

Tyrant 159

Chapter 159: The Peak of Swords

- Trafalgar POV -

The wyvern bucked beneath him, wings beating with enough force to rattle his bones. Trafalgar tightened his grip on the reins, jaw set as he fought to stay seated. His body swayed with every sudden dip and rise, the leather straps biting into his palms.

'Riding a horse was already tough enough... but this? This is like eighty times harder.'

The wyvern tilted sharply to the left, and Trafalgar nearly lost his footing. His stomach lurched as the world spun—sky above, jagged peaks below, the sheer drop threatening to swallow him whole. He clenched his legs against the saddle, forcing himself to move with the beast instead of against it.

'At least with a horse, you can pull the reins, steady it, and it'll listen after a while. This thing? It feels like raw muscle strapped to a pair of wings, and it doesn't care if I fall and splatter on the mountainside.'

The beast let out a guttural hiss, exhaling a blast of hot steam that curled in the cold air. Trafalgar yanked the reins hard, gritting his teeth as the wyvern resisted, wings thrashing once before finally leveling out.

For a brief moment, the ride steadied. Wind howled against his face, freezing his cheeks, but he refused to look down. His knuckles whitened around the reins, sweat mixing with the snowflakes that clung to his gloves.

'If I make it through this, I'll never complain about horseback riding again.'

Around him, the Morgain family's wyverns soared in perfect formation, their riders sitting straight-backed as if this were the most natural thing in the world. Compared to them, Trafalgar's struggle was obvious. His wyvern tossed its head, restless and impatient, reminding him that he was no master of the skies—only someone barely hanging on.

He stole a glance at the formation ahead. In the center, Valttair's wyvern soared above the rest—larger, broader, its wingspan casting a shadow even in the pale morning sun. The creature dwarfed the others so completely it looked like a king among soldiers.

'God damn,' Trafalgar thought, eyes narrowing at the sight. 'Every time I see that thing it still surprises me. Massive doesn't even cover it. Compared to that beast, the one I'm riding feels like a runt.'

His mount snorted as if insulted by the thought, beating its wings harder. The turbulence nearly knocked him sideways, and he quickly tightened his grip.

'Easy, easy... I didn't mean it. Just don't throw me off right now.'

The rest of the family rode as though born for this. Some even leaned into the rhythm of their wyverns' movements, guiding them with subtle shifts of weight rather than sheer force. Trafalgar clenched his jaw, feeling the distance widen between him and them—not just in skill, but in presence.

And yet, he endured. He kept his place at the far rear of the formation, trailing but never falling completely behind. The air grew thinner, colder, but his resolve only hardened.

'I wasn't expecting this at all. If someone had told me I'd be riding a wyvern this morning, I would've laughed in their face. But apparently, it's the only way up the Morgain peak.'

An hour passed in the sky.

Trafalgar's arms ached from clinging to the reins, and his legs were stiff from pressing against the saddle. The wyvern beat its wings in steady rhythm, each downstroke sending a shudder through his body. He dared a glance downward—and instantly regretted it.

The castle was gone. Hidden far beneath a sea of clouds, there was nothing below but endless white stretching into the horizon.

'Great... if I fall, I won't even hit the ground right away. I'll just plummet through clouds until I'm paste on the rocks. Comforting thought.'

The air grew thinner, colder, biting at his cheeks and lips. His breath came out in sharp plumes, carried away by the wind. The higher they climbed, the louder the silence felt, broken only by the beat of wings and the hiss of snow cutting through the air.

Trafalgar squinted ahead. A faint glow touched the edges of the cloud bank, and soon the formation pierced through.

The world changed.

Above the clouds, the morning sun shone in dazzling clarity, painting the sky in hues of silver and pale gold. The wyverns soared over an ocean of white mist, their shadows stretching long across the rolling expanse.

Trafalgar exhaled slowly, a flicker of awe softening his tense grip.

'So this is what it means to really be in the sky... It's beautiful, but also terrifying. Like something out of a fantasy game, hehe.'

The wyvern beneath him gave a sharp cry, wings slicing through the thin air as it pushed higher still. Trafalgar leaned forward instinctively, letting the beast's rhythm carry him.

His heart pounded with more than fear—it was exhilaration. As dangerous as it was, a part of him couldn't deny the thrill.

'I'm really flying... no, we're climbing toward the peak. Toward whatever's waiting up there.'

The flight stretched on, another long ascent as the sun climbed higher. At last, the formation veered toward the distant summit. From afar, the mountain peak looked like a fortress carved from the heavens themselves, towering far above the clouds.

As they drew closer, Trafalgar's eyes widened.

A colossal wall encircled the entire plateau, its stone ridges lined with watchtowers. Even from the air, the fortifications looked unyielding, as if daring any who approached to test their strength. It was less a mountain top and more a citadel suspended in the sky.

The wyverns banked lower, descending toward the plateau. To most, the field inside looked like empty snow-covered ground. But Trafalgar's vision sharpened, his Primordial Body lending him clarity. What he saw froze his breath.

It wasn't an empty field.

Blades—thousands of them—jutting from the earth in grim silence. Rusted hilts, gleaming edges, ancient steel weathered by years yet still standing, all planted in a vast formation that stretched across the plateau. Rows upon rows of swords, spears, and broken hafts created a sea of iron that glinted under the sun.

Trafalgar's throat tightened. 'That's... thousands of swords. Planted. Like a graveyard. Like a battlefield frozen in time.'

His gaze followed the alignment, and there—at the very center—stood a single blade. Higher than the rest, solitary, almost commanding the formation. Its silhouette struck against the pale sky like a sentinel, waiting.

'What the hell is this place? Why is there... a mountain of swords above the clouds? Is this really a cemetery?'

The wyverns screamed as they circled lower, their wings kicking up snow and wind. Knights gestured from the towers, signaling the riders toward a designated landing area.

Trafalgar tightened his grip, bracing himself. His wyvern fought the descent, wings jerking as if irritated by his inexperience. He leaned forward, teeth clenched, doing his best to guide it without being thrown.

'Come on, just a little more... don't embarrass me now.'

With a final jolt, the wyvern slammed its claws into the frosted earth, snow scattering in a violent spray. Trafalgar rocked in the saddle, nearly unseated, but managed to hold on. Around him, the other Morgain wyverns landed with practiced ease, their riders dismounting smoothly.

Trafalgar exhaled shakily, his chest pounding.

The wall loomed above, the towers stood vigilant, and the sea of swords stretched out before him. For all the grandeur of the Morgain castle, it was nothing compared to this place.

The Peak of the Morgain. A fortress above the sky, a graveyard of blades.