

Tyrant 60

Chapter 60: Steel and Snow

Snow drifted gently from the pale morning sky, settling over the training grounds in a quiet, frozen veil. Each exhale came out as mist, and every movement left a soft crunch behind. Trafalgar was currently in a sparring match with Sylis, but his focus was clearly elsewhere.

"Urgh."

A heavy blow struck his side, knocking the air from his lungs. He grunted and dropped to one knee, hand instinctively moving to his ribs.

Sylis stood over him, arms crossed and unimpressed. "You're not focused today. If you don't want to train, don't show up."

From the sidelines, Mordrek's deep voice rang out. "Got your head somewhere else, bastard? You've got a decade of catching up to do. You can't afford this crap."

He strode forward, his coat fluttering slightly in the cold wind.

"Take a break. Drink something. When you're done, I'll teach you an evasion skill. Something that might've saved your sorry hide back when you fought that hunter."

Trafalgar exhaled through his nose and stood slowly. "Fine."

He stepped away from the center of the field and dropped onto a bench near the edge. The wooden seat was frosted, but he barely noticed. Taking a long swig from his water bottle, he tilted his head back and stared at the pale sky.

His thoughts drifted back to the conversation with the old man at the library the day before.

'After what I learned from the old man and reading the book myself, looks like my bloodline gives me absurd abilities. Strength, resilience, instincts. And people could fear it. Doesn't seem like there are many like me out there. Finding concrete answers might be harder than I thought. Maybe the Veiled Woman has more... but she said we'd meet again eventually. Said my future was already written.'

He let out a small breath.

'I don't like the sound of that. But worrying won't help. All I can do is get stronger.'

So deep was he in thought that he didn't notice Syllis approaching until cold water splashed down over his head and shoulders.

"Hey!" he yelled, spinning around.

Syllis stood behind him, holding an empty bottle and smiling faintly. "You looked way too serious. My mother always says it's good to lighten up sometimes."

Trafalgar blinked, hair dripping with melted snow. 'Wish I could.'

He gave her a dry look, then stood up, wringing out the edge of his coat.

"Ready to go again?" he asked.

Syllis tilted her head. "My dad's waiting. He wants to show you that skill now."

"You're not learning it too?"

"I already did."

"Makes sense. Forget I asked."

Without another word, he walked back toward the training area—his breath steady, his grip tightening.

Behind him, snowflakes danced through the air.

Trafalgar stepped onto the snow-dusted field, his boots leaving crisp imprints as he approached Mordrek. The older man was already standing at the center, arms folded, eyes sharp.

Without a word, Trafalgar raised his right hand. From thin air, a flicker of mana pulsed—and Maledicta appeared in his grasp, her dark blade humming faintly as if in anticipation.

Mordrek nodded approvingly. "Good. You're ready."

He took a few slow steps forward, then turned to face both Trafalgar and Syllis, his tone instructional.

"I'm going to demonstrate a technique. Watch closely, boy. This isn't something you'll find in a manual."

With a simple breath, Mordrek lowered into a stance.

A sharp pulse of mana surged around him.

"[Severance Step]"

Trafalgar narrowed his eyes.

Mordrek exploded forward. One foot pressed lightly into the ground, and in a single fluid motion, his body blurred—cutting across the space in a curved arc, like the slash of a fanged blade. He reappeared behind an imaginary enemy, blade now extended.

Not a single speck of snow had been disturbed.

'That movement...'

Trafalgar's eyes widened, and the familiar pang returned.

A sharp sting flashed behind his eyes—like invisible threads tightening inside his skull. He grit his teeth.

He clutched his temple with one hand, but this time, it wasn't as painful as before.

'It hurts... but not like with Mordrek's full force. Maybe because he's holding back. Or because Sylis isn't as refined.'

[You have learned Active Skill: Severance Step (Lv.1) – Epic Rank.]

Mordrek turned, resting his sword lazily against his shoulder.

"That should be enough for now. Try to mimic it."

Trafalgar stepped forward.

He recalled every detail. The angle of the hips, the shift in weight, the compression of mana into the legs before release.

He took a breath.

Focused.

And moved.

In one fluid burst, his form blurred. He reappeared several paces forward, a clean arc of snow lifted in his trail—nearly identical to Mordrek's path.

Sylis blinked. "Wait... what?"

Mordrek stared, lips parting slightly.

"...You learned it after seeing it once?" His voice was low. Impressed. "That's not normal."

Trafalgar exhaled slowly. "I memorized it."

Mordrek let out a sharp laugh.

"You're a damn genius, hah! Your father never told me what kind of specifically talent you had, but this... this is something else entirely."

Trafalgar's voice dropped. "My father said... my talent can't be revealed to the world, atleast for now."

Mordrek froze for a second. His eyes narrowed.

"...Oh?" A grin returned to his face. "Then we'll keep that little secret between us. For now."

The weak light of dawn seeped through the frosted windows of Trafalgar's room, casting a pale blue hue across the floorboards and sheets. The snow outside continued its silent descent, blanketing Euclid in another layer of winter's stillness.

Trafalgar sat on the edge of his bed, shirtless, leaning forward with his elbows resting on his knees. A small wisp of mana danced at his fingertips as he pulled up the interface in front of him.

The familiar system window shimmered into view:

[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)]

[Skill: Severance Step – Lv.1 (Epic Rank)]

[Skill: Morgain's Requiem - Lv.1 (Unique Rank)]

[Item: Shadowlink Echo – Rank: Rare]

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

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

[Item: Leather Undersuit – Uncommon Rank]

[Item: Blazewick Torch – Common Rank]

[Item: Widow's Whisper – Rare Rank]

Trafalgar let the window hover for a few moments, eyes scanning the list with a mixture of focus and calm.

'Not bad...'

He tilted his head slightly, cracking his neck.

'Primordial Body and Sword Insight are carrying me for now. And Morgain Blade... I still haven't pushed it yet. No idea what it can really do when it gets maxed.'

His gaze lingered on the new addition: Severance Step.

'Copied it after seeing Mordrek once. That's insane when I think about it. Sword Insight is busted... but it comes at a cost.'

He rubbed his temples, remembering the splitting headache from yesterday. But compared to the first time—it was manageable.

His attention dropped to the item list. The Shadowlink Echo, the Oathbinder, and of course, Maledicta.

'Weapons, movement, passives... I've got a foundation now. Still a long way to go, but... I'm not weak anymore. At least not like before.'