

Tyrant 179

Chapter 179: Titan Clash II

Sparks bled from the dragon's hands, not harmless little sparks but violent arcs that lit the snow like wildfire. Each crack of electricity rattled Trafalgar's bones. He didn't even want to guess how many volts a monster like this could throw—because one wrong hit, and he'd be nothing but ash.

The dragon lifted his arm casually, as though swatting away a fly, and lightning condensed into a long, spear-like shape. A hiss filled the valley. Then it launched forward.

[Lightning Spear]

Trafalgar's eyes widened, but Valtair didn't flinch. His sword angled slightly, no wasted movement, just a precise shift of his wrist. The spear deflected cleanly, veering off into the mountainside behind him.

Stone didn't just crack—it screamed. The mountain face reshaped itself, torn open by the force, leaving a gaping cavern where there had only been rock.

The dragon laughed, and another spear formed instantly. Then another.

Valtair stayed calm, his breathing even, sword steady. One strike sliced the next spear neatly in half, sending the halves sizzling into the snow. The ground shook with twin detonations. One to the left of Trafalgar. One to the right.

Snow and debris sprayed over him, hot air rushing across his face. For a heartbeat, he froze—too close, far too close. If Valtair's cut had been anything less than perfect, Trafalgar would already be gone.

His pulse hammered, but the fear twisted into awe.

'He split it. Just like that. A vertical cut—clean, perfect. The peak of the blade. To reduce something like that into nothing... unbelievable.'

His head throbbed, vision flashing with pain as Sword Insight tried to capture every shift of Valttair's stance.

And still, he couldn't tear his eyes away.

Valttair shifted his weight forward, no hesitation, no pause. His blade gleamed brighter, cutting against the darkness like a star.

[Morgain's Requiem]

The first strike tore through the air, a vertical arc that sent a shadowed wave screaming toward the dragon. It cut clean across his chest, opening a fresh line of red.

The second slash followed seamlessly, crossing the first. The wound split wider, blood misting in the cold air.

The third came with a twist of his wrist, a diagonal sweep that carved deeper into muscle and scale alike. The dragon staggered half a step, his grin faltering as crimson streamed down his torso.

The fourth hit overlapped the others, jagged black afterimages clinging to the cuts. The bleeding worsened, like the wounds themselves were refusing to close. Each mark pulsed, tearing wider with every heartbeat.

And then the fifth—final, merciless—drove into the center of the pattern, detonating in a ripple of shadow. The combined pressure forced the dragon back, boots skidding across the snow, body marred by five precise cuts that bled heavily.

Trafalgar's breath caught. He could see it—could feel it—the way the technique built layer upon layer until it collapsed into overwhelming force. Hemorrhage piled up in his mind like a status effect, visual, inevitable.

'He is the real monster... it's not just raw power, but efficiency. Cut after cut, every one feeding the next. Awesome.'

The dragon glanced down at his chest, blood painting his pale skin in jagged lines. For the first time, his smile vanished. He inhaled sharply, and then—just like before—the wounds began to knit shut, glowing faintly as mana surged to heal.

Valttair didn't wait.

His legs coiled with energy, blade angled low.

[Morgain's Phase Dash]

The ground cracked under his boots as he vanished, a burst of speed so pure it blurred reality. Snow whipped violently where he had stood, leaving only a shimmering afterimage.

"Argh!" Trafalgar groaned, clutching his temple as pain stabbed through his skull. Every nerve screamed, his brain struggling to process what his eyes had just witnessed. Yet, no matter the agony, he couldn't look away. He refused to blink.

Valttair reappeared at the dragon's flank, mid-swing. The blade didn't gleam with brilliance this time—it shimmered like emptiness, a cut that existed only to erase.

[Morgain's Verdict]

The strike landed with merciless precision across the dragon's ribs. A shallow line carved itself along his side, bypassing scales, sinking dangerously close to where his core would lie. The dragon's body jerked, his breath hitching, eyes widening for just a fraction of a second.

It wasn't fatal. But the silence that followed, the brief stillness in the Gluttony Dragon's aura, said enough.

Trafalgar's jaw clenched, sweat rolling down his face. The pain in his head was unbearable, yet his eyes stayed locked on the duel. He couldn't—wouldn't—miss a single detail.

The dragon's lips curled back, purple sparks dancing at his fingertips.

"You dare," he muttered, voice trembling with restrained fury.

The Gluttony Dragon's body shook, scales along his arms bristling as electricity rippled through them. His voice deepened, carried by a guttural snarl.

[Stormrend Claw]

Lightning burst across his frame, twisting into talons of golden-black energy that coated his hands. The snow beneath his feet hissed into steam, the ground splitting from the sheer pressure of his aura.

He lunged.

The first swipe tore through the air like a thunderclap, a trail of crackling arcs splitting the sky itself. Valtair met it head-on, his blade flashing upward in a perfect deflection. Sparks erupted where steel and lightning collided, scattering like stars in the storm.

The dragon spun, his second claw carving a horizontal arc meant to split Valtair in two. Valtair twisted his stance, his sword sliding across the current, redirecting it just enough for the claw to shear into the ground instead. The earth exploded in a fan of molten rock and frozen shards, the terrain itself screaming under the force.

Again. Another strike. Another block.

Each blow from the dragon came like a storm given flesh—wild, devastating, relentless. Yet Valtair moved with terrifying calm, his blade weaving patterns so sharp, so disciplined, that every strike was met, every storm claw redirected.

Claw to blade.

Blade to claw.

Over and over, until the sound was no longer distinct, just a cacophony of thunder and ringing steel.

Trafalgar's body shivered under the shockwaves, snow flurries stinging his skin like needles. He could barely track the movements. To him, they weren't men anymore—they were storms, colliding and unraveling in front of his eyes.

The final clash came in a vertical strike, the dragon slamming both claws downward while Valtair raised his glowing sword to meet it. Lightning and steel collided in a violent eruption, a shockwave flattening the snow in a perfect circle around them.

For a breathless moment, the two forces pushed against each other, lightning against steel, will against will. Then—

BOOM!

The pressure broke. Both combatants were hurled back, skidding across the ice-crusting ground. The dragon's claws fizzled, smoke curling from his arms. Valtair landed in a low stance, blade angled, his expression unshaken but his boots carved deep lines in the frozen soil.

They stood apart again, breathing hard, distance restored.