

Tyrant 18

Chapter 18: The First Step Hurts the Most

Trafalgar opened his eyes slowly, staring at the ceiling of his room with a quiet breath.

'So this is it... my first day of training.'

He sat up on the bed, the heavy blanket sliding off his chest.

'Back on Earth, I only read about this stuff. Novels, manga, games...'

Trafalgar rose from the bed and stretched. His muscles were still sore from the events of the past days, but nothing compared to what he imagined was coming. He moved toward the wardrobe and began dressing—simple dark trousers, a white shirt, boots, and a thick black coat over it.

As he fastened the last button, he muttered under his breath.

"Status."

A soft blue glow appeared before his eyes. As the system window materialized in front of him, it was the second time he saw it.

[Host: Trafalgar du Morgain]

[Title: Cursed Heir]

[Age: 15]

[Race: Half-Human / ???]

[Bloodline: ???]

[Core: Origin]

[Class: Swordsman]

[Talent: SSS]

[Abilities: Passive Skill – Sword Insight - Epic Rank (Lv.Max)]

Active Skill - Arc Slash – Common Rank (Lv.1)

[Items: Maledicta – Evolutive weapon, Rank Common]

Trafalgar stared at the window in silence.

'There are some changes. My class wasn't there before. Now it says Swordsman. The active skill... yeah, that's the one I copied from that demon before killing him. The passive one was already there. And my first weapon... still common rank, but it'll grow with me.'

He touched his chest lightly, right over his core.

'After all the hell I've been through these last days, I'm still breathing. Still standing. That counts for something. Alright... let's keep going. Step by step, Trafalgar. Step by step...'

Knock. Knock.

"Young master, your sister Lysandra is already waiting."

The voice belonged to Mayla, his maid. Trafalgar snapped out of his thoughts.

"Alright, I'm coming."

He opened the door. Mayla was standing straight, her brown hair tied in a neat ponytail, her warm brown eyes glancing over him with subtle care.

"You look good, young master."

"Yeah? I guess I'm... curious."

"Follow me. I'll guide you."

Trafalgar nodded and followed her out of the room.

The halls of House Morgain were vast and silent at that hour, save for the echo of footsteps on polished stone. Trafalgar walked behind Mayla as they moved through a side corridor lit by the faint glow of mana lamps.

Outside, snow continued to fall in lazy spirals, casting silver reflections on the frost-covered windows. The air grew colder the closer they came to the rear exit of the castle, where the training grounds were located.

Trafalgar's eyes drifted toward the light snowfall outside, but his thoughts remained trapped in what he had seen moments ago.

[Bloodline: ???]

[Race: Half-Human / ???]

'Still no clue what that even means. If Valtair's my father, then the human part makes sense. But the other half... what was Trafalgar's mother? Why is the system hiding it?'

He clenched his fists lightly inside his coat.

'There must be a reason. Something the system won't show me. Why even bother placing question marks if it's not meant to torment me? Every time I learn something, three new questions appear.'

"Is everything alright, young master?" Mayla's voice broke through his spiral of thoughts.

"Hm? Yeah. Just... thinking."

She gave a small smile but didn't press further. They continued walking in silence, passing by several servants who bowed politely. The large double doors at the end of the hall creaked open as two guards pulled them aside.

A sharp gust of wind swept in, carrying the scent of snow and steel.

Beyond the doors stretched the Morgain training grounds—an open expanse of packed earth and ice behind the castle, surrounded by low stone walls. The snowfall here was heavier, unshielded by the castle's walls or towers.

Trafalgar narrowed his eyes against the white haze.

Hundreds of soldiers filled the field. More than three hundred men and women in armor moved in synchronized drills, their swords flashing in arcs. The clang of steel against steel echoed across the grounds.

He spotted her instantly.

Lysandra stood at the center like a pillar of frost, arms crossed, expression sharp. Her platinum blonde hair shimmered like the snow around her, and her green eyes locked onto him the moment he stepped outside.

Trafalgar stepped onto the snowy field. The cold bit through his boots, and the snow crunched beneath his feet. Soldiers turned to glance at him as he passed, many recognizing his face.

Lysandra walked toward him with a raised eyebrow and a familiar look of amused judgment.

"A bit late, don't you think, Trafalgar? You were the one who asked me to train you."

"Sorry, I got distracted. I'm ready now."

"Good. Then summon your sword."

Trafalgar took a breath and focused. A surge of mana moved through his arm. From nothing, Maledicta materialized in his hand.

She stepped back and raised her voice, enough for nearby soldiers to hear.

"I'll teach you the Morgain sword style. But don't get ahead of yourself. We start with the basics. You've gone years without proper training, so we build from the ground up. Show me what you've got."

Trafalgar tightened his grip on Maledicta. He tried to mimic what he had seen in novels and games—a ready stance, a forward lunge, a basic slash.

It looked pathetic.

His feet were uneven, his weight off-balance, his arm stiff. The blade wobbled mid-air, and he nearly tripped after finishing the swing.

He turned to Lysandra, trying to keep a straight face.

"And? How was that?"

Lysandra stared at him, unimpressed.

"You're terrible. For a Morgain, it's embarrassing."

Behind her, a group of soldiers burst into laughter. One of them elbowed another and whispered something Trafalgar couldn't hear, but the smirks were obvious.

Trafalgar let out a slow breath.

"Alright. You gonna help me or keep insulting me?"

"That's what you asked me for, didn't you?" Lysandra said with a smirk. "But I'm keeping this favor. Starting today, you'll follow this routine every morning until you leave for the academy. No exceptions."

"Fine."

"Two months of fundamentals. After that, I'll show you the house techniques. But only if you prove yourself."

Trafalgar nodded again, this time more seriously. He didn't care about shame he will do what he needs to survive.

'Alright, nothing comes the easy way.'

Lysandra spun around and pointed to a more secluded area of the training grounds, where the snow was barely covered.

"Alright. Before anything else, you need to understand how mana training works. Every morning, before combat, you'll meditate. Absorb the ambient mana and let it flow into your core. That's the only way to fill it."

Trafalgar walked behind her, nodding along.

"Both meditation and physical training contribute to core advancement. Your talent determines how fast or slow that progress is."

She stopped and gave him a sideways glance.

"You told Father your rank talent is A, right?"

"Yeah."

"Hmph. That's about average in our house. I'm S. Most of our siblings are A, only three are S including me."

"Yes, I knew don't need to flex."

Trafalgar kept his expression blank.

'I can't let them know it's SSS... no one can know, atleast for now. I wonder what talent Valtair has.'

Lysandra continued, unaware of his inner thoughts.

"Still, if you stay consistent, you'll advance. Origin Core or not, it always comes down to work. Especially for someone trying to catch up on ten years of training."

"Understood."

She pointed to a flat stone slab, lightly dusted with snow.

"Sit. Close your eyes. Focus on your breathing. Feel the mana around you. It's slow and cold, like fog. Let it enter your body. Let it gather in your core."

Trafalgar raised an eyebrow.

"Now?"

"Yes. Now. Or do you want me to scream until every soldier here watches you fail at meditating too?"

"No need. I'm on it."

He sat down on the stone, crossing his legs and placing his hands on his knees. The cold bit through his pants, but he ignored it.

As he closed his eyes, his thoughts settled.

'If I already thought that having an SSS rank was slow, I don't want to imagine some unfortunate person with F talent.'