

Tyrant 147

Chapter 147: Before the Gates of Snow

Trafalgar wiped the snow from his coat, his breath still heavy from the sparring match. His body ached, his head pounded, but beneath it all was a quiet satisfaction. He had pushed through, endured the pain of Sword Insight, and come out stronger for it.

A faint shimmer of text still echoed in his mind:

[Passive Skill: Morgain Blade has leveled up – Lv.2]

Effect: All Morgain sword techniques deal +10% damage.

'Ten percent across the board... that's absurd. Even Morgain Requiem would hit harder now. Add it to the passive boosts, the items, the skills I've stacked... I could fight on par with someone at the third core. Maybe even beat them. And I'm only a step away from reaching it myself—one, two months of training, or maybe a breakthrough if luck decides to show up.'

He leaned against the railing, letting the cold air wash over him as if the sparring had never happened.

From the corner of his eye, Caelum was still watching him, silent. Golden eyes studied the boy's posture, the calm way he dusted himself off as if nothing had occurred.

'He's something else,' Caelum thought. 'To mimic Lysandra's flow, Mordrek's steadiness, and now hints of my own style... in a single spar. Imperfect, yes, but the foundation is there. Every strike he copies chisels him sharper. Fascinating.'

The ship hummed steadily beneath them, wings carrying it closer to the looming Morgain Peaks. The snow-capped ridges seemed almost within reach now, jagged and dark against the pale horizon.

The mountains drew nearer, their peaks like jagged spears clawing at the sky. Trafalgar leaned against the railing, eyes fixed on the horizon. The air grew colder with every passing minute, frost clinging to the metal rails beneath his hands.

'The closer we get, the heavier it feels. Rivena, Seraphine... they'll both be there. One tried to kill me with her own hands, the other put a bounty of forty million on my head. And now I'm walking right back into their nest. The only good thing about this damned place is Mayla.'

"Not bad, kid."

Trafalgar blinked. Alfred had appeared beside him, hands tucked into his long coat. His grin was smaller this time, tempered by something more serious. "You've got talent. Not that it's much of a secret, eh? Even your father, Valtair, went to drag you out of that mine. Says plenty."

"Funny," Trafalgar muttered, "I thought my talent was a secret. Not exactly something I advertise."

Alfred tapped the side of his nose. "Sure, it's not public. But anyone with half a brain could guess it, watching you for five minutes. Power like that can be a gift... or a curse."

"I know," Trafalgar said flatly. "Better than anyone."

For once, Alfred didn't joke. His gaze swept toward the mountains, his grin gone. "These peaks don't forgive mistakes. Last time we flew here, a dragon noticed you. Let's hope the skies stay quiet today."

With that, he straightened his captain's hat and turned toward the cabin. "Someone's got to keep us steady through this mess. Try not to fall overboard while I'm gone."

The door shut behind him, leaving only the wind and the endless white.

Trafalgar exhaled slowly, eyes narrowing. The peaks were closer now, their shadows already swallowing the sun.

The ship pressed deeper into the mountain range, its wings beating against the howling winds. Shadows fell across the deck as towering peaks blotted out the pale sun. Snow drifted in sheets, clinging to Trafalgar's coat as he leaned against the railing, eyes narrowed at the frozen expanse.

'These mountains... enormous. Bigger than the Everest, maybe even K2 back on Earth. But what am I even comparing it to? This world has Gates, teleportation like checkpoints. Of course the mountains here would dwarf anything I knew before.'

Far below, dark shapes clung to the cliffs. At first he thought they were rocks, but then wings shifted—small wyvern nests, scattered across the slopes.

'Look at them... I remember when Valttair goes on missions because of the problems they cause to the villages and cities.'

His grip on the railing tightened as older memories surfaced. 'My first mission... the ambush Rivena set, the assassin she sent after me. The demon I killed with a sword through its skull. And... the first time I saw Zafira. What a strange way to meet someone who's now a friend.'

The thought of her lingered, mixing uneasily with another face. Garrika. Her charm had pressed against him like a tide, and he'd barely resisted.

'Zafira's feelings... Garrika's interest... I've said I'd wait for someone who truly matters before my first time. But here, it's different. Polygamy isn't strange—it's expected. Unlike Earth, where one person was supposed to be enough. Maybe that's another part of what makes me feel like an outsider here.'

The cold bit deeper, but he didn't move. The mountains stretched on, endless and merciless, just like the family that waited within them.

"Young master Trafalgar."

The voice came from behind, steady and calm. Trafalgar turned to see Caelum standing with both hands clasped neatly behind his back, his golden eyes fixed on the horizon. "We've arrived."

Trafalgar followed his gaze—and there it was.

The Morgain Castle stretched between two colossal peaks, its foundations anchored to stone ridges that looked ready to tear the sky apart. Black walls bridged the gap like a fortress suspended over the abyss, each tower rising higher than the cliffs themselves. Gothic spires pierced the heavens, lined with faintly glowing runes that pulsed like veins of mana through the frozen stone.

Snow cascaded from its battlements, banners snapping violently in the wind. The sheer scale of it dwarfed everything around, a stronghold built not merely to withstand nature, but to dominate it.

Trafalgar's chest tightened.

'I'm back... back to this cage.'

The ship began its descent, engines rumbling as the wings folded inward. Below, the courtyard unfolded wide across the bridge of stone that connected the two peaks. Armored guards were already assembled, their silver helms gleaming faintly as they braced against the gale.

Behind him, Alfred's laughter spilled from the cabin. "Hah! There it is, boy. Home sweet prison. Best keep your wits about you—inside those walls, the blades are sharper than the mountains."

Trafalgar said nothing. His eyes stayed fixed on the fortress, its shadow swallowing the deck as they drew closer.

The ship touched down with a heavy thud, snow scattering across the courtyard.

He inhaled, steadying himself.

'I've returned.'

The gangplank lowered, and the cold breath of the Morgains welcomed him home.