

Tyrant 162

Chapter 162: Another Dragon

The crackle of the hearth filled the quiet room. Eron and Mael leaned against their sister, their small heads resting on her lap as they fiddled idly with their wooden soldiers. Syllis stroked their hair absently, her green eyes distant, as if the flames reminded her of something she wished she could forget.

Trafalgar sat nearby, his dark hair tied back in a low ponytail, the firelight glinting faintly in his deep navy-blue eyes. He leaned back slightly in his chair, studying the three of them. The silence stretched too long. Finally, he spoke.

"Syllis," he said evenly, "that dragon you saw in Euclid... was it the same one we encountered during the mission?"

Her eyes snapped toward him, startled by the question. For a moment she hesitated, her lips pressing tightly together. Then she shook her head, firm despite the tremor in her voice.

"No. It wasn't the same."

The room seemed to still at her words. Even the fire's crackle felt quieter.

"The aura was different," she continued, her voice soft but heavy. "The dragon we saw back then... it was terrifying, yes, but this one—this one felt worse. The air itself seemed poisoned. Every breath was like swallowing fear. Father knew. That's why he went to face it."

Trafalgar's gaze deepened, the blue in his eyes darkening under the firelight. 'Not Caelvyrn then? Then why... another dragon?'

He folded his arms, the weight of that thought sinking in. 'One was already too much. But why another now?'

The twins looked up at Sylis curiously, not fully understanding but sensing her unease. They tugged at her sleeve, but she only pulled them closer, her hand trembling slightly as it rested on their shoulders.

Trafalgar's gaze lingered on her, reading the fear behind her words. And deep inside, questions began to take root.

'Always. Always more questions when I finally get a few answers.'

Trafalgar's jaw tightened as he leaned forward, his hands clasped loosely between his knees. The firelight caught faintly in his dark hair, tied back in its low ponytail, and in the deep blue of his eyes as they fixed on Sylis.

She drew a shaky breath, her fingers tightening around the twins' shoulders as if grounding herself. "That day... when the dragon appeared in Euclid, it wasn't just its size. It was the air itself. Heavy. Suffocating. Like the whole city was sinking beneath invisible chains."

Her voice trembled, but she didn't stop. "The ground shook with every step it took. Its roar... it wasn't just sound. It went straight into my bones. I felt like my heart would stop beating. People around me collapsed, and I thought I would too."

Eron and Mael pressed closer to her, listening wide-eyed, though clearly not understanding the true terror in her words. Sylis's green eyes shone faintly in the light, brimming with a fear she could no longer hide.

"I couldn't move," she whispered, her voice breaking. "All I could do was watch as my Father walked into the forest with it. He never looked back at us, Trafalgar. Not even once. And that's the last image I have of him."

She bit her lip, trying to steady her voice, but the trembling of her shoulders betrayed her.

Trafalgar's gaze hardened, his thoughts racing. 'What will his objective be? Why attack a remote city like Euclid? An enemy of Caelvyrn, perhaps?'

He exhaled slowly, forcing calm into his tone as he reached a hand toward her. "You don't have to relive it alone, Syllis. You've done enough just by keeping them safe."

Her grip on the twins tightened, her green eyes flicking up to meet his.

She opened her mouth as if to protest, but he raised a hand slightly, cutting her off before the words could form. "What comes next... it won't be for you to decide alone. Tonight, at the dinner, the family will gather. That's when decisions will be made—about Euclid, about the dragon, about what comes after."

Syllis's lips trembled. "So it won't depend on me?"

"No," Trafalgar said firmly. "You're fifteen. You've done what you could. What happens now belongs to the elders—and to Valtair, Seradra, and the others. Not to you."

The twins shifted restlessly at her side, not fully understanding but sensing the heaviness in his tone. Syllis pulled them closer, brushing her fingers gently through their hair.

Trafalgar leaned back slightly, the firelight glinting in his dark ponytail and the deep blue of his eyes. "You don't have to pretend to be invincible, Syllis. No one will say anything to you, no one will bother you, you're one of the most affected people here, no one expects anything from you, so you can try to relax."

Her green eyes shimmered. For the first time, she didn't argue. Instead, she lowered her gaze, resting her cheek on the crown of Mael's head. A small nod was her only answer.

Trafalgar rose from his chair, the wooden legs scraping softly against the stone floor. "Rest, Syllis. They need you more than anyone right now," he said, his voice steady but quieter than before.

She looked up at him, her lips parting as though to speak, but only a faint nod came. Her arms tightened protectively around the boys.

Trafalgar lingered a moment longer, studying the three of them. Then he turned, his boots echoing lightly as he stepped into the corridor. The heavy door closed behind him, muffling the crackle of the fire.

The fortress was alive with faint noise—distant voices, footsteps, the shuffle of servants preparing for the evening. The air smelled faintly of roasted meat and herbs, drifting down the stone passages.

Trafalgar's navy-blue eyes narrowed as he walked. 'Not Caelvyrn. Another dragon. Always more questions... and no answers that matter.' His fists clenched briefly before he released them, exhaling through his nose.

By the time he reached the great hall, the sounds had swelled into a steady chorus. The massive doors stood open, spilling golden light into the corridor. Inside, the space was vast—long stone tables stretching beneath chandeliers lit with hundreds of candles.

Nearly a hundred Morgains had already gathered. The air vibrated with the low thunder of conversation, with the clatter of goblets and the scrape of chairs against stone. The banners of the house hung proudly from the walls.

Trafalgar paused at the threshold, taking in the sea of faces, the weight of bloodlines gathered under one roof.