

VILLAIN 129

Chapter 129 Surpassing Limits (1)

Winterfell – Inside the Moonlight Family Palace, The Paradiso

Everyone within the grand palace could feel it—the tremors that intermittently shook the ground beneath them.

Some understood exactly what was unfolding below, while others were left bewildered, clueless as to the chaos brewing beneath their feet.

Who could have imagined that a battle to the death between two of the great families was raging in the depths below?

It was a three-on-three confrontation. At a glance, the numbers seemed insignificant. But the names involved? That was an entirely different matter.

The future lord of the Moonlight Family—Frost.

Alongside him, the second strongest in the family—his mother, Eleanor Moonlight.

And one of its greatest prodigies, the former lord's daughter—Seris Moonlight.

On the opposing side stood Carmen—the mightiest warrior of the Starlight Family.

Frey Starlight—the infamous son of the former lord.

And Ghost Umbra—the son of the deadliest assassin in the empire... perhaps even the entire world.

If news of this battle were to spread, it would shake the empire to its core—perhaps even overshadowing the looming war on the horizon.

"This has gone too far."

As he clasped his hands together, a massive spear materialized between Frost Moonlight's fingers.

This was none other than Remchard, one of the five greatest spears in the world—a weapon capable of withstanding Balerion the Black Dread.

Frey narrowed his eyes at the sight of that weapon, fully aware that the real battle was about to begin.

"So you've finally decided to take this seriously, huh?"

Only five minutes remained. That was the time limit Frey had estimated—considering the Blood Form, the amount of aura being released, and the toll on his body.

His physique was already reaching its limit.

Frost lifted Remchard toward Frey, his expression twisted in disdain.

"Yes, I have."

As he took a deep breath, the air around him began to freeze.

Frost was beyond irritated with the current situation, but he had no choice.

"Be proud of yourself. You've forced me to go all out."

"And now—perish!"

With those final words, Frost lunged forward, thrusting his spear at terrifying speed.

To Frey, it was nothing more than a blinding streak of destruction rushing toward him, so fast that even with Hawk Eyes pushed to their absolute limits, he could barely keep up.

Fortunately, his enhanced instincts allowed him to assume a defensive stance just in time, raising Balerion to block.

The moment Remchard clashed with the black blade, a violent impact erupted between two of the greatest weapons. Sparks of fire scattered wildly, only to freeze and vanish the next instant, as if by magic.

Frost's spear struck again. And again. And again—dozens of times in the blink of an eye.

Frey barely managed to deflect the flurry of attacks, his body accumulating wounds with each passing second.

Even at his peak, this was all he could do—defend.

His defeat was inevitable.

Yet, despite everything, his expression never faltered. And that was what unsettled Frost the most.

He had long since stopped underestimating his opponent. He knew...

This fight wasn't over.

Thoughts raced through Frost's mind as he tried to predict what was coming next.

'What is it? What's your next move? How are you going to turn this around?'

He was certain—Frey was preparing something.

But the answer didn't lie with Frey.

It was elsewhere.

While Frost Moonlight clashed against Frey Starlight...

Ghost Umbra was now facing Seris Moonlight. Though compared to the other battlefields, their fight seemed almost like child's play.

The underground chamber was vast. It had to be. After all, it was a shelter built long ago to house all the citizens of Winterfell in times of crisis.

Ghost moved through the shadows, silently watching the girl who only attacked from a distance.

"Hey, you."

His voice rang out, laced with irritation. He was clearly growing tired of this exchange.

"Why are you even here in the first place?"

"What?"

Ghost had already had multiple chances to land fatal strikes on Seris.

She wasn't fighting at full strength, nor was her mind stable, making her an easy target.

"I've always heard people sing praises of your beauty, yet all I see before me is a broken doll."

In a blur, Ghost closed the distance between himself and Seris, stripping her of her advantage as a Wave Controller in an instant.

His daggers moved like streaks of lightning, slicing through her relentless attacks, while the shadows at his feet writhed and danced, distorting her senses.

"Everyone here made their choice long ago. Even Frey Starlight—despite all the filth they've smeared his name with—stands his ground against your strongest."

Face to face, Ghost flicked his dagger toward the dazed Seris.

"Compared to him, you're utterly disgraceful... Ice Princess."

With a single slash, blood burst from Seris's chest—Ghost's dagger carving a deep, merciless wound.

She clutched at the warmth spilling from her body, a stark contrast to the freezing ice around her, as she collapsed.

"I..."

Even in the end, she failed to utter a single word before she hit the ground.

Ghost stared at her for a moment.

"...Pitiful."

He wiped his dagger clean, his gaze lingering on the fallen girl.

"I avoided your vitals, so you won't die. That goes against my principles... so be grateful. He's the one who asked me to spare you."

As he spoke, a suffocating pressure surged from afar.

"Speak of the devil..."

At that moment, the battle between Frey and Frost had reached its peak.

A smirk tugged at Ghost's lips as his eyes locked onto Remchard in Frost's hands.

"It's time."

Seris, still lying motionless, could do nothing but watch as Ghost became engulfed in a swirling mass of Dark Aura.

His words echoed in her mind.

"He... spared me?"

But Ghost paid her no mind.

She was no longer worth his attention.

Pushing his Dark Aura to the limit, he activated his superior trait—Shadow.

Ghost was about to break his own code and unleash his full power.

"Never reveal your trump card unless you're certain your opponent will die."

That was the law instilled in him by his father—the strongest assassin in the empire.

Yet, Ghost ignored it.

His shadow melted into his body, vanishing completely.

A black cloak of darkness enveloped him, concealing all but his piercing dark eyes and the wild strands of hair atop his head. His daggers disappeared, replaced by a massive scythe—one pulsating with Dark Aura, a force on the verge of detonation.

In the early drafts of *The Land of Survival*, during the Victoriad event, the one who stood against Snow in the final battle was none other than Ghost Umbra.

And this... was the very form that had pushed the story's protagonist to his absolute limits.

Now fully merged with the shadows, Ghost surged forward at terrifying speed—toward his next target.