

## **Tyrant 66**

Chapter 66: The One Who Yawned

Trafalgar stood in the middle of the clearing, barely breathing.

He was facing a dragon.

Well—he looked like a man. Long black hair, eyes glowing purple, horns curling back from his temples like polished obsidian. But Trafalgar had seen his true form just minutes ago. The weight in the air hadn't vanished. It clung to Caelvyrn like a mantle.

They faced each other in silence.

Trafalgar's arms were relaxed at his sides, but his legs... they were shaking.

Caelvyrn noticed.

"You're afraid," he said casually, tilting his head.

Trafalgar let out a dry breath. "You can tell?"

"Well," Caelvyrn said, smirking, "your legs are trembling, and you've been blinking a lot. But don't worry, you can chill. I'm one of the nice ones."

Trafalgar raised an eyebrow.

Caelvyrn added, almost wistfully, "Although... I do remember how your father greeted me. Quite the welcome."

Trafalgar frowned. "My father...?"

"Oh yes. That day I flew close to that floating ship—curious about you. Your father looked me dead in the eye... and launched an attack directly between mine." He gave a theatrical sigh. "Not very friendly."

Trafalgar blinked.

"I'm not the vengeful type, though," Caelvyrn continued. "But maybe next time I'm flying over Morgain Peaks, and I spot your dad on that wyvern of his... I'll drop him a little 'hello' of my own."

His voice was cheerful, but Trafalgar wasn't sure if he was joking. He didn't know whether to laugh or run.

So instead, he changed the subject.

"Are you the reason the monsters have been migrating out of the forest?"

Caelvyrn blinked. "Oh! So that's what this is about?"

He stretched his arms behind his head.

"Yeah, that was me. I was starving. Took a quick bite out of whatever I found nearby. Honestly though—poor quality. Monsters around here are bland. No spice, no soul, no texture."

Trafalgar stared, uncertain.

'Is he terrifying... or just weird?'

Caelvyrn looked at him and pouted. "Hey, I'm not that weird."

Trafalgar blinked. "Can you... read minds?"

Caelvyrn chuckled. "No, no. I wish. But your expression is like a wide-open book. You looked at me like I was a madman."

"...Was I wrong?"

Caelvyrn gasped in mock offense. "Absolutely! I'm just... excited. It's not every day I meet a Primordial, you know. Been what—maybe a hundred years?"

Trafalgar straightened slightly. "There are others like me?"

"Oh, sure. Few and far between, though. The last one I met was this woman... always dressed in black."

He closed one eye, as if visualizing her. "Sharp eyes, colder than a glacier, ridiculously attractive. Shame she rejected me. Brutally."

Trafalgar's expression didn't change, but his thoughts sharpened.

'The Veiled Woman... he's talking about her. He has to be.'

"Do you know where I can find her?" he asked carefully.

Caelvyrn raised an eyebrow. "Didn't I just say it's been a century since I last saw her?"

"Right..." Trafalgar exhaled.

There was a moment of silence, and then—

"Can I ask you something?" Trafalgar said.

Caelvyrn smirked. "Go ahead. I like questions."

"What exactly does it mean to be a Primordial?"

The dragon's playful aura dulled, just a little. His smile remained, but there was more weight behind his answer.

"It means your bloodline is older than time as you know it," he said. "There were three great lines that shaped the beginning of the world: the Primordials, the Demigods, and the Dragons. You—" he pointed at Trafalgar, "are one of the few with the first. And a long time ago... there was a war."

"A war?"

Caelvyrn nodded. "Primordials and Demigods. It didn't end well. Most of your kind either died... or vanished."

"I see..."

A long pause.

Trafalgar narrowed his eyes. "Then why did you blast that mana explosion earlier? That thing nearly wiped out our entire squad."

Caelvyrn blinked. "Ohhh, that?"

He scratched his head. "Whopsies. Must've been a yawn. Dragon Breath kinda slips out sometimes."

He raised both arms above his head and stretched... then struck a ridiculous, exaggerated pose like he was modeling for a painting.

"Hiiiiiyaaaah! Apologies, innocent adventurer~!"

Trafalgar stared at him, face blank.

Expression: unreadable.

"...Don't you think you're a bit too old to act like that?" he said flatly.

Caelvyrn snorted. "Now we're judging personalities? Harsh."

He suddenly turned his head toward the northeast. His voice dropped in tone.

"Looks like someone's coming. Fast on top of that."

He turned back to Trafalgar with a lazy smile. "Guess this is goodbye. Tell whoever it is that I'm full now. Food was awful, but it did the job."

Without another word, his body began to expand again.

Black scales bloomed. Horns lengthened. Wings tore through the sky.

In seconds, Caelvyrn was once again a colossal fifty-meter dragon, purple eyes glowing like twin stars.

With one powerful beat of his wings, he launched skyward—breaking through the mist and vanishing into the clouds.

Trafalgar just stood there, arms limp at his sides, wind blasting past his cloak.

"...Did I just become friends with a dragon?"

From the northern ridge of the shattered forest, a blur of motion carved through the trees. Snow scattered, bark splintered—and Mordrek appeared at the edge of the massive clearing, his boots crunching against the torn earth.

His sharp eyes scanned the destruction: dozens of trees were snapped in half, the terrain completely upturned. It looked less like a battlefield and more like a natural disaster had hit.

And right in the middle of it, Trafalgar stood alone, arms at his side, staring up at the sky.

Overhead, the massive shadow of a fifty-meter black dragon vanished into the clouds, its purple eyes the last thing to fade.

Mordrek's face tightened.

"...What happened here?" he asked, voice low but firm.

Trafalgar didn't turn to face him. "That thing flying away? It yawned. That was the explosion. Then it said it ate, took a nap, and left."

Mordrek narrowed his eyes. "You talked to the dragon?"

"Yes." Trafalgar finally looked over his shoulder. "I landed next to it after the blast. Tried to stab it, but... yeah. Didn't go well."

Mordrek took a few slow steps forward, scanning his nephew for wounds—surprised to see none.

"I don't know how the hell you're still alive," he muttered.

Trafalgar shrugged. "Maybe I'm lucky. Or maybe he's just weird."

"...Did he say why he was here?"

"He said he was hungry."

Mordrek's brows furrowed. "Dragons can go decades without eating. That's not a real reason."

"Well, I wasn't going to argue with that thing."

A brief silence followed as the cold wind swept through the clearing.

Mordrek looked up toward the sky where Caelvyrn had disappeared.

'That's the thing my brother told me was around, to think it would be here close to Euclid sleeping'

The sound of galloping hooves shattered the quiet.

From the south and east sides of the forest, multiple riders burst into the clearing—soldiers with weapons drawn, eyes wide, scanning the devastation.

The Captain, mounted atop his too-small horse, was the first to speak.

"What in the abyss happened here!?"

Behind him, Sylis looked around in awe, clutching the saddle tightly. Her eyes locked onto the broken trees and the cratered terrain.

Trafalgar lifted a hand lazily. "We're good. The 'problem' flew off."

The Captain dismounted and walked toward them. "Flew off?"

Mordrek gave a simple nod. "A dragon."

The soldiers froze.

"...A dragon?" one of them echoed, almost in disbelief.

The Captain's eyes widened as he stepped beside Mordrek. "Wait, you're saying the core issue causing the monster migration was a... dragon my lord?"

Mordrek crossed his arms. "Yes. One with a very large appetite and a very casual attitude toward mass destruction."

Sylis slid down from her horse and approached Trafalgar.

"You're okay?" she asked, softer this time.

He nodded. "Just met the weirdest living thing I've ever seen."

The Captain looked between them all, then muttered to himself, "A dragon near Euclid... How is that even possible?"

Mordrek didn't answer. He was still looking toward the horizon, where Caelvyrn had vanished.

"...He said he was hungry," he repeated grimly.

Mordrek would break the silence. "Okay, time to go back, guys. Pack everything up. The problem is solved."