

Tyrant 5

Chapter 5: Midnight Training

Trafalgar lay flat on the floor of his room, arms spread out, eyes fixed on the ceiling, his mind still processing the chaos of the last few hours. The polished stone beneath him was cold against his back, but even that didn't snap him out of his spiral.

'I received the Swordsman class. Pretty basic, huh? But... if it's raised right, even a common class can surpass legends. That's what they said in the forums too, and this world doesn't seem any different.'

His eyes narrowed slightly.

'Still... with my new passive skill, Sword Insight (Lv.Max), I should be able to learn fast. But does it work if I try to create a move myself? Or do I need to watch someone else perform it first? Ugh... no idea.'

He let out a deep sigh.

'I was literally on the toilet a few hours ago, ready to whale on the only character that caught my eye in the game's sequel—Trafalgar du Morgain. Bastard son, punching bag of the Morgain family. A character built to die early for drama points... and now I am him.'

Trafalgar rubbed his eyes, then stared at his open hand.

'At least I got the memories. Sort of. Some of them are vivid—painfully so—but others feel... fogged out. Like someone blurred the important parts. Or erased them.'

A quiet silence settled around him. Outside, the world slept under a blanket of moonlight, unaware that something—or someone—had changed.

He sat up slowly and muttered to himself.

"Guess a family of swordsmen like this should have a training room somewhere, right?"

A grin tugged at the corner of his lips. It wasn't confidence. It was curiosity—dangerous, impulsive curiosity.

"The old Trafalgar never awakened his core. Never learned a Morgain technique. Never did anything right. Maybe it's time to change that."

He stood, brushing off his clothes. The cold stone no longer felt like a comfort.

"Let's give this body a try."

The halls of House Morgain were vast and silent, bathed in silver light from the moon that poured through the high-arched windows. Tall banners depicting crossed swords and the family's wolf emblem hung from the walls like silent watchers, their shadows stretching across the marble floor.

Trafalgar moved carefully, avoiding the creaking floor tiles and ducking behind pillars whenever he spotted a patrolling guard. He didn't exactly blend in—his presence outside his room, especially at this hour, would raise more than a few eyebrows.

'Right now, the smartest move is to keep pretending I'm still him. The quiet bastard who never leaves his room.'

He slipped past another hallway, pressing close to the wall as the flicker of a lantern passed just meters away.

The portraits lining the corridor caught his attention—oil paintings of Morgain ancestors in regal armor, always with blades at their sides. Some looked noble. Others looked... cruel.

'Yeah, this family definitely has issues. No wonder the original Trafalgar didn't last long.'

As he reached a wide window, he paused and looked outside.

The view was breathtaking. The Morgain estate sat high on a mountain ridge, surrounded by steep cliffs and forests below. Snow crowned the nearby peaks, glinting under the moonlight like untouched silver.

'So this is why the family crest is a wolf with swords... Makes sense now.'

The cold breeze from the window brushed against his skin. It was a quiet, sacred moment—one he didn't expect to appreciate.

He moved on, the only sound accompanying him being the whisper of his steps and the faint rustle of his clothes. No magic, no sword, no glory.

Just a boy sneaking through the halls of the most powerful sword family in the world—hoping to rewrite a fate already set in stone.

Down one set of stairs. Then another. He kept going deeper, into the heart of the castle.

Until finally, after what felt like twenty minutes of searching, he found it—a heavy wooden door marked with faded carvings of blades and training dummies.

He reached for the handle.

'Locked?'

He twisted gently.

Click.

It opened.

'Well then... let's see what this place has to offer.'

He stepped inside and closed the door behind him.

The training room was far bigger than Trafalgar had imagined.

Polished wooden floors stretched out beneath his feet, smooth and well-kept despite the obvious age of the space. The walls were lined with racks, each holding blades of different shapes, sizes, and origins. Longswords. Katanas. Kukris. Greatswords. Daggers. Rapiers. Dozens—maybe hundreds—of weapons rested in silence, waiting for a hand worthy enough to wield them.

Glowing mana-lamps floated gently above, casting warm golden light across the room. It contrasted oddly with the cold mountain air still clinging to Trafalgar's clothes.

'So this world has magic-powered lighting, huh? A medieval world with some modern tech vibes. That's... actually kind of sick.'

He stepped forward, his eyes drawn to a nearby rack.

He reached out and grabbed a longsword.

[Item Acquired] – Longsword (Common Rank)

"Damn... heavy," he muttered, nearly dropping it as he tried to raise the blade over his shoulder.

He set it back and turned to another—sleeker, thinner. A katana.

[Item Acquired] – Katana (Common Rank)

"...Do I look like a samurai or something?" He turned it in his hand, frowning. "Not the vibe."

He returned it and reached for a rapier.

[Item Acquired] – Rapier (Common Rank)

"Nah. Too elegant. Feels like I should be dueling someone at a noble tea party."

He sighed and kept looking—until one blade caught his eye. A simple sword, balanced and plain. No fancy guard, no shimmering edge. Just a clean, straight weapon.

He picked it up.

[Item Acquired] – Sword (Common Rank)

As soon as he gripped the hilt, he felt it. Not perfection. Not compatibility. But comfort. Like the weapon wasn't chosen, but waiting.

"...Alright. Let's see what I can do."

He stepped into the center of the room and raised the blade awkwardly. He'd never held a sword before—not even in fencing class back on Earth. His posture was stiff, his grip uneven.

He swung.

The blade sliced through air with a soft hiss. No power. No control.

'Tch... this is pathetic.'

He tried again.

Another swing. Still sloppy, but this time his feet moved. His stance adjusted, almost instinctively. The blade felt lighter, more manageable.

Then, a flash.

A subtle pulse inside his mind, like a whisper brushing across his awareness.

[Sword Insight Activated]

'Huh?'

He hadn't seen anyone perform a technique. He hadn't copied anything.

But just by swinging... something had shifted. His body remembered more than it should. Muscle memory he didn't have was forming.

He swung again. Sharper. Cleaner. His feet found their position quicker. The arc of his blade smoother.

"...This skill is busted."

He kept going—again and again. Basic slashes. Overhead strikes. Side sweeps. Each time he repeated a motion, it became sharper. More stable. Less guesswork.

Sweat dripped from his chin.

Trafalgar wiped the sweat from his forehead with the sleeve of his shirt, breathing heavily.

His arms felt like lead. His shoulders ached. His legs trembled slightly from holding stances he'd never practiced before. His hands, wrapped tightly around the simple sword's grip, were red and sore.

"Damn... my whole body hurts," he muttered, lowering the blade.

He stood there for a moment, staring at the floor. How much time had passed? An hour? Two? He wasn't sure. There were no clocks, and he hadn't heard a single sound from outside.

He placed the sword back on its rack—carefully, almost respectfully. Then, glancing around, he tidied the space. Any scratches on the floor? None. Blade in the right place? Yes. Door locked? No... but maybe no one ever came down here anyway.

'Good. Don't want anyone asking why the weakest son of House Morgain was playing with swords in the middle of the night.'

He cracked his neck and stretched a little. Then made his way to the exit.

The castle corridors were still and quiet. But this time, the shadows weren't as deep. As he ascended the stone stairs, the soft light of dawn began spilling through the stained glass windows, painting the halls in muted colors.

Trafalgar kept close to the walls, stepping silently. He avoided two guards—one leaning half-asleep against a pillar, the other lazily walking down the far hallway with a yawning torch in hand.

By the time he reached his wing of the castle, the first rays of sunlight had already started to warm the marble floors.

He let out a long sigh.

'Survived day one without dying. That's a win, I guess.'

He opened the door to his room quietly, slipped inside, and closed it behind him.

Didn't bother taking off his boots. Just collapsed onto the bed, groaning as his sore body sank into the mattress.

Sleep hit him almost instantly.

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A soft click echoed faintly as Trafalgar's door closed behind him.

Down the corridor, hidden in the shadows behind a thick pillar, a figure stood motionless.

Wrapped in a dark robe, their presence was masked by a subtle enchantment—one far beyond the means of ordinary servants or guards.

Their eyes, sharp and cold, had been watching since the boy first snuck out of his room.

So he had gone to the training hall.

So he had picked up a sword.

And not just to pose or pretend, but to move—clumsily, yes, but with purpose.

The figure exhaled quietly through their nose, almost amused.

"Interesting," they murmured, their voice no louder than a whisper, yet tinged with something deeper—curiosity, perhaps even approval.

"The little stray has started wandering at night."