

Tyrant 180

Chapter 180: Titan Clash III

The Gluttony Dragon's lips curled into something between a smile and a snarl. With a slow motion, he raised both hands toward the sky.

[Thundering Cage]

A split-second later, thunder cracked across the snowfield as spears of lightning slammed into the ground in a perfect circle around Valttair. Each bolt stayed, pulsing upward, stretching into jagged pillars that linked together.

The cage closed.

Columns of raw electricity surged skyward, their arcs weaving into a prison of light that buzzed and screamed like a living thing. The air inside boiled, space itself quivering with energy.

Trafalgar staggered back, his heart jumping as the static reached him from meters away. His hair bristled, his skin prickled with the sting of invisible sparks. Even standing outside the circle, it felt like being shoved into a furnace made of lightning.

Inside, Valttair remained still, framed by the storm. His sword was already in hand, glowing faintly with its inner radiance. He lifted it with perfect control, no wasted motion.

The dragon's voice echoed over the storm.

"Run if you like, Morgain. This cage eats at your body, your stamina... even your mana. It'll strip you until there's nothing left."

But Valttair didn't budge. Instead, the light along his sword intensified, condensing into a sheet of crystalline mana that extended from the blade like a shield.

[Morgain's Coreguard]

The barrier caught the first bolt, the impact ringing like steel against steel. Sparks sprayed, scattering in a fan around him, but the shield didn't falter. The second bolt came—blocked again with perfect timing. The third—redirected with a twist of his wrist.

Trafalgar's chest tightened as he watched. It wasn't brute strength. It was precision. Every flick, every adjustment was calculated down to the heartbeat. Valtair wasn't just enduring—he was controlling the cage itself, forcing it to bow to his rhythm.

The dragon tilted his head, watching Valtair calmly parry each bolt like a man swatting away sparks. His lips curled into an amused grin.

"Well, well. Not bad. I was expecting you to fry already. Guess I'll have to step it up."

He raised both arms again, but this time, the gesture wasn't sharp—it was slow, ritualistic. The snow around him lifted in ripples, drawn upward by invisible force. Even the static in the air shifted direction, dragging toward his hands.

[Gluttonous Tempest]

The storm answered.

Every shred of lightning he had unleashed before bent and spiraled into the sky, merging with clouds that twisted into a churning vortex. The air dimmed, swallowed by a rolling black canopy. And then—red. The clouds glowed crimson as if bleeding, veins of scarlet electricity webbing across their surface.

Trafalgar's jaw clenched. He could feel the pull in his bones, as if the storm wanted to tear the mana straight out of him. Even standing back, far outside the circle, the pressure was unbearable.

The first bolt fell.

A spear of blood-red lightning ripped down from the clouds, homing straight for Valttair. He moved instantly, sliding aside in a blur, his blade grazing the ground as he pivoted. The bolt exploded behind him, leaving a crater that steamed with molten earth.

The second came before the echo of the first had even faded. Valttair cut through it midair, his sword flashing white, splitting the bolt into harmless streams that fizzled into snow.

The third. The fourth. They didn't stop. Every strike bent toward him, chasing him, learning his rhythm. The storm wasn't random—it hunted.

Trafalgar shielded his face as the battlefield disappeared into a web of crimson light. He could barely breathe through the haze of ozone and ash, yet his eyes never left Valttair.

His father danced in the storm, every dodge and every parry precise, a man carving order out of chaos.

Valttair skidded across the frozen ground, boots carving deep scars in the ice as another crimson bolt smashed down where he had stood a heartbeat ago. Steam rose all around, the battlefield choking with heat and static.

The dragon laughed, voice rolling like thunder.

"Run, little Morgain. Let's see how long you last before the storm eats you alive."

Valttair exhaled slowly. His stance lowered, one foot sliding back, sword angled at his side. The air around him shifted—the snow no longer fell, as if the world itself was holding its breath.

Trafalgar's eyes widened. He felt it before he understood it: the swell of mana condensing so tightly it hummed in his ears.

Valttair's blade vibrated, glowing with a dense, radiant edge.

[Morgain's Last Dusk]

He moved.

The slash wasn't just fast—it was absolute. A single diagonal arc, drawn from the earth to the sky, tearing through the storm. The sound that followed was not thunder, but the deep, resonant hum of pure steel slicing the world open.

The black clouds split in two. Crimson lightning faltered, devoured by the cut. The battlefield cleared in an instant, and for a moment the night sky returned, stars peeking through like witnesses.

The dragon staggered back, a burning wound seared across his torso. The flesh glowed as if carved by molten metal, his scales split and sizzling. He roared, a sound that shook the mountains themselves.

And then—silence.

He tried to regenerate, just as before, but the wound didn't close. No mana answered. The effect of the skill lingered, chains invisible locking his body from healing.

Trafalgar swallowed hard. 'Holy shit... that cut didn't just break the storm. It broke him.'

"You think this is enough to break me?" His voice deepened, layered with something primal. "No... you've only earned the right to see me as I am."

His body convulsed, bones cracking like stone under pressure. Black scales surged outward, growing thicker, darker, harder. His arms lengthened into massive forelimbs, claws gouging trenches into the frozen ground. Wings burst open with a crack of thunder, spanning wide enough to blot out the starlight above.

The ground quaked beneath his expanding bulk. In seconds, the man was gone.

A dragon stood there.

Enormous. Monstrous. Four-legged and towering, obsidian scales veined with streams of molten lightning. His eyes burned with hunger and cruelty. Each breath sent arcs of electricity crawling across the snow.

Trafalgar stumbled back instinctively, his heart hammering. Even with all he'd seen, the sheer size and presence of the beast was suffocating.

And yet, Valttair didn't retreat.

Instead, his aura erupted. The glow around his sword intensified, his body flaring with a brilliance so sharp it turned the snow into mirrors. For the first time, Trafalgar realized his father had been holding back.

Valttair glanced over his shoulder, locking eyes with him.

"This is my true strength, Trafalgar. Watch closely. This is what you must one day surpass."

The words hit harder than the thunder.

Trafalgar felt his core boil, the mana inside roaring to life as if answering the challenge. His body trembled, not from fear, but from raw awakening. The edges of his vision blurred, and deep inside—something shifted.