

## Tyrant 143

### Chapter 143: Gate to Euclid

The train carriage grew quiet once Aubrelle and Pipin had gone. Only Trafalgar and Caelum remained seated, the rhythmic hum of the mana engine filling the silence.

Trafalgar leaned back, eyes narrowing slightly. Curiosity had been gnawing at him since the Council, and now was as good a time as any. "Caelum, tell me. Who exactly are the Rosenthals?"

For once, the older man looked faintly surprised. Then, realizing why, his composure returned. "I see... of course. You spent so many years shut away that it is natural you would not know."

He folded his hands neatly over his knees, voice calm and measured. "The Rosenthals are among the most powerful human families. Not at the level of the Morgain or the Vaelion, but still formidable in their own right. Their specialty lies in Summoners. Lady Aubrelle, despite the accident that claimed her sight as a child, is one of their brightest talents. They say she is gentle, kind, and that she taught herself to 'see' through her summons. In this case, the bird that greeted you."

Trafalgar remained silent, gaze fixed ahead. The information clicked into place like a puzzle piece long missing.

'So... the Rosenthals are a world power, even if not at the very top. And Aubrelle... one of their prodigies. I already knew it, though—because she's one of the ten legendary characters. The only information I ever had from the game was about them. If her potential is as high as the developers hinted, she could be carrying something supernatural. SSS like me? Or at least SS, like Valttair?'

He exhaled slowly. "I see. I didn't know. I suppose I missed more than I thought, locked away all those years."

To Caelum, it was a simple remark. To Trafalgar, it was the mask he always wore—hiding the truth that he wasn't just an ignorant heir, but a stranger in their world.

The train rattled smoothly along its rails, a steady hum beneath their feet. Trafalgar turned toward the window, his reflection staring back at him against the blur of passing landscapes.

Velkaris loomed in the distance, its skyline already visible—the tallest towers shimmering faintly with mana-light.

'Velkaris... the heart of this world. I've come here more times than I'd like. Every time, the city feels heavier, like it wants to swallow me whole. And yet... it's where my ties keep pulling me back.'

His thoughts drifted to the shop he had purchased. 'I should stop by at some point. Check if the Mariven commission came through, or if Augusto managed to sell the mythril. If it sold, that'll be good money in my pocket, and I will be rich again hehe.'

Outside, the city grew closer—roads crammed with carriages, workers from every race moving about with purpose. Velkaris wasn't just the most populated city; it was the most advanced, a machine that never stopped grinding forward. Everywhere, opportunities mixed with struggle.

The train slowed with a hiss of mana pressure, pulling into the central station. Steam vented from the carriages as the doors slid open. Passengers flowed in both directions—some leaving, others boarding for the next stop. The air filled with chatter, the scent of smoke, leather, and steel.

Caelum stood, precise and composed as ever. Trafalgar rose with him, tugging his jacket straight.

'Just twenty minutes from the academy to here, and yet it feels like I've crossed into another world. Velkaris sure is incredible.'

They stepped onto the platform, swallowed by the noise of the city.

The central station of Velkaris was massive, its vaulted ceiling stretching high above, banners of guilds and noble houses swaying gently in the draft. From the exit, a single bridge led straight into the neighboring structure—the building of the Gates.

Trafalgar followed Caelum through the crowd. The Gate building was unmistakable: white stone polished to brilliance, towers crowned with runes that glowed like stars in daylight. Inside, the air buzzed faintly with arcane energy, a constant reminder of the dozens of portals humming within its halls.

He glanced toward the line of Gates, each one flanked by armored patrols, shimmering like vertical pools of liquid glass. His lips twitched at the sight of the one labeled Euclid.

'Here we go again. These Gates... they really do look like Nether portals. Step through, and suddenly you're somewhere else. Except this time I'm not going on some adventure—I'm literally walking into hell.'

He almost chuckled to himself at the thought, but kept it inward. Caelum walked ahead, unbothered.

Two guards in silver armor stood at attention before the Euclid Gate. Their presence was heavier than most—this portal had been closed to outsiders since the incident with Mordrek. To the world, the official explanation was vague, fabricated by the Morgains. In truth, everything had been buried in secrecy.

Trafalgar's gaze lingered on them. 'So the cover story's working, at least. No one knows the full truth. But when secrets stack this high, they always come crashing down eventually.'

Caelum approached with the quiet authority of a shadow. His mere presence made the guards stiffen, even if they didn't recognize him.

"Good morning," Caelum said evenly. "This is Trafalgar du Morgain. We require access to Euclid."

The two guards exchanged a glance at Caelum's words. Their eyes shifted toward Trafalgar, taking in his figure carefully—black hair tied in a short tail, dark clothes, deep navy eyes. Taller now, sharper in presence, his frame carried more weight than the boy they remembered.

One of them blinked, surprise flashing in his voice. "Young master Trafalgar... you've grown."

The other guard nodded, relief softening his expression. "Glad to see you're alive and well."

Trafalgar paused, recognition stirring faintly. He didn't know their names, but he remembered their faces and of course their moves thanks to Sword Insight. He had trained with them in the snow-covered

grounds of Morgain—hours of grueling drills where they mocked him as the bastard, the good-for-nothing. Yet, over time, after watching him endure without breaking, their sneers had faded into respect.

'So they still remember. Funny how things change. Back then, I was the one everyone thought would die first.'

His eyes hardened. "We're in a hurry."

The guards straightened immediately. "Of course. Forgive us, young master. Please, proceed."

They stepped aside, the shimmering portal opening between the obsidian arches. The air around it crackled faintly, mana rippling like water disturbed by an unseen stone.

Caelum walked first, his posture flawless, calm as always. Trafalgar followed, sparing one last glance at the guards. They watched him with something like pride, something like guilt. He ignored both.

Without hesitation, he stepped into the light. The portal swallowed him whole, and the world of Velkaris vanished behind him.