

Tyrant 223

Chapter 223: Gate to Lirantis

The morning air carried a faint chill as the first-year students filled the academy's plaza. Professors and attendants directed the lines with practiced precision, their voices mingling with the hum of mana conduits powering the rail.

Trafalgar stood with his group—Zafira, Xavier, Cynthia, and Bartholomew—watching as more students arrived, dressed neatly in travel coats and light armor. Beyond the courtyard, a long train waited.

The train was reserved entirely for them—an entire convoy of carriages bound for the Velkaris Hub, where the Gates are.

'The whole first-year class, all at once...' Trafalgar thought. 'Looks more like a military march than a school trip.'

When the boarding signal flared, they stepped into one of the central cars. The interior gleamed with rune-forged wood and soft azure lanterns suspended in midair.

Xavier immediately sprawled across his seat with a grin. "Now this is travel done right."

"You say that like you've ever taken the cheap line," Zafira replied, adjusting the ribbon at her collar.

Trafalgar sat by the window, arms crossed. "Just don't start complaining if the mana rails flicker halfway. I don't feel like pushing this thing myself."

Cynthia sighed, but the corner of her mouth curved faintly. "They're maintained by the Council. You'll survive, Lord Morgain."

Bartholomew chuckled softly beside her, still shy but visibly more relaxed. "I-I think it's exciting... I've never left the city before."

Zafira looked out the opposite window as the train began to move, her expression thoughtful. "Then remember this. First trips always stay with you."

The car shuddered gently as the mana engines roared to life. Outside, the spires of the academy slid past in flashes of marble and gold, replaced by open plains lit with floating crystals.

Trafalgar rested his cheek against his hand, watching the scenery blur into light. 'Lirantis... the domain of House Myrrhvale. Let's hope this "excursion" doesn't turn into something else than a excursion.'

Twenty minutes later, the landscape shifted again—they were already in the capital.

The train slowed to a smooth halt. A soft chime rang through the carriages — the signal to disembark.

Trafalgar stood, stretching his arms briefly. Students began filing out in neat rows, their boots echoing against marble in synchronized rhythm. Civilians had gathered along the upper balconies, watching with curiosity as hundreds of first-years streamed through the terminal.

Trafalgar walked at the center of his group, hands tucked into his coat pockets. His eyes swept lazily over the crowd, already used to the sight of massive conduits and spinning crystal rings.

'It really is the busiest place in the world...' he thought.

Beside him, Cynthia turned her head slowly, her gaze tracing the mana streams flowing through the vaulted ceiling. "It's... bigger than I imagined," she murmured.

Bartholomew nodded, awe clear in his face. "I never thought I'd see a real Gate this close... they say a single trip can cost a noble's monthly salary."

Xavier grinned. "Good thing we're not paying for it, huh?"

"Speak for yourself," Zafira said smoothly. "My House still gets billed for these things, and your mother is Xavier, she is one of the directors."

Before Xavier could reply, Professor Rhaldrin's voice cut across the crowd.

"All students, form three lines!" he barked. His small form stood near the largest portal—a vast ring of blue and silver that pulsed like a living heart. "You'll pass through in order."

Cynthia flinched slightly at the mention, while Barth gulped. Trafalgar barely reacted.

Rhaldrin continued, "Lord Lyren di Myrrhvale awaits on the other side. Maintain proper decorum — we are guests in their domain."

Zafira gave Trafalgar a sidelong glance, tone dry. "Think you can manage that, Lord Morgain?"

He tilted his head, unimpressed. "Of course, when have I not behaved properly?"

Xavier stifled a laugh, earning a glare from Cynthia. "Could you both not start now?"

The professor clapped his hands once, sharp and commanding. "First group — step forward!"

Students began vanishing through the swirling surface of the Gate one by one, each fading in a flash of blue light.

When it was nearly their turn, Barth fidgeted nervously, his grip tightening on his satchel.

Zafira placed a hand on his shoulder. "You'll be fine. It's painless."

Trafalgar added casually, "Just don't sneeze mid-transfer. You might end up in the ocean."

Barth's face went pale, and Xavier barely contained his laughter.

"Relax," Trafalgar muttered, stepping toward the portal. "I'm joking."

The group followed close behind him as they crossed the threshold — light bending, sound distorting, the world around them melting into blue.

Light fractured around them — blue, white, silver — until the distortion cleared and solid ground returned beneath their feet.

A rush of pressure filled Trafalgar's ears before fading, replaced by the muffled hum of flowing mana. When his vision adjusted, he found himself standing within a vast dome of shimmering light. Beyond it stretched the impossible: a city beneath the ocean.

Lirantis, the capital of House Myrrhvale.

The barrier that enclosed it was transparent yet alive, bending the water's surface like a crystal sphere. Schools of glowing fish drifted lazily above, their scales scattering rainbow light through the dome. Outside, ancient coral pillars supported the currents, and massive shadows of whales passed like ghosts in the distance.

Inside the dome, streets of smooth marble wound around canals of clear water, where serpentine figures glided — Nagas, semi-merfolk, and humans with faint scales on their skin. Lanterns floated in midair, casting pale azure light that rippled across every surface.

Even Trafalgar had to pause a moment. 'They really built this under the sea... fucking awesome honestly.'

Cynthia's mouth hung open slightly. "It's beautiful..."

Bartholomew nodded wordlessly beside her, completely entranced by the sight of water pressing against the dome like liquid glass.

"Welcome to Lirantis," he said, voice carrying the composed warmth of a practiced host. Lyren di Myrrhvale stood near the platform's edge, hands clasped behind his back. The faint gills on his neck

pulsed softly as he breathed, his sea-colored robes catching the bioluminescent light. "I trust the Gate transit was smooth?"

Zafira crossed her arms lightly, ever composed. "Efficient as always."

Lyren nodded. "I'll take that as high praise coming from you. I hope the city meets your expectations."

He turned then to Trafalgar, offering a polite nod. "Trafalgar. It's good to see you again."

Trafalgar returned the gesture. "Likewise. You've built quite a view down here."

A faint glint of amusement crossed Lyren's eyes. "It's home. I hope it will be comfortable for the duration of your stay."

"Comfortable works for me," Trafalgar said lightly.

Rhaldrin's voice cut through the exchange before it could linger. "All right, move along! Follow Lord Lyren's attendants."