

Tyrant 75

Chapter 75: The Old Adventurer's Den

Trafalgar stopped just outside the wooden sign, his eyes narrowing as recognition hit him.

'No way... I know this place. This is from the first game. The Adventurer's Hub, a mission board, a hangout for mercs, call it whatever you want. But what's it doing here? Did they actually pull locations straight from the first game too? The devs never mentioned it... they only released info on certain characters, like me. If this is here, then anything's possible.'

He pushed the door open and stepped inside.

The smell hit him first — rich ale, warm bread, and a faint trace of smoke. The layout was familiar, yet not exactly as he remembered. The furniture was newer, sturdier, and the lighting softer. The faces inside were all strangers... except for two.

In the far corner, an elderly couple sat together, sharing a quiet drink. Trafalgar's eyes lingered on them. In the first game, they'd been young entrepreneurs who had just opened their little guild tavern. Now, decades older, they were still here.

'It's really them... older, sure, but without a doubt. This shit is insane!!'

The old woman looked up from her table, smiling warmly as she spotted him near the entrance.

"Welcome."

"Good afternoon," Trafalgar replied, walking toward the counter.

"Would you like something to drink?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, naming a specific beer without hesitation.

Her eyes widened slightly. "Good choice. That's my husband's favorite as well."

'I know,' Trafalgar thought, fighting the urge to smirk. 'This is the real deal. They're actually here in this world... just older. This is fascinating.'

She returned a moment later with the drink, the mug frosted and full, sliding it across to him with a practiced ease. "So, how does someone like you end up in a place like ours?"

Trafalgar took a sip before answering. "First time in Velkaris. I'm visiting every corner I can find."

"Oh, I see. Then you have a lot ahead of you," she said with a knowing smile. "Velkaris is enormous."

"That it is," Trafalgar agreed, already scanning the room again, committing every detail to memory.

A chair scraped softly against the wooden floor, and the old man rose from his table, walking over with a steady but deliberate pace. His eyes studied Trafalgar with the kind of calm weight that came from decades of sizing people up.

"Oh? A new face around here," he said, his voice gravelly but warm. "It's not often we see someone we don't recognize walk through our door."

Trafalgar set his mug down and straightened slightly. "That's right. My name's Trafalgar du Morgain."

The man's brows lifted. "A Morgain?"

The old woman chuckled. "Must be because the academy's starting soon."

"That's right," Trafalgar said. "Six days until the term begins."

"Time flies," she murmured, almost to herself. "Feels like just yesterday we were welcoming last year's batch."

Trafalgar took another slow drink, the cool bitterness of the beer grounding him in the moment. Even though the place had changed, and its owners had aged, there was a strange comfort in seeing this familiar landmark alive and thriving.

For a moment, the three of them simply stood there in a comfortable silence, the quiet hum of conversation from the rest of the tavern filling the gaps. But Trafalgar couldn't shake the feeling that this reunion — even if only he realized it was a reunion — was going to be more important than it seemed right now.

The front door creaked open, letting in a slice of afternoon light. A man stepped inside — sharply dressed in a tailored coat, his polished boots clicking against the floorboards. His posture screamed noble, but his aura lacked the weight of someone from the Eight Great Families.

The old man's friendly expression vanished. "You again? I told you we're not selling the place. You can leave."

The man's lips curved into a polite, mocking smile. "Are you certain? I'm willing to offer—"

"Absolutely certain," the old man cut him off. In his hand, a long, antique rifle materialized out of thin air — its wooden stock polished but worn, the metal barrel gleaming faintly in the dim light. Without hesitation, he turned and fired at the wall beside the door.

BANG!

Wood splintered, leaving a smoking hole the size of a fist. The entire tavern fell silent for a heartbeat.

The intruder didn't even flinch. "Seems I'll have to come back when you've... relaxed a little." He gave a shallow bow and stepped back out into the street.

Trafalgar's eyes were locked on the rifle. 'There are firearms here? Not modern ones, sure, but still... that's huge. This changes a lot.'

The old woman let out a small sigh and looked at him apologetically. "Sorry you had to see that. I hope it doesn't keep you from coming back."

"It was... unusual, I'll give you that," Trafalgar said. "Is there some kind of problem?"

"None of your concern," the old man replied curtly.

"Don't be so grumpy with a new customer," the old woman chided him. "You'll scare him off. They keep trying to buy this place, but we're not selling."

Trafalgar gave a small nod, storing the information away for later. This place clearly had more going on beneath the surface, maybe even more things are hidden than in the first game about this place.

The door swung open again, this time letting in a livelier group. Three figures stepped inside: two men and a woman.

The woman was a lycan, her appearance human save for the sleek, black wolf ears atop her head and the matching tail swishing behind her. She looked around, sharp green eyes narrowing. "They came back again?!?"

"Don't worry, Garrika," the old woman said warmly. "Arden already scared him off."

"Fifth time this month," Garrika muttered, crossing her arms. "Honestly, Grandma Marella, it's getting ridiculous."

The elf who entered with her, tall, with long platinum hair tied back, gave Trafalgar a quick once-over. "And who's this? Not many strangers walk in here."

"Trafalgar du Morgain," he replied.

The elf's brow rose. "Morgain? As in one of the Eight Great Families?"

"That's right."

Garrika's tail gave an almost involuntary wag. "No way! This is the first time I've seen someone so important up close."

The third member of the group, a human man with short brown hair and an easy smile, stepped forward and gently tugged Garrika back by the arm. "Sorry about her. She can't behave when she's excited."

Trafalgar smirked. "Don't worry. I've seen worse."

Arden's gruff voice cut through. "Back room. I'm guessing you three are done already?"

The human man — Ronan — nodded. "Yeah. We're heading there now."

He and the elf, Sylven, followed Arden toward a door behind the counter. Garrika paused at the threshold, flashing Trafalgar a grin. "See you around, Trafalgar."

He lifted a hand in farewell.

Marella turned back to him. "You want to eat something before you go, boy?"

"Thanks, but I'll head out for today. Still plenty of daylight, and I want to see more of the city."

He set a single gold coin on the counter, enough to make Marella blink in surprise — and made his way to the door, stepping back into the streets of Velkaris.