

Tyrant 29

Chapter 29: Blade in the Sky

The flying ship landed with a low hum that echoed through the snow-covered valley. Up close, it looked less like a vessel and more like a fortress in the sky—massive, wide as a mansion, with six wings stretched along its sides, each lined with glowing mana conduits. Steam hissed from the underside as a long metallic ramp extended from its hull and slammed softly against the ground.

Trafalgar stood still for a moment, eyes fixed on it.

'It's even bigger than it looked from behind the mountains... Damn. I guess this is technically my second time leaving home. Not gonna lie, I still don't get how this is supposed to be punishment. I want to get on this thing already.'

A man stepped down the ramp with practiced ease. He looked ancient—white hair tied behind his neck, long coat, deep purple eyes, and a captain's hat with a faded crest. Despite his age, he walked with the sharp confidence of someone who didn't tolerate incompetence.

"Lysandra," the man said with a grin, spreading his arms. "Been a long time. You were this small when I saw you last." He gestured comically low to the ground. "Now look at you. Beautiful. You sure you don't wanna meet my grandson?"

Lysandra rolled her eyes. "Not now, Alfred. I'm not interested."

"A shame, really." Alfred gave her a playful wink. "You two would've made a fine pair. Should I at least show you a picture?"

"Alfred," she said sharply, already walking past him, "Don't push it. Let's just get this over with."

The old captain chuckled, then looked behind her—eyes landing on Trafalgar.

"And who's this? The boy who used to lock himself in his room? Didn't think I'd ever see you out in the open."

Trafalgar stepped forward with a straight back.

"Good afternoon. My father assigned me to accompany Lysandra."

Alfred's eyebrows lifted. "Ho ho, so something interesting did happen while I was gone. Well then, come aboard this beauty."

He turned and walked back up the ramp, waving casually to his crew—roughly twenty men and women already moving across the deck, checking runes, tightening sails, and fueling the mana core.

As Trafalgar and Lysandra followed, Alfred glanced back at them.

"If the skies stay clear, we should be there in two days. Unless a snowstorm hits... or something decides to eat us."

Trafalgar frowned. "Eat us? What could attack something like this?"

"Wyverns," Alfred said casually, adjusting his coat. "Or worse. You'd know that if you ever stepped outside. Oh, wait—forgot you used to live like a ghost in a box. Never mind what I said."

He reached into his coat and tossed two keys—Lysandra caught both with ease.

"There. Quarters for each of you."

"Got it," she said, slipping one into her pocket.

Trafalgar's eyes wandered around the upper deck as they walked. The ship was enormous. Beyond the central structure were multiple sections—storage, cabins, engine chambers... and a wide open space bordered by metal railings.

'There's even a training arena... this place has everything.'

He didn't notice Lysandra watching him.

A slow, wicked smile curled on her lips.

Lysandra crossed her arms as she watched Trafalgar examine the training arena from afar, snowflakes landing silently on his shoulders.

"You're looking at the arena like you're itching to use it," she said, her voice almost teasing.

Trafalgar blinked and turned toward her. "I'm not."

She smirked. "How about a sparring match with your big sister?"

"No."

Her eyes narrowed slightly, but the smirk didn't fade.

"Wasn't a question."

She stepped forward and motioned toward the open space.

"Come. I want to see if you've actually learned anything in these past two months. Or were you just swinging your sword at shadows?"

Trafalgar sighed.

"Fine."

They walked side by side toward the center of the ship, the wooden floor cold under their boots, the wind whistling past the railings as the ship slowly ascended into the clouds.

By the time they reached the training area, they were already high above the mountains. Snow drifted lazily from above, and the sky glowed with the warm hues of late afternoon.

Lysandra rolled her shoulders once, then raised her hand. A platinum-white longsword materialized in a flash of light, elegant and deadly.

Trafalgar reached behind his back and summoned Maledicta without a word.

Lysandra pointed her blade toward him.

"Let's begin."

Trafalgar adjusted his grip on Maledicta, feeling the weight settle naturally in his hand. Across from him, Lysandra looked almost bored—her stance open, relaxed, as if this were nothing more than a morning stretch.

A cold wind swept across the training deck, carrying flakes of snow with it. The ship continued soaring between mountain peaks, the sky above slowly shifting into shades of orange and gold.

Then she moved.

With a single step, she vanished from sight.

Trafalgar barely had time to raise his guard before her sword came crashing down in a perfect diagonal cut. He blocked it, barely, but the impact sent him skidding backward across the wet wooden floor.

'What the hell was that...?'

Without thinking, his passive skill activated .

[Passive Skill – Sword Insight (Lv.Max)]

Instantly, the world slowed down.

Lysandra's movements unfolded before him like a perfect blueprint. Every step, every shift in weight, every turn of her wrist made sense—he could read it all like an instruction manual.

And then came the headache.

A sharp, stabbing pain exploded behind his eyes.

'Fuck—again with the headaches.'

Lysandra advanced, her blade flowing like water. No spells, no brute force. Just technique. Pure Morgain Blade (Lv.Max) in its most refined form. It was beautiful—and terrifying.

Trafalgar lashed out with Arc Slash.

She didn't even blink.

One twist of her wrist, and the attack was deflected harmlessly to the side.

"Too slow," she murmured.

He gritted his teeth and charged in. Steel clashed against steel. Each time Lysandra struck, Trafalgar copied. He mirrored her stances, footwork, blade angles—not perfectly, but enough to keep up.

She paused for a moment mid-combo, eyebrows lifting slightly.

"...You're copying me?"

He didn't answer. Just breathed harder, focusing, adapting.

A faint smile touched her lips.

'So he really is watching everything. That's his Talent, isn't it? He can understand what he sees... That's cheating...'

But understanding wasn't enough.

She resumed her assault—faster this time, more complex. Downward slashes. Spiral footwork. Reversed guards. It was like dancing with a hurricane.

Trafalgar tried. He really did. But his body couldn't keep up.

His blocks slowed. His parries staggered.

Then—crack.

His grip faltered. Maledicta slipped from his hand.

Lysandra stepped in and drove the pommel of her sword straight into his gut.

The breath left his lungs in a wheeze as his body flew back, hitting the deck with a heavy thud.

The wind howled above.

Snowflakes drifted gently down.

Trafalgar lay sprawled out like a fallen star, arms and legs wide, chest rising and falling with ragged breaths. He didn't move. He didn't speak.

He just stared up at the sunset sky, glowing in orange fire.

A single snowflake landed on his cheek.

And then—he smiled.

'Hehe... this is fun.'