

Tyrant 59

Chapter 59: Primordial Bloodline

The snow crunched under their boots as Trafalgar followed Syllis through the narrow, winding streets of Euclid. The early sun reflected off the rooftops, giving the frozen town a faint golden sheen, but the cold was sharp—biting through layers, turning every breath into mist.

Syllis walked a few paces ahead, her black coat swaying slightly with each step. She didn't turn when she spoke.

"So, is it true you awakened your core at fifteen?"

Trafalgar nodded. His breath clouded in the air. "That's right."

"And that you're a bastard with no real talent?"

He raised an eyebrow at the back of her head. Then let out a short, amused breath. "Half right. I am a bastard. As for the rest, I wouldn't say I'm talentless. I think yesterday proved I can handle myself just fine."

Syllis tossed a glance over her shoulder, unimpressed. "You lost."

"I got distracted. That's different."

"You lost," she repeated, her tone flat. "But... your technique wasn't bad. Better than I expected, actually."

"I'll take that as a compliment."

She shrugged. "You're fast, you read movement well, and you don't waste motion. But strength-wise, you're still behind. You'll need more than clean form if you ever want to fight for real."

"I know," he said simply.

They walked in silence for a few moments. The streets were mostly empty—just a few early risers clearing snow off storefronts or fetching buckets of water from frozen pumps.

Eventually, Sylis pointed ahead.

"There. That's the place."

Trafalgar looked up. A squat, two-story building sat nestled between a bakery and an old stone well. Its front door was slightly warped with age, and the sign above was faded—but mana-lamps glowed warmly from the windows.

"Small library. Don't expect anything fancy," Sylis said.

"I wasn't."

She paused at the bottom of the steps, then gestured over her shoulder. "I've got errands. Stuff my mother dumped on me. Shouldn't take long. If I'm not back when you're done, just wait outside."

Trafalgar gave a nod. "Got it. I know the way back."

Sylis turned without another word and disappeared down the snowy street.

Trafalgar looked up at the weathered door, then reached for the handle.

The wooden door creaked as Trafalgar stepped inside.

Warmth greeted him immediately—a subtle heat, not from any fire, but from soft mana-lamps suspended in the air like floating candles. The smell of parchment, old wood, and something vaguely herbal—maybe dried sage—lingered in the space, grounding the stillness.

The interior was compact but tidy. Shelves curved along the walls, each stacked with well-maintained books. A spiral staircase led to a second-floor balcony that overlooked the reading area. Near the far corner, behind a worn oak desk cluttered with scrolls and ink pots, sat an elderly man with a white beard, half-moon spectacles, and a blue cardigan far too large for his frame.

The man looked up with lively eyes the moment Trafalgar entered.

"Ah—good morning, good morning!" he said, rising a little from his seat. "You've got the look of someone in search of answers."

Trafalgar approached, glancing briefly at the scrolls and open tomes. "Good morning. I'm looking for information. Specifically... on bloodlines. The Primordial one to be exact."

The librarian's expression brightened with curiosity. "Now that's a request I don't hear often. Most kids your age want books on famous duels or monster compendiums." He stroked his beard thoughtfully. "Bloodlines, the Primordial, you say? Hmm... yes, yes, I have just the thing."

He raised a hand, and with a flick of his fingers, a tome floated off the highest shelf behind him—gliding through the air and landing softly in his palm.

"Here. One of the older copies we have left. Treated well, though the edges are a bit worn. That just means it's been loved."

Trafalgar took it, feeling the age in the leather binding. The cover bore faded symbols, etched with what looked like mana-thread, still faintly pulsing under the light.

"There's a reading spot upstairs," the old man added. "Best view in Euclid. Faces the Morgain Peaks."

Trafalgar gave a nod. "Thanks. I'll—wait, are you busy?"

"Me?" The librarian chuckled and waved a hand. "Oh, heavens no. There's time for questions. Always time for questions. Especially if they're about history. Go on—ask whatever's on your mind."

Trafalgar hesitated for half a second, then nodded. "Alright... what do you know about that bloodline?"

The librarian's eyes lit up.

"My boy, sit down. This might take a while."

Trafalgar sat at the edge of the desk, book still in hand, as the librarian settled back in his chair with a content sigh.

"Bloodlines," the old man began, "are more than just physical traits passed down through family. Some carry peculiar affinities—resistance to fire, a natural link to beasts, or even abnormal mana recovery. Most are mild, inherited traits from centuries of breeding within magic-oriented families."

He leaned forward slightly, eyes shining. "But once in a while... something rare surfaces. A bloodline that doesn't follow normal rules. Those... are fascinating."

Trafalgar flipped open the tome, scanning the first page. No illustrations, only dense lines of script.

"So these bloodlines," he asked quietly, "do they always show up when you're born?"

The librarian nodded. "Of course. The system identifies each person's bloodline from the beginning. Every individual has their own bloodline from birth. They never appear out of nowhere, even the Primordial bloodline, although there are very few cases since that bloodline is almost extinct, or may already be. There isn't much knowledge of those who remain alive, since they may be hidden."

Trafalgar's brow furrowed slightly, but he said nothing.

The old man continued, his voice lowering. "Many people believe that this bloodline is a myth since it was the first of all, from that all the others were created, such as yours, Morgain."

"How do you know I'm a Morgain?" Trafalgar asked. "And as far as Bloodline goes, is the Primordial still important?"

The man gave a small nod. "As for the first question, it can be seen from afar. On top of that, you came with young Syllis, who is the daughter of our Lord, so it's normal. I imagine Mordrek is your uncle. And as for the second question, I'd say it depends, kid. As I said, there are many people who consider it a myth and others who are very attentive, since if this bloodline were still active, it would have more strength than any of the Eight Great Families."

Trafalgar turned another page.

"...Makes sense," he muttered.

The librarian would smile, happy to have a curious young man. "Do you have any more questions, kid?"

Trafalgar would reply: "None. Thank you very much for everything. I think it's an interesting topic. I'll read some more on my own."

Trafalgar kept reading in silence. The library was quiet, the kind of stillness that settled deep into the bones. Just the soft ticking of the mana-lamps and the occasional crackle from the hearth downstairs. He flipped another page, eyes scanning a section on ancient conflicts between dominant bloodlines and rogue kingdoms that sought to weaponize them.

He was so immersed that he didn't hear the door open at first.

Footsteps echoed—firm, quick, annoyed.

A voice followed soon after.

"There you are."

Trafalgar looked up.

Sylis stood at the top of the staircase, arms crossed and coat dusted with snow. She looked more irritated than usual.

"You said you'd only be a little while."

Trafalgar blinked, then glanced at the old clock on the wall. He'd lost track of time completely.

"Right... sorry," he said, closing the book with care. "Didn't realize how long I'd been up here."

Sylis gave a faint scoff, walking over and eyeing the librarian.

The old man chuckled softly. "Lost in history, was he? That tends to happen here."

"Apparently." She turned back to Trafalgar. "Let's go. I'm freezing."

He stood, giving the librarian a polite nod. "Thanks for the help. Really."

The man waved a hand, still smiling. "Come back anytime. The past is always here, waiting."

Trafalgar followed Sylis down the stairs and out into the snow, the warmth of the library already fading behind him.