the clerk through a narrow door behind the reception desk, the low murmur of the main hall fading into quiet as it closed behind them.

"Sorry about that earlier," the clerk said as they walked down a short corridor. "It's pretty normal when a member of the Eight Great Families shows up."

Trafalgar gave a small shrug. "Don't worry, I get it."

They entered a modest office with a single desk, two chairs, and stacks of neatly arranged parchment. The clerk gestured for him to sit, then pulled a sheet from a drawer and slid it across the desk.

"Alright, let's get this done. Just fill out this form — name, class, second awakening class if you have one, age, and some basic knowledge questions. Nothing too complicated."

Trafalgar picked up the pen and began filling it in. Name: Trafalgar du Morgain. Class: Swordsman. For second awakening, he left the space blank without hesitation. The rest were simple — age, basic knowledge, nothing about talent or anything sensitive.

When he finished, he slid the paper back across the desk.

"Good," the clerk said, setting it aside and pulling out another sheet. "Here's your schedule. And this—" he placed a small, ornate key on top of it, "—is the key to your room."

Trafalgar picked it up, the weight solid in his palm. "Which class will I be assigned to?"

"It's written there. Nothing special for lecture classes, but for practical training you'll be assigned to a master from one of the four towers, based on your Swordsman class. Since you didn't list a second class, that's where you'll stay."

"Got it." Trafalgar stood, slipping the papers and key into his coat.

"That's everything. Welcome to Velkaris Academy," the clerk said with a polite nod.

Trafalgar returned the gesture before leaving the office, already thinking about checking out his room before doing anything else.

Leaving the main building behind, Trafalgar crossed the courtyard toward the dormitory. The structure was wide, built in clean white stone with tall windows and balconies lined with polished railings.

He glanced down at the key in his hand. The number engraved on it looked like an eight... or maybe an infinity symbol. He scanned the hallways for any sign of "Room 8" but found nothing.

Spotting a girl in a student uniform walking by, he raised a hand slightly. "Hey, quick question, what room does this key belong to?"

She slowed, took one look at the key, and blinked in surprise. "That's... the key to the Eight Great Families' quarters. Top floor."

"Ah, I see. Thanks," Trafalgar said casually, slipping the key back into his pocket before continuing on.

At the far end of the hallway, he found it — a circular platform embedded in the floor, faintly glowing with runic lines. It reminded him of the private lift in his father's office.

Stepping onto the platform, he felt a gentle pull as it began to rise, carrying him up past floor after floor until it stopped at the top.

Only about twenty doors lined the polished corridor here. Enough space for multiple members from each of the Eight Families, but still far from crowded.

He found the door marked with the Morgain crest, inserted the key, and heard a satisfying click.

The room inside wasn't extravagant — more practical than luxurious — but spacious, with a large bed, wardrobe, desk, and a window that overlooked the academy grounds.

Trafalgar set his two suitcases down by the bed. He could have stayed to unpack, but the thought of exploring Velkaris tugged at him. He still had 498 gold coins to his name, and now he wanted to know exactly what they were worth.

Locking the room behind him, he headed straight for the mana train.

The mana train hummed quietly as it carried Trafalgar from the academy station into the heart of Velkaris. When the doors opened, the city unfolded before him in a rush of sound and color.

Wide streets were lined with statues and banners, their designs shifting subtly with mana-infused patterns. Shops spilled bright displays of goods onto the sidewalks, and the air was a blend of roasting meat, fresh bread, and the faint tang of alchemical smoke.

Everywhere he looked, people of different races moved together, lycans in leather vests chatting with dwarves carrying tool-laden belts, elves browsing bookstalls alongside human students, even the occasional horned demon leaning against a café railing.

'Six days until classes start,' Trafalgar thought, weaving into the crowd. 'Enough time to see every corner of this city, find all the interesting spots... and figure out how money works here.'

He stopped at a street food stall and pointed at something sizzling on the grill. The vendor handed him a plate and said, "One copper."

Trafalgar reached into his coat and produced a gold coin. The man's eyes went wide.

"Are you trying to buy my stall?"

This wasn't the first time that day. At two other places, the vendors had given him the same shocked look, as if a gold coin wasn't payment but an attempt at acquisition.

By the fourth stop, he started piecing it together.

'So... one gold equals 100 silver. One silver equals 100 copper. And one copper can buy you a decent meal. If I think of that as, say, an \$8 student meal, a good kebab menu back on Earth... then...'

He froze mid-step.

'498 gold means 49,800 silver... which is 4,980,000 copper... that's... thirty-nine million, eight hundred and forty thousand dollars.'

His eyes widened.

'Seraphine put forty million on my head.'

Trafalgar stopped dead in the middle of the busy street, the math still running through his head.

"Forty million..." he muttered. Then it hit him all at once, and the words shot out before he could stop them. "That bitch Seraphine put forty million on my head!"

Heads turned. A few passersby slowed, and the gap around him widened as if he were contagious.

"I'M RICH!!!" he shouted, throwing his arms out like he'd just won the lottery.

The nearest pedestrians stepped back another pace, creating a small circle of empty space around him.

Not far off, a little wolf-girl tugged at her mother's sleeve. "Mama, is that man okay? Why is he yelling in the middle of the street?"

Her mother put a hand on her shoulder and spoke in a low, warning tone. "Don't point, sweetheart. When something like that happens, you pretend you didn't see it and keep walking."

The kid's wide eyes stayed locked on him as her mother ushered her away.

Realizing the scene he was making, Trafalgar felt heat crawl up his neck. He dropped his hands and cleared his throat, slipping quickly into a narrow alley to escape the stares.

'Alright... maybe I overreacted. But come on, finding out you're sitting on forty million? Anyone would lose it for a second. Prejudice, that's all it is.'

He was still muttering to himself when he noticed the storefront tucked against the alley wall. His steps slowed. The carved sign over the door, the way the windows were framed — he knew this place from before.

His eyes went wide. "What the hell is this doing here?!"