

Tyrant 181

Chapter 181: Titan Clash IV

Trafalgar sat on the frozen ground, chest heaving. The pounding in his skull hadn't vanished—it was still there, a dull, burning throb—but something felt... different. Lighter. His veins pulsed with mana like never before, each breath feeding strength into his limbs.

'What the hell is happening to me?' he thought, fingers tightening around his knees. He could feel it clearly now: mana overflowing, heavier yet easier to command.

He muttered under his breath.

"Status."

The familiar blue window unfolded before his eyes:

[Host: Trafalgar du Morgain]

[Title: Cursed Heir]

[Age: 16]

[Race: Half-Human / Half-Primordial]

[Bloodline: Primordial Being]

[Core: Pulse]

[Class: Swordsman / Riftspawn]

[Talent: SSS]

[Abilities: Arc Slash (Lv.2) – Common, Severing Fang (Lv.1) – Rare, Severance Step (Lv.1) – Epic, Morgain's Requiem – Unique, Primordial Body (Lv.Max), Sword Insight (Lv.Max), Riftborn Feast (Lv.Max), Morgain Blade (Lv.2)]

[Items: Shadowlink Echo – Rare, Shadowhide Leather Armor – Rare, Maledicta – Uncommon, Oathbinder – Legendary, Leather Undersuit – Uncommon, Blazewick Torch – Common, Widow's Whisper – Rare, Nightpiercer – Epic, Soulbond Compass – Legendary]

His eyes froze on the one line that mattered most.

Core: Pulse.

Not Spark. Not the beginning stage. But the third mana core rank.

He blinked, then broke into a wide grin.

'So that's why I feel stronger... Hahaha, finally! Finally, I've broken through!'

The laugh bubbled out of him, raw and victorious. Six months. That's all it had taken him to claw his way here, while others needed years.

But the sound of battle outside snapped him back to reality. The clash of steel and thunder shook the mountain, the world itself groaning under the weight of it.

Valttair and the Gluttony Dragon.

The duel of titans raged on, and Trafalgar knew he couldn't waste a single second.

Trafalgar pushed himself up, brushing the frost from his legs as the clash outside grew louder. He stepped to the edge of the ridge, and his breath caught in his throat.

The battlefield was chaos. Snow no longer blanketed the ground—it had been torn apart, melted into rivers of steam and jagged ice. At the center stood the Gluttony Dragon, a towering silhouette of scales and storm, electricity crawling across his massive body like veins of molten light.

But it wasn't just lightning.

The monster's claws clenched, and the air shimmered with a metallic gleam. With a single punch, the earth split open, a crater gouged into the frozen terrain.

[Ironrend Crash]

The shockwave rattled Trafalgar's bones even from afar. The ground looked like shattered glass beneath the dragon's strike.

Before the dust cleared, the dragon opened his maw. Heat shimmered in his throat, red as a forge.

[Inferno Maw]

A column of crimson fire roared outward, devouring the air itself. The snow vanished in a hiss of steam, the flames crawling forward like a living predator.

Valttair darted aside, his blade flashing, the inferno splitting around him as if even fire feared his steel.

The dragon's voice rolled through the smoke.

"Everything I consume becomes mine. Their strength... their tricks... their hope."

Chains erupted from his hands, glowing with eerie blue light, snapping through the air like serpents.

[Aether Chains]

They lashed toward Valtair, wrapping the battlefield in glowing snares.

Trafalgar's throat tightened. 'He's... using stolen skills. From warriors he devoured. Gluttony literally.'

Even so, he forced himself to keep watching. Sword Insight burned in his mind, every movement carved into memory.

If he wanted to survive this world, he had to watch everything.

No matter how terrifying it was.

Valtair didn't flinch. The glowing chains snapped toward him, the ground split from the dragon's fists, the air burned red from the maw of fire—yet his gaze never wavered.

Then, he moved.

[Morgain's Riftstep]

His body blurred, vanishing in a ripple of pressure. The Aether Chains struck only afterimages, sizzling through empty air. He reappeared behind the dragon's left leg, sword already cutting upward.

The dragon whipped his claw around, but Valtair met it head-on.

[Morgain's Linebreaker]

His blade roared with condensed mana, carving a brutal line through the earth as he surged forward. The impact shattered one of the dragon's chains mid-swing, the force blowing snow and rubble outward in a violent spray.

Trafalgar's eyes widened, his breath catching. Every movement was smooth, deliberate—no waste, no hesitation.

Valttair pressed the assault.

[Morgain's Pressure Fang]

Three rapid cuts, so fast they looked like flickers of light, hammered into the dragon's scales. Each one precise, aimed at weak points, every strike eating away at its defenses. Sparks flew where blade met scale, until hairline cracks appeared in the dragon's armor.

The beast reeled back, growling low, purple sparks sputtering from its maw as it prepared another surge of lightning.

Trafalgar's head throbbed, his vision swimming with afterimages. He could barely process what he was seeing—his father's movements were too sharp, too refined. But even through the pain, his mind clung to every detail, engraving each slash, each step, into memory.

This wasn't just swordsmanship. This was artistry—efficient, merciless, and absolute.

Trafalgar clenched his fists.

'This... this is the level I have to reach if I want to live.'

The dragon snarled, his purple eyes burning with malice. Electricity surged through his veins until his entire body glowed like a storm given flesh. He thrust one arm forward, mana condensing in his palm.

[Blackfang Spear]

A two-meter lance of black lightning formed instantly, sharp enough to hum as it tore at the air. With a flick of his claw, the spear launched at supersonic speed. The air itself split in its path, a straight line of crackling destruction rushing toward Valttair.

Valttair stepped into it. His blade tilted just slightly—barely an inch of movement. The spear shattered against the steel, bursting into a shockwave that scorched the snow in a thirty-meter radius.

The dragon lunged before the smoke cleared.

[Stormrend Claw]

Golden-black arcs coated his arms, claws lengthening into jagged talons of living lightning. His strike descended like an executioner's axe, tearing trenches into the ground as it came down.

But Valttair didn't retreat. His body blurred sideways with perfect timing, and the claw smashed into nothing but earth. The ground split open, a fan of glowing scars stretching outward, but Valttair was already countering.

His blade crossed in front of him, carving twin arcs of light.

[Morgain's Dual Crest]

The crescents clashed in midair, detonating into a burst that shattered the wave of electricity rolling from the dragon's claws. For a moment, the battlefield was pure chaos—light, shadow, and thunder colliding as one.

The dragon snarled again, raising both hands.

[Thundering Cage]

Pillars of lightning stabbed down around Valttair, linking into a dome of crackling energy. Bolts lashed at him from all sides, each strike designed to drain, to weaken.

But the patriarch stood firm.

His sword rose, glowing with an intensity that drowned the cage in its brilliance. He cut once, twice—each stroke collapsing a pillar into dust. In seconds, the cage broke, sparks fizzling uselessly into the snow.

The dragon staggered, breathing hard. He tried one last gambit, his body swelling with mana, the sky itself darkening as clouds gathered overhead.

[Gluttonous Tempest]

The heavens bled red. Bolts poured down like a rain of spears, chasing Valttair with predatory hunger.

And yet—Valttair cut through them all. Each strike of his sword split the crimson bolts, each step carried him closer until he stood right at the dragon's chest.

His aura surged, blade flaring.

[Morgain's Verdict] carved silently into the beast's torso, followed instantly by [Morgain's Final Crescent], a burning arc that tore scale, flesh, and mana apart.

The Gluttony Dragon roared, collapsing to one knee, blood and sparks spilling from wounds that refused to heal.

The Gluttony Dragon knelt in the snow, one claw pressed to his chest where the gash still glowed with black fire. Sparks leapt from his wounds, arcs of unstable mana twitching across his body like broken nerves. His breath came ragged, smoke curling from his nostrils.

Valttair advanced slowly, each step deliberate. His sword gleamed, aura sharp and merciless. He looked less like a man and more like a blade given human form, every line of his body screaming execution.

"You end here," he said quietly, voice steady.

Trafalgar's pulse hammered in his ears. His father's presence was suffocating, overwhelming—he couldn't look away even if he tried. He knew this was the finishing moment, the kind of strike that erased enemies from history.

But then the dragon laughed.

Low at first, then louder, until the sound reverberated through the torn battlefield. His purple eyes blazed brighter, and the wounds along his body began to glow—not with healing, but with swelling, unstable light.

The air thickened. Snow melted instantly, rivers of steam boiling up from the ground. The mana around the beast no longer flowed in rhythm—it spasmed, like a storm devouring itself.

Trafalgar froze.

'Wait... that's not regeneration. That's—'

The dragon's chest swelled, arcs of black and crimson lightning crawling up his neck. His body shook violently, as if his flesh could barely contain what was building inside.

Then came the words, half-snarl, half-growl:

"If I fall... I'll take you all with me."