

VILLAIN 146

Chapter 146 Revelation

With the Victoriad approaching...

An event akin to the World Cup, where the strongest and most gifted warriors clashed before a massive audience.

Now more than ever, the Empire needed such a spectacle.

With the recent upheavals and the looming specter of war, the Victoriad was essential—a chance to make the people forget, even if only for a while.

But this time...

This Victoriad carried a weight unlike any before.

It would change everything.

It would never be forgotten.

Far from the Starlight Estate, beyond the eastern borders of the Empire...

If one ventured southward, past the Empire's natural boundaries, they would find themselves before a fearsome sea, teeming with creatures as horrifying as those lurking within the Nightmare Lands.

And yet, in the midst of those cursed waters, there lay a single island.

A place revered as Paradise on Earth.

The Holy Island—Sicilia.

The heart of the Church of Purification, home to the worshipers of the Lord of Light.

It was known as Heaven on Earth, and it truly lived up to its name.

Only those of Priest rank or higher were permitted entry.

The island was encircled by towering gold-plated walls, rising high into the sky.

And within those walls?

A land of lush greenery, overflowing abundance, and divine grace.

But just beyond them...

Barren. Desolate. Lifeless.

A stark contrast, despite the fact that only a single wall and a few meters of space separated the two.

The deeper one ventured, the more miracles they would witness.

But the greatest marvel of all lay at the island's heart—

A sky of impossible blue, adorned with pristine white clouds.

And from those very heavens, a great river of purest water cascaded downward, forming a never-ending waterfall, flowing unceasingly since the church's founding centuries ago.

Perhaps...

This was the greatest blessing the Lord of Light had ever bestowed upon His faithful.

For this river brought eternal prosperity to the land.

And beneath that sacred waterfall stood a grand edifice.

A structure known as—

The Miracle Shrine

A colossal white pyramid, crowned by a towering pillar at its peak.

That pillar bore the name The Tablet of Revelation.

And the pyramid itself—The Miracle Shrine

"Magnificent... I've finally arrived."

Atop the Monument, a man knelt in reverence before the monolithic pillar.

His face bore the devotion of a true believer, his white robes flowing around him as he pressed his forehead to the ground.

His skin was dark, his hair golden like the sun.

And the pressure emanating from him was undeniable—he was at least S-rank.

"Lift your head, New Blood. There is no point in bowing before that pillar."

A voice rang out from behind him.

An elderly man approached, dressed in identical robes.

"You must be the new guardian, correct?"

The old man's voice carried no warmth—only detached indifference.

"Yes! My name is Knut.

Starting today, I will serve as this place's guardian!"

Knut's excitement was palpable, yet the old priest merely shook his head.

"I've seen that expression countless times before...

In fact, I'm certain I wore the very same look when I first came here."

With slow, deliberate steps, the elder drew closer.

Knut... didn't understand.

Why did this old man seem so troubled?

Was this not one of the most honored roles in the entire church?

"I understand your enthusiasm, young one...

After all, that pillar is our only means of communion with our beloved Lord—the Lord of Light."

Though, in truth...

It only ever worked one way.

"This Monument has received divine revelations for countless generations...

The Lord of Light's decrees appear nowhere else but upon this very tablet."

Knut nodded eagerly.

"I already know all of this! That's why I'm so honored to serve here!

It means the Bishops acknowledge me!"

The old man sighed.

A sigh of resignation.

"Tell me, New Blood..."

"Do you know when was the last time that pillar shone with divine words?"

Knut's excitement froze.

His body went rigid.

And then, the elder spoke once more—

"This Monument has not received a single word from the Lord of Light in a very, very long time..."

In fact, it has remained silent for centuries."

"What...?"

Knut's breath caught in his throat.

"That's impossible! How has the Church survived all this time, then?!"

The old priest sighed, his tone heavy with patience.

"For years, every decision the Church made came from the wisdom of the Bishops.

They are the closest to the Lord of Light.

And since our beloved Lord has remained silent... all we can do is follow our guiding stars to the very end.

They are the most faithful among us."

The elder's gaze lingered on the Towering Pillar, his eyes dull, almost lifeless.

"I've served here for eighty years now.

And for eighty years, I have stared at that unchanging monolith."

"In the end, the only thing that changed... was me."

With that, he turned away, descending the steps.

"Don't get your hopes up, boy."

Knut remained where he was, seated on the cold stone.

The elder's words weighed heavily on him.

He had believed the Church had finally recognized him.

That he would draw closer to the divine being he had worshipped his entire life.

But now—

He was told he was nothing more than a sentry—watching over a silent pillar.

"...No. That can't be."

Knut clenched his fists, preparing to chase after the old man—

But then—

For the first time in centuries—

BOOM!

A pulse.

A holy force.

A light.

A radiance purer than the brightest star in the sky.

The elder whirled around, his breath hitching.

Knut froze, his entire being trembling under the weight of the divine presence.

A blinding brilliance descended from the heavens, flooding the world in pure, radiant light—

Before crashing directly into the Towering Pillar.

"...Oh my God..."

"Oh my God..."

"Oh my God!"

The old priest collapsed, tears streaming down his wrinkled face.

He bowed deeply, forehead pressed to the stone.

And Knut followed suit.

"Master... is this...?"

"Lower your head! Say nothing... It's happening !!..."

His body shook violently.

"A Revelation has descended."

And then—

The holy light faded.

In its place, golden letters of pure radiance formed upon the Towering Pillar.

A sacred decree.

The words of the Lord of Light Himself.

There was no doubt—

Only He could inscribe upon the Tablet of Revelation.

With wide, bloodshot eyes, Knut and the elder priest read the divine words:

"You who walk the path of Light, bearing the banner of truth amidst the darkness...

You who have chosen righteousness, taking your first steps in the holy war to purge this land of all that defiles it...

The hour has come.

The hour of reckoning—the moment that shall decide the fate of this world."

"A new era approaches.

The dawn of the next Champion.

The bearer of Vermithor.

The one who shall lead the Light in the war to come."

"Stand firm. Unite. Purge the world of all evils."

"But alas... darkness has spread too deep.

So deep, that purification is now inevitable."

"Therefore..."

"Erase—Purge—Exterminate one of the following:"

1- The Imperial Family.

2- The Ultras.

3- The Starlight Family.

"The choice is yours, my faithful servants."

Silence.

Knut and the elder priest sat frozen, struggling to process what they had just read.

A new Champion—the bearer of Vermithor—was to emerge.

A glorious revelation.

But—

That final command—

A decree that would plunge the world into chaos.

Maekar, seated upon his Imperial Throne. And the Valerion Family ..

The Ultras, hidden in their mysterious continent.

Frey and the Starlight Family.

One of them...

Had to be erased.