

Tyrant 81

Chapter 81: The Copycat's Potential

Trafalgar stepped off the circular platform as it came to a smooth stop at the top floor, the private quarters reserved for members of the Eight Great Families.

Just ahead in the hallway, Barth stood awkwardly, his eyes darting from one door to another. He looked like someone searching for a room without knowing the number, his hands fidgeting at his sides.

Barth turned when he heard footsteps. His voice was still timid, but there was a hint of determination in it. "Y-Yes... I'm interested in what you mentioned before."

Trafalgar blinked in mild surprise. This was exactly what he'd been hoping for, though he hadn't been sure Barth would actually come. "Good," he said, walking past him toward his own door. "It's this one. Next time, you'll know."

Barth followed, his steps hesitant but steady. "Thanks... and, um... excuse me for intruding."

Inside, Barth's gaze swept the room, his eyes widening slightly at the sight of the spacious interior, fine carpets, and intricate wall fixtures. The place had an understated luxury, not overly decorated but impossible to mistake for anything other than the residence of a high-ranking noble.

"What? Surprised by the room?" Trafalgar asked with a small smirk, already moving toward a side table. "I guess that's normal. Make yourself comfortable. Want something to drink?"

Barth hesitated, as if unsure whether it was polite to ask for anything. "Just... water, please. Thank you."

Trafalgar took two crystal glasses from a shelf, setting them down with a soft clink, then uncorked a tall glass bottle filled with clear water. He poured a measure into each glass and slid one across the table to Barth.

Barth accepted it with both hands, murmuring a quiet thanks before sitting down. Trafalgar remained standing for a moment, studying him, already considering how to start this conversation without wasting time.

It was time to get to the point.

Trafalgar took a seat across from Barth, leaning back slightly in his chair. "Alright, first things first—does your sister know anything about this?"

Barth shook his head quickly. "No... I told her I was just going for a walk."

"Good," Trafalgar replied, his tone calm but direct. "That makes things simpler. I'll be straight with you: I need your help. Specifically, your class."

Barth's eyes lit up behind the round lenses of his glasses. The reaction was subtle, but Trafalgar caught it immediately. It wasn't often someone made Barth feel like his class was truly valuable. But Trafalgar knew exactly how valuable it was — because Barth wasn't just anyone. He was a legendary character.

'That makes three I've met so far, counting myself,' Trafalgar thought. 'Only one more in the academy... the rest are scattered across the world. And if I remember right, the last one here is actually a professor.'

Barth, noticing the pause, mustered the courage to ask, "What do you need me for, exactly?"

"Before I explain," Trafalgar said, steepling his fingers, "I want you to tell me exactly how your class works. I know you can learn almost any skill, but what are the limits? How does it function in practice?"

Barth straightened slightly, clearly more comfortable now that the topic was something he was passionate about. "I can learn skills of all types... except for those with Unique rank. I can also only add one Legendary skill per Core level. And each Core level lets me store up to seven skills."

Trafalgar raised an eyebrow. "Seven per Core? And there are ten Core levels in total... that's insane. You could hold seventy skills if you maxed out."

Barth looked away, almost embarrassed. "It's... not as impressive as it sounds. The higher the rarity, the harder it is to learn. My Talent affects that too, so Epic or Legendary skills can take a lot of time and effort."

"Alright," Trafalgar said, leaning forward, "then tell me — how exactly do you learn them?"

"I have to see the skill in action," Barth explained. "When I watch it, my understanding slowly increases. I can choose which skills to focus on, but some take dozens... even hundreds of repetitions before I can fully learn them."

Trafalgar's mind immediately drew a comparison to his own Sword Insight. 'Exactly the same method... except mine only works with sword skills. This guy truly is OP, I mean he's a legendary character just like me.'

A thought struck him, and he decided to ask. "When you learn a skill, do you get an intense headache? Like, unnatural pain?"

Barth blinked at him. "No... not at all. The only 'pain' is the time investment. An Epic skill, for example, can take over a five hundred uses before I fully understand it, and that means the person teaching it needs a lot of mana. Not many are willing to spend that much on me."

Trafalgar tapped his fingers on the armrest, processing Barth's explanation.

"So it's more about patience and repetition... alright, I can work with that. How long would it take you to learn, say, a Rare-ranked skill?"

Barth adjusted his glasses. "If the person performed it repeatedly without stopping, I could probably learn it fairly quickly. It really depends on the complexity."

Trafalgar's lips curved into a small grin. "In that case... can you learn a skill tomorrow morning? That's what I need you for."

Barth nodded without hesitation.

That made Trafalgar pause. His expression sharpened slightly. "You agreed that fast... are you sure? You've got a limited number of slots — seven per Core, right? Once you learn a skill, there's no undoing it. This could be a handicap for you later. So why do it?"

Barth looked down, his voice soft but steady. "Because I want to be more useful than I am now. Up until now, Cynthia's been the one handling everything. I want to help her instead of just standing on the sidelines. Also it is hard to get an actual new skill..."

Trafalgar thought, and a small, almost imperceptible smile appeared on his face. 'It seems you're also selfish. You know you'll benefit from this.'

Trafalgar leaned back, satisfied with the resolve in Barth's tone. "Alright then. Meet me at the station tomorrow morning. We're going to Velkaris. I found a scroll shop while I was investigating last time. Can you learn from scrolls too?"

"If the skill is activated repeatedly, yes," Barth confirmed, though he quickly added, "But... that's expensive. I don't think it would be worth it for you."

Trafalgar waved off the concern. "Don't worry about that. It's not a problem for me."

Barth looked like he wanted to protest again, but decided against it.

'Seven skills per Core means his slots are precious,' Trafalgar thought. 'For him to offer one up like this, just because I asked... either he trusts me already, or he wants more skills. Either way works for me.'

The plan was set. Tomorrow, Barth's class would become more than just potential — it would be a weapon.