

Tyrant 176

Chapter 176: Sudden Arrival

The night sky fractured with a shadow that did not belong there.

One moment there was only the endless expanse of stars and wind; the next, something vast tore through the air above them. Enormous wings unfurled, blotting out the moonlight, each beat sending shockwaves that rattled Trafalgar's bones.

It wasn't a wyvern. Not even close.

This was a dragon.

A colossal shape, sleek and terrifying, scales darker than midnight, their surface glinting like blades of glass. Twin eyes, violet and alive with a strange, timeless awareness, burned against the backdrop of the stars.

The wyvern beneath them shrieked, its body convulsing with fear. Its wings faltered, a jolt shuddering through its massive frame as it fought the instinct to flee. Trafalgar gripped the harness with both hands, his knuckles whitening.

Valttair moved with ruthless precision. One hand pressed hard against the wyvern's neck, pouring mana into the beast, forcing its panic under control. His other hand summoned his blade in a flash of light. The sword hummed with raw power, cutting a line of brilliance against the dark.

Trafalgar's gaze stayed fixed on the dragon. The sight made his skin prickle and his chest tighten, but deep down, something in him recognized that presence.

'Caelvyrn, what the hell is he doing here?'

He had seen him once before and lived to tell it. The aura was the same—overwhelming, ancient, but not immediately hostile. Still, facing him like this, in his full glory, felt different. The sheer size, the weight of his existence, screamed predator.

Valttair leveled his sword, cold fury etched into every line of his face. "Stand ready," he murmured, his voice like steel.

The voice rolled across the frozen sky, smooth and mocking, carrying an elegance that clashed with the raw power of the creature before them.

"Ay, ay, ay... chill, chill. No need to greet me with that blade."

The dragon's head tilted, those glowing violet eyes narrowing with amusement. His tone was playful, but the air still vibrated with the weight of his presence. "Don't tell me you've already forgotten me, Valttair. Last time we met—on that flying ship—you swung first. If I hadn't deflected it, you would've cut me in half."

Valttair's sword didn't lower an inch. His expression remained carved from stone, but his aura pulsed, a storm on the edge of breaking loose. "You shouldn't be here, dragon."

The wyvern trembled beneath them, still straining against the instinct to flee, its wings twitching violently. Trafalgar pressed himself low, one hand steadying the harness while his eyes stayed fixed on the enormous figure before them.

He spoke before his father could escalate further. "Father. Wait. I know him."

Valttair's gaze flicked back, incredulous for a heartbeat.

Trafalgar didn't flinch. "This is Caelvyrn. I met him once already. If he wanted me dead, he had the chance then. He didn't take it."

For the first time, Valttair's blade wavered, just slightly.

Caelvyrn chuckled, the sound like distant thunder rolling over the peaks. "See? The boy remembers. Smarter than most of your brood, Valttair. I told you—I didn't come to fight. I came to talk."

The massive dragon hovered effortlessly, wings beating slow and steady, like the casual movements of a predator with no need to prove itself.

The dragon's wings shifted, sending another rush of air that nearly tore Trafalgar's hood from his head. Then Caelvyrn angled downward, gliding toward a wide plateau carved into the mountain's side. Snow and stone cracked beneath his landing, the impact sending tremors through the ridge.

Valttair guided the wyvern down behind him, every muscle of the beast still taut with fear. They touched down hard, talons scraping the rock, steam curling from its nostrils. Trafalgar released a breath he hadn't realized he was holding, his chest still tight from the cold and the tension.

The towering dragon's form shimmered. Dark scales dissolved into smoke, wings folding into nothingness, until what remained was a tall man standing on the plateau.

Caelvyrn.

Bare-chested despite the freezing winds, his long black hair fell loose over his shoulders, shifting with every gust. Curved horns framed his head, gleaming faintly under the moonlight, and his purple eyes burned with a sharp, playful curiosity. His movements were elegant, almost theatrical, as if he had all the time in the world.

"Better," he said, his voice calmer now, smooth as silk. "I doubt your wyvern would survive much longer staring at me in my true form."

Valttair remained mounted, sword still drawn, his aura unyielding. But his eyes tracked every subtle motion, sharp and predatory.

Caelvyrn ignored him, stepping forward with leisurely grace, his gaze fixed on Trafalgar. "I've been looking for you."

Trafalgar stiffened. He had expected interest, maybe questions—but not this direct claim.

"Why?" His voice came out steadier than he felt. "Why do dragons keep noticing me?"

Caelvyrn smiled faintly, tilting his head. "You're different from the other normal living creatures, and the others noticed you too. I don't know why, but you caught my attention that time in your uncle's forest. Mordrek, huh, what a shame... the bastard did it because he was looking for you..."

"The others?" Trafalgar asked, narrowing his eyes.

Purple irises gleamed with amusement. "Dragons, of course. We're curious creatures. You smell like possibility, and we're all suckers for that." His grin widened, boyish despite the horns curling from his head. "But the one you're chasing now—ah, that's no ordinary dragon."

Valttair finally spoke, his voice edged with steel. "Speak plainly."

"Oh, fine, fine." Caelvyrn gave a dramatic sigh, waving one hand lazily. "The dragon you're after carries a class called [Gluttony]. Dangerous one, that. Whatever it devours, it becomes. Flesh, fire, mana—it all turns into strength."

Trafalgar's stomach tightened. 'So it's not just powerful—it grows with every kill. What kind of overpowered thing is that? Are you kidding me?'

"Sounds fun, doesn't it?" Caelvyrn's laugh rolled across the plateau, warm but unnerving. "It's probably licking its wounds somewhere right now. When it's healed? It'll be worse. Much worse."

Valttair's grip on his sword tightened, his aura surging like a storm about to break. But Caelvyrn only wagged a finger. "Relax, blond-hair. If I wanted to side with it, I wouldn't be standing here giving you tips, would I?"

His gaze flicked back to Trafalgar, softer now, almost conspiratorial. "I'm telling you this because I like you and I want you alive because you are entertaining. So get stronger. Don't disappoint me."

Before Trafalgar could respond, Caelvyrn stepped back, wings of shadow flickering briefly behind him.
"Until next time."

And with that, he was gone—vanishing into the night sky as easily as he had appeared.