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. Valttair'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.

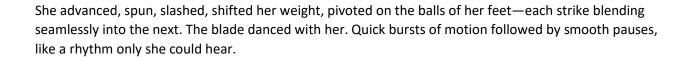
They still didn't see him as a real Morgain, but at least they weren't mocking him anymore. They just let him be.

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





"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, silveredged, 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.



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."



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 fa

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.



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.