

VILLAIN 125

Chapter 125 Starlight vs Moonlight (2)

Standing beside him was another figure—a woman whose strength was already renowned throughout the empire.

"Eleanor..."

The wife of Baylor Moonlight.

The lady of the family.

Carmen's scowl deepened.

"Even you are involved in this?"

For the first time, genuine irritation flickered across her face.

Because the woman before her wasn't just an enemy.

She was a former war companion.

Someone Carmen had once trusted with her back in times of crisis.

They Were Not Alone.

Trailing behind them was a hesitant girl—

The one destined to be at the center of it all.

Seris Moonlight.

Frey stared at them for a moment, his gaze lingering on Seris.

Then, a smile tugged at his lips as he turned his attention back to Frost.

"So, you actually brought your mother this time... Don't tell me you took my words that day seriously?"

"What fitting last words, Frey Starlight."

This time, the arrogant lord had not lost his composure.

"Words befitting a rat like you."

The charged atmosphere between them spoke volumes.

From Frey's shadow, Ghost emerged, taking his place beside him.

Three against three.

The challengers had been chosen.

The battlefield was set.

Only one thing remained—

"Battle!"

Carmen Starlight and Eleanor Moonlight moved faster than anyone else.

Both shattered the very air as they lunged at each other.

"Eleanor! Have you truly sunk so low as to be part of this scheme? All this... just to kill one child?!"

Carmen's fist froze before it could reach its mark.

Eleanor—unlike their first encounter, where she had worn an elegant gown—

Now stood in simple battle attire, her toned stomach exposed, already poised for combat.

"I fight for my family. Nothing more."

Dozens of massive spears formed around Carmen, each one aiming for a vital point.

"For their sake, I will wield this power to its very last drop."

Carmen bit her lip, flames of starlight igniting around her as she burned the energy of her Seven Stars.

"What a pathetic way to think."

The fire of her star scorched through the icy onslaught, barely holding its own.

And then, they clashed again.

It was the fiercest battle by far.

Both warriors deliberately distanced themselves from the others, ensuring their stray attacks wouldn't interfere with the rest.

Meanwhile—

Frost and Frey had eyes only for each other.

"After a month of beatings, you managed to escape me quite well."

A simple spear materialized in Frost's hand as he approached.

"Shall we make up for all those missing hours? Frey Starlight."

But Frey remained silent.

He was analyzing everything before him.

He hasn't used the Remshard yet.

Ignoring Frost, Frey exchanged a look with Ghost—one that carried meaning.

Ghost understood instantly.

"Let's do it."

With that, Frey launched himself at Frost, swinging Balerion with all his might.

Frost met the strike with a scowl, the ground beneath them shattering from the impact.

"So this little toy in your hands is what you're betting on against me?"

Frost's stance shifted. In an instant, his defense turned into offense—

His spear strikes were faster. Far faster than in any of their clashes over the past month.

"Is this your so-called trump card? The great secret you've been saving just for me? Frey Starlight!"

Frey held on. Barely.

But there was no comparison.

Frost was overwhelmingly stronger.

"Pathetic."

With a single motion, Frost broke through Frey's defense, sending him flying.

Frey drove his sword into the ground, barely managing to halt his momentum before he crashed into the wall.

Panting, he touched his side—his fingertips came away red.

Blood.

Frey stared at himself in silence.

This was going to be the toughest battle of his life.

All the training. All the suffering of these past months—

Would it be enough?

Frost was advancing slowly.

He was certain of his victory.

An S-Class against a C-Class.

A gap so vast, it was nearly impossible to overcome.

Frey shut his eyes for a moment.

Then, he opened them—filled with unshakable resolve.

"Balerion... take everything."

Frey let out a weak laugh as his body began to glow with a deep violet light.

"Hmm?"

Frost halted, sensing the sudden surge in his opponent's strength.

"This...?"

Frey continued laughing softly, gazing down at his sword.

Let's hope I survive this...

"Balerion... take my blood. Every last drop."

As if it had been waiting for this command—

The Black Dread, Balerion, trembled violently, its form shifting at an alarming rate.

Red veins—twisted, pulsating, almost human—began spreading across its dark blade.

The same crimson veins soon surfaced beneath Frey's skin, glowing as they intertwined with his aura, draining not only his energy—

But his very life.

In the distant past, the SSS-Class was considered the peak of human power.

Many had reached it.

But it was never enough to defeat the Upper-Rank Demon's—especially those occupying the Fifteenth Seat and beyond.

But then came figures like Chun Ma, the previous wielder of the Black Dread, Balerion—

A man who had stood against those beings as an equal.

The reason?

This form.

A transformation that shattered mortal limits—

The Blood Form.

The strongest manifestation of Balerion.

The power Frey gained from this was nowhere near Chun Ma's level—

After all, one was SSS-Class, while the other was merely C-Class.

Yet, in this battle, it was enough to bridge the gap.

The backlash from using this ability was terrifying.

But there was no time to hesitate.

"Phantom Steps + Hawk Eyes + Ascension."

Activating Ascension was the only way to withstand the crushing pressure of the Blood Form.

15 minutes.

That was all he had.

Beyond that, he wouldn't last.

So, in this short window—

Frey programmed his body for one command.

"Bury Frost Moonlight."

The ground beneath his feet exploded as he swung viciously at the arrogant lord.

Frost barely had time to process the massive speed increase Frey had just gained.

"Don't get ahead of yourself!"

Infusing the tip of his spear with his Ice Aura, Frost retaliated—

Only for his weapon to shatter upon impact with Balerion.

Eyes widening in shock, he had no time to react before—

Frey grabbed his face and slammed him into the wall with brutal force.

Without pause, Frey dashed forward again.

The regal composure Frost had once held was gone—his mind thrown into disarray.

For the first time—

He realized he had to take this fight seriously.

A terrifying wave of ice erupted from him, forcing Frey to retreat.

But Frey adapted instantly—

Using the very ice as a foothold to propel himself forward once more, crashing Frost even deeper into the wall.

Each strike drained more and more of his life—

As Balerion fed greedily on his blood.

Watching this relentless assault—

Both Ghost and Seris had their eyes wide with shock.

And at that moment—

Ghost finally understood what Frey had meant by "50-50 odds."

