

Tyrant 128

Chapter 128: The Crimson Spear and the Cursed Heir

Trafalgar woke earlier than usual, long before the academy stirred to life. At first, he thought it was habit, but the restless thrum in his chest betrayed the truth. Excitement. Today was the day Selara would finally craft the item he had been anticipating for some time now.

Ever since he had met the Veiled Woman, his mind had been crowded with questions that refused to leave him in peace. 'Who is she, really? Why does she know so much? How could she see through me so easily, as if my entire existence were written down somewhere?' Her words still echoed—his cursed title, Cursed Heir, spoken with such certainty it made his blood run cold.

There were no answers waiting in his dorm room. Only more silence. He let out a slow breath and stood, stretching the stiffness from his limbs. Classes wouldn't begin for hours yet; he had time to spare. Normally, he would have stayed wrapped in the warmth of his sheets, enjoying the quiet, sleeping nude beneath the comfort of blankets. That sensation of ease was something unique he had grown to cherish in this new world.

But today he needed movement. After finishing his morning routine, he slung his training gear over his shoulder and headed for the academy's practice fields. At this hour, he expected to have them to himself. After all, what student in their right mind wanted to wake before dawn to train? Even Trafalgar himself thought it was madness, and yet here he was.

When he reached the grounds, however, the emptiness he anticipated wasn't there. A lone figure was already at work in the misty morning air. Trafalgar slowed, eyes narrowing with curiosity.

Someone else had chosen the same path today.

The rhythmic thud of a spear striking wood echoed faintly through the mist as Trafalgar stepped onto the training grounds. His gaze fixed on the lone figure occupying the center.

The boy's crimson hair caught the faint glow of the morning light, damp with sweat from what was clearly hours of exertion. A grey scarf clung loosely around his neck, but aside from that he wore nothing on his upper body. His frame was lean yet toned, every movement precise as the spear cut arcs through the air.

What drew Trafalgar's attention most, however, were his eyes. When the boy paused and turned briefly, Trafalgar caught sight of the strange mismatch—one iris pale yellow, nearly white, the other burning red.

'Heterochromia? Huh... that's actually a pretty badass look.'

Trafalgar said nothing. It wasn't his style to intrude on someone's focus. Instead, he crossed the field quietly, choosing a space far enough away not to disturb. The grounds were vast; plenty of room for two.

Pulling off his shirt, he stretched his shoulders before summoning Maledicta into his hand. The weapon appeared, its weight settling naturally into his grip. It felt good—after the ordeal in the mines, his body had finally recovered. His mana thrummed, overflowing at the edges of his core.

'So that insane fight actually pushed me forward? Did I hit a breakthrough? Makes sense... when you force yourself beyond your limits, the results follow. I'm not complaining.'

Ahead, a practice dummy waited, worn and battered from countless students before him. Trafalgar tightened his stance. Training alone or not, he wasn't about to hold back. Today would be about precision, strength, and control.

Trafalgar exhaled slowly, letting his focus sharpen. Maledicta pulsed faintly in his grip, resonating with the mana coursing through his veins. He stepped forward, locking eyes on the practice dummy ahead.

The first strike came like instinct.

[Arc Slash] — Maledicta carved a sweeping line through the air, releasing a crescent of dark-blue energy. It ripped across the field and slammed into the dummy with explosive force, the impact rattling the ground beneath his feet.

He smirked. The attack felt denser, heavier, far more lethal than the last time he had unleashed it.

Without pausing, he shifted his stance.

[Severing Fang] — pressure burst outward as he slashed diagonally. The earth itself parted in a clean scar, stone and dirt cleaving as though it were paper. The sheer precision left even Trafalgar blinking in mild disbelief.

'Not bad... not bad at all.'

His core hummed like a storm barely contained. The surge of power, the refinement in each movement—it all pointed to one conclusion: his breakthrough was real.

Time for the finale.

"Morgain's Requiem."

He moved, blade dancing in a deadly rhythm. Each cut projected curved shadows outward, black waves slicing through the air.

Slash!

The first wave carved deep lines across the dummy.

Slash!

A second arc split it again, scattering fragments of straw and wood.

Slash!

Another.

And another.

When he finally stilled, the training dummy was shredded, gouged with deep black marks from every angle.

Trafalgar stood there, breathing steadily, the faint grin still tugging at his lips. 'The ring's boost is insane really—fifteen percent more strength with every move. Combined with the breakthrough... I'm on a different level now.'

For the first time in a long while, he felt genuinely satisfied.

But his moment of reflection ended when he noticed the crimson-haired stranger had stopped his training—and was walking toward him.

The boy with crimson hair approached, wiping sweat from his brow. His mismatched eyes studied Trafalgar carefully before he finally spoke.

"Good morning."

Trafalgar gave a small nod. "Good morning."

"Can I ask you something?"

"Sure, go ahead."

The boy's voice carried genuine admiration. "I just saw your technique with the sword... it was incredible. The way you refined those skills, the precision in your movements—no wasted steps, nothing extra. Only perfection."

Realizing he was rambling, the boy rubbed the back of his head with a sheepish laugh. "Ah, sorry. I got carried away." He extended a hand. "Let's start properly. I'm Xavier. Xavier au Roquefort."

Trafalgar clasped his hand firmly. "I'm Trafalgar. Trafalgar du Morgain."

"I know," Xavier replied with a faint smile.

"You knew?" Trafalgar raised a brow.

"Well, isn't it normal to recognize an heir of one of the Eight Great Families?"

"I suppose I can't exactly hide, can I?" Trafalgar muttered, then tilted his head. "But your surname... it sounds familiar."

'Maybe a legendary character?... No... All the ones that are in the academy, I already met them all, and I remember how they look more or less.'

Xavier saved him the trouble of digging through his memory. "I'm the son of Althea au Roquefort."

"Althea... Althea..." Trafalgar's eyes widened slightly. "Oh! Your mother is Director Althea."

"Well, something like that," Xavier corrected softly. "I'm adopted."

"I see. Well then, it's good to meet you, Xavier. I hope we get along."

"We will," Xavier answered easily. "We're in nearly all the same classes anyway. And about my question earlier..."

"Oh, practice and talent," Trafalgar said flatly.

Xavier chuckled. "I like how straightforward you are. How about a mini sparring match?"

"Hm. Sure. Skills?"

"Of course. Makes it more interesting."

"Good." Maledicta reappeared in Trafalgar's grip, dark energy humming along its edge.

Xavier summoned his weapon—a gleaming spear—and then something else. A figure flickered into being at his side, not flesh and blood, but translucent, almost like a hologram.

Trafalgar's eyes narrowed. 'What is that?'