

Tyrant 47

Chapter 47: Sixteen Years

Trafalgar closed the second suitcase with a quiet snap. One held a clean rotation of dark clothes, the other—basic necessities: a comb, soap, razor, and a few spare mana crystals. Everything else—equipment, weapons—was safely stored in his inventory through the system.

He looked around the room, satisfied. Nothing was left out of place. Two bags. That was all he'd take into this next Chapter of his life.

'Kind of funny,' he thought, 'for someone who's killed nobles, escaped death twice, and survived his way through a council of monsters... I travel pretty light.'

Trafalgar's head turned.

The door opened smoothly, and a tall figure stepped inside—long platinum-blond hair, sharp grey eyes, and a black robe that seemed to drain the light around him.

Valttair du Morgain.

Trafalgar blinked, startled for just a moment.

'He actually came himself? Is he... here to say goodbye?'

Valttair's gaze scanned the room with surgical precision. "I see you're already prepared for tomorrow."

"I am," Trafalgar said, voice steady. "Is there a particular reason for your visit, Father? This feels... strange."

Valttair stepped forward, hands behind his back. "I came to congratulate you. As of today, you are of age."

Trafalgar nodded slowly. "I see. Thank you, Father."

Without another word, Valttair reached into his coat and pulled out a small silver case. From it, he retrieved a pill—round, dark crimson, and faintly glowing with a swirl of internal mana.

"Take this."

Trafalgar didn't move at first.

"A pill?" he asked, eyes narrowing. 'No thanks.'

Valttair noticed his hesitation. "Relax. From what you described of the last one's effect, it was similar in function to this. That means it didn't harm you—it helped accelerate your Core Rank advancement. This one will aid the next phase of the process... but it won't push you all the way. You'll still have to earn it."

Trafalgar took the pill carefully, holding it up to the candlelight.

"I understand. Thank you... Father."

Valttair's expression remained unreadable. "Remember who you are. The name Morgain carries weight. You must protect it."

"I will," Trafalgar said with quiet determination. "Just like I did at the Council. I'll uphold our name at the academy too."

Valttair gave a slight nod. "Good. The vehicle is ready, the academy starts in a month."

And just like that, he turned and left the room.

No further words. No gesture of affection. Just a quiet, calculated departure.

Trafalgar stared at the closed door for a long moment.

And exited too.

The torches flickered dimly along the corridor walls as Trafalgar descended into the depths of the Morgain estate. The private training grounds—his training grounds—lay below, untouched by anyone else.

The heavy doors creaked open.

Cool air brushed against his skin as he stepped into the large chamber, high-ceilinged and half-lit. Dust clung to the corners, and faded scuff marks lined the ground—a silent testament to every blow, every strike, every promise made here.

'This is where it started.'

He moved toward the center, boots echoing with each step.

'Where Roland swore loyalty... before Caelum put him down like a dog.'

He stood still, then whispered, "Status."

A faint sound—like wind stirring glass—preceded the projection of his system window. It hovered midair, glowing softly.

[Host: Trafalgar du Morgain]

[Title: Cursed Heir]

[Age: 16]

[Race: Half-Human / Half-Primordial]

[Bloodline: Primordial Being]

[Core Rank: Spark]

[Class: Swordsman]

[Talent: SSS]

[Passive Skill Unlocked: Primordial Body – Lv. MAX]

[Passive Skill: Sword Insight – Lv. MAX]

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

[Skill: Arc Slash – Lv.2 (Common Rank)]

[Item: Shadowlink Echo – Rank: Rare]

[Item: Maledicta – Type: Evolutive Weapon, Rank: Uncommon]

[Item: Oathbinder – Type: Accessory, Rank: Legendary]

Trafalgar dismissed the window with a slight flick of his fingers.

With a subtle breath, he extended one hand forward.

From the air, Maledicta materialized into his grip—sleek and familiar, its weight now second nature.

He stepped into stance, and his body began to move.

A slash. A twist. A spiral cut. Each motion seamless, flowing like a dance rehearsed a thousand times.

Then came Morgain Blade.

As the unique passive activated, his swordplay sharpened—fluid and deadly. A dance of intent and precision, where every movement left a faint ripple of mana in the air.

His feet whispered across the floor. His blade hummed.

Alone in the silence, Trafalgar trained like a man possessed.

Not for glory.

Not for family.

But for survival.

Maledicta cut through the air in a wide arc, followed by a tight inward twist as Trafalgar spun on his heel. His blade dipped low, then snapped upward—Arc Slash—the mana slicing against the air in a sharp ripple.

He didn't stop.

With a single breath, he transitioned straight into Morgain Blade again. His body bent, pivoted, slashed in rhythm. Every motion flowed like choreography carved into muscle memory.

'Three months... It's been just three months since I woke up in this cursed body.'

He sidestepped, dodging an invisible strike, then countered with a precise downward cleave. His hand repositioned on the hilt without pause.

'And yet, here I am—with gear, with skills, with power... I've murdered, I've threatened, I've used people who've spent their whole lives playing this game.'

He stabbed forward with force—twice in succession—then parried an imaginary blow with a smooth backstep. His breathing stayed measured.

'I have a Title that marks me. A Bloodline that defines me. A Talent most people would kill for. A body that refuses to break, no matter how far I push it.'

He launched forward with a spinning slash, twisting midair before landing lightly. Mana surged through his legs as he went right back into form—cutting upward, switching grips, flowing left.

'Sixteen years old at least the body is that old. I don't even know how old I really am anymore. Earth feels like another dream.'

He spun again, this time dragging the tip of the blade along the floor, letting it spark against the stone.

'But I'm still here. Still breathing. Still standing.'

Another strike—horizontal, fast—followed by a backhand sweep, and then a sudden thrust that froze midair.

His blade hovered inches from an unseen enemy's throat.

Trafalgar held the stance.

'People have died because of me. Others have suffered. But if that's the price of living in this world... then so be it.'

He exhaled sharply through his nose and reset his stance.

Maledicta shimmered slightly—recognizing his intent.

He moved again, chaining Morgain Blade with Arc Slash, weaving his footwork into a pattern of lethal rhythm. His mana pulsed in sync with his movements.

'Even if I never go back to Earth... Even if this becomes my only reality... I won't let anyone decide my ending but me.'

Final spin. A rising vertical slash. Then silence.

Trafalgar stood still, Maledicta lowered by his side.

'This is my life now... and I'm going to cling to it with everything I have.'