

## VILLAIN 141

### Chapter 141 A Thunderous Fall (1)

Little by little, the sun disappeared beyond the horizon, marking the end of a long day—a grueling day filled with events that the grand Moonlight Manor had never witnessed before.

After a fierce battle, Baylor had faced everyone alone. Blow after blow, strike after strike, he had fought relentlessly. And now, he was on the verge of collapse.

But it seemed this was far from over. Nightfall had not brought an end to this grim tale; instead, it heralded the beginning of another nightmare.

"Hmm "

Madam A scanned her surroundings with intrigue. The rift she had stepped through had already sealed itself, piquing her curiosity even more.

"What a peculiar place~"

She already had a general idea of what had transpired here. Even though she hadn't seen the full picture, it was evident—Baylor had been defeated. And that was all she needed to know.

Reactions varied across the battlefield. Upon recognizing this new threat, whose power rivaled even Baylor's, Rem's expression darkened completely.

"That wretched woman!"

Meanwhile, eight radiant stars burned above Carmen's heart as she unleashed a murderous intent toward the Madam. It seemed the two had unfinished business.

"Oh my, isn't this my dear Carmen? You've grown stronger! How delightful... I almost didn't recognize you~"

In an instant, Madam A's body bent backward at an unnatural angle, dodging Carmen's surprise kick with eerie ease. The force of the strike sent a shockwave rippling through the air, but Madam A only grinned wider.

"Yes, you're still as aggressive as ever."

"Shut your mouth."

Carmen scoffed before launching a flurry of punches, yet her opponent dodged them all effortlessly.

"How did filth like you even make it here in the first place?!"

Despite Carmen's hostility, the Madam seemed completely unbothered—if anything, she was thoroughly enjoying herself.

"An SS- rank fighter? Who would've thought an old hag like you could still get stronger... I'm impressed "

From their exchange, it was clear—they had fought before. And indeed, fifteen years ago, during the war, Madam A had utterly crushed Carmen. Had it not been for Abraham's intervention back then, the proud lioness of the Starlight family would have perished long ago.

That bitter humiliation had burned within Carmen ever since.

She attacked again, determined to land a blow, but Madam A's speed was simply on another level. After all, she was the fastest among the Four Lords.

"How unfortunate, Carmen. This still isn't enough~"

Suddenly, the Madam's claws elongated, launching a surprise attack from behind.

Coated in a strange, viscous substance, her claws shot straight for Carmen's heart.

Yet, before they could land, a wall of ice rose between them, blocking the strike.

"I won't allow it."

Rem had stepped in. But the Madam remained unfazed.

"Should I even consider you human to begin with?~"

She was already standing right in front of Rem.

"Don't speak to me, you filthy creature."

"How rude~"

In a single instant, dark veins pulsed across Madam A's flawless skin as she unleashed thousands of strikes at a mind-boggling speed, leaving nothing but afterimages in the wake of her relentless assault.

Faced with such a monstrous barrage, the Shard of Ice raised both hands, reinforcing her barrier as much as possible.

The shockwaves from the impact sent tremors through the entire battlefield, the sheer force capable of rupturing the eardrums of anyone nearby.

"Magnificent! Spectacular! You actually managed to block it!"

Holding Azura tightly in her arms, Rem was struggling—no, she couldn't fight freely, not when she had to protect the girl in her grasp.

Everyone present was a seasoned warrior, their experience making them ever-vigilant in battle. That explained the swift reactions of Carmen and Rem alike.

Yet, even so, they both couldn't shake a single burning question—why was someone like this standing before them now?

Just as Madam A was about to shatter Rem's defense entirely, Carmen struck from behind.

"What a lovely team~"

Carmen engaged in close combat while Rem attacked from a distance. Thanks to Frey Starlight, Carmen had regained her peak form, and Azura had done the same for Rem.

But even with that, neither of them could keep up with Madam A's insane speed.

"Her movements... they aren't human."

Frustrated, Rem struggled to comprehend how the Madam could be so unnaturally agile.

"Don't disappoint me now~"

Carmen didn't even realize when it happened. The moment she noticed, it was already too late—a massive claw had pierced through her abdomen.

And there, at the other end, stood Madam A, flashing a twisted, predatory smile.

"What the—?!"

Carmen immediately staggered back, pressing against her wound in an attempt to stop the bleeding. But a strange, acid-like substance was eating away at the injury.

The sight stirred unpleasant memories within her.

Meanwhile, Madam A licked Carmen's blood off the clawed fingers of her hand.

"Ah... now I'm really starting to enjoy this "

"That bitch..."

Carmen gritted her teeth, trying to suppress her rage against the deranged woman before her.

On the other side of the battlefield...

Battered and riddled with wounds from Rem's last attack, Baylor crawled away, inching beyond the reach of the ongoing fight. His demonic contract was desperately working to heal him.

"Damn it... damn them all..."

He had been certain of his victory. Under normal circumstances, this should have been his triumph.

But a series of unpredictable events had turned the tide.

Ceres' inexplicable frenzy, Carmen's unexpected return to battle, the Ice Shard's revival by some strange girl...

It was as if unseen forces were conspiring to curse him, preventing him from achieving his goal.

But perhaps his luck hadn't run out just yet.

With Madam A's arrival, his chances might have been restored. That was the thought lingering in Baylor's mind.

Yet, uncertainty gnawed at him. Madam A was an unpredictable force—a ticking time bomb. Who knew what she had come here for?

The mere fact that he hadn't sensed her presence before was enough to make him question whether this situation was truly in his favor.

Suddenly, the sound of approaching footsteps caught his attention.

With weary eyes, he looked up—only to see his son standing before him.

Frost Moonlight.

Clutching the severed stump of his arm—an arm that had been sliced off by Frey Starlight—the proud son stood, gazing at his father.

"Ah, Frost... It's good that you're here."

Baylor took a slow step forward.

"Come. Help me end this farce."

He extended his hand toward his son. But Frost made no move to take it.

"Father..."

There was hesitation in his voice—clear as day on his face.

"Ah, they took your arm... My son."

"Father... you..."

"It's alright. We'll restore it easily—while making the one who did this suffer a hundredfold in return."

"..."

Silence stretched between them.

"What's wrong, Frost? Why won't you take my hand?"

"You really... made a contract with them... the Demons."

Another heavy silence.

"Frost... your father knows the truth—the truth that the Empire and the great families have been trying to hide."

"The truth?"

"Yes!"

Baylor struggled but forced himself to his feet.

"This place is doomed. And tell me—what have I taught you all this time? We are the victors."

He took a deep breath before continuing, speaking with the patience he reserved only for his son.

"We are always the ones who triumph. That's why we stand on the winning side. There, we gain the power to achieve anything. You were born with a great gift... my son."

"A gift?"

Frost's expression remained unreadable.

"Yes... The gift to surpass me. To surpass everyone. Come with me. Let's rebuild everything—stronger and the right way."

"With you? With that woman over there? ...With the Ultras?"

Frost hesitated.

"With the Demons...?"

"..."

Baylor's expression darkened.

"That's right. There, you can have everything."

"Anything I want?"

"Yes."

"Father..."

Frost reached out his hand toward Baylor as well.

"Come to me... my son."

Pierce.

Fresh blood splattered across the ground, the sound of flesh being impaled echoing in the air.

"What...?"

With bloodshot eyes, Baylor stared down at the massive Remishard spear now impaling his body.

In that moment, he let out the most furious roar of his life.

"What are you doing?! Frost!!"

"No, tell me—what are YOU doing, Father?!"

"Huh?"

Frost's face twisted in a storm of conflicting emotions.

"I always thought we were purer than anyone else. That we bowed to no one and did as we pleased... You were always the peak I aspired to reach. And now what?"

"Frost..."

"You made a contract with a demon? Turned yourself into a slave? You threw away your pride for this... this disgusting form?"

"Ignorant child..."

"You're not my father."

The spear in Frost's grasp surged with power, ice rapidly creeping over Baylor's body. In his weakened state, resistance was futile.

"Open your eyes, Frost! Don't make me do something I'll regret! I am your father! I made you! Everything I did—everything I achieved—!"

The demonic energy within Baylor struggled to counteract Frost's ice.

"That so-called idealism you speak of... I created it—with power! Power that I obtained from them!"

"Father."

Frost's thoughts clashed in turmoil, his usual proud expression crumbling. Tears welled in his eyes as he gripped his spear even tighter.

"Just die."