

VILLAIN 130

Chapter 130 Surpassing Limits (2)

Frost's focus remained locked on Frey, waiting for his next move.

But it didn't come from Frey.

Ghost, a master of stealth, had slipped beneath Frost's notice.

Engaged in a battle where even a moment's distraction meant death, Frost couldn't afford to take his eyes off Frey. And that blind spot cost him.

By the time his instincts screamed a warning—

The scythe was already descending upon his neck.

A colossal arc of darkness carved through the air, aiming to sever his head in a single, ruthless stroke.

But Frost wasn't S-ranked for nothing.

At the final moment, he manipulated his aura with pinpoint precision, concentrating it at the exact point Ghost had targeted.

Darkness clashed with ice.

The Dark Aura fought to consume him, but Frost's ice was unyielding—halting the scythe's advance, though not without leaving a shallow gash across his neck.

"Bastard."

Just as Frost began to turn toward Ghost, a second surge of overwhelming aura erupted before him.

Frey.

His intent was unmistakable. He wouldn't allow Frost even a fraction of a second to breathe.

"Ten Thousand Steps of Shadow: Infinite Darkness."

Shrouded in abyssal energy, Balerion carved a deadly arc toward Frost's exposed side.

Frost didn't dare underestimate the attack.

If that blade touched him, he would be cleaved in two—he knew it.

Frey's strike was flawlessly timed, exploiting the opening created by Ghost.

But that alone wasn't enough to corner Frost. Not when he wielded his greatest weapon.

Lifting his spear, he uttered a single word.

"Release."

In that instant, Remchard unleashed a colossal beam of pure aura—hurtling straight toward Frey.

Frey barely managed to deflect the attack, staggering several meters away from Frost.

Despite the ice creeping over his limbs from the last strike, Frey's expression remained composed—Ascension keeping his emotions in check. That last exchange had taught him the hard way just how powerful Remchard truly was.

Frost smirked, his grin twisted with amusement.

"Tch. So that was your trump card? A reckless sneak attack from behind? You're far too naive... Frey Starlight."

Frey simply smiled in response.

But it wasn't him who answered.

"You're the naive one here, young master."

Ghost was still nearby.

Frost narrowed his eyes.

"Hah? You're still here?"

At first glance, it seemed like Ghost had been trying to create an opening for Frey earlier.

But that wasn't the case at all.

The truth was—Frey had been creating an opening for this exact moment.

At that critical moment, Ghost managed to reach out and touch Remchard...

The instant Frost saw the young man lay his hand on his treasured spear, his Ice Aura erupted aiming to crush Ghost on the spot.

"You may be Mist's son... but I won't back down."

Faced with the overwhelming force, Ghost didn't hesitate.

He sank into his shadow—dragging Remchard with him.

Tendrils of darkness coiled around him, binding both himself and the colossal spear.

"Blackout."

A strange skill activated.

And in the blink of an eye, Ghost vanished—taking Remchard into the abyss with him.

Frost's smirk disappeared.

At last, he understood.

He finally realized what Frey and Ghost had been scheming all along.

Without hesitation, he struck at the shadows with all his might, carving a massive crater into the ground.

But neither Ghost nor his beloved weapon were anywhere to be seen.

"Blackout" was a formidable skill—one that allowed Ghost to temporarily isolate both himself and anything he touched from reality.

He had used it before—pulling Frey into his shadow during their earlier battle.

And now, he had turned it against Frost... to strip him of his greatest weapon.

Frost knew Ghost was still close. The power gap between them wouldn't allow the assassin to stay hidden for long.

And Ghost knew that too.

"Frey, I can't keep Remchard locked away for long... A few minutes, at best."

No matter what, Frost's bond with his weapon would eventually overpower Ghost's Skill.

But Frey didn't hesitate.

A slow, predatory grin spread across his face.

He lunged forward.

"That's more than enough!"

Because from the start, he had never needed more than a few minutes.

"Let's end this."

Drawing in a deep breath, Frey narrowed his gaze—locking onto Frost like a beast closing in for the kill.

Balerion burned black, flames licking its bloodstained edge.

And then, he attacked.

Like a mad beast, he unleashed a relentless storm of strikes.

In an instant, the battlefield turned to chaos.

Now, it was Frost who was on the defensive—barely holding on against the onslaught.

Black waves of aura erupted with every clash, carving destruction into the battlefield.

"So this... was your plan all along!"

With Remchard gone, Frost had lost his advantage.

And just like that, Frey seized control once more.

This had been his gamble from the very start—the moment he and Ghost stepped into this death trap.

He had wagered everything on this final battle, knowing time wasn't on his side.

And so, he gave it his all.

SSS-tier Aura surged like a raging storm.

His strikes blurred into afterimages, cutting through his opponent with terrifying precision.

He was brushing against S-rank itself.

Frost's ice shattered under the sheer force, wounds accumulating across his body.

"More."

A strike from the right, another from the left—

One from above, then a dozen phantom slashes.

"More!"

Frey's roar echoed as he tore through his enemy.

And then—he saw it.

A real opening in Frost's faltering defense.

"Damn you! Frey Starlight!!"

Frost roared, attempting to retaliate—

But Balerion showed no mercy.

The blade flashed.

Blood splattered across the ground.

And Frost's right arm was severed—

Flying through the air before crashing lifelessly onto the battlefield.

"This... is the end!"

With the loss of his arm, Frost had suffered irreversible damage.

His defenses were completely exposed...

Frey forced his battered body forward, determined to land the final strike and end the battle.

One strike.

That was all he needed.

Victory was within his grasp!

But fate... could be merciless.

Just as he was about to cut down Frost—

A deafening thud echoed in his ears, the pounding of his own heartbeat, followed by the searing sensation of something hot bursting from his face.

His mouth, his nose, the very gaps within his eyes—

Blood erupted from within him as his knees buckled beneath him.

He had reached his absolute limit.

Frey was forcibly expelled from both Ascension and his Blood Form in an instant.

"You've got to be kidding me..."

Pain wracked his body, burning through every nerve. He struggled to move, to rise—yet his limbs refused to obey.

This was the price of pushing a mere C ranker beyond his limits.

The Blood Form had drained him to the brink of collapse.

The SSS-class Aura had ravaged his internal pathways.

The toll of Ascension had left his mind in shambles.

Reaching this point at all was nothing short of a miracle.

Before him, Frost had already halted the bleeding from his severed hand. Slowly, he turned, his bloodshot eyes locking onto Frey with pure malice.

Frey let out a hoarse chuckle, spitting out blood.

"One strike..."

"Just one damn strike!"

Frost exhaled, steadying himself as he raised his remaining hand.

And at that moment—

A massive shadow erupted beneath them, and Remchard resurfaced, returning to its rightful owner. At the same time, Ghost emerged from the darkness, his body half-frozen after clinging to the spear for so long.

Frost gripped his weapon, dragging it along the ground as he strode toward Frey.

"Frey... Frey... Frey..."

The young lord of House Moonlight clenched his teeth, his voice laced with venom.

"What should I do with you?"

A thousand ways to kill Frey flashed through his mind—

Yet none of them felt satisfying. His hatred for the young man before him had reached a level beyond reason.

In front of him, Frey swayed unsteadily, unable to stand.

Ghost, too, was in no condition to fight.

Frey Starlight was moments away from defeat.