

VILLAIN 140

Chapter 140 Baylor Moonlight vs Everyone

From beneath her feet, jagged ice vines erupted, tearing through the ground as they surged toward Baylor.

In response, he conjured a transparent barrier, channeling his full power to block them. But instead of shattering, the vines coiled around his defense, writhing like furious snakes.

The thorns pressed in. The cracks began to form.

"Are you kidding me?"

Baylor's laughter rang out, undeterred even as the pressure mounted.

"This girl... she's radiating pressure close to the S-rank... and that attack of hers... it feels alive."

A glint of admiration flickered in his eyes.

"She's actually breaking it... breaking the barrier of someone like me ..who's nearly SS+!"

As his defense crumbled, Baylor shot backward, but the vines chased him immediately.

"Hah... Seris, I always thought you were special... but who would've thought you were this special?"

He moved swiftly, avoiding the cursed vines without making contact.

Something told him—no, warned him—that touching them would be a grave mistake. And he was right.

Meanwhile, streaks of blood trailed down Seris's cheeks like crimson tears.

Her face, twisted in rage and agony, had become something monstrous.

She wanted only one thing.

His death.

Baylor, however, let out a deep sigh of regret.

"Ah... what a shame."

From the very beginning, his decision had been made.

Aside from his son—whom he could still manipulate—everyone here had to die.

They had seen too much.

His only regret... was that Seris had exceeded his expectations far too much.

"If only there was a way..."

A way to keep playing with her.

But he couldn't always have what he wanted.

With a wry smile, Baylor finally unleashed his full power.

"Time to kill her."

As his ice aura swelled, a massive hand began to take shape—

With a single, decisive strike, Baylor swung at Seris, intent on burying her there and ending her completely.

A blow carrying his full strength.

Seris should have died.

But reality was different.

"Hah?"

Baylor felt something pushing him back.

From beneath his colossal hand, the ice vines surged wildly, stabbing into his flesh as they forced him backward.

Now, those things were intertwined around Seris, as if they were a living creature protecting her.

Baylor didn't grasp the danger—until one of the vines pierced his right arm.

In that instant, something burned inside him, searing him from within as though he had been impaled by a rod of fire.

It was... unnatural.

Quickly, he ripped the vine away and retreated.

Logic had ceased to exist.

"Die, die, die, die, die, die, die, die, die, DIE!"

She had lost her mind completely.

And worse...

Seris's once-pale skin was now stained red.

The flower-like tattoos on both her arms, the blood bursting from every inch of her body...

She looked possessed.

Yet her aura—her overwhelming presence—only kept growing.

Baylor finally understood.

Seris was about to unleash an attack that would erase him from existence.

But at the same time, she was bleeding profusely, soaking the ground beneath her.

If this continued, she would die from blood loss before she could even land the finishing blow.

Baylor braced himself to go all out. He had to. This wasn't something he could afford to take lightly.

But Seris... never got the chance to release her attack.

That power—was far beyond what she could handle.

The vines tightened around her, swallowing her whole.

Her own power was consuming her.

Baylor watched, captivated by the absurdity of the sight before him.

"What in the world is happening?"

And then—

Everything vanished.

A mist of ice scattered through the air as Seris collapsed, the scene hauntingly beautiful.

"It's too soon."

A voice rang out.

Standing before Seris was a small girl—delicate, doll-like.

She was as calm as ever, her expression unreadable. She looked no older than five, yet her words carried a weight far beyond her years.

It was Azura.

The little girl reached out and touched Seris, making the bloody markings vanish. Seris's skin returned to its natural, vibrant pale.

"Nothing is more dangerous than power given freely. Power beyond control."

Baylor stared blankly at Azura.

"And what exactly are you?"

Azura smiled.

"Just an old woman... buried by time."

Baylor was at a loss for words.

A child—claiming to be an old woman?

"This... isn't funny anymore."

The changes were becoming intolerable.

He moved purely on instinct now.

They had to die.

Here and now.

The last moments had made one thing clear—Seris and Azura were the greatest threats in this battlefield.

He saw them as the greatest threat, and that was exactly what that person had been waiting for.

Baylor didn't see the shadow that had crept up behind him.

From within the darkness, a radiant white beam shot forth, carrying an immense force.

By the time Lord Moonlight noticed—it was already too late.

"Stardust: Supernova!"

A crimson hand burst through Baylor's chest, emerging from his back.

Carmen stood behind him, merciless.

Her arm had plunged straight through him, and her starlight aura continued to tear him apart from within.

"This is the end... you filthy Lord."

From a distance, Frey Starlight watched, his expression hollow.

Barely conscious.

But he forced himself to witness it—to see the fate of one of his greatest enemies.

Baylor spat blood, unable to comprehend what was happening.

"How... Where did you...?!"

He had been certain—Carmen shouldn't have been able to fight him.

She should have been completely drained.

So how...? How was she fighting at full strength again?

Taking advantage of Rem, who had exhausted him, and Seris, who had drawn his attention...

Carmen managed to land a fatal blow, thanks to Ghost's assistance.

The lady smiled.

"It seems you're still underestimating him."

Baylor realized it then.

Frey Starlight...

Was that boy still hiding more?

"What is it with this cursed generation?!"

Seris, Frey...

Would he really be brought down by children who hadn't even lived half his years?

"Don't make me laugh!"

Baylor's body erupted, releasing dozens of icy spikes, forcing Carmen back.

His demonic blood frantically tried to mend the gaping hole in his chest as he let out a furious roar.

"All of you are trying to bring me down, but you will all fail!"

The ice continued to surge from his body, relentlessly attacking Carmen.

"I am the victor! I have always been the one who wins! By the end of this day, I will write the fate of this family just as I always have! That is the mentality of a true conqueror!"

Baylor staggered as he pushed his body to heal with everything he had.

"Astaroth! Damn you... give me more!"

"More, more, more, more!"

As he regenerated, he kept attacking Carmen simultaneously.

She struggled amidst his relentless assault.

"Damn it... he can still fight at this level even with a wound like that?!"

"I'll kill you all!"

Just... how far would Baylor go?

It didn't seem like he would stop anytime soon. Worse, his wound had already healed significantly.

The situation was far from promising.

Yet, amidst all the chaos, a small girl walked through the wreckage.

Baylor's ice could not touch her.

She didn't stop until she reached the scattered shards of ice.

"How much longer do you plan on sleeping there, Rem?"

With a single touch, Azura sent a strange aura into one of the ice fragments.

From the wreckage, everything began to reform—Rem emerged as if she had been reborn.

At the same time, Azura collapsed into her arms.

"Don't fail this time."

With those words, Azura completely drifted into slumber in Rem's embrace.

Rem bowed her head deeply.

"Understood."

Then, she lifted her gaze toward Baylor, who had finally noticed her.

"How?! Why the hell are you still alive?!"

"Shut up... and die."

-Ice Manifestation-

Rem's ice shattered Baylor's power entirely—it didn't just stop there, it overwhelmed him.

Glacial spears impaled his body mercilessly, shattering him as he struggled to survive.

"I... I'm losing?"

No, he wasn't just losing—he was going to die.

For the first time in his life, he had been forced into such a predicament.

This was...

"The end."

Rem was about to finish him off.

But in that instant, something unexpected happened.

The void cracked.

A rift opened—one that someone had been waiting for.

"Oh my... 🙄"

A woman.

"At last, this place has weakened enough."

A terrifying woman entered the scene—raven-black hair, crimson eyes.

She scanned the battlefield.

"I arrived just in time

It was Madam A.