

Tyrant 4

Chapter 4: Forging the Origin

Trafalgar sat cross-legged on the floor of his room, the thick leather-bound book open across his lap. "Awakening the Core: A Scholar's Guide." The cover was worn, the edges frayed, and the parchment smelled faintly of old ink and something herbal—maybe mana residue.

"'A guide for those who lack noble blood but seek noble power'," he muttered, reading the faded subtitle.

The first Chapter outlined the basics of core formation. According to the book, every living being possessed latent mana. The key was to recognize its flow, guide it inward, and let it settle beside the heart—the place where one's "Core" would take root.

"Mana is not something you seize. It is something you listen to," read one line, underlined in red ink.

Trafalgar rolled his eyes.

"Yeah, great advice. Maybe if I was born an elf priest..."

Still, something about the process felt doable. He had already sensed the mana in the air once before. If this was the way to truly start walking the path of power in this world, then he had no excuse to delay.

He closed the book gently, placed it beside him, and took a deep breath.

"Alright," he whispered to no one in particular, "Let's see if I can light a spark."

The room was silent, save for the soft crackling of the fireplace. Trafalgar sat still, eyes closed, breathing deep and slow.

Inhale.

Exhale.

He tried to feel something—a tingling, a pull, a shift in pressure. At first, there was only the dull awareness of his own body, the usual tension in his shoulders, the faint buzz of digestion from the steak and wine. But slowly, very slowly, a whisper of something else began to creep in.

It was faint. Like distant wind brushing across skin not yet touched.

A warmth.

A flow.

Subtle, but there.

He concentrated on it, narrowing his awareness. The book had said that mana existed in the atmosphere, and that the body acted like a sieve. Most people never noticed it. But once you did, the next step was to open a pathway.

He imagined his veins as roads and the mana as a slow current of glowing mist.

'Come on... just move.'

And it did.

The warmth began to drift inward, brushing against the walls of his chest. He winced—there was a strange pressure now, almost uncomfortable, as if his own body was resisting the foreign energy. He gritted his teeth.

"Not stopping now," he muttered, sweat starting to bead on his forehead.

Bit by bit, he guided the flow toward his heart. The book had warned this would be the hardest part—getting mana to stay.

For a brief moment, it scattered again, diffusing through his body like steam.

"No, no, come back."

He focused harder, visualizing a small whirlpool forming just beside his heart. He concentrated until it hurt.

And then—

A pulse.

A flicker of light within the dark.

The mana condensed suddenly, collapsing inward, and something clicked.

Trafalgar gasped, eyes flying open.

A single word echoed in his mind like a bell:

[Core Established: Origin]

His chest throbbed once, but not with pain—with power. The sensation of having something inside him, something new, was overwhelming.

He stared ahead, breathing heavily.

"...Did I actually do it?"

Trafalgar remained motionless for a long moment, his heartbeat slowly stabilizing. The warmth at his core lingered—faint, steady, alive. He knew it wasn't his imagination. He had done it.

He had a Core now.

Then, just as he was beginning to gather his thoughts, something shimmered before his eyes.

[Ding!]

A faint chime rang through his mind, followed by a flicker of blue light.

A transparent window hovered in front of him, like a floating screen from a game menu. This time, it looked far more detailed than before.

[Host: Trafalgar du Morgain]

[Title: Cursed Heir]

[Age: 15]

[Class: Swordsman]

More info? → A foundational combat class focused on the use of blades. Common across all nations, it is the first step for those who seek mastery through steel.

[Race: Half-Human/ ???]

[Bloodline: ???]

[Core: Origin]

[Talent: SSS]

[Abilities]

Active Skill – None

Passive Skill – Sword Insight (Lv.Max)

Description: Trafalgar possesses an exceptional natural affinity for swordsmanship. Upon witnessing a sword technique, he instinctively understands its structure, flow, and purpose. While he may not immediately replicate it with full precision, each observation drastically improves his ability to mimic and adapt the technique to his own style.

Effect:

Gain a deep understanding of most sword techniques after seeing them once.

+15% learning speed when practicing newly observed techniques.

Each level increases the clarity and retention of technique structure.

Trafalgar blinked, reading line by line. His fingers instinctively hovered near the screen, even if it wasn't physical.

"...I actually have skills now. A passive one... And a class."

His eyes stopped at the name.

Swordsman.

'Pretty normal, right?'

He chuckled.

But he wasn't complaining.

He exhaled and leaned back against the cold wall, still processing the shift. He had gone from a forgotten son in a tower to someone with power, potential—options.

Trafalgar remained seated against the wall for a moment longer, watching as the blue interface flickered slightly before dissolving like smoke in the air. His body still buzzed with a faint echo of energy—not overwhelming, but enough to know that something inside him had changed.

He rose slowly. His legs ached, and there was a faint throb behind his eyes. It wasn't pain exactly—more like pressure. Like something dormant had finally opened its eyes inside him.

He walked to the desk, where the book *Awakening the Core: A Scholar's Guide* still lay open.

"The Origin Core marks the beginning of one's journey. For most, it awakens before the age of six. To fail this is to be declared empty."

He exhaled slowly through his nose.

"Guess I made it... ten years late."

A bitter smile touched his lips.

In this world, even commoners awakened their cores in early childhood. The noble houses ensured it with herbs, elixirs, or rigorous training. For someone to awaken it at fifteen was... humiliating. It was like learning to crawl when others were already sprinting.

He lifted his eyes toward the mirror above the dresser. His reflection stared back—messy black hair, pale skin, and eyes that looked slightly darker than before.

Nothing had changed.

And yet, everything had.

He clenched his hand into a fist, trying to feel something different. There was no sudden burst of strength, no divine revelation. But there was a flicker inside. A presence. A small ember resting near his heart.

No sword. No legacy. No one waiting to train him.

But now he had a path.

A late one.

A pathetic start by the standards of this world.

But it was still a start.

"...I can work with this," he muttered.