

VILLAIN 126

Chapter 126 Frey Starlight Vs Frost Moonlight

It was strange how the underground chamber beneath the towering Moonlight Castle had shifted from its usual silence to the chaos it now held.

Three separate one-on-one battles had erupted.

Perhaps the most intense clashes were those between Carmen Starlight and Eleanor Moonlight, but the most brutal confrontation was the one between the young lord of the Moonlight family and his counterpart—Frey Starlight.

Unleashing his full strength, Frost took the battle before him seriously, especially after the humiliation he had suffered in their last exchange.

Being forced to go all out against someone beneath his level was an insult in itself.

But he had no choice—his opponent had displayed a level of strength that could not be ignored.

Frost pushed Frey back, thrusting his spear at him dozens of times in the span of a single second.

Yet, despite the terrifying speed of his attacks, Frey left behind only afterimages, effortlessly dodging every single strike without even shifting from his position.

Frey knew he didn't have much time—the Blood Form wouldn't last long. If not for Ascension keeping him sane, he would have collapsed already.

That's why he had only one option—attack, and attack relentlessly.

Balerion consumed more of his dark aura, draining him further as he swung toward Frost, releasing a terrifying wave of black energy.

Frost responded in kind, channeling his icy aura into the edge of his spear, clashing with Frey's attack in a battle of attrition—each force struggling to devour the other.

Spears formed in Frost's hands one after another, only to be shattered by Balerion.

And with every exchange, the truth became clearer to him.

"How...?"

Despite unleashing his S- rank strength, the best he could do was push Frey back a few steps.

This was the same Frey Starlight he had beaten mercilessly for an entire month.

"How the hell did he grow this strong in such a short time?!"

Cursing under his breath, Frost's ice grew even colder—so cold it became truly terrifying.

"Coldfire."

His ice took the form of eerie white flames, yet they burned with such extreme frost that the air itself began freezing at a visible rate.

The white flames erupted toward Frey in the form of a massive blast.

But Frey didn't hesitate—he slashed straight through it with a black arc of energy, cleaving the attack itself in half and sending its remnants scattering across the battlefield.

With a single step, he closed the distance between them.

The young lord of the Moonlight family saw it coming and countered instantly, thrusting his spear through Frey's body.

But he struck only an illusion.

The afterimage vanished, and suddenly, dozens of Freys appeared around him, surrounding him in a storm of swords.

Attacks came from a hundred different directions. No matter how many he blocked, no matter how many ice barriers he created, several still landed.

The wounds were shallow—not fatal.

But for the first time, Frost's body had been stained red... by someone beneath him.

"Unforgivable."

Slamming his spear into the ground, a massive shockwave of ice erupted outward, spreading in random directions throughout the chamber.

Thanks to the Blood Form, Frey's speed allowed him to evade the barrage of attacks continuously, his eyes never leaving Frost, waiting for the perfect moment to strike.

Frost was not in his best condition.

"First Man's Monument."

The ice that had been spreading chaotically suddenly stopped—converging into a single point, taking on a new form.

Still under the effects of Ascension, Frey narrowed his eyes at the towering structure rising before him.

He understood its danger immediately.

It was growing at an alarming rate, so much so that it pierced through the ceiling itself.

"Ten Thousand Steps of Shadow: Infinite Darkness."

Waiting for it to fully form would be foolish—he had to act first.

Frey's strike carried enough dark aura to split a small mountain in two, and he placed all his bets on it.

Like a burning black meteor, he charged straight for his target.

But it wouldn't be that easy.

"Don't push your luck!"

Frost appeared in his path, his body glowing with an intense, chilling blue aura.

Without hesitation, he formed a new spear, gathering all his strength to intercept Frey's attack.

Their weapons clashed in a battle of sheer force, the ground beneath them shattering.

Frey's strike forced Frost back—but he wasn't injured. Instead, he retaliated immediately.

Frey quickly adjusted.

He had expected the massive ice construct forming behind Frost to at least weaken his aura.

But Frost appeared to be in perfect condition, while the giant continued to grow stronger.

Thanks to the quick perception he had gained from using Ascension, Frey had already realized that this wasn't possible under normal circumstances. There was only one conclusion—

"A skill... or some kind of ability..."

Frost smirked the moment he heard those words.

"That's right!"

The two clashed hundreds of times in thunderous exchanges. Each had landed blows on the other multiple times, but none were fatal—both of them managed to deflect true danger at the last moment.

"That trick of yours allowed you to reach this level, Frey Starlight."

Handling his spear as if it were an extension of his body, Frost swung masterfully, forcing Frey back.

"But it's just borrowed power... Strength you were never meant to attain."

The fact that Frost could divide his strength between battling Frey and maintaining the giant at the same time was nothing short of terrifying. If anything, it proved the monstrous level of control he had reached.

"Your power is fake. But this..."

Frost's spear flared violently, the white fire forming at its edge—

"This is the real deal."

A wave of frost exploded toward Frey, who wrapped himself in dark aura to fend off the attack.

He barely managed to withstand it... but he didn't even get a moment to breathe before a deafening sound echoed before him.

The ceiling shattered as the armored Ice Giant took its first step, wielding an enormous frost sword.

Frey's gaze locked onto that sword, which swelled at an alarming rate as it descended toward him.

At the last moment, he dodged, the massive blade embedding itself deep into the ground.

"Strong... but slow."

Frey now had to split his focus in two. The only way to defeat a giant like that was to obliterate it with a single overwhelming attack—but Frost wasn't going to let that happen.

The fight had now turned into a two-on-one battle.

But Frost's terrifying grin proved that it still wasn't over.

His fist pulsed, and strange runic symbols appeared on it—

The same symbols emerged across the body of the giant, which was still pursuing Frey.

A terrifying surge of aura erupted from both of them—

It was as if Frey were fighting two S- ranked opponents instead of one.

"This is the end... Frey Starlight."

Frost's power swelled, intertwining with the giant's—

"Division."

Blinding light detonated around Frey.

And in an instant—

Ten more giants were born, each taking on a different form.

They were all armored. All wielding weapons. All emanating the same oppressive aura.

Without warning, they all attacked—targeting a single person.

Like an ant before them, Frey was forced to dodge the relentless strikes raining down from every direction.

This level of assault was no joke. It had flipped the battlefield on its head, affecting even the others.

Carmen and Ghost, in particular, showed genuine concern now that Frost had surpassed all expectations.

With some kind of unknown skill, he had reached this level.

There was no denying it—Frey was completely surrounded.

"Damn it..."

Carmen cursed, trying to do something—but the moment she even considered moving, half of her body froze solid.

"Your opponent is here, Carmen."

Eleanor Moonlight was not about to let her interfere.

Frey was on his own.

"This... is true power."

Drunk on his overwhelming advantage, Frost continued his triumphant roar.

"..."

But unexpectedly—

Frey Starlight remained calm.

"...Is that all?"

"What?"

When Frey spoke those words, Frost thought he must have misheard.

After all, Frey was like a rat trapped in a storm of ceaseless attacks from giants wielding monstrous strength.

Closing his eyes for a moment, Frey focused on the ocean of aura within him.

With a single step—

He leaped high above all the giants attempting to bury him.

On the other hand, the Bloodied Balerion pulsed with an unrelenting glow, bracing for what was to come.

'In the past, Mirage was the most frequently used technique of Chun Ma.'

'He could manifest ten thousand versions of himself—delivering ten thousand strikes simultaneously.'

'That's why it was called Ten Thousand Steps of Shadow—ten thousand slashes in a single moment.'

Previously, Frey had only been able to manifest a hundred copies—a hundred strikes in a single instant.

But now—within Blood Form, at the peak of his current strength—

He felt like he could create even more.

"Mirage."

Like a blooming flower, dozens of petals unfurled—no, hundreds.

Hundreds of Frey's afterimages appeared, surrounding all ten giants at once.

The sheer number was terrifying...

There were 500 copies.

Each of them took the same stance, preparing to draw even more aura.

"Ten Thousand Steps of Shadow: Infinite Darkness."

Frost's mouth fell open as darkness consumed the entire battlefield.

500 strikes landed in a single instant, piercing through the giants like a furious black downpour, riddling their bodies with countless new holes.

This level of aura, this sheer quantity, was impossible for Frey to manifest without the SSS-rank aura coursing within him.

In the end, the towering giants shattered into fragments, collapsing to the ground like ancient statues that had long lost their former majesty.

All 500 copies merged into a single body.

That body propelled itself forward, advancing to the next stage, as its sword blazed with dark aura, unleashing a devastating strike.

"My power comes from within."

Frost instinctively stepped back in the face of Frey Starlight's relentless assault.

"Call it whatever you want... fake, borrowed..."

Frey's sword was barely visible now, moving at an overwhelming speed.

"But it's still the power that will bury you."

For the first time, Frost found himself in a precarious position.

Without a doubt... his opponent had completely turned the tables on him.

At this rate, even if he managed to win, he had to be prepared to lose at least one arm.

That was how much the young man before him had pushed him.

Of course... Frost couldn't allow that to happen.

Did he really need to reveal his strongest weapon just to defeat someone who was supposed to be far beneath him?

A weapon meant to be unleashed only against those who truly threatened his life?

His chances of victory with his raw strength alone were equal to his chances of defeat.

He could win—but at a heavy cost.

On the other hand, if he used that weapon, his chances would soar dramatically.

Sometimes, a warrior must sacrifice pride for the sake of absolute victory.

Frost's expression hardened as he clasped both hands together.

The atmosphere around him shifted completely.

The pressure intensified—far beyond anything before.

For the first time since the battle began, Frey's expression changed.

This... This was the moment he had been waiting for.

Between Frost's hands, a fearsome weapon took shape—one that could withstand even the Dread of Balerion's strikes.

The Great Spear—Remshard.

Frost Moonlight had chosen to reveal everything.

Frey Starlight had only five minutes left.

The battle was about to take an entirely different turn.