

Tyrant 177

Chapter 177: The Morgain Standard

The cold wind bit at Trafalgar's face as the wyvern cut through the night sky. Caelvyrn's words still rang in his head: Gluttony Dragon.

Neither of them spoke for a while. Only the heavy beat of wings and the hiss of air filled the silence. Trafalgar could feel the weight pressing down—Valttair was holding something in, and it was only a matter of time before it came out.

When he finally spoke, his voice was steady, but there was no mistaking the edge in it. "That dragon dies. Not later. Not when it's convenient. Now when we find it." His hand brushed the hilt of his sword, its glow faint but dangerous, like a flame waiting to flare.

Trafalgar glanced at him. His father's eyes were steel, but behind them, Trafalgar caught a flicker of something else—grief, raw and ugly, hidden under all that control.

"For Mordrek," Valttair went on, jaw tight. "My brother. He should still be here. And instead of honoring him at my side, I'm burying him. I won't let the thing that killed him breathe another day."

Trafalgar kept quiet. It was strange, almost unsettling, to see Valttair like this. Not the cold, untouchable patriarch—just a man choking down his anger and loss until it came out as fire.

'It seems that he really appreciated Mordrek, well maybe he has a relationship like mine and Lysandra's.'

Valttair turned to him then, his stare sharp enough to pin him in place. "You're going to watch, Trafalgar. Every second. You need to see what it means to carry this name."

Trafalgar swallowed, forcing the word out without cracking. "I understand, father."

They rode in a hard, private silence for a few beats longer. The wyvern cut through clouds, the world below a smear of white. Valttair didn't look at him right away—he watched the horizon, jaw clenched, thinking or remembering. Then he faced Trafalgar, eyes flat and direct.

"Listen," Valttair said, voice low enough so the wind swallowed most of it. "You don't get in the way. You watch. You learn. You don't try to be a hero." He tapped the pommel of his sword with a slow finger, an old habit. "If I tell you to do something, you do it. If I tell you to stay down, you stay down. Understand?"

Trafalgar met that look, felt the pressure behind it—the expectation, the threat, the command. He swallowed the roll of anger and everything else that rose with it. "Yes, father," he answered. The words tasted like coal in his mouth, polite and hollow, but they were what Valttair wanted to hear. He'd play the part.

Valttair's mouth softened—just a touch, only for a heartbeat. "Good. You're the future of this house, Trafalgar. Don't forget that. If you push yourself the way I expect, you'll be more than a name. You'll be a pillar. I want you to see what real strength looks like. Not the flash, not the theatrics—true Morgain strength. Relentless."

Trafalgar let that settle. His mind ticked through the implications: witness the fight, learn Sword Insight, survive—then use it. He could almost feel the cold calculus behind Valttair's words, the training hidden inside the command.

"Will you... show me?" Trafalgar asked before he could smother the curiosity with caution. It came out softer than he meant.

Valttair's smile was small and not kind. "I will show you how a Morgain ends a threat. Watch closely, Trafalgar. This is how we keep our house standing."

The wind cut sharp across Trafalgar's face, but something else pulled his attention. A faint pulse stirred in his palm—the Compass, tucked into his grip since Caelvyrn's appearance, quivered with sudden life.

He frowned, tilting it just enough to see. The needle, which had been steady all this time, swung violently. Not ahead but.

Behind.

Trafalgar's chest tightened. "Father," he called, raising his voice over the rush of the wind. "The Compass... it's pointing back. We've passed it."

Valttair's head snapped around, his long platinum hair whipping like a banner. "What?"

He yanked the wyvern into a sharp, banking turn. The beast roared, wings straining against the sudden shift, but Valttair forced it under control with sheer strength of will.

Trafalgar held the Compass out for him to see. The needle glowed faintly, locked unerringly on the direction they had left behind. His mouth felt dry, words heavy in his throat. "It's not ahead of us. It's right there. Behind us."

For a moment, Valttair said nothing, only stared past Trafalgar at the endless stretch of mountains cloaked in shadow. His aura flared, sharp and dangerous, and the wyvern beneath them trembled from the pressure.

Trafalgar clenched the Compass tighter. 'So this is it we found him.'

The air grew heavier. The night was suddenly too still, the silence unnatural. Even the wyvern seemed to sense it, every muscle tensed as if bracing for a predator in the dark.

Valttair's voice came cold and measured. "Then we've arrived. Keep your eyes open, Trafalgar."

And in that moment, Trafalgar knew—the dragon wasn't hiding ahead. It was waiting for them right behind.

The wyvern banked low, wings slicing through falling snow. Below them stretched a wide valley, buried in white. Jagged pines bent under the weight of frost, their branches creaking in the stillness. The air itself felt muted, heavy, as if the world were holding its breath.

Valttair pulled the reins tight, forcing the wyvern into a landing. It slammed into the snow with a growl, talons digging deep. The impact sent powder spraying in all directions. Trafalgar leapt down beside his father, boots sinking into the icy crust. The cold bit instantly through his cloak, but he hardly noticed. The Compass needle glowed brighter than ever, pointing dead ahead.

And then Trafalgar saw him.

A figure stood in the snow, not far from the base of a cliff. Tall. Broad. Barefoot despite the ice, his skin pale against the storm. His black hair clung to his shoulders in wild strands, and two horns curled upward from his brow, sharp and jagged.

Blood ran in a dark streak down his left side, staining the snow where it dripped. The wound cut deep across his ribs, raw and angry—a mark left by Mordrek's final fight.

The man's chest rose and fell slowly, steady but ragged, as though every breath scraped against that wound. His eyes opened at their approach. They burned—not human, but pools of endless hunger.

Trafalgar's stomach tightened. 'The Gluttony Dragon.'

Valttair's aura flared instantly, his sword already in hand. Snow swirled violently around him as mana poured out like a storm. "There you are."

The dragon's lips curled into a faint smile despite the blood on his side. "Found you."