

## Tyrant 69

### Chapter 69: Rails to the Academy

Trafalgar stood outside, taking in the sight before him. The city was truly incredible, the streets alive with movement, buildings that seemed to hum with magical energy, and at its very center, a massive white tower rising above everything else like a spear to the heavens.

"Marlen, what's in that enormous white structure?" Trafalgar asked, tilting his head slightly toward it while keeping his eyes fixed on its peak.

"In there, young master, are the elders who lead the council," Marlen replied, clasping his hands neatly behind his back as he walked.

"I thought the Eight Great Families were the ones in charge?" Trafalgar glanced at him from the corner of his eye.

"Indeed," Marlen nodded once, "but they act more as intermediaries. In fact, young master, your grandfather is among them."

"I see." Trafalgar's gaze lingered on the tower for a moment longer before he shifted his attention back to Marlen.

"Well then, hand me your luggage and follow me." Marlen extended a hand without breaking his stride.

Trafalgar passed him both suitcases and began to walk alongside him. "Where are we heading?" he asked, adjusting the strap of his coat.

"To the train station," Marlen explained, glancing briefly ahead toward the busy streets. "There's a mana train that connects to Velkaris and the academy. It's about a thirty-minute ride."

"I see. Fine." Trafalgar exhaled slowly through his nose, his eyes scanning the bustling crowd.

'This world is really advanced... Now that I think about it, the first game also had progress thanks to magical engineering, but not to this level. I suppose since the story has moved forward, so has the world. But this isn't the same world... Velkaris didn't exist, nothing here did — it's all new.'

They soon arrived at the train station, the structure vast and humming with the faint glow of mana-infused machinery. Trafalgar noticed that it was directly connected to the main transportation hub, the same place where the Gates operated. People bustled in every direction, their footsteps echoing off polished stone floors.

"We'll have to wait until the train arrives," Marlen said, pointing toward a tall glass panel that displayed faint blue runes. "That panel will show how long until it gets here."

Trafalgar stepped closer, reading the glowing symbols. "Five minutes..." he muttered.

"That's right," Marlen confirmed with a small nod. "In five minutes, it will arrive. With this method of transport, you can travel to many other cities that have rails connected here."

"I see... Am I allowed to leave the academy once I'm there?" Trafalgar asked, his brow slightly raised.

Marlen shook his head. "I'm not familiar with the academy's rules, young master, so I can't give you that information. But once we arrive and I confirm your check-in, I'll be leaving and I'll report directly to Lord Valtair."

"My father sent you?" Trafalgar asked, narrowing his eyes slightly.

"No," Marlen replied evenly. "It was actually Lord Mordrek. But your father wishes to know everything that happens with you. I don't know why."

'You don't... but I do, I guess he wants to keep his asset alive from the predators,' Trafalgar thought, his gaze drifting away toward the open platform. The steady hum of the station filled the silence as they waited.

The five minutes passed quickly, Trafalgar spending most of it watching the city beyond the platform. Soon, a deep rumble echoed through the station, followed by a rush of warm air as the train pulled in.

'It really does look like a train... well, it is one, isn't it? But it's older — reminds me of a steam engine. Still, better than traveling by carriage and horses. The Morgain territory could modernize like this.'

The train was massive, its polished metal sides engraved with faint mana circuits that pulsed with light. Marlen stepped forward and boarded first, guiding Trafalgar into the very first carriage.

Inside, the décor spoke of wealth, velvet seats, gold-trimmed walls, and mana lamps that gave off a steady, warm glow. This was clearly meant for people with influence and capital.

There were about twenty passengers already seated. Trafalgar's eyes scanned the carriage... and stopped when they landed on someone familiar. Blond hair, neatly styled. Sharp red eyes.

Alfons.

The same noble he had defeated in a public duel in the Council.

"Oh no," Trafalgar muttered under his breath.

"Something wrong, young master?" Marlen asked, glancing back at him.

"Nothing," Trafalgar said quickly, forcing himself to move forward.

But he had lingered too long. His gaze locked briefly with Alfons's, and the other boy's red eyes narrowed. Slowly, Alfons stood up from his seat.

'Please don't come this way...'

Trafalgar and Marlen reached a set of four seats, two on each side facing each other, with a polished table in between. Marlen sat down first, leaving Trafalgar the seat across from him, the two outer seats still empty. From here, Trafalgar could see both the window and the rest of the carriage.

And he saw Alfons start walking toward them.

The moment Alfons stepped into the aisle, Trafalgar pushed himself up from his seat.

"I'll be right back, Marlen. I'm going to the bathroom," he said quickly, brushing off his coat as he stood.

"Understood, young master," Marlen replied with a small nod.

Alfons was already halfway down the aisle, his posture confident, a faint smirk tugging at his lips. He stopped directly in Trafalgar's path, making no effort to step aside.

"Ho? How have you been, you useless bastard?" Alfons asked, his voice low and laced with mockery, leaning slightly forward to meet Trafalgar's gaze.

"Excuse me," Trafalgar said flatly, stepping past him without slowing down. His shoulder brushed Alfons's as he walked by, but he didn't so much as glance back.

'Nuh uh, I'm not wasting my time on some cliché scene with a spoiled noble, and I really need to visit the bathroom.'

Without another word, he exited the carriage, heading toward the next one in search of the bathroom, leaving Alfons standing there with his smirk slowly fading.