

Tyrant 189

Chapter 189: Wrapping up the Night

The fire in Vincent's hearth had burned low, but the old man's energy had only grown brighter. His eyes shone behind the half-moon spectacles, and his hands moved as if conducting an orchestra of memories.

"Caelvyrn," Vincent repeated, savoring the name. "You are fortunate, Trafalgar. Do you know what kind of being he is? Dragons fear him as much as they respect him. Mortals revere him as a figure of legend. But above all, he is known for his restraint. He does not stir chaos—he resolves it. Wherever he goes, conflict quiets. Fools may call him detached, but I say he is wise."

Trafalgar leaned back in his chair, cup resting against his knee. He listened, but his expression stayed calm, unreadable.

Vincent pressed on, his voice trembling with admiration. "He is not greedy, not wrathful, not a beast of pride. He is... kind. Yes, kind. A dragon who chooses not to dominate, but to watch and guide from the edges. Such a thing is almost unthinkable. Most dragons demand submission. Caelvyrn demands nothing—and yet all respect him."

The old man paused, catching his breath, but the smile on his face didn't falter.

'Kind, wise, revered,' Trafalgar thought, his brow creasing ever so slightly. 'That doesn't match the one I met. The Caelvyrn I saw acted like a child pretending to be clever. Hardly the image of some benevolent sage.'

Vincent mistook his silence for awe and gave a short laugh. "Hah! You see, boy? You sat across from one of the greatest beings alive and lived. If it were any other dragon, you might not be here now. Consider it a blessing."

Vincent set his cup aside, leaning forward with a conspiratorial air. "There are even whispers," he said, lowering his voice as though the walls themselves might listen, "that Caelvyrn is not merely ancient, but that his core has reached the highest thresholds. Either Paradox Core... or even Divine."

The words hung in the air, heavy with awe.

Trafalgar arched a brow. "Those are titles I've heard in passing, but explain them."

Vincent nodded eagerly, happy to oblige. "A Paradox Core is beyond mortal comprehension. It means their very existence twists the laws of mana—time, space, even the flow of nature bends around them. And Divine..." He shook his head with a reverent sigh. "That is the summit. To stand at Divine is to embody an aspect of creation itself. A being at that level is closer to a god than a creature."

He spread his hands wide, as though painting a picture across the dim air. "If Caelvyrn truly holds such a core, then it explains everything. His wisdom. His restraint. His ability to still conflict without lifting a claw. He would not need to roar or strike; his very presence would be enough."

Trafalgar's gaze flickered to the dying embers in the hearth. He let the silence stretch, weighing the claim.

'Divine? Paradox Core? That's not the vibe I got when I met him. Either he hides his true nature so deeply it's invisible... or this "sage" and the dragon I crossed paths with are two completely different beings.'

Vincent mistook his quiet for contemplation and nodded firmly, satisfied. "Yes... yes, it makes sense. The world has forgotten, but beings like him still exist. And you, boy—you've seen it with your own eyes."

The fire crackled faintly, casting long shadows across the plain wooden walls. Vincent leaned back in his chair, his earlier fervor softening into a contented smile.

"Thank you for listening, Trafalgar. It has been many years since I've had someone eager—or at least patient—enough to hear me ramble about my passion. Most passersby only want gossip or trivial tales. But you... you ask the right questions."

Trafalgar set his empty cup on the table, his tone steady. "Knowledge has its value. If I'm to protect Euclid—or anything else—I need to understand what's out there. And about the library..." He looked Vincent directly in the eye. "Thank you for the proposal. But remember—I am the lord of Euclid now. That means it's my responsibility. You don't need to worry about it."

Vincent blinked, his expression wavering between surprise and gratitude. Slowly, a relieved smile spread across his face. "Hah... then perhaps Euclid truly is in good hands."

The old man pushed himself up with his cane, joints popping as he stood. "It's late. You should rest. I've a spare room—it's small, but the bed is firm. Better than the cold streets, I assure you."

Trafalgar rose as well, adjusting his bracers. "That will do. Thank you."

Vincent gave him a tired nod, shuffling toward the hall. "Then good night, boy. Tomorrow will bring its own questions, I'm sure."

The night air was colder now, the moon riding high above the rooftops of Euclid. Trafalgar walked alone through the quiet streets, his boots crunching softly over patches of frost. The city slept, but its silence carried a strange comfort—proof that, at least for tonight, no dragons loomed overhead.

When he reached the edge of the district, the outline of his mansion came into view, its walls standing firm against the winter sky. A soldier on duty straightened immediately upon recognizing him, bowing sharply before opening the gate.

"Lord Trafalgar," the man said, stepping aside.

Trafalgar gave a brief nod and entered. The garden stretched before him, still marked with faint scars from the chaos months ago, though most had been repaired. He paused on the stone path, his gaze sweeping over the trimmed hedges and the patches of grass where the moonlight settled like frost.

'This is where the twins used to play...' His chest tightened slightly, though his expression remained calm. 'I hope Anthera and the others are doing well. I'll have to tell them to visit one day.'

He exhaled, the cold mist fading into the dark, then turned toward the main door. Inside, warmth and rest awaited—but his thoughts were already stretching further ahead. To Velkaris, the capital. To the people waiting there. To the path that would demand more of him than Euclid ever had.