

VILLAIN 120

Chapter 120 The Massacre of Fire and Blood

As various factions lurked on the battlefield, bracing for the impending storm of chaos—one destined to shake the very foundations of the empire in the near future...

A lone girl stood in the distance, silently observing the tempest on the verge of erupting.

With a somber expression, she gazed ahead, her mind adrift in memories of that fateful night—the night that had upended her life and bound her to the will of that man.

Prince Aegon Valerion.

The monster who wore human skin.

Closing her eyes, the events of that night resurfaced, vivid and unrelenting, as if they had happened just yesterday.

One month ago...

At the very moment the assault on the temple concluded and Kai Luc fell...

Another scheme had been unfolding in the shadows—one that no one had even suspected.

-Selina Hemsworth Pov-

"Huh?"

I awoke slowly, feeling as though I had been lost in an endless slumber.

Thick ropes bound my wrists and bare ankles.

My body was drenched, my hair tangled and disheveled.

It took only a few moments for the haze in my mind to clear.

I was tied to a narrow wooden chair—but I wasn't alone.

The sounds of muffled sobs and restrained cries reached my ears, sending a chill through me.

I wasn't the only one here.

Around me, restrained just as I was, sat several young people—faces I recognized immediately.

They were my classmates from the magic class.

We were arranged in a circle, each of us bound in the same way.

But unlike me, they had been gagged, robbed of even the ability to speak.

Beyond our group, I could see more captives—many, in fact. The dim light barely revealed their faces, but the sheer number of them was staggering.

"Selena?"

A voice called my name.

I turned to see a familiar young man—bound like me, but unlike the others, he wasn't gagged.

"Xavier? What's happening? How did we get here?!"

Xavier was also a classmate of mine under the sorcerer Kai Luc.

Usually composed, his face was a mess of distress this time.

"I-I don't know... When I came to, we were already here..."

What the hell is going on?

The last thing I remember is what happened at the temple—the betrayal of Kai Luc and the sorcerers who followed him.

Speaking of which... some of them were here with us.

The situation was such a disaster that, for a brief moment, I wished I had never woken up.

"Selena, can you use your magic?"

Right—magic. Why hadn't I thought of that?

I immediately tried to channel the magic within me.

But to my horror... I couldn't.

The power that had been a part of me my entire life was completely out of reach.

"You too, huh?"

His words confirmed my fears—he couldn't use his magic either.

Our magic hadn't simply been sealed...

No.

It felt as though something—someone—was crushing us under an invisible force, rendering us incapable of accessing our own power.

Someone terrifyingly strong.

As the muffled stares of our bound classmates bore into us and tension hung thick in the air, I forced myself to stay calm.

"Selena... we need to keep it together and find a way out of this."

I nodded at Xavier. That was the only logical course of action—we didn't even know who had taken us.

"First, we should—"

Clap.

Clap.

Clap.

Slow, deliberate claps echoed through the chamber as lights flickered on one by one, momentarily blinding us.

As our vision adjusted, the grim reality of our surroundings became clear.

We were imprisoned in a massive underground hall, encircled by hundreds of captives.

Most of them were in terrible condition.

I barely registered the faces of the countless people around us—men and women, children and elders—because in that moment, only one figure demanded attention.

Golden hair.

Golden eyes.

A face so infamous that I would recognize it anywhere.

He was known throughout the empire.

"Prince Aegon..."

He moved forward at a steady pace, holding something in his hand.

"You're finally awake, huh? You have no idea how long I've been waiting for you."

"The Prince? What is happening here? Why are we—"

Before Xavier could finish his sentence, Aegon's foot crashed into his chest, sending him flying backward off his chair.

"Silence. Do you want me to gag you as well?"

Irritation flickered across Aegon's face as he ran a hand through his hair.

"Idiots... You don't even know how to take advantage of the gift I've given you."

In his hand, he held a large container filled with a strange liquid.

Then, without warning, he began pouring it over the captives—one by one, at random.

"You know... mages are quite special."

Some struggled, recoiling from the sensation, while others trembled as the thick substance drenched them.

"Special... very special."

When my turn came, the moment the liquid touched my skin, I recognized it instantly.

A fire accelerant. Highly flammable.

Panic twisted my gut as my mind raced, trying to make sense of Aegon's intentions.

Then, with chilling ease, he grabbed a girl's wrist and slowly, deliberately, crushed it. Her muffled screams of agony sent a cold shiver through my body.

"Mages have such delicate bodies... That's why I have a particular fondness for them."

Aegon stood at the center of the room, his golden eyes sweeping over us like a predator watching his prey.

Then, with a snap of his fingers, a spark of electricity crackled to life.

"Now then... who should have the honor first? You?"

"You?"

"You?"

"Or perhaps... you, my dear Selena?"

"A-Aegon, what are you—"

"Shhh."

With a flick of his hand, my voice was cut off completely.

"No talking. I'm the only voice that matters here. This is my show."

I froze, my heart pounding in my chest as silence swallowed the room.

Aegon exhaled in frustration, rubbing his temple.

"First, I had to deal with your teacher's mess, and now this? More trash for me to clean up."

"The mages here had such big dreams. Chaos, rebellion, and—boom! A magnificent explosion! A firework display to bring their little fantasies to life."

He let out a sharp laugh—one that carried no warmth, only madness.

"Here? In my empire? On my land?"

With a slow, measured stride, Aegon approached one of the bound figures, grabbing his chin and tilting his head toward the gathered crowd.

"Look closely, my dear revolutionary."

The young man—one of the traitors—hesitated before obeying. The moment his gaze landed on whatever Aegon wanted him to see, his entire body convulsed.

A muffled, agonized scream tore from his throat, his gag barely able to suppress the sheer terror consuming him. His eyes widened, shaking so violently in their sockets they looked as if they might burst.

"Oh? Such raw emotion. You, who were willing to blow up the temple and slaughter thousands, now trembling over a few insignificant lives?"

"Do it."

At Aegon's command, masked executioners emerged from the shadows.

Without hesitation, they descended upon the captives in front of us, blades flashing as they cut them down one by one.

Blood splattered the stone floor, seeping into the cracks as the bound mage thrashed wildly, his muffled cries of horror growing more desperate.

The butchery stopped after exactly six kills.

"Why the rage? Why the sorrow?"

"It was you... You were the one who chose them to die."

Aegon's fingers sparked with lightning again, the flickering glow illuminating the traitor's trembling face.

"Oh? You want it that badly?"

"Then take it."

A single crackling spark leaped from his fingertips—igniting the boy's body in an instant.

Mages were weak in body. Our flesh burned easily, our pain lasted longer.

Aegon didn't care.

He simply moved to the next.

Then the girl after him.

And another.

One by one.

And suddenly, I understood why everyone screamed when Aegon pointed at the crowd.

My eyes darted frantically, scanning the captives.

And then I saw them.

Three familiar faces.

A man. A woman. A small child.

No.

"NO!"

The word ripped from my throat before I could stop it.

Those three...

My mother.

My father.

My little brother.

Aegon let out a slow, exasperated sigh.

"What now, Selena? Didn't I tell you to keep quiet?"

"Why are you doing this?! Not everyone here betrayed the empire! Not—"

SLAP.

The force of his backhand sent my head snapping to the side, the impact so harsh I nearly lost consciousness.

"Oh? There you are..."

"All this emotion now—just because you saw your family? Am I right?"

"You think I care about whatever filth festered in your pathetic little swamp? Who's innocent, who's guilty—that nonsense? What do you think I am? A judge?"

He stepped back, rubbing his temple again as if this entire ordeal was beneath him.

"As you can see, there's a lot happening here."

"I have so many thoughts swirling in my mind."

The executioners moved through the crowd, slaughtering at random, their screams piercing the air.

With a mere snap of his fingers, Aegon continued his ruthless purge, reducing them to smoldering husks.

"My father, the Empire... the Ultras."

"They all call for me—Aegon, Aegon, Aegon."

"My father , my followers , and those fools from the Ultras do the same."

Aegon let out a hysterical laugh.

"They all want me!"

"They claw at my mind—do this, do that. Demons here, humans there. Who do they think I am?"

"Tell me, to whom does everything in this wretched Empire belong? My foolish father? The ignorant masses, blissfully unaware of the truth? Or those damned creatures called demons?"

"No, no, no, no, no!!!"

He seized my head, his face so close I could feel his breath.

"Everything... belongs to me !."

"Them or me?"

"Meeeeee or them?!"

He laughed, his voice unraveling into ragged sobs.

Staggering, he hoisted Xzavier off the ground. His jaw was shattered, blood soaking his face from the previous blow. He couldn't even form words.

"Oh, I know!"

I trembled, my entire body recoiling in terror as I watched this deranged man.

All I could muster were two words.

"Fuck you."

His ramblings meant nothing to me. My thoughts were fixed on one thing alone.

"I know, Selina... I know."

"You're angry. Both of you are."

By now, the air was thick with the stench of burning flesh, the heat of the flames, and the blood pooling beneath the corpses.

"Family... Family is everything. There was a time when I would have done anything to protect my sister. I was ready to kill for her. When it comes to those we love..."

With everyone else dead, only Xzavier, our families, and I remained. Aegon's attention fell solely on us.

"When it comes to family... what are we without it?"

"Hah... but it's just a foolish notion—love, belonging. 'Aegon, my son, my brother...'"

"Now? I'd stab my own sister if I had to. But she refuses to die! She won't just let go—damn her!"

"My enemies are everywhere! Here, there!"

"And I love crushing my enemies."

"Now... I have a new one. An enemy who hides in the shadows. And he's good—good enough to disrupt my plans. A new X."

Aegon took slow, deliberate steps toward the remaining crowd.

Each one felt like a hammer blow to my chest.

"Don't touch them!"

I screamed, struggling so violently that my chair crashed to the ground.

"An old man, a woman... a child."

Aegon cupped my little brother's face. The poor boy was so paralyzed with fear that he wet himself.

"How many like them have I already killed? How much are these empty lives really worth?"

"Get your hands off him!"

I tried crawling toward him, but my body refused to obey.

"Well then... the fate of these miserable creatures now rests in my hands. Blame me. Blame your weakness. Blame this cruel world. It doesn't matter."

"This is an exchange... a trade of souls."

Aegon turned back, his heavy steps echoing through the silence.

"A trade that demands the right price. Because in the end, it has always been about the ones we love."

And in that moment, I understood—I was no longer free. I was a slave to the monster before me.