

Tyrant 19

Chapter 19: The Sword Within

It was early morning. Too early for anyone to be outside.

Trafalgar was the first to arrive at the training grounds behind the Morgain castle. The snow hadn't stopped falling since the night before, and small flakes kept landing on his black clothes and hair as he sat quietly, legs crossed, eyes closed.

He was meditating—gathering mana from the environment like Lysandra had taught him.

'It's been peaceful. Haven't missed a single day of training in the last two months. It's the least I can do if I want to survive. I'm already ten years behind everyone else... but little by little.'

He took a slow breath, feeling the mana flow through his body.

'Rivena hasn't tried anything. Valtair's been taking her and the older four siblings on missions, so Lysandra's been gone too. Still... I can feel it. My mana core's more than halfway full now. Looks like my talent's helping me grow faster than normal. The only problem is... I've got no one to compare myself to.'

Time passed. Eventually, the sound of footsteps started filling the training ground. Soldiers of House Morgain were arriving for their daily drills.

At first, they had laughed at Trafalgar—he was terrible with the sword, and no one respected him. But after showing up every single day, without missing a beat... things started to change.

They still didn't see him as a real Morgain, but at least they weren't mocking him anymore. They just let him be.

Then he heard it—lighter steps, different from the rest.

'That's her.'

Trafalgar opened his eyes. Snow was still falling, and the air felt colder than before.

'Looks like they're back from the mission. Today's the day she said she'd evaluate me... to see if I'm ready to learn the Morgain passive skill.'

He stood up, brushing off the snow from his shoulders.

Lysandra had returned.

Lysandra crossed the training grounds without a word. Her white armor still bore faint traces of dried blood and dirt, but she moved with confidence. Her platinum blonde hair was tied back, and her sharp green eyes scanned the area with calm precision.

Trafalgar stood up straight and nodded at her.

"Morning. How did the mission go?" he asked, brushing some snow from his shoulder.

"It went fine," she replied, adjusting the strap of her shoulder plate. "Some monsters tried to wipe out a remote village in the mountains. Same as always."

She looked at him, then tilted her head slightly. "So, ready for your evaluation?"

"So, ready for your evaluation?"

"I am," Trafalgar said, gripping his gloves tighter.

"Good," she said, rolling her shoulders. "I'm tired and I want to rest, so let's get this over with. Summon your sword and start."

"Just like that?" he asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Just like that," she said flatly. Then paused. "Wait."

She turned to the soldiers nearby and raised her voice.

"Make space for Trafalgar."

The Morgain soldiers paused mid-training. Some looked annoyed, others curious—but no one disobeyed. The command came from Lysandra, and her strength wasn't something anyone wanted to challenge.

The area cleared within seconds.

"Go ahead," she said, crossing her arms.

Trafalgar nodded. He extended his hand, and Maledicta materialized in his grip—a sleek, dark blade with navy-blue accents that glinted faintly in the snowlight.

He inhaled deeply and stepped forward. His movements were precise: a clean sword drill of footwork, slashes, and stance. Then, finishing the sequence, he raised his sword slightly and channeled his mana.

"[Arc Slash]," he muttered.

A flash of blue traced along the blade as he swung in a wide arc, cutting clean through one of the straw training dummies. The top half dropped into the snow with a dull thud.

Lysandra smirked slightly, then nodded.

"Not bad," she said, crossing her arms again. "You don't suck anymore. You pass."

Trafalgar exhaled slowly and lowered the sword.

"Father gave me permission to teach you the Morgain sword technique," she continued, stepping closer. "Honestly... you've done well."

Trafalgar wiped sweat from his brow with the back of his glove.

'Looks like having [Sword Insight (Lv.Max)] is finally paying off. Even if memorizing the movements of over three hundred Morgain elites—and Lysandra herself—gives me a damn headache. Still... this skill really is a cheat code. Too bad it only works with sword techniques. But since my class is swordsman, I guess it fits.'

He looked up.

"Alright," he said, tightening his grip on the sword. "What's next?"

Lysandra gave a slight smirk and cracked her neck.

"Watch closely," she said. "This is what you're going to learn."

Lysandra stepped forward and raised her hand. A second later, her sword materialized—sleek, silver-edged, and perfectly balanced. Without speaking, she took a stance.

Then she moved.

Her steps were light, almost silent, her blade slicing through the air with precision. But what stood out wasn't just the sharpness—it was the flow. Every movement transitioned into the next, not in a rigid pattern, but like a choreographed dance.

She advanced, spun, slashed, shifted her weight, pivoted on the balls of her feet—each strike blending seamlessly into the next. The blade danced with her. Quick bursts of motion followed by smooth pauses, like a rhythm only she could hear.

Trafalgar couldn't look away.

He narrowed his eyes, trying to absorb every step, every shift.

'It's graceful. Efficient. Controlled. And lethal. That's what I'm supposed to learn?'

Suddenly, a sharp jolt surged through his skull. He clenched his teeth, staggering slightly.

'Tch—! Not now—!'

A glowing blue message appeared in his vision.

[Passive Skill Unlocked: Morgain Blade (Lv.1) – Unique Rank]

His eyes widened.

'No way... I just unlocked it? From watching it once? Damn. Sword Insight really is a cheat code.'

Lysandra stopped. She faced him, her breathing calm, her blade resting by her side.

"Did you catch all of it?" she asked, brushing snow from her shoulder without breaking eye contact.

"I think so," Trafalgar replied, straightening up again.

"You'll need the rest of the month before the academy to master it," she said, rolling her neck. "But you'll get there with enough repetition."

"Can I try it now?" he asked, eyes steady, voice calm.

Lysandra blinked, slightly surprised. "You want to try it now? After seeing it once?"

A few nearby soldiers turned their heads, murmurs already spreading.

Trafalgar didn't flinch. "Yes. I want to try."

Lysandra shrugged. "Go ahead."

Trafalgar stepped into the clearing. He raised Maledicta, took a deep breath, and began to move.

His feet shifted—hesitant at first—but his posture quickly adjusted. His blade mimicked the transitions Lysandra had shown: forward step, pivot, diagonal cut, controlled reset. His timing was off in places, and he lacked the polish—but it was clearly the same form. Rough, but recognizable.

The murmurs stopped. No one was laughing now.

Lysandra lowered her sword, watching him in silence.

"...Trafalgar. Come here."

He approached, keeping his blade down.

"What is it?"

"Why did you lie to Father?" she asked, voice low and direct. Her expression was unreadable. "About your Talent being A-rank. And to everyone else."

Trafalgar met her eyes. "Why do you think I lied?"

She narrowed her gaze. "Don't play dumb. I'm the only one in this family who treats you like a human being. That technique... it doesn't get copied like that. Ever."

She stepped closer.

"Only three people have learned it in less than a day. The First Morgain the one who made it—over a thousand years ago. Our grandfather. And Father. All of them had SS-rank Talent. The First? He had SSS."

Trafalgar stayed silent for a moment. Then, quietly, "Can you keep it to yourself?"

Lysandra let out a slow breath through her nose, arms crossed.

"I should tell Father. That your Talent is SS. Maybe even higher."

"I get it," he said. "I owe you."

Her expression softened into a small smirk.

"You really do. But what about the soldiers who just saw you?"

He blinked. "Oh... Fuck. That's a problem."

"Exactly," she said, turning slightly. "You won't be able to keep this hidden much longer."

Trafalgar was still thinking about how to handle the situation when the sound of approaching footsteps interrupted them.

They turned.

A man in a black uniform was walking toward them. Tall, slim, and wearing the crest of House Morgain stitched on his shoulder. His pace was steady, and his expression cold. He stopped a few steps away.

Lysandra narrowed her eyes slightly. "That was fast."

"Fast for what?" Trafalgar asked, raising an eyebrow.

"The Council," she said. "The meeting of the Eight Great Families. It's starting sooner than expected."

The messenger gave a slight bow to Lysandra, then turned to Trafalgar. Unlike with her, there was no respect in his voice.

"Lady Lysandra. Trafalgar." His tone was dry, even dismissive. "Lord Valttair requests your presence immediately. The family meeting is about to begin."

Lysandra nodded without hesitation. "Understood. We'll be there shortly."

The messenger turned on his heel and walked away without another word.

Trafalgar watched him go, then looked at Lysandra. "Zero respect as always."

"Yeah," she muttered. "He didn't even try to hide it. No respect. Not even the bare minimum, well you might change that sooner or later."

She turned to face him fully.

"We'll talk about your Talent later. For now... I'll keep your secret. But you owe me one for training you, Trafalgar."

He nodded once. "Fair enough."

Lysandra smirked.

"Let's go, little brother."

They both followed the path back toward the castle, snow still falling gently around them.