

Tyrant 76

Chapter 76: Rolling the Dice

Trafalgar stepped out of the alley, hands in his pockets, walking at an unhurried pace as the cool evening breeze brushed against his face.

'Looks like there really are bits from the other game... good information to have. And it seems they still serve the same purpose, adventurers and missions. But before I can get anything out of them, I'll have to earn their trust.'

His steps carried him to a broad avenue lit by mana-powered streetlamps embedded in ornate metal posts. Merchants were closing their stalls, and the laughter of drunk patrons drifted through the air, mingling with the distant notes of a street musician.

His destination was easy to find, even without a map: Velkaris's largest casino.

The building dominated the street like a beacon of luxury, three floors tall, its glass façade revealing an interior bathed in gold and crimson. Runes shimmered across the front, projecting floating letters that spelled out the casino's name.

'For anyone watching, this probably looks like your typical gacha addict chasing the same dopamine hit in a different game...' he thought, adjusting his coat. 'But that's not it. I'm here to make connections, see famous faces. Being Valtair's son, one of the eight most influential people in the world, should make that easier... even if they call me a worthless bastard or trash.'

At the entrance, a tall, lean elf in a perfectly pressed black suit glanced at him calmly. The man's eyes lingered on the small Morgain insignia pinned to Trafalgar's chest.

Without a word, the doorman gave a small nod and stepped aside, opening the way.

The moment Trafalgar crossed the threshold, the noise hit him. The clatter of chips, the spin of wheels, and bursts of laughter mixed with shouts of triumph created a chaotic yet enticing symphony.

Trafalgar's lips curved into a faint smile. "Alright... let's see what I can get out of this place."

Trafalgar made his way through the main hall, passing rows of card tables and glittering slot machines until he spotted the cashier's counter. Behind the reinforced glass, a young half-elf woman in a sharp red vest smiled politely.

"Good evening, sir. Will you be exchanging coins for chips?" she asked.

"Yes," Trafalgar replied, pulling a small pouch from inside his coat and letting it drop onto the counter with a muted clink. He opened it and slid ten gleaming gold coins forward. "This should do."

The woman's eyes flickered for just a second before she recovered her professional smile. "Of course. One moment."

She disappeared briefly into the back, and when she returned, she set a small wooden tray on the counter. Neatly stacked inside were chips of various colors, each engraved with runic markings that glowed faintly in the ambient light.

"Ten gold coins converted to chips. Please enjoy your evening, and remember—our staff is always available if you require assistance."

Trafalgar gathered the tray, slipping it under his arm. 'Ten gold... one thousand silver... one hundred thousand copper... that's more than enough to have a little fun. Now that I think about it... I did it like it was nothing, but if I think about it, it's almost a million dollars.'

He walked deeper into the casino until the sound of a spinning wheel caught his attention. The roulette table was surrounded by an eager crowd, the dealer calling for final bets.

Sliding into an open seat, Trafalgar stacked a few chips in front of him. The dealer, a middle-aged man with a neat mustache, gave him a courteous nod. "First time playing tonight?"

"Something like that," Trafalgar said, idly rolling a chip between his fingers.

The wheel spun, the ball clattering against its numbered pockets. Trafalgar tossed a handful of chips onto a single number without hesitation, drawing a few raised brows from the onlookers.

'Let's make this interesting.'

The ball slowed, bounced twice, and landed exactly where he'd placed his bet. The dealer's eyes widened slightly as he announced the win.

Chips slid across the table toward Trafalgar, and the murmurs in the crowd grew louder.

He leaned back in his chair, a faint smirk tugging at his lips. "Beginner's luck... or maybe I'm just born for this."

After pocketing his winnings from the roulette table, Trafalgar drifted toward the far end of the casino, where a broad, glass-domed section overlooked the racecourse. Mana-light lanterns illuminated the track below, and banners bearing the names and colors of competing wyverns fluttered along the railing.

A row of cushioned seats faced the panoramic view. Trafalgar took an empty one, setting a few chips on the small table beside him. The announcer's voice boomed across the stadium.

"Race number six is about to begin! Place your bets, folks, your wyverns are hungry for victory!"

The man sitting one seat over, a sharply dressed figure in a charcoal-gray suit—was focused on jotting notes in a leather-bound book, occasionally glancing up at the wyverns being led to the starting gates. Trafalgar leaned slightly toward him.

"I wouldn't bet on that one," Trafalgar said, nodding at the wyvern in crimson barding. "It's heavy on the wings. Won't hold speed in the final stretch."

The man turned his head for the first time, eyes narrowing in mild curiosity. "And you are...?"

"Trafalgar du Morgain."

A faint smirk tugged at the man's lips. "A Morgain, hm? Lucien Armand. Businessman."

"Businessman in what field?" Trafalgar asked, sliding a stack of chips forward to place his own bet.

Lucien leaned back in his seat, clearly enjoying the question. "Various fields. I own a few entertainment houses, some more... exclusive than others. Brothels, gambling dens, private clubs for certain clientele. Right now, I'm looking to open another establishment in the city."

Trafalgar leaned back slightly, eyes on the wyverns at the starting line. "Oh? New place?"

"Yes, I've got plans for a new place in the city," he said casually. "Should be simple enough, but there are a few... inconveniences."

Trafalgar tilted his head. "Inconveniences?"

Lucien smirked faintly. "Yeah. Won't last long."

Trafalgar chuckled politely, but inside, something felt off.

They parted ways at the casino's entrance, Lucien heading toward the bustling main street while Trafalgar made his way to the mana train station.

By the time he boarded, the city's glow had faded into the distance, replaced by the steady rhythm of the train against the tracks. He sat alone in a dimly lit carriage.

'Inconveniences that won't last long... yeah, I don't like how that sounds. He is the guy that appeared trying to but Arden's place off. Feels like I've just stepped into something I shouldn't. It's not my problem... but meeting Marella and Arden from the other game, and knowing how useful they are, might be worth more than doing nothing. And I think my good friend Barth can help with this, because

of my strength I doubt I can do anything myself, but if I use my little head maybe something will come out.'

He leaned back, eyes half-closed, letting the train carry him into the night.