

Tyrant 39

Chapter 39: Above the Snow

Another day had passed.

Trafalgar stood alone on the upper deck of the flying ship, arms resting lazily against the cold metal railing. The wind whipped against his face, bringing with it the sharp bite of colder climates ahead. Off in the distance, massive white-capped mountains stretched like jagged claws against the horizon.

They had entered Morgain territory.

Hovering not far from the ship, Valtair flew astride his enormous wyvern—wings wide, body coiling in mid-air like a shadow across the clouds. Every now and then, the beast would land heavily on a flat platform built into the ship's deck, large enough to hold its weight.

'There's actually a damn landing pad for these things... incredible. Guess this isn't your average flying boat.'

He glanced at the wyvern again, resting now while Valtair sat silent in the saddle, unmoving.

Trafalgar turned his gaze back to the snowy mountains ahead.

'If my bloodline is Primordial... does that mean I'm not really a Morgain?'

His fingers tightened slightly against the railing.

'Honestly... it makes sense. Black hair, dark blue eyes. Then you look at them—platinum, white, gold. I'm the fucking black sheep. Literally.'

The sky above was clear, the ship gliding smoothly through the air. According to Alfred, as long as there were no snowstorms or "unusual incidents," they should reach the Morgain capital within the day.

'Let's hope we don't run into anything.'

He leaned forward slightly, letting the wind hit him full on.

It didn't make him feel better.

But it helped him think.

The sound of armored footsteps echoed lightly across the deck.

Trafalgar didn't need to look. The steady rhythm—it was Lysandra.

She stopped beside him, her white armor gleaming under the sunlight, platinum blonde hair tied tightly in a high ponytail. Her green eyes scanned the snowy peaks ahead before turning toward him.

"Want to start training with the sword techniques?" she asked, voice calm as always.

Trafalgar gave a small nod, pushing off the railing.

"Yeah. Might as well kill some time. I was getting bored anyway."

Lysandra gestured with a flick of her wrist.

"Follow me."

They crossed the upper deck toward a flat, reinforced area near the rear of the ship—a designated training space. Wide, open, protected by magical wards embedded into the metal floor.

Lysandra summoned her blade—a longsword the same pale color as her armor, etched with elegant golden filigree.

Trafalgar called forth Maledicta.

The black blade surged into his hand like smoke solidifying.

Lysandra adjusted her stance.

"Alright. I'll show you the first basic technique. If you manage to learn it before we reach the castle, I'll teach you the next one. Let's see how far you can go."

She moved into position and began her demonstration.

[Morgain's Requiem].

Each slash flowed into the next like a choreographed dance. Five graceful, curved strikes that spun around her in a perfect circle, each one sending out a wave of shadowy energy that shimmered across the air. Even standing several meters away, Trafalgar could feel the pressure behind them.

Trafalgar stared, absorbing everything. His mind moved faster than his body thanks to Sword Insight (Lv.Max), burning the sequence into memory.

And then—

"Agh—!" He clutched his head suddenly, staggering slightly.

That pain again.

'Shit... every time. Always this damn headache after watching sword skills. I know this skill is a cheat but c'mon."

Lysandra lowered her blade.

"Did you get the idea?"

"Sort of," he muttered, still rubbing his temple. "Want to go for a spar? Might be easier if you use it on me."

Lysandra raised an eyebrow, then gave a faint smile.

"Oh? You're the one suggesting a sparring match now? I like that. Looks like this change in you might actually be working."

Trafalgar straightened up. "Guess I got tired of dying fast. Figured I should try something before that happens again."

The two of them took position in the center of the training zone, the deck's enchantments pulsing faintly in preparation for impact absorption.

Lysandra held her longsword loosely at her side, relaxed but focused.

Trafalgar adjusted his grip on Maledicta, lowering his stance slightly. The blade was heavier than hers, darker, wilder—but it felt like an extension of him now.

Valttair, from atop his resting wyvern just overhead, looked down at the scene with a faint smile. The wind whipped at his coat as he leaned slightly forward.

'Surprise me again, Trafalgar. Show me how far you've come. If I feed you well enough... you'll become a powerful asset.'

Back on the deck, Lysandra spoke.

"Come at me when you're ready. Don't hold back."

Trafalgar didn't wait.

He dashed forward, sword drawn to the side, and unleashed his only offensive skill:

[Slash Arch] (Lv.2)

A wide horizontal sweep, powered by the boost of his Primordial Body and the ring enhancing his strength by an additional 40%.

Lysandra's eyes narrowed—she pivoted, brought her blade up, and parried it cleanly.

The force of the clash sent a gust of wind outward, but she hadn't moved an inch.

Trafalgar gritted his teeth and pressed forward, attempting to mirror the technique she had just shown him—Morgain's Requiem.

He launched into a spin, swinging once, twice, but by the third movement, the rhythm fell apart. His posture broke, steps too shallow, mana control uneven.

Before he could fully reset his stance, Lysandra blurred forward and delivered a low spinning kick to the back of his leg.

His balance vanished.

With a grunt, Trafalgar hit the deck.

Lysandra stepped back, lowering her sword.

"Let's stop here. You're picking it up, but don't rush it. Replicate what you started and you'll eventually land it."

Trafalgar turned his head, about to reply—but something in the air shifted.

His eyes locked onto something massive on the far right of the sky.

A shape. Black. Wings outstretched. And much, much larger than Valtair's wyvern.

A dragon.

Not a wyvern. A real one.

At least 50 meters long, jet-black scales like obsidian, and glowing purple eyes that shimmered with ancient intelligence.

The air around it grew thick. Magic crackled.

Trafalgar's breath caught in his throat.

The deck fell silent.

Even Lysandra's stance shifted—subtle, but alert.

Above them, the massive black dragon hovered with terrifying grace. Its wings stretched wide, cutting through the wind with the sound of rending fabric. Purple flames flickered faintly between its teeth. Its eyes locked onto the ship.

A low hum of ancient mana vibrated through the air.

'Here's the problem from last time, tch.' From atop his wyvern, Valtair reacted instantly.

His blade materialized in a violent surge of violet energy, and without hesitation, he raised it above his head and slashed down with terrifying force.

[Morgain's Final Crescent]

A curved arc of pure black light tore through the sky, trailing smoke and mana. It screamed forward like a scythe, aimed directly at the dragon's chest.

The dragon lifted one arm—its clawed forelimb catching the edge of the slash in midair.

A parry.

The energy exploded outward in a ripple of shockwaves, scattering clouds and shaking the entire airship.

The dragon didn't roar.

It simply stared.

For a moment, its eyes lingered on Trafalgar—piercing, unreadable as if I had found something very interesting.

'You really had to think that, Trafalgar, 'I hope we don't run into anything along the way'. And I don't like that he's been staring at me. It seems that just by existing I really attract too much attention.'

Then it beat its wings once, creating a vortex of wind—and disappeared into the sky.

Vanished.

Valttair gave chase, his wyvern launching after it, but the beast was already gone his wyvern was much slower than a huge dragon.

Trafalgar remained on the deck, staring into the empty sky.

"What... was that?" he muttered.

Lysandra sheathed her sword slowly.

"A dragon. A real one. We're lucky Father was here. If not, that could've gone badly."

"The ship has defenses, right?"

"Yes," she nodded. "Magical cannons, barriers... but against something like that? We'd be lucky to survive. There are very few dragons left in the world."

Trafalgar raised an eyebrow.

"I mean, doesn't our dad have one at his feet right now?"

"That's a wyvern," Lysandra replied. "They can be tamed. Trained. Used in war. Dragons are different. They're a race. Not as Strong as the Primordial ones but they are the closest. There aren't many left. And they don't like being seen."

Trafalgar looked down, grip tightening on the railing.

"Primordial... right."

Lysandra turned to him, folding her arms.

"You should study more. Information can save your life."

He didn't argue.

"...Yeah," he said. "You might be right. I should probably start with the Primordials."