

## **VILLAIN 132**

Chapter 132 Madam A (2)

Without hesitation, Heisenberg dropped into his stance once more.

But this time—he slammed both fists into the ground, unleashing every ounce of his strength.

"Output: 120%!"

A cataclysmic shockwave tore through the palace.

The very earth trembled beneath their feet.

The ceiling collapsed in a deafening crash, swallowing everything in a storm of dust and rubble.

Everything was obliterated—

Except for the space where Madam A stood.

Not a single scratch.

She laughed softly, stepping forward.

"I'm here for you, my dear~"

Her left hand dissolved into an inky-black substance—

And then, with a flicker of motion, she drove it toward Heisenberg's chest.

"To kill you... and savor your blood. ♥☐"

Her arm elongated into a pitch-black spear, a weapon of pure malice aimed at his heart.

But just as it was about to pierce him—

A violent gravitational pulse exploded from Heisenberg, launching her backward.

She had been too close.

Too reckless.

"I'LL BE THE ONE TO KILL YOU, WRETCH!"

The image of his son's severed head burned into his mind.

His colossal arms crackled with power, a storm of energy erupting around him.

And then—he lunged.

His blazing fists shot forward, hammering into her slender frame and burying her into the ground.

Heisenberg knew the truth.

She was stronger.

Far stronger.

That's why he had to end this now.

His rage drowned out reason, fueling him to unleash everything.

His fists pressed deeper—

And then, locking both hands together, he detonated a gravitational implosion.

The battlefield twisted and writhed.

The very earth obeyed him, contorting into an unbreakable prison around Madam A.

Trapped.

Nowhere to run.

With his nerves taut as steel, he clenched his fists once more—

**BOOM!**

A colossal explosion erupted, shaking the land to its core.

Its shockwave roared across the horizon, reaching even Winterfell itself.

"Absolute Gravitational Technique—Plasma Explosion!"

The full force of Heisenberg.

A devastating force that erased everything in its wake.

The unfortunate souls caught in the blast—

Reduced to nothing.

But Heisenberg was beyond caring.

Standing alone in the wreckage, he exhaled sharply, his eyes scanning the crater for a corpse.

For her corpse.

"...Ahh~ How wonderful~"

His breath hitched.

A voice—behind him.

Heisenberg turned sharply—

And there she was.

Madam A.

Unscathed.

Smiling.

Her disguise had melted away completely.

No more white hair—now, it cascaded in waves of pure black, flowing like a midnight river.

Her once fair skin—now deathly pale.

And those eyes—crimson, eerie, monstrous.

She was clad entirely in black, her presence dripping with malice.

From her hands extended two enormous claws, razor-sharp and drenched in fresh blood.

Lifting one delicately, she ran her tongue along the crimson-stained talons—

"Your blood... is absolutely delicious, Heisenberg~"

His heart pounded.

Instinctively, he looked down—

A deep, gaping wound stretched across his side.

Not just that—

A strange black substance writhed against his flesh, eating away at it like a parasite.

His eyes widened.

"When—?!"

When had she struck him?

Why hadn't she suffered even a scratch from his all-out attack?

Even with the gap in their power levels, an attack like this would have been enough to leave a mark on Baylor himself if necessary.

The answer was terrifyingly simple.

"I'm much faster than I seem, dear Heisenberg~"

At the final moment—

She had shattered the rock prison.

Evaded his attack with impossible speed.

And in the same instant—

She had countered.

"As you can see... I'm having the time of my life~"

"...Damn it."

Cursing under his breath, Heisenberg unleashed a barrage of gravitational waves.

Pillars of crushing force rained upon Madam A—

Yet she danced between them with haunting grace.

Her movements were too fast.

Too unnatural.

Like a shadow flickering between realms.

She left behind afterimages, her voice echoing from all directions—

"It's been so long since I fought someone this skilled~"

Her laughter drifted through the battlefield, sickly sweet.

"Ever since those fools dared to challenge me for the Lord's seat... I've been so dreadfully alone~"

Heisenberg kept firing, his gravitational blasts tearing the landscape asunder—

But she was untouchable.

"So please—do try your best!~"

Dark liquid surged from her claws once more, blacker than the void itself.

And then—

In the blink of an eye—

She attacked.

"Give it your all, dear Heisenberg!"

Slash!

In the blink of an eye, a fountain of blood erupted as Heisenberg's left hand was severed.

Madam A had sliced through it effortlessly, continuing to move with impossible speed.

Yet, Heisenberg didn't falter. Ignoring his wound, he unleashed a relentless barrage of devastating aura waves, his bloodshot eyes burning with fury.

"Fight!"

This time, a deep wound tore across his chest.

"More!"

She was like a phantom—untouchable.

The attacks that could have killed S-rank Awakeners multiple times over didn't even graze her.

"Damn it!!!!"

If I can't hit her... then I'll destroy everything!

Heisenberg's power exploded outward, obliterating everything in its path.

But Madam A pierced through his onslaught like a black streak of lightning, striking his massive body with terrifying force.

A massive crater formed beside Heisenberg as blood gushed from his wounds.

Madam A's excitement boiled over.

"Ahahaha! This is incredible! You're the best!"

She lunged at him again.

"Come on, give me more!"

Her claws expanded, growing to an enormous four meters in length.

With a single sweep, the ground split apart, and Heisenberg's second arm was ripped from his body.

Blood pooled beneath him as his remaining hand fell to the ground. Everything around him crumbled, leaving the old warrior broken and defenseless.

In a swift motion, Madam A's claws shrank back to normal, and she leaped onto him.

Wrapping her legs tightly around his massive frame, she clutched his head with both hands, dark aura radiating from her fingertips.

Heisenberg's bloodshot eyes stared at her.

From the very beginning, he had failed to land a single hit on the one who had killed his son.

Would he accept that?

Like a wounded beast, he roared—

—a final act of defiance, unleashing a gravity field powerful enough to crush steel into dust.

But Madam A held on.

Grinning wildly, she clenched his skull tighter, forcing his head down with overwhelming strength.

"Yes! Yes! That's it! Keep fighting!"

His furious screams merged with her delighted laughter as their powers clashed in a cataclysmic struggle.

Gravity versus darkness.

And then—

Madam A smiled.

With one last push, she wrenched Heisenberg's head from his shoulders.

The titan collapsed, a lifeless husk—limbs severed, flesh torn apart, headless and broken.

She exhaled softly.

"Ah... what a shame."

Lowering herself onto the bloodstained ground, she cradled Heisenberg's head in her arms.

"It's already over~"

But just as quickly, she lost interest and carelessly tossed it aside.

Rising to her feet, she dusted herself off.

"Well... I suppose I'm just too strong, aren't I? ♥□~"

Her battle had left the palace's inner grounds in utter devastation. Staying any longer would only invite unwanted attention.

It was time to go.

"Now... where did the prince say that thing was?~"

She paused, recalling his words.

"Aegon Velaryon... you'd better not be wrong.~"

And then—

She vanished.

As if she had never been there at all.

