

VILLAIN 150

Chapter 150 Vengeance Strike

Ultras – The Ancient City of Yharnam

"Boom!"

Another explosion painted the ground crimson.

A woman like hell itself, clad in a golden helmet, her fiery red hair flowing behind her, wielded a massive golden claymore over two meters long.

She cut down everything in her path, unstoppable, no matter how many stood before her. The sheer pressure of an SS-rank warrior radiated from her slender frame like a storm.

She was the Vice Director of the Temple, the tyrannical wielder of the claymore—Melina of the Golden Order.

Her blade sent heads flying one after another, never distinguishing between the living and the dead, human or demon.

It didn't matter.

That sword never stopped.

A towering man stepped forward, his massive frame exposed beneath a sleeveless black shirt, revealing bulging muscles.

A tank, smashing through everything in his path.

Behind him, a short man in his fifties struck with a terrifying spear that extended with each blow, stirring the wind itself with every strike.

These three alone had annihilated an entire city.

The devastation was far worse than what had happened within the temple.

This unit knew no mercy. They had reduced a city to ruin in mere moments.

Behind the trio, three others followed silently.

"They're really loud, aren't they?"

A man in his thirties spoke. He was strikingly handsome, with golden eyes and blonde hair, dressed in a traditional sorcerer's robe with an elegant hat that complemented his attire.

If one paid close attention, they would notice he was the one transmitting everything that was happening here back to the Empire for the citizens to witness.

"This scene is truly grim..."

This time, the voice belonged to a man with a snow-white beard, giving him the appearance of an elderly sage. However, his powerful physique, standing firm like a spear, told a different story.

"Stay focused. This is only the beginning."

Behind them, a figure lurked, face hidden behind a mask.

No one had even sensed his presence.

Had they not seen him with their own eyes, they would never have believed he was standing among them.

He was the strongest assassin in the Empire, Mist Umbra—an SS-rank assassin.

From the Church, one of the Three High Bishops—SS-rank Ramiel Callistis.

Alongside Melina, another SS-rank warrior.

The sorcerer, Luc Valerion—strongest mage of the Imperial Palace, SS-rank.

Accompanied by the tank, Adam Smasher—the leader of the White Dragon Guild, one of the strongest guilds ever, S+ rank.

And finally, Isaac Claude—the Spear Saint and leader of the Shield Guild, S+ rank.

A squad of just six individuals, sent by the Empire to reclaim its honor.

No more, no less.

Any additional members would only be a hindrance.

After all, their presence alone was equivalent to an entire army.

And this was already the third city to fall at their hands.

After the destruction of Ancient Yharnam, the six gathered together.

The broadcast Luc Valerion was transmitting had a five-minute delay, allowing him to say whatever he wanted without fear of being overheard by those in the Empire. He could always delete whatever he wished.

"This is strange..."

The one who spoke was Mist Umbra.

The moment he uttered those words, Ramiel Callistis chuckled.

"Ah, so you've noticed, 'Man of a Hundred Faces'?"

The others nodded in agreement.

Ramiel continued,

"These cities... they feel like ghost towns. I mean, really—have you seen their state? We've killed thousands, but even if we hadn't, they were already doomed."

They were frail.

Weak.

Broken.

As if they were nothing more than discarded slaves, left to rot.

"Something is definitely wrong here."

They all agreed on that.

Under normal circumstances, they would have already left after razing all these cities.

It was more than enough to send a message to the Empire's enemies.

But the pride of the elite warriors gathered here wouldn't allow them to withdraw.

Not before doing something real.

That was what most of them were thinking.

"Mist, you're the leader here. Make the call."

The assassin was the one leading this insane squad.

Mist remained calm, calculating.

He knew he had already accomplished his mission.

Everything that happened today was a warning from the Empire—a declaration that they were ready for war at any moment.

Yet, he was also aware of the desires of those who stood beside him.

And still, he ignored them.

"We're leaving."

There was a reason why Maekar had appointed Mist as the leader of this squad.

Disregarding everyone's wishes, he issued the order to retreat.

"Tch."

Ramiel Callistis chuckled loudly, while the others remained silent.

"You're really cold, Mist Umbra... At least try to read the atmosphere."

"My decision is final. We're leaving now."

Mist was utterly ruthless.

Meanwhile, the sorcerer Luc Valerion prepared himself with his usual gentle smile.

"Then, I shall set up the warping circle."

Luc moved swiftly.

A blinding light enveloped them, signaling their imminent departure.

But suddenly...

Like fragile glass shattering, the teleportation circle collapsed, as if it had never existed.

"Oh? Why the rush?"

In that instant, everyone grew serious.

A chill ran down their spines.

No one knew where he had come from, but before them sat a strange old man, ragged in appearance.

"Oh dear, oh dear."

With a weary smile, Mergo took deep gulps from his drink.

"What a terrifying group."

Given the weight of the names present, the response was immediate.

Adam Smasher had already lunged forward, his fist wreathed in the destructive aura of his Earth Affinity.

His mighty strike stopped just centimeters before Mergo's face, colliding against an invisible barrier.

The sheer force of the attack obliterated everything around them.

"What a violent man you are."

Mergo's eyes narrowed for a mere second.

And in that instant—

Adam Smasher saw death.

It lasted only a moment.

But the sound of grinding metal and clashing blades shattered the air, shaking the ground beneath them.

Adam had no idea when it had happened.

But standing before him was Melina, her massive claymore blocking Mergo's sword—a blade that none of them had even seen move.

Not even Melina herself, who had only reacted on instinct.

"Fall back."

Adam immediately leaped backward, while Melina took a cautious step back as well.

At the same time, the entire squad had already surrounded Mergo.

Yet, the old man merely hugged his sword and continued drinking, utterly unbothered.

"Who are you?"

Melina was the one to ask.

And likewise, none of them had recognized him until now.

"Ah... This is our first meeting, isn't it?"

Mergo raised his drink.

"I am Mergo, Lord of the Dark Hive of the Ultras. Pleased to meet you."

His words were crystal clear.

A Lord!

Boom!

The very spot where Mergo had been sitting moments ago exploded.

Melina's claymore had struck deep, aiming right where he had been.

"Come on now... I really hate fighting."

Mergo reappeared in the sky, effortlessly evading the attack.

But the next strike came from behind him—faster than sound.

A dagger strike from Mist Umbra.

"Oh dear..."

Slash!

Mergo spun, executing a circular slash that deflected Mist's attack.

At the same time, a colossal fire dragon erupted before him.

The beast opened its jaws wide, swallowing him whole.

Slash!

In less than a fraction of a second—

Mergo's sword cut through fire itself, shattering Luc Valerion's spell entirely.

"You're all quite hostile, aren't you?"

At that moment, Melina slammed her foot against the ground, launching herself like a wild golden star straight at him.

The instant their blades clashed, the two were locked in a swordfight on an entirely different level.

It was a storm—an unrelenting tempest of steel colliding without pause.

Melina always held the advantage. The sheer length and razor-sharp edge of her legendary claymore, one of the Seven Mythical Blades, gave her the upper hand.

Yet, Mergo was unfazed.

His sword—a silver katana with black edges—moved with breathtaking speed.

A strange kind of aura surrounded it, as if the very air around the blade had become a razor's edge.

"Can't we fight a little more gently? I hate extra work."

"Perish!"

The light-infused claymore flared as Melina lunged forward, unleashing a devastating strike that illuminated the night.

Her eyes widened.

Her blade's tip had struck precisely against the tip of Mergo's katana, halted with terrifying accuracy.

"Easy there."

"You're a strange old man."

From behind, Ramiel Callistis emerged.

A wave of sacred radiance erupted, purging the area in divine light.

"That stings."

Slash!

He hadn't seen it.

But Ramiel Callistis felt it.

A strike—so swift it was nearly imperceptible.

"Severance."

Boom!

Hundreds of wounds carved through Ramiel's body in an instant, a gruesome, blood-soaked spectacle.

"That hurts."

Yet, the holy light enveloped him, instantly restoring his body as if nothing had happened. His expression was one of sheer irritation.

"That sword... isn't normal."

"Correct."

Mergo chuckled, while everything around them spiraled into chaos.

The battlefield erupted.

Every single strike carried the force of an SS-ranked Awakened.

And all of them rained down upon Mergo.

But before they could even touch him...

Every single attack was cut apart.

Melina led the charge.

Mist attacked from blind spots.

Ramiel and Luc assaulted him from afar.

It was like a grand display of fireworks—monsters clashing against a single old man.

Yet, the elder was utterly unfazed.

His sword deflected everything they threw at him.

None of them knew that this worn-out katana was the seventh of the Seven Mythical Blades—

The Ushigatana.

It could cut anything—before it even touched it.

And in the hands of Mergo, the terrifying old man, the result was beyond horrifying.

From behind, Mist focused an attack of concentrated sound.

The sheer force distorted the space around him.

The strike was aimed directly at Mergo's head.

But before it could land—

Mergo pressed his fingers against his ears, shattering his own eardrums.

He made himself deaf to evade Mist's assault.

The drunken old man continued fighting without his sense of hearing, completely indifferent.

"Ah... now I hear nothing but my own thoughts. What a strange sensation."

Even though they hadn't gone all out yet, none of them could break through Mergo.

And he didn't even seem remotely pressured.

This wasn't normal.

What kind of Lord was he?

He was far stronger than Madam A or Gavid Lindman—the foes they had faced in the last war.

Yet, his aura's intensity had never surpassed SS-rank.

Standing among them, Mergo laughed.

"Sorry, fellas... but you're not going anywhere."

His eardrums healed themselves instantly.

"You're full of yourself, old man."

Ramiel's irritation was clear in his voice.

Meanwhile, Mergo simply laughed.

"Of course. After all..."

His voice was calm.

"I am the strongest Lord."

Madam A.

Lindman.

Even the Tyrant, Godfrey.

Before the Lord of the Dark Hive—

None could reach the pinnacle of that sword.

Mergo exhaled in satisfaction.

"I believe I've stalled you long enough."

At that moment—

A terrifying pressure crashed down upon them, shaking the battlefield.

Countless powerful auras were drawing near.