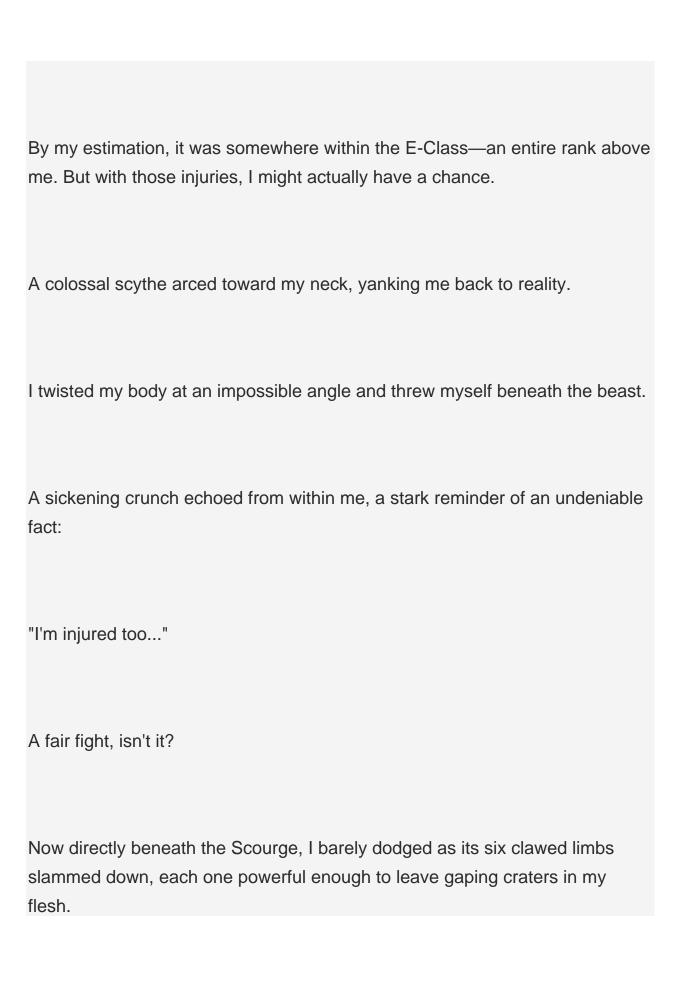
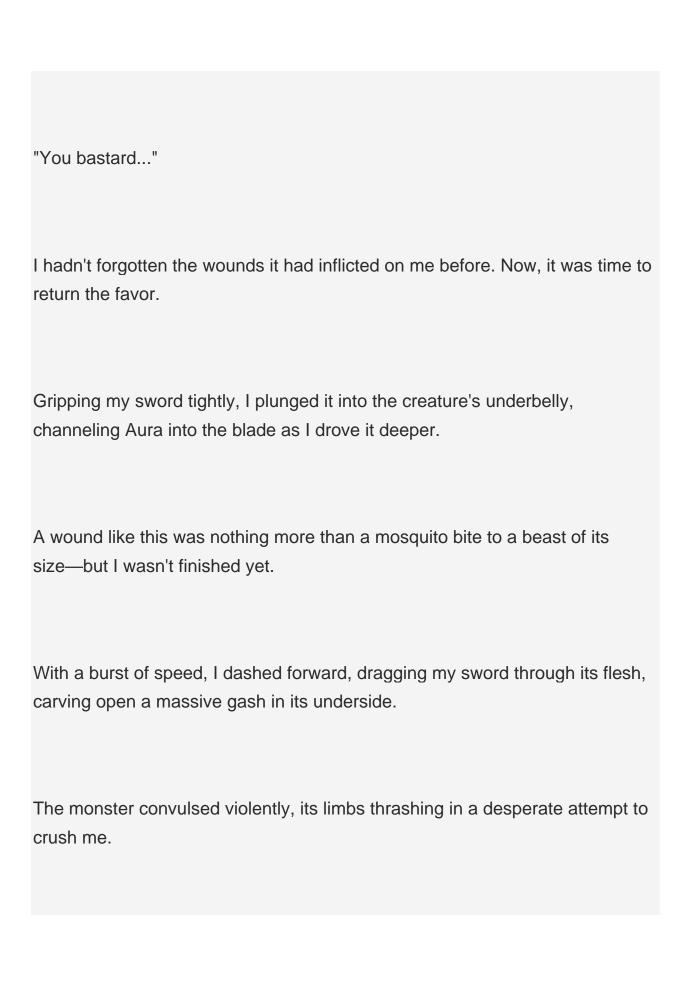
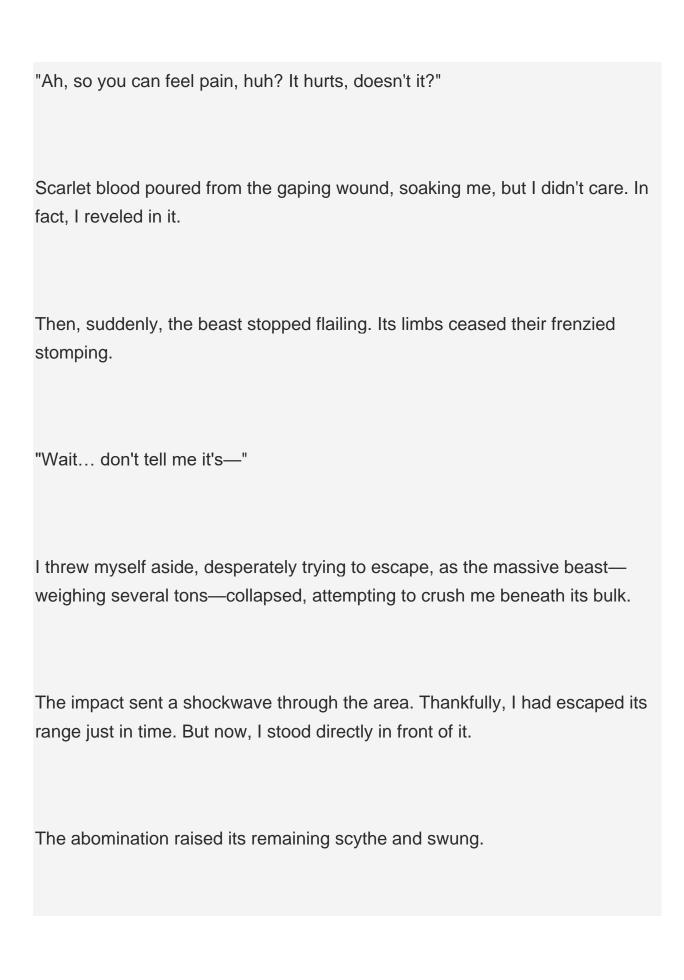
THE VILLAIN'S POV

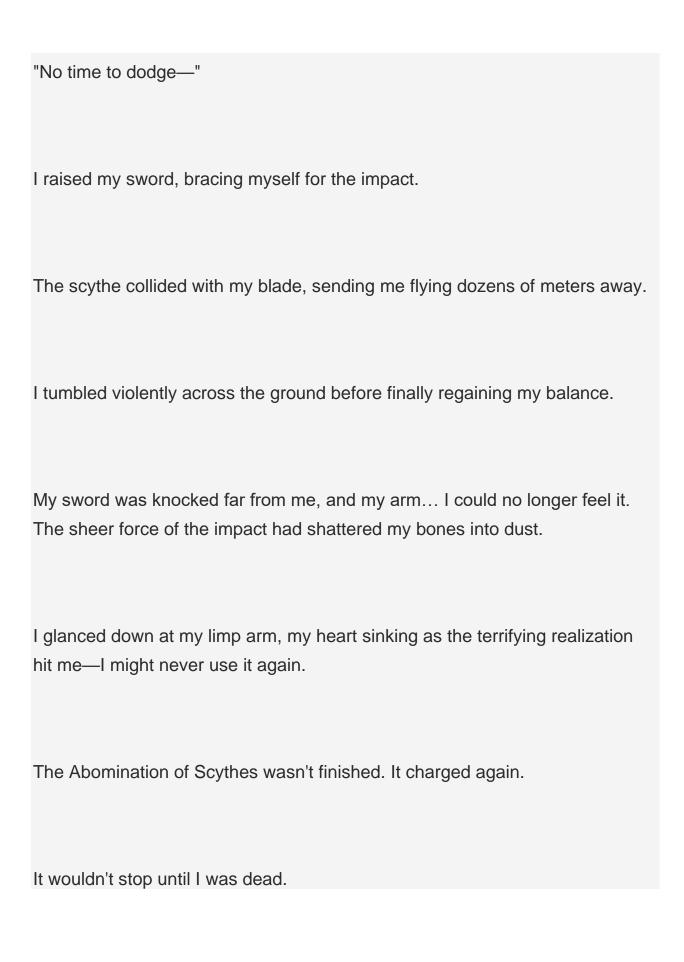
Chapter 18 18: Shadow Sect

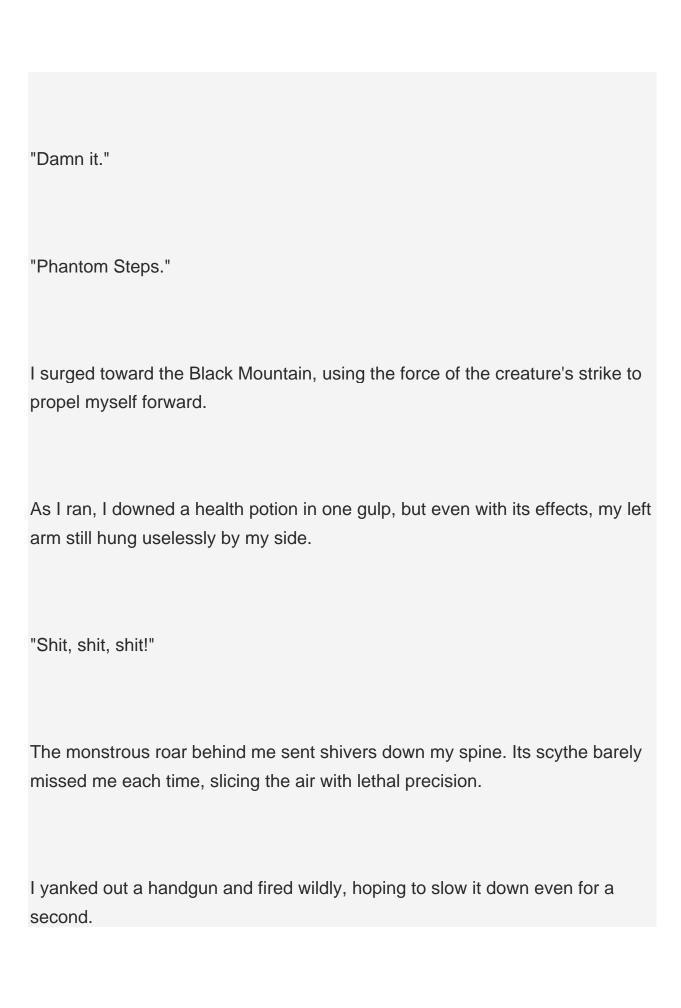
-Frey starlight POV-
The Scourge of Scythes lunged at me, its massive limbs swinging with deadly force.
Thanks to Hawk's Eye, everything moved in slow motion, allowing me to see every detail with chilling clarity.
The creature was in a pitiful state—its charred body bore the scars of battle, and only one scythe remained intact, the other shattered beyond use. It now stood on six legs instead of eight, its balance faltering.
"So, life hasn't been kind to you either, huh?"

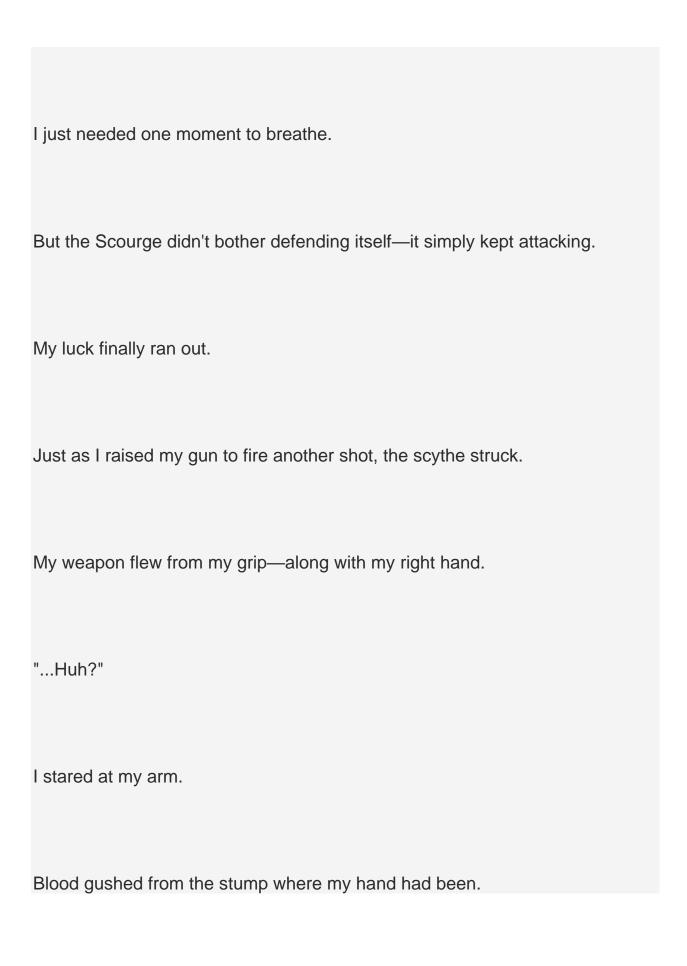


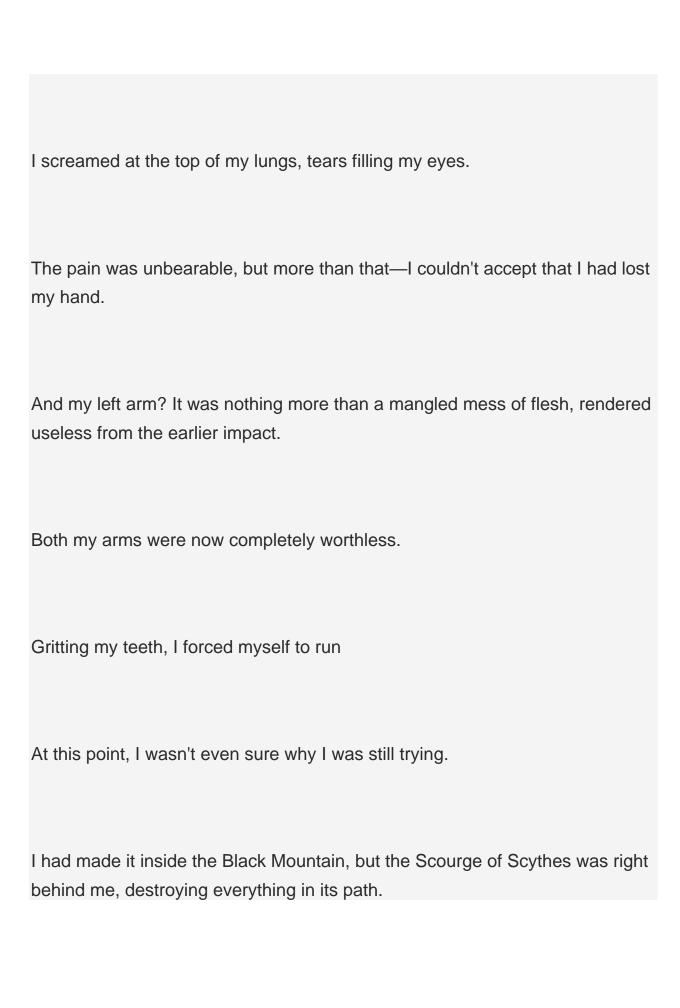


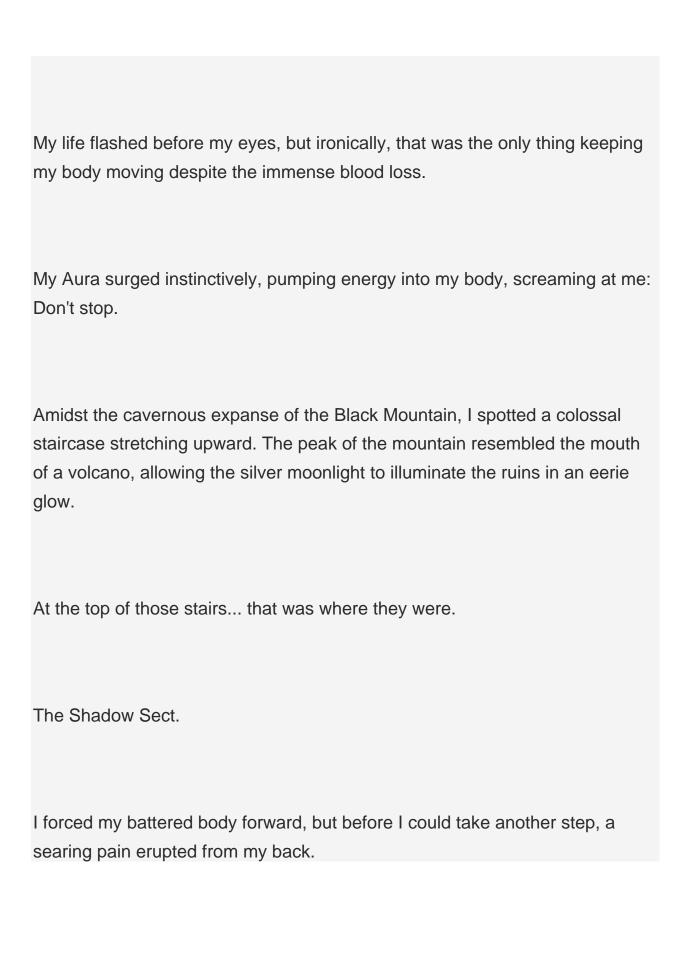


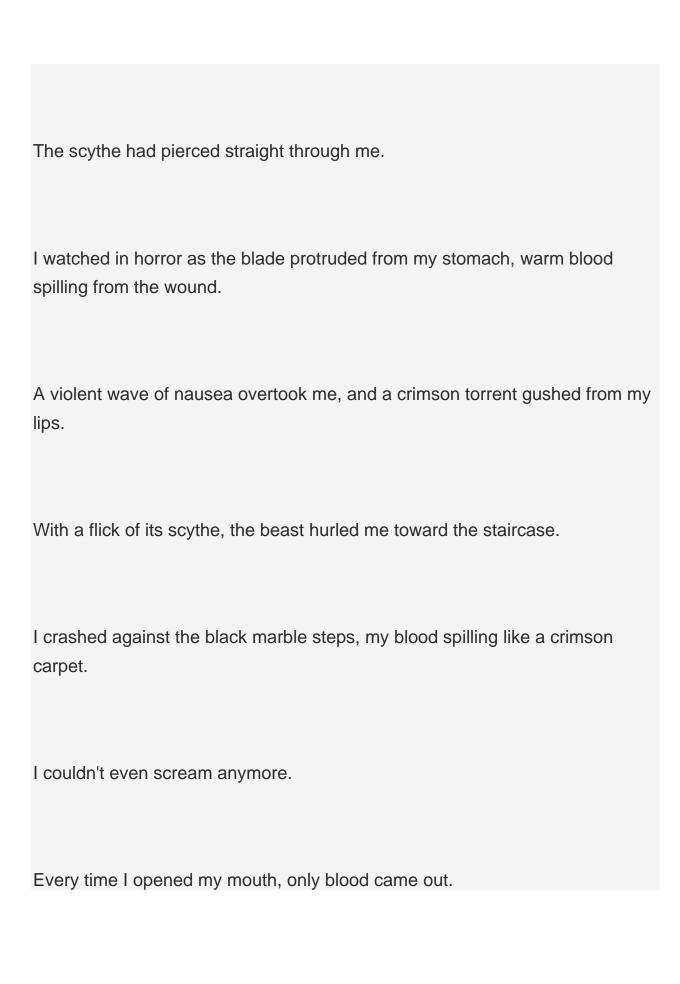




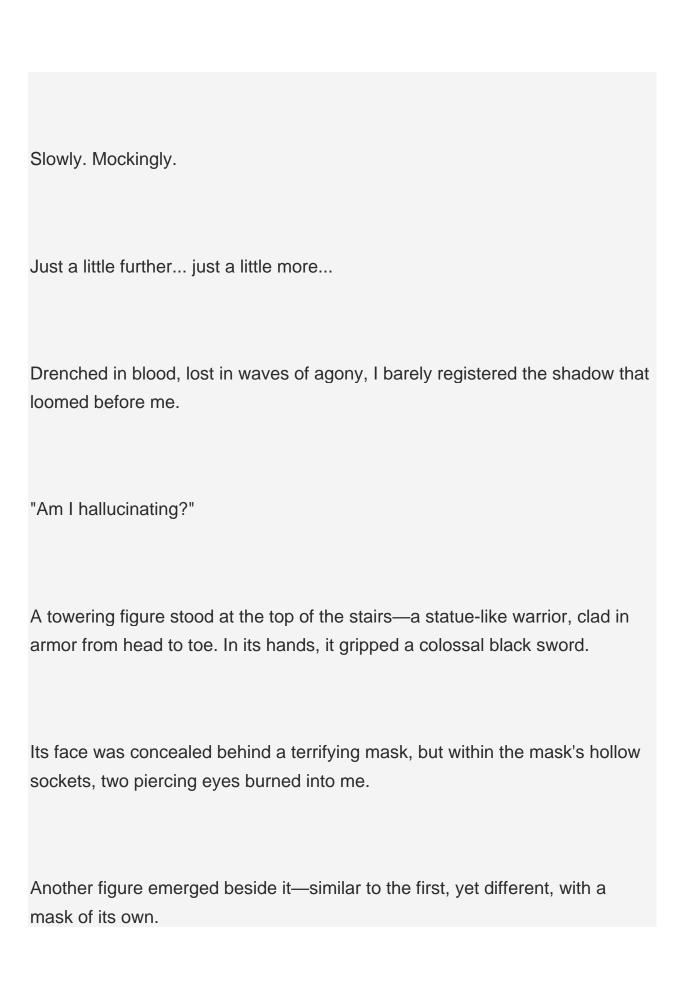


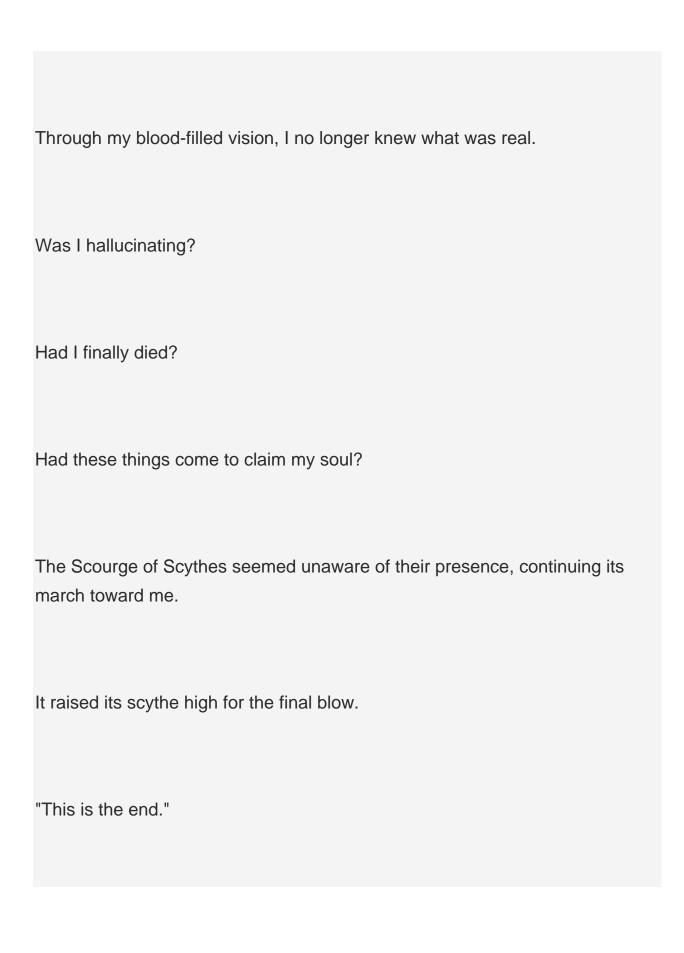


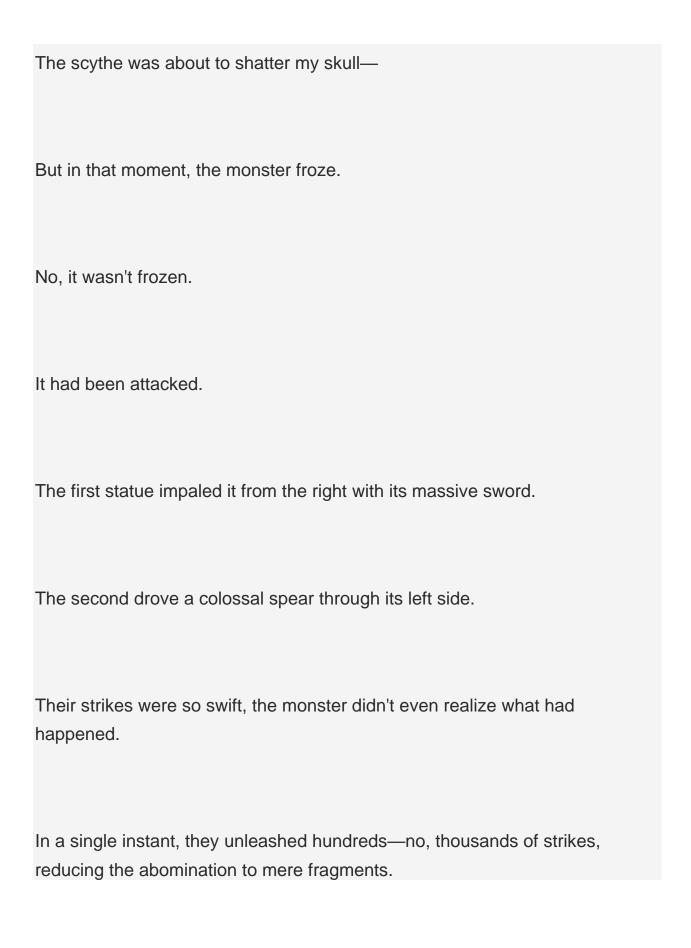


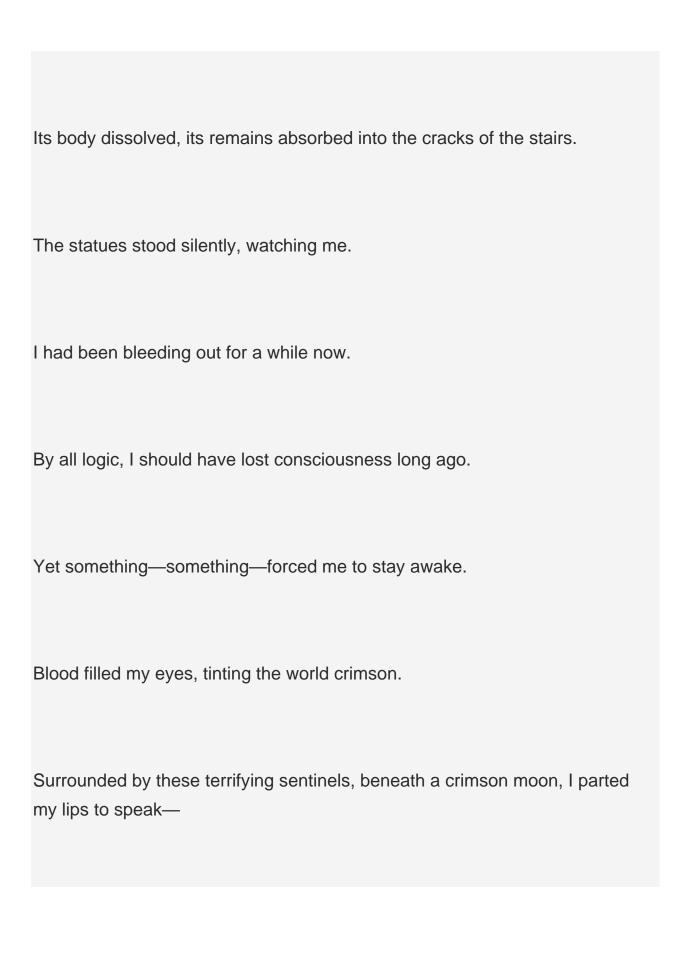


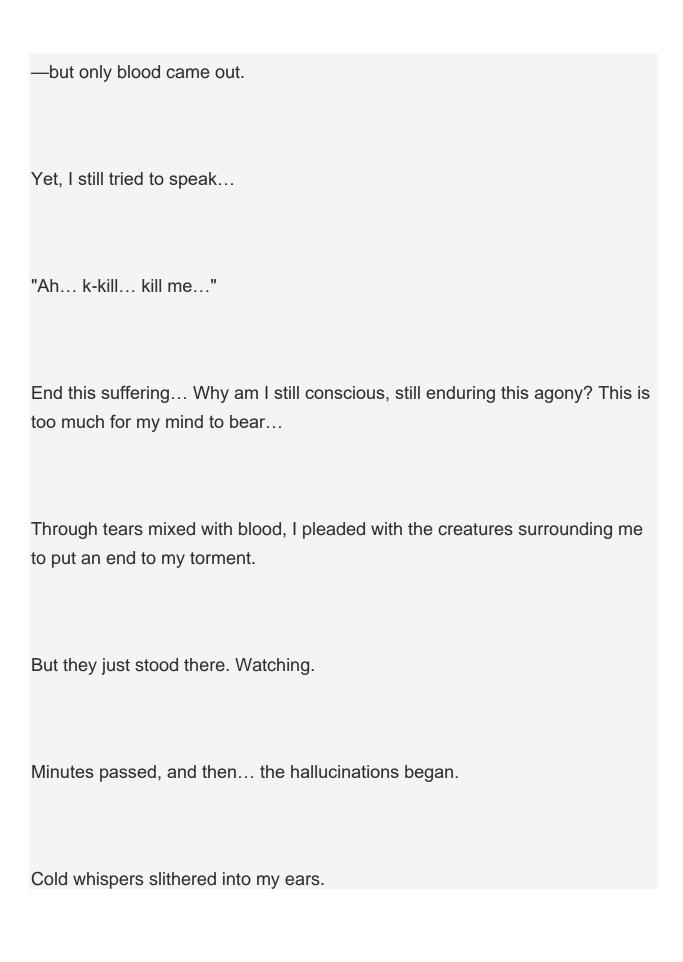
A gaping wound in my abdomen, a missing hand, a crushed arm, shattered bones how was I still alive?
My blood seeped into the cracks of the stairs, as if the mountain itself was drinking it.
I crawled, dragging myself up the steps.
Like a worm.
I had come so far.
Only a few damned steps separated me from my goal.
Behind me, the Scourge of Scythes strode forward, stepping through the blood trail I had left behind.

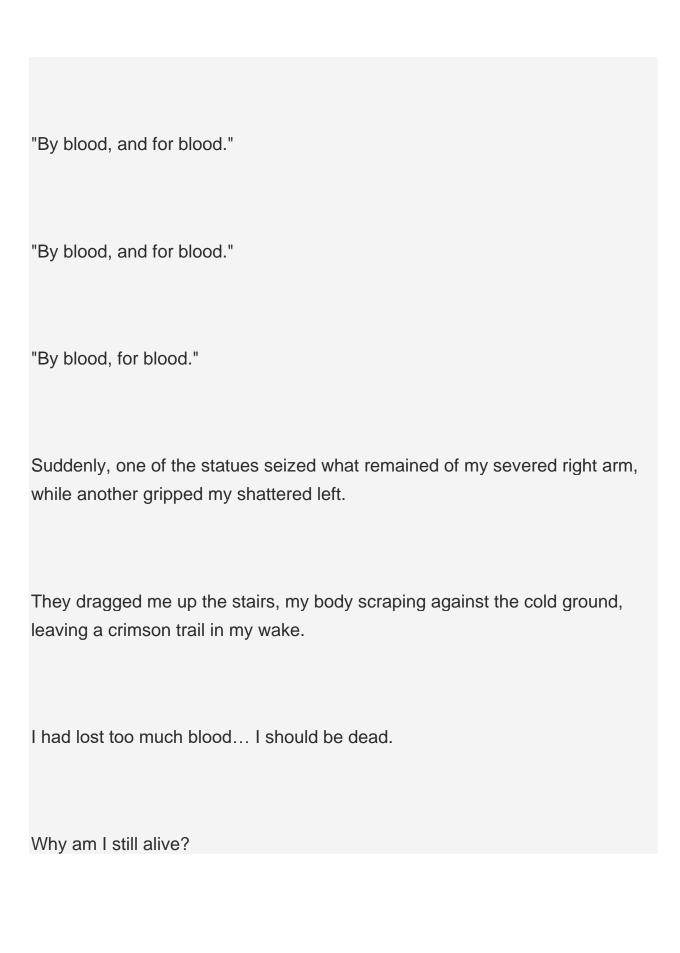


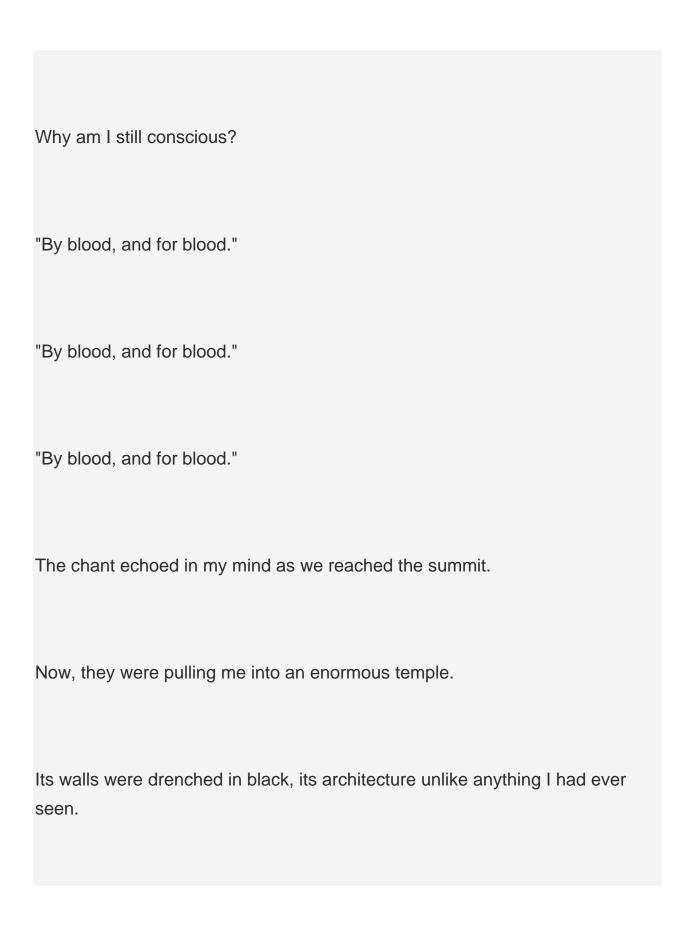


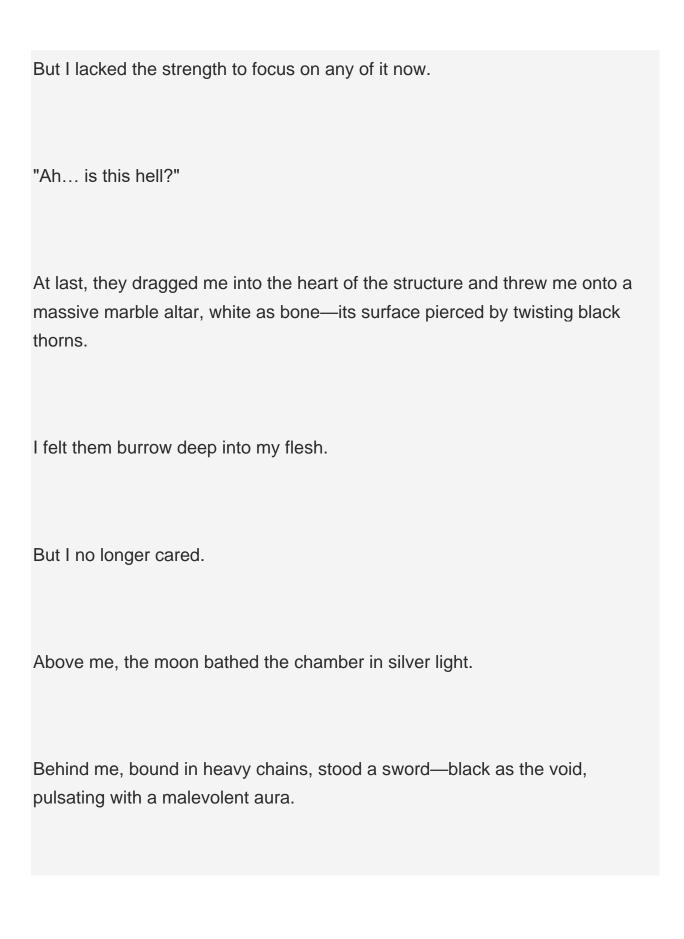


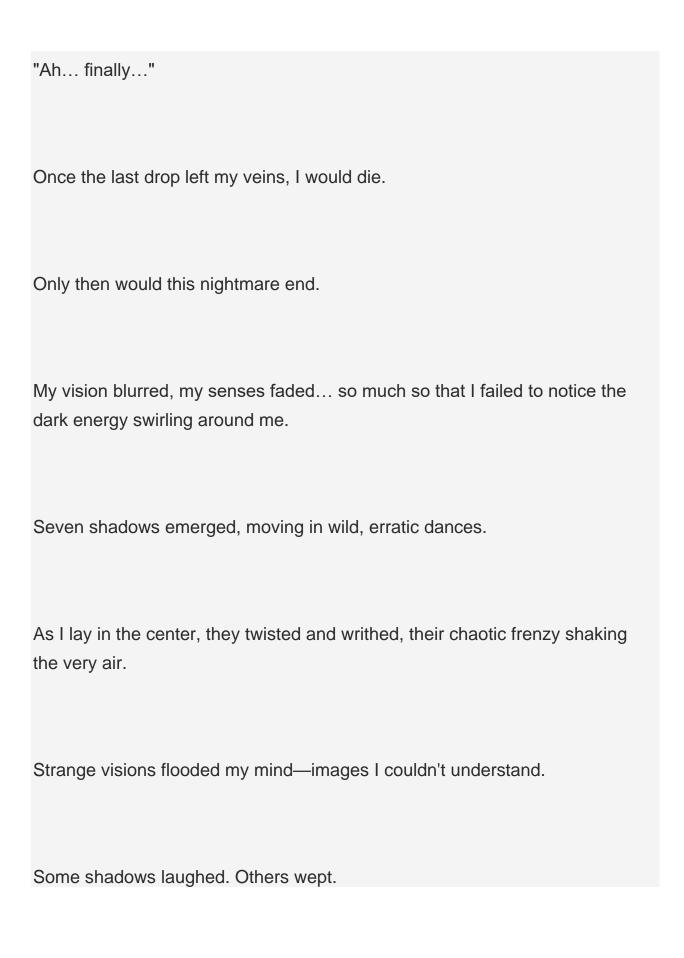




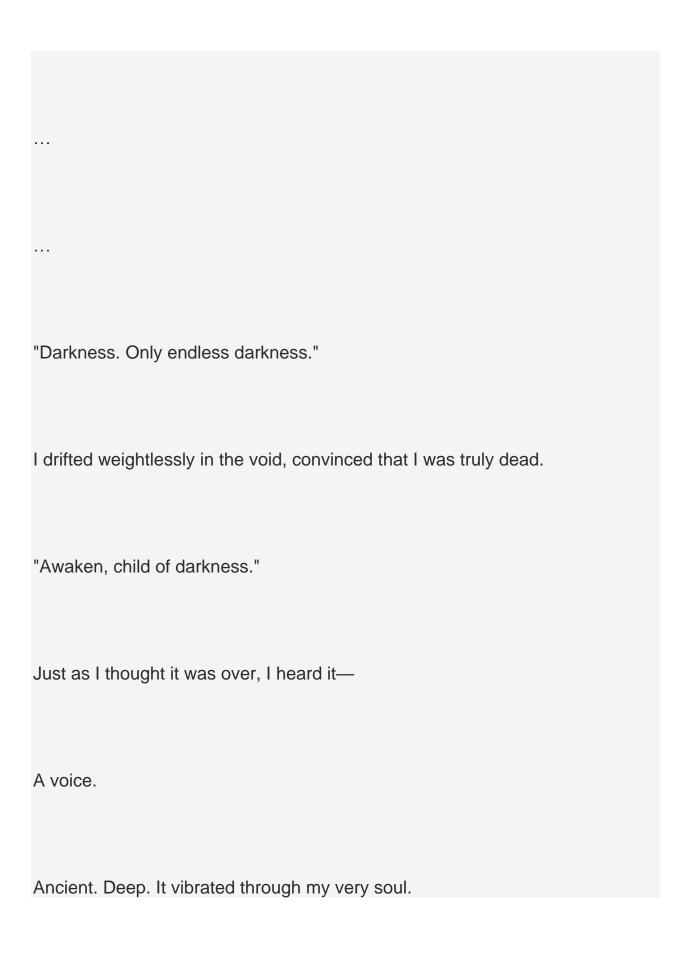


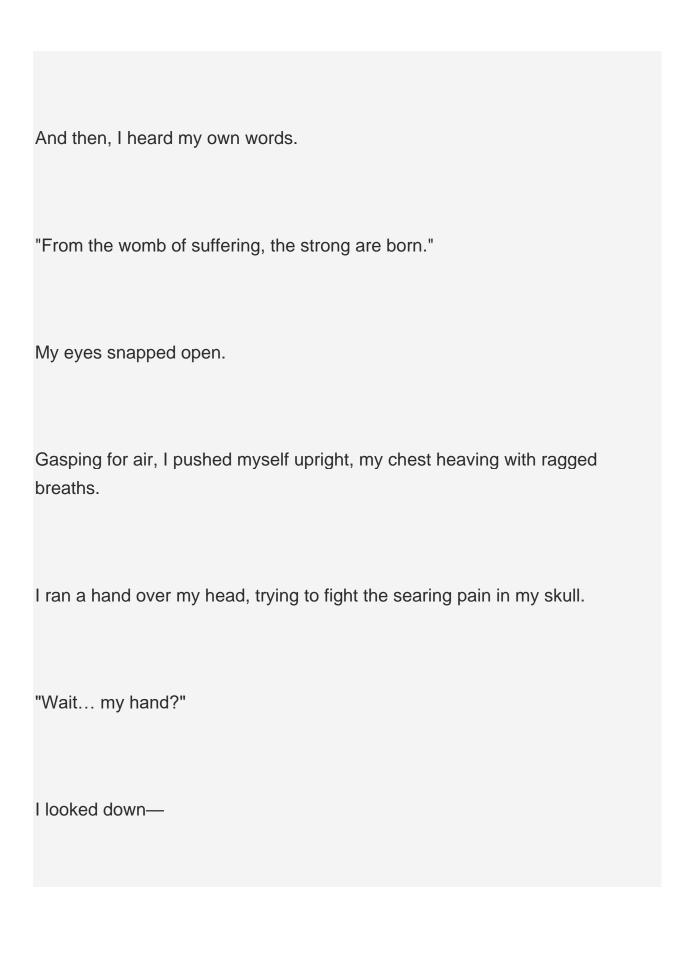






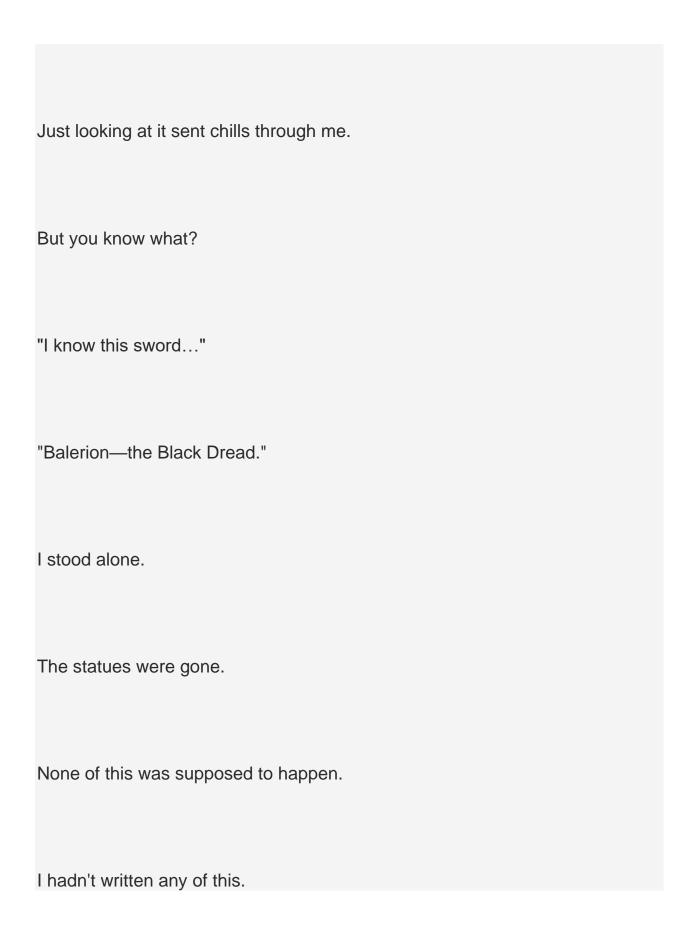
And some screamed.
My blood slithered through the chains, creeping toward the black sword, swallowing it entirely.
At last, my body turned deathly pale, and my vision faded to black.
"Finally I'm dying."
I took one last look at my ruined body before slipping into darkness, surrendering to oblivion.
"It's over."

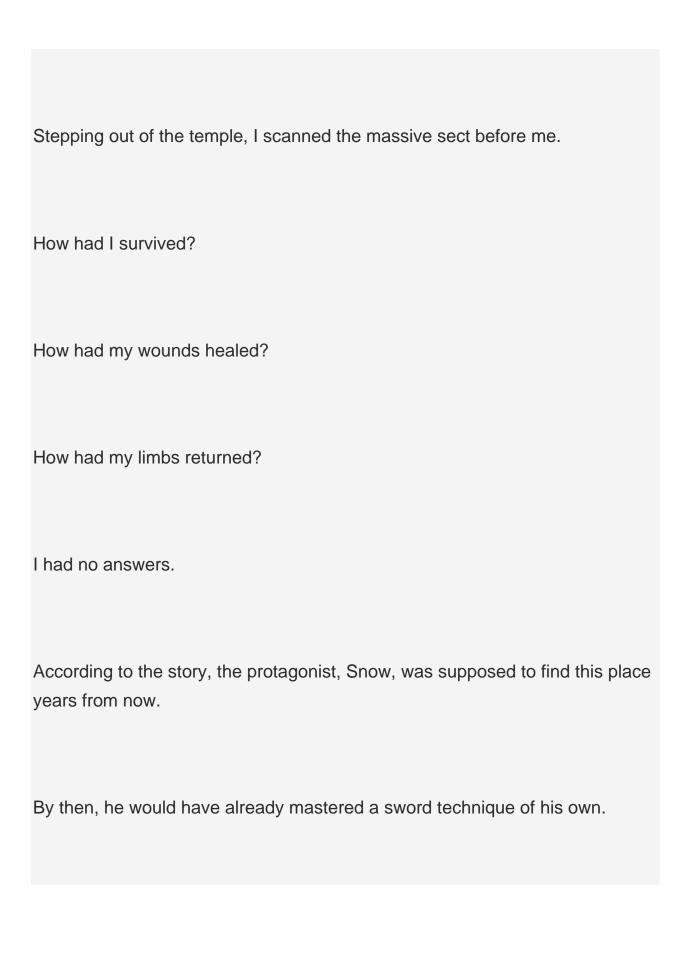




My right hand was there.
Pale, smooth skin.
The very hand I had lost.
"Am I hallucinating?"
I frantically examined my body.
No wounds. No scars.
Even the old ones gone.
"What the hell is going on?"

Then, I felt something on my left hand.
Whether it was due to the shock or something else entirely, I hadn't noticed it until now.
Clinging to my palm…
Sleeping there
A cursed, black sword.
It had no hilt.
My own hand had become the hilt.
A terrifying obsidian blade extended from my wrist, exuding an aura of death.





I lifted the cursed blade, now fused to my hand.
In that future, Snow would claim this very sword and use it to annihilate the sect, ensuring that no one else would ever learn the Ten Thousand Steps of Shadow technique before leaving.
That was what should have happened.
But somehow, everything had changed.
What were those shadows?
Where had the statues come from?
I didn't know.
I was staring into the unknown.

