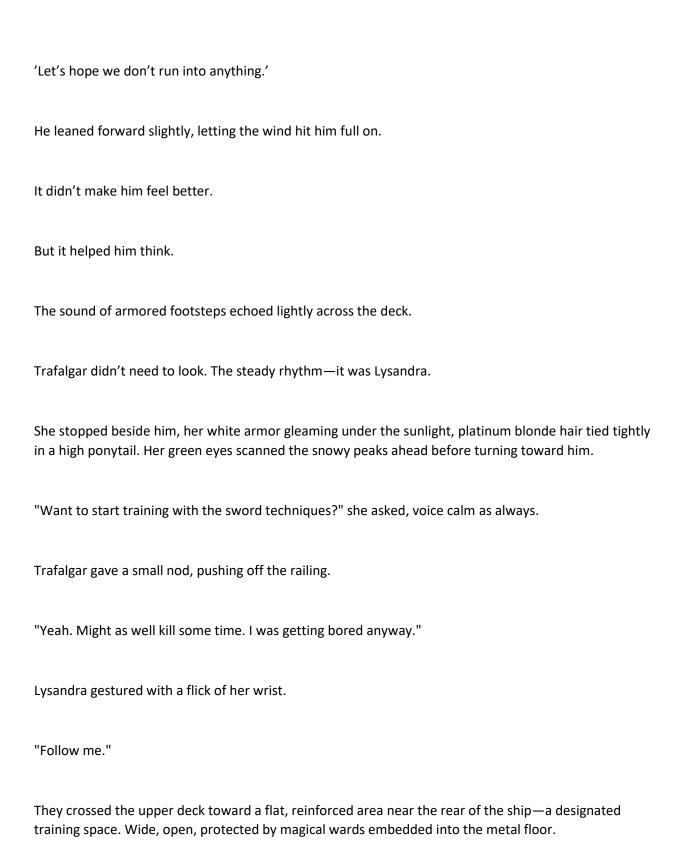
Tyrant 39

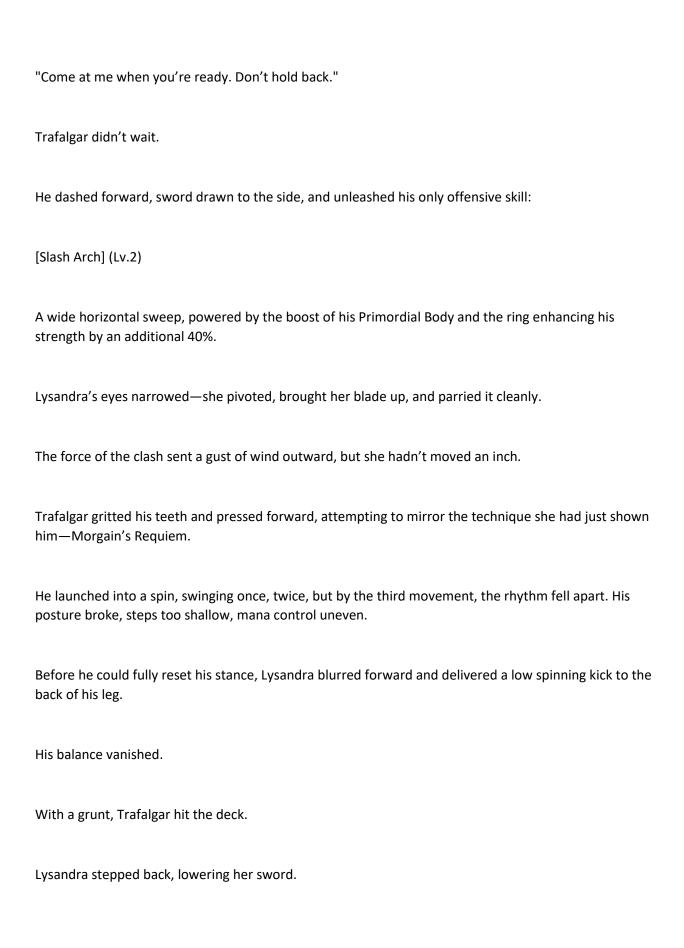
Chapter 39: Above the Snow Another day had passed. Trafalgar stood alone on the upper deck of the flying ship, arms resting lazily against the cold metal railing. The wind whipped against his face, bringing with it the sharp bite of colder climates ahead. Off in the distance, massive white-capped mountains stretched like jagged claws against the horizon. They had entered Morgain territory. Hovering not far from the ship, Valttair 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 Valttair 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.



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.





'Here's the problem from last time, tch.' From atop his wyvern, Valttair 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.



"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."