

VILLAIN 151

Chapter 151 Total Chaos

—Frey Starlight's Pov—

How surreal it was—to witness the very events I once imagined unfold before my eyes.

With a solemn expression, I watched the complete annihilation of Old Yharnam—that bleak, accursed city.

It was strange... to see all those innocent people react as they did to the massacre unfolding before them.

I felt conflicted, knowing what lay beyond—knowing the truths that others couldn't begin to comprehend.

The land of the Ultras...

A forsaken place where morality had long ceased to exist.

Atrocities like what befell the former Lord of House Moonlight and his children weren't shocking tragedies there.

They were daily occurrences.

And what of the Empire's citizens?

Their voices rang through the air—cheering, screaming, howling.

But for what, exactly?

For the heads that rolled with every passing second of the broadcast?

For some reason... guilt settled deep in my chest.

In the end, whether one was born into the Empire or the Ultras—

It was nothing but luck. A mere whim of fate.

What a miserable tale.

What happened to Yharnam... to the Ultras...

And soon, what would happen to the Empire itself.

Then, suddenly—

The deafening roars dimmed, fading into murmurs and hushed whispers, like the dying echoes of a vast stadium.

It was only natural. The broadcast had cut off abruptly.

The last thing shown was Mist's team, just as they were about to return.

Many assumed it was over.

Some even looked disappointed, as if they had wanted more.

But still, they were content.

Even if their hunger wasn't completely sated, it was enough to silence them for now.

One by one, the crowd began to disperse.

But I remained.

Watching the screens.

Because I was the only one who knew...

The show had never ended.

In fact, it had yet to begin.

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Ultras – Old Yharnam

"This... doesn't bode well."

Ramiel Callistes muttered, his expression darkening as he sensed powerful auras closing in at an alarming rate.

"Ombra... staying any longer isn't an opt—"

Before he could finish, something pierced through his right side, silencing him instantly.

A gaping wound was left behind, blood gushing in torrents.

Behind him stood a strange young man.

His arm wasn't human—it was covered in a massive blade, forged not from steel, but from flesh and black blood.

He looked more beast than man.

His face was marred with scars, his sunken eyes tinged with a deep black hue, making his flesh appear decayed.

His hair was pure white, his entire presence exuding madness—clear in the way he bit into his own fingers with eerie fervor.

"Too soft... weak... weak..."

A strange man, indeed.

On the other hand, Mergo smirked upon seeing him.

"You sure took your time."

The old drunkard had seriously considered leaving if things dragged on any longer.

Unfortunately, he had no choice.

His presence here was an order from above.

"Lord Mergo."

The white-haired man turned toward him, his expression shifting entirely.

It was as if he was in awe of the ragged-looking old man.

He almost looked like he was about to smile—

Until a blinding beam of light tore through his body, sending him crashing through multiple buildings in the distance.

Behind him, Ramiel Callistes rose, his face twisted in irritation, as if he had already grown tired of this nonsense.

The gaping wound in his side was already completely gone.

"Who the hell are you calling weak, brat?"

'I don't want to be here any longer ...'

The auras surrounding them grew stronger, one after another, enclosing them like a noose tightening around prey.

And beneath their feet—

A colossal shadow spread.

From within it, a grotesque figure emerged.

A towering man with a single horn protruding from his forehead, his entire body wrapped in black bandages.

He was massive, his physique unnaturally disproportionate.

The moment he laid eyes on those before him, he let out a boisterous laugh.

"Now this is a rare sight... we don't get visitors like this every day, do we?"

Among all those present, Melina was the one who regarded him most intently.

His appearance and build matched the exact description given by the Temple's disciples—

The man who had appeared from nowhere during the invasion.

Gvardiol.

Yet, even as he arrived, another presence loomed over them.

One far more suffocating.

A man clad in a luxurious black suit and a long coat.

A peculiar sword rested in his hands.

And the sheer weight of his presence made the air itself feel crushingly heavy.

Mist was the first to recognize him. After all, this was a face he had seen in the last war.

"Gavid Lindman..."

Behind Gavid stood a distinct young man, his face concealed by a mask. He didn't step forward—he simply watched.

"Pay close attention, Vinny... A battle like this doesn't happen every day."

Drawing his spectral, ethereal blade—

Gavid was already prepared to strike.

"This is about to turn into complete chaos..."

The sorcerer, Luc Valerion, remarked with a serious expression as he began preparing his spell.

'Everyone... buy me some time.'

His voice resonated in the minds of his comrades.

"That old man is a teleportation expert. He shattered my spell before... but this time, I'll prepare something far stronger, though it will take time."

"How long do you need?"

Mist was quick and to the point.

"Ten minutes."

"Understood."

Everyone heard him loud and clear.

Ten minutes.

At that moment, the Spear Saint, Isaac Claude, gripped his weapon and drove it deep into the ground.

"Allow me to clear the path."

From the point of impact—and all around them—hundreds, no, thousands of majestic spears erupted, creating a breathtaking spectacle as they targeted every enemy in sight.

The spears dispelled Gvardiol's shadow completely, yet they posed no real threat to the Ultras, who effortlessly deflected them.

Mergo, in particular, didn't even bother dodging—the spears simply disintegrated into tiny fragments the moment they neared him.

But the goal wasn't to harm them—it was to buy time. And that was exactly what Isaac Claude aimed to do, unleashing such a massive attack, knowing it wouldn't deal any real damage—after all, he was only S+ rank.

Amid the endless barrage of spears, the Imperial faction prepared for their next move.

"This should buy us some time."

BOOM!

Suddenly, a surge of dark aura erupted toward them.

Something was rushing at them at an incredible speed, screaming violently—

Its target: the Spear Saint, Isaac Claude.

"Move!"

Standing in its path, Adam Smasher—the armored juggernaut—positioned himself to intercept whatever was coming.

Emerging from the darkness was the strange, white-haired young man that Calistis had thrown away moments ago.

But this time—he was like a raging beast, his body covered in a hardened flesh-like armor, rampaging forward, destroying everything in his path.

"It hurts! It hurts! It hurts! It hurts!"

Adam Smasher widened his stance, stretching both arms forward.

"Deploying the shield!"

The ground trembled as a magnificent silver shield enveloped his massive frame, a draconic helmet forming around his head.

The energy radiating from the shield was no joke—this was the strongest shield in the Empire, the Silver Dragon Shield, the very artifact that allowed Adam Smasher, an S+ rank, to stand against those far stronger than himself.

And in mere moments—

The two forces collided.

The impact sent shockwaves through the battlefield, the ground trembling beneath them.

One, clad in a monstrous, blood-drenched armor.

The other, encased in majestic, silver plating.

Their auras clashed violently as both warriors sank into the ground, neither able to overpower the other.

Meanwhile, the rest of the battlefield was in complete chaos.

No one could assist—each fighter was already engaged.

Mergo and Gavid had launched their attacks immediately, keeping their opponents locked in battle.

And then—shadows spread once again beneath their feet.

Gvardiol was lurking, waiting for the perfect moment to strike.

Total mayhem.

The only one who hadn't moved was Ramiel Calistis, who remained by Luc Valerion's side, standing guard.

"Man... my faith isn't strong enough to deal with this mess."

I want to go home.

Ramiel grumbled, still watching the chaos unfold before him.

Melina clashed with Mergo, while Gavid Lindman faced off against Mist Umbra.

Ramiel analyzed the battlefield slowly.

Gavid Lindman... an ancient lord.

And then there was that strange old man...

Never heard of him before.

Even that menace, Melina, was struggling against him.

And from the looks of it—

He wasn't even going all out.

"What's with these Ultras...?"

As Ramiel processed everything, massive, black iron heads came hurtling toward him at terrifying speed.

But the bishop easily deflected them—raising a barrier of holy energy in an instant.

"That whelp attacks from the shadows while keeping his distance... but he's weak compared to Lindman and the old man. I'll ignore him for now."

BOOM!

A deafening explosion snapped him back to the battlefield behind him.

Adam Smasher and Isaac Claude were still locked in combat with that rampaging beast.

The screams grew louder and louder.

The white-haired man howled in madness, his body warping—slowly transforming into something grotesque.

"Isaac!"

Adam Smasher had managed to hold him back so far, but the continuous surge in his opponent's strength made one thing clear—dragging out this fight would be a fatal mistake.

Behind the white-haired berserker, Isaac Claude appeared, his spear shimmering with raging winds as he took a perfect combat stance.

"Heavenly Spear Style: Plasma Burst!"

From the tip of his spear, Isaac unleashed a devastating strike—blasting through the berserker's back.

A direct hit.

His target hadn't even attempted to defend himself.

It should have been enough to finish him off.

But in that moment—everything changed.

The white-haired man's screams fell silent.

And then—

A monstrous, gut-wrenching sound echoed as flesh stacked upon flesh, bones merged with bones, and his body swelled grotesquely in size.

"Dear god... what kind of curse is this?"

A nightmarish abomination—cursed to the core—erupted forth, seizing Adam Smasher in a single massive hand.

The sheer pressure of his aura alone would have killed Adam Smasher instantly—if not for the shield protecting him.

But it was only a matter of time before the shield reached its limit.

All eyes were now fixed on their clash.

The pressure radiating from the white-haired berserker had soared to SS-rank.

"Adam!"

A spear, blindingly fast, pierced through the berserker's hand, forcing him to release Adam Smasher, who retreated instantly.

At the same time, Isaac Claud also backed away hastily.

Their enemy had surpassed them completely.

"Die... this hurts... mother... I... pain... die... why... why... I... mother... death... pain..."

Pure madness.

"WHY?!!!"

A scream of rage—

The massive, monstrous body ripped itself apart, revealing the white-haired man's original form, now clad in armor-like flesh, his speed incomprehensible.

Just a single moment—

"Watch out, Cla—"

**SHNK!

"I told you... this hurts!"

Everyone froze.

A hand...

The white-haired berserker's hand had pierced straight through Isaac Claud's chest.

For a second, Isaac himself didn't even realize what had happened.

"No!"

The Spear Saint tried to grab his weapon—

But—

BOOM!

A surge of dark energy exploded from the berserker's hand, disintegrating the upper half of Isaac Claude's body into dust.

The ground trembled beneath the white-haired man's feet.

No one could comprehend what was happening anymore.

"He was human just minutes ago..."

But now—

"He's turning into something... into..."

That power—

"A demon."

His screams grew wilder.

His cries of agony filled the battlefield.

Wailing.

Madness.

Utter insanity.