

VILLAIN 139

Chapter 139 Dark Lord

Back to the battlefield...

Baylor was relentlessly pressuring Rem.

Both of his fists had transformed into furious dragon heads formed from ice aura as he continued his relentless assault.

Rem, her face riddled with cracks and darkened around the eyes, was still resisting.

"Still standing, huh?"

Boom!

"No matter... it's only a matter of time..."

Boom!

"Before you're completely shattered."

"Damn it..."

Rem was clearly losing.

In truth, she realized that Baylor hadn't become significantly stronger. However, the regeneration ability he had gained was a real problem.

"I have no other choice."

She made a decisive move. In an instant, the entire flow of battle shifted.

Baylor felt it immediately, and his grin widened with madness.

"It's coming..."

He didn't know exactly what Rem was about to do, but he knew this fight would only be decided when both of them put everything on the line. As long as his trump cards were enough to counter all of Rem's weapons, victory would be his.

That was the conclusion a strategist like Baylor had reached.

And then—it came. Rem's move.

Between her hands, a strange ice-formed circle began to take shape.

"With this treasure, I summon—"

The moment those words left her lips, Baylor's eyes widened to their limits.

"Impossible!"

But Rem paid no mind to his reaction and continued her incantation.

Everyone could feel the immense surge of aura she was drawing upon.

"I summon the Army of the Seven Swords—Tibula Sarmagardina!"

The moment she finished speaking, the ground trembled.

What followed was a breathtaking sight—one spoken of only in the legends of the Moonlight family.

Long ago, it was said that Semiramis Institution was once besieged by a horde of lesser demons.

At that time, Semiramis unleashed a devastating technique, spreading her ice across an immense range.

That ice took the form of an entire army—an elite force of knights so powerful they single-handedly annihilated entire demon legions.

This was the true terror of Semiramis—a lone girl who was equivalent to entire armies.

And now, by unleashing the aura she had gathered over countless years, the Ice Shard—Rem—had revived that very technique.

Surrounded by hundreds—no, thousands—of ice-forged warriors, Baylor found himself in a dire situation.

Gasping for breath, Rem weakly pointed at him as the earth rumbled beneath the advancing knights.

"Crush him."

Swords slashed. Spears thrust. Axes cleaved.

Ice-forged arrows ripped through the air, all aimed at a single man.

"Terrifying..."

From afar, I watched in astonishment.

"Maybe I don't need to step in after all..."

I had never imagined Rem possessed such a technique.

Even the weakest among those knights was at the S-rank... This was sheer insanity!

As the deadly barrage closed in from every direction, Baylor's mind raced through hundreds of possible solutions.

But none of them were enough.

To survive this—to counter a technique unleashed by a woman who had once stood at the peak of SSS-rank—

He had to risk everything.

Baylor clasped his hands together.

The first to notice it was Rem. Then, through my Hawk Eyes, I caught it as well.

Baylor was about to activate a skill.

What was he planning?

A final attack?

How could he possibly destroy all of them?

As we awaited the answer, Baylor unleashed his technique.

"Freeze the Void."

Suddenly, without warning, an eerie wave of cold spread out, freezing even the air itself.

Reality turned into a frigid shade of blue as everything seemed to slow down, as if caught in a time-warp.

No one could move.

Baylor, somehow, had frozen time itself...

No—it wasn't just time. He had made the very void heavier, turning movement into an almost impossible feat.

A skill like this was useless against someone of his caliber.

But the army didn't rely on individual strength—it thrived on numbers.

Which meant...

Baylor was the only one who could still move.

At that moment—

The sound of shattering echoed relentlessly.

One by one, the ice soldiers were obliterated, a black streak slicing through them like a phantom.

Baylor moved at a staggering speed, cutting down everything in his path.

His hands, now cloaked in twin blades of darkness, tore through the soldiers with terrifying precision.

I could feel it—

Baylor's skill was temporary.

Soon, the others would be able to move again.

This was a gamble—

A desperate race against time.

With each passing second, more soldiers fell, yet Baylor didn't stop, dashing across the battlefield in a whirlwind of destruction.

Five minutes later—

Time resumed.

Back on the battlefield, a lone figure lay collapsed on the ground, his chest rising and falling violently, like a machine on the verge of overheating.

The thick steam escaping his mouth was anything but human.

Seated amidst a sea of shattered ice corpses...

Baylor struggled to his feet, a sharp, manic laughter echoing across the ruins.

"Hahaha..."

A cold sweat ran down my back.

"Hahahaha..."

He had been hiding something like this all along...

"Hahahahahahaha!"

Laughing like a madman, Baylor stood once more.

"What now? Any more tricks up your sleeve?"

Hooof—

He exhaled the last of his breath and stepped toward Rem's collapsed form.

"A final attack?"

Step.

"A secret technique?"

Step.

"Or maybe... something your whore of a master left you?"

"Nothing?"

Baylor's hollow eyes met Rem's.

"I see... in that case—"

"Die."

The black blade formed over his hand, cutting through the air at a speed beyond human perception.

In that instant—

Rem's upper body fell, shattering upon impact like a fragile mirror.

Baylor's victory was absolute.

But then—

Boom!

A strange sensation prickled his back.

"What—?"

He turned—only to see a massive ice spear hurtling toward him.

Yet before it could touch him, it shattered under the sheer weight of his aura.

"Now what?"

Scanning his surroundings, Baylor quickly identified the source—

"Seris."

The ice statue no longer seemed so cold.

Her face, twisted with fury, summoned more spears around her.

"All this time... you were right beside me... right in front of me!!"

Seris hurled her attacks, but each one crumbled before reaching him.

"Everyone... my sister... it was you!"

Unlike her battle against Ghost, this time, she was deadly serious.

But against the wrong opponent.

"How adorable."

With an amused smirk, Baylor strolled toward Seris, unfazed, as if taking a casual walk.

"Answer me!"

Her furious scream tore through the battlefield, but Baylor remained unshaken. His voice was eerily calm.

"Yes, it was me."

"I made your father do what he did... I'm the reason your dear sister is dead."

Seris's expression shifted continuously, a storm of emotions playing across her face.

Baylor couldn't help but laugh—she was a masterpiece.

"I even pushed poor Frey to try and violate you... You were my favorite, Seris. That's why I enjoyed playing with you."

"BAYLOR!"

"Do you blame me, Seris? For everything that happened?"

He let out a loud, mocking laugh.

"The truth is... you don't, do you? You don't blame me. You don't even blame your father, Drogo..."

"You blame your sister, Rose."

"Shut up!"

"You blame her for not staying by your side. For choosing death over returning to you."

"I SAID SHUT UP!"

"Oh, dear Seris, it's alright... Your sister chose her pride over you. It's only natural—everything in this world has a price... and it seems you just weren't worth it."

Baylor laughed.

Seris... had heard enough.

Suddenly, her aura flared wildly, her hair glowing with an ethereal light.

"Hmm?"

Baylor felt something shift—something strange.

"DIE!"

This time, Seris unleashed a devastating beam of ice aura. Unlike her previous attacks, this one actually struck Baylor... yet he deflected it with ease.

A grin spread across his face, excitement flashing in his eyes.

"Hoh... now what was that?"

But Seris wasn't listening. She bit down on her lip so hard that a thin line of blood dripped steadily from it.

The truth had shattered her.

For years, she had lived in a lie. Stumbling through the darkness, unaware that the very person who had destroyed her life... had been right beside her all along.

'Unforgivable.'

'Unacceptable.'

'Unrelenting.'

Even if it destroyed her.

Even if it killed her.

She had to kill him.

And so, her body burned—while the world around her froze at an unnatural rate.

"Seriously?"

Baylor chuckled as he felt the shift in her aura.

Across Seris's arms and hands, her skin cracked open, revealing thorned flowers of blood that slithered across her flesh like living serpents.

Her bloodshot eyes were proof enough—she had already lost herself.

"DIE!"