

VILLAIN 143

Chapter 143: The Disaster's Conclusion (1)

"Good thing I arrived in time..."

With two blazing daggers in hand, Oliver Khan advanced, step by step.

"If I had been even a second late, that annoying rat would've slipped away."

His words were aimed squarely at Madam A.

She took a step back, forcing a smirk.

"Calling a lady like me a rat... how rude."

"..."

A sudden silence fell over the battlefield.

Oliver Khan wasn't one for words. His actions spoke for him—this battle had already begun.

Madam A knew it the moment time itself seemed to freeze.

The fastest Lord of the Ultras had made her move.

'This isn't a fight I can afford to take on...'

That single thought echoed in her mind.

Not only was Oliver Khan the second-highest authority within the Imperial Palace, but another terrifying force was drawing closer.

Staying meant suicide.

Within mere moments, she reevaluated her priorities.

First—the object she had retrieved earlier. It was more valuable than her own life. Securing it was paramount.

Second—the Lord of House Moonlight. She had never been fond of him, but his strength was undeniable. He stood on equal footing with the other Lords. Leaving him behind was not an option.

At the very least, she had to escape with one of the two.

Everyone around her remained frozen—except for her.

Harnessing her unreal speed, she moved.

She was just about to grab Baylor when—

Her crimson eyes widened.

That masked man had already appeared before her.

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

Oliver Khan was matching her speed.

—Slash!

His daggers struck with terrifying precision, like twin serpents lunging for the kill.

Madam A barely managed to deflect them with her claws before springing backward.

She thought she had gained some distance.

But Oliver was already upon her—his dagger pressing against her throat.

"Not a chance."

Veins bulged along her arms as her SS-tier aura exploded. Her feet carved into the ground, pushing her speed to its absolute limit.

And Oliver did the same.

From an outsider's perspective, the battlefield would be nothing but blurs—spectral figures clashing at impossible speeds, each collision sending devastating aura waves through the air.

The clash of metal. The sickening crunch of breaking bones.

Then—

All of it stopped.

A deafening explosion ripped through the battlefield.

No one knew exactly what had happened, but when the dust settled—

Oliver Khan stood tall in the center of the wreckage, completely unscathed. His body pulsed with raw, unrelenting aura.

On the other side—

Madam A emerged from the rubble, her body marred with dozens of wounds. One gash was so deep it exposed the bone beneath her skin.

A gruesome sight.

Yet, through the blood, she smiled.

"Doing this to the face of a stunning lady like me... Oliver Khan, you're just awful "

Her wounds began to regenerate, but she knew—better than anyone—

What had just happened was terrifying.

Oliver Khan had surpassed her.

In the one thing she prided herself on.

He was faster than her.

"As expected of the second-in-command..."

Within the Imperial Palace, there was no one above him—except for the Emperor himself.

There was no turning back.

"Dawn Devil Style : Virgin's Claws."

Oliver's eyes sharpened as he observed her transformation.

Her claws extended past three meters, dripping with black acid that sizzled as it touched the ground.

"Demonic contract..."

Madam A was about to stake everything.

Oliver raised his daggers, utterly unfazed.

"Come."

Her smirk deepened. She lunged—

And then—

—BOOOOOM!

Out of nowhere—

A bolt of lightning ripped through the battlefield, splitting the sky itself.

Madam A let out a bloodcurdling scream as the raw energy consumed her, electricity searing through her flesh.

Oliver Khan lifted his gaze toward the sky, toward the source of the attack.

The lightning faded after mere seconds.

But this was just the beginning.

Just like the first, the second and third followed...

Then the fourth...

A total of seven lightning bolts struck down, scorching Madam A, who deeply regretted turning her back for even a moment.

That person had been waiting.

Waiting for the precise moment Madam A focused on Oliver Khan to launch his attack.

A treacherous strike.

A devastating blow that left her completely burned.

High above, a man stood in the sky, gazing down as though he were a king surveying his subjects.

Clad in a regal black cloak, lightning crackled relentlessly around him.

His piercing golden eyes and slicked-back golden hair made him instantly recognizable.

"You're slower than usual, Oliver."

The man spoke with a confident smile, to which Oliver merely shook his head.

"Big words for someone who just arrived... Lord Ivar."

Lord Ivar Valerion—the younger brother of Emperor Maekar Valerion and the third most powerful figure in the Imperial Palace.

A man in the SS tier.

From afar, Awakened warriors of S and S+ rank began to emerge one after another.

They were the strongest fighters of House Moonlight.

After the chaos that had erupted earlier—the death of Heisenberg—

More than half of the once-proud Moonlight Manor had been reduced to rubble.

Madam A had risked everything to cause this disruption, and now, she was paying the price.

News of the incident had reached the Imperial Palace itself.

And the first to respond to the crisis—where even an Ultras Lord had made an appearance—were the Emperor's brother and the Grand Warden, Oliver Khan.

Madam A and Baylor were in a dire situation.

Struggling to stand, Madam A forced herself up, examining her charred skin with a sharp gaze.

Her chances of surviving this alone...

Zero.

A dry chuckle escaped her lips as she muttered,

"Old man... I'm really going to die here."

"..."

No response.

—Slash!

A dagger sliced through the air, missing her head by mere millimeters.

She barely managed to dodge it.

Oliver Khan was relentless, shadowing her every move.

After a series of rapid exchanges—

His dagger found its mark, plunging deep into her stomach.

Blood gushed from the wound.

"Damn it! Answer me, old man!"

She staggered backward, but before she could catch her breath—

Multiple lightning arrows rained down on her position, adding to her already critical injuries.

Ivar Valerion was exploiting her distraction, landing blow after blow.

"Answer me!"

Gritting her teeth, she fought through the pain, desperately trying to reach someone.

Finally—

"What do you want?"

A response.

"I'm about to die here!"

"So?"

"Do something, you bastard!"

"..."

On the brink of death—trapped between two monstrous forces—

Somewhere, far from the Empire, deep within a shadow-cloaked fortress...

An old man sat in the darkness.

His disheveled robes were in complete disarray, and his long black hair covered most of his face.

With his right hand, he cradled a sword.

With his left, he gripped a bottle of wine, drinking leisurely, savoring every last drop.

That irritating woman's voice echoed in his mind, over and over, grating on his patience.

For a brief moment, he considered cutting off the connection entirely.

But then—

A somber voice filled the vast hall.

"What are you planning to do... old man?"

"Hmm?"

The old man turned his gaze toward the speaker—a well-dressed figure in a sleek black suit.

Unlike him, this man was neat, composed, and impeccably refined.

"Lindman... do you want to save her?"

The suited man—Gavid Lindman—held his patience as he replied,

"We can't afford to lose her."

The old man took another swig of his drink.

"Human lives have limits, dear Lindman. If she's meant to die today... then so be it. Ah shit, I'm out of wine."

Suppressing his irritation—restraining the urge to unsheathe his ethereal blade against this indifferent old man—Lindman responded,

"I'm telling you to do something... to stop that fate from happening."