

VILLAIN 155

Chapter 155: Beyond the Veil (2)

The blue-eyed man slowly turned toward him.

"For someone so desperate to catch me... you certainly took your time, despite the fact that I never truly tried to run from you. I suppose this is all you have to offer, isn't it?"

BOOM!

From within the old man's ancient body, a surge of overwhelming aura erupted, piercing the sky itself.

At this moment, he was truly terrifying.

Yet, the blue-eyed man remained unfazed.

"Are you sure about this? I imagine you'll be drawing quite a bit of attention..."

A sword of pure light materialized in the old man's grasp as he raised it toward his opponent.

"Save your breath, deceiver. I have completely sealed this place... Here and now, I will end this farce."

Despite the crushing weight of the old man's presence, the blue-eyed man walked forward, unhurried.

"You seem quite unsettled, O one who was once called the sword god... Avalon. I suppose it's only natural. After all, a whale like you... trapped inside a glass bowl."

SLASH!

Avalon swung with reckless abandon.

A single strike obliterated the ground and everything behind it, continuing until it crashed against the very barrier he had created.

That attack was something else.

Who would have thought that one of the ancient era's greatest heroes... a man who stood at the frontlines four hundred years ago... was still alive?

His assault was a calamity in itself.

Yet, the blue-eyed man reappeared behind Avalon, completely evading the attack.

"You called me a fraud..."

BOOM!

The blue-eyed man was sent flying as Avalon pursued, unleashing thousands of attacks in mere seconds.

Each strike carried enough power to completely annihilate the Lords of the Ultras and the Empire's greatest warriors.

Yet, the blue-eyed man dodged them all—effortlessly.

"You doubt what I've shown to a blind man like you..."

"Shut up!"

BOOM!!

The earth beneath them exploded.

"But deep down, you still believe it."

SLASH!

"You know this is your fate."

"Formation of the Board."

Above them, the sky blazed as thousands of colossal swords manifested, suspended vertically in the air.

Each one carried a force far surpassing even Maekar's legendary spear.

Thousands of them loomed overhead.

"Die!!"

The swords descended mercilessly, but the blue-eyed man didn't even bother to lift his head.

"You might think breaking into the SSS rank has granted you the power to do anything and everything..."

The blades rained down like a torrential storm.

But with a single motion of the blue-eyed man's hand—everything changed.

As if time itself had stopped...

The wild barrage of swords froze midair.

Avalon scowled, tightening his grip on his sword.

"You all continue to underestimate humanity..."

Avalon lunged, driving his sword forward—only for the blue-eyed man to catch the blade with his bare hand.

The ground beneath them shattered as both forces collided.

"Whatever twisted play you're orchestrating! Do not belittle the lives of mankind!"

BOOM!

The blue-eyed man was forced back as Avalon pressed on with sheer force.

"Formation of Light!"

Avalon stomped the ground—vaporizing it entirely as it transformed into pure light energy.

A sea of radiant aura surged upward, an overwhelming display of terrifying might.

That ocean of power threatened to swallow the blue-eyed man from below, while the colossal swords above prepared to descend once more.

And at the same time—Avalon charged straight at him.

It was a disaster beyond reason. A force incomprehensible to the mind.

Yet, the blue-eyed man showed no signs of alarm.

Instead, he remained utterly calm.

"I told you... You may be a whale, yes... But that's all you are."

The blue-eyed man's body glowed as he plunged deep into the luminous sea of aura.

In that instant, he split the sea apart entirely, dispersing the dense energy around him.

With another motion of his hand, the colossal swords shattered into fragments.

A final gesture unleashed a strange force that bound Avalon in place.

"What...?"

"There are differences in power... even if we stand at the same SSS rank."

The blue-eyed man raised his palm, and an invisible force pulled Avalon toward him.

The blind old man couldn't resist the overwhelming power, so he summoned his strongest sword in a desperate attempt to strike back.

"Blade of Light—Kollinal!"

A single swing—yet the sheer force it carried was unfathomable.

"Ignition."

The blue-eyed man murmured, and glowing blue lines illuminated his hand.

With one hand, he caught Avalon's radiant sword, trying to contain its immense power.

The two forces clashed violently.

The colossal sword, Kollinal, was moments away from detonating, yet the blue-eyed man's arm became a black hole, absorbing the sword's energy entirely.

In the end, Avalon's weapon was utterly annihilated, suppressed completely—though the price was steep. The blue-eyed man's left arm shattered, disintegrating as it fell to the ground.

At that moment, he seized Avalon by the throat with his remaining hand, channeling the same strange power through it.

The blind old man let out a scream as the unfamiliar aura invaded his body, sealing his strength and paralyzing him completely.

"Look at yourself... You were supposed to be one of the humanity's strongest."

The blue-eyed man flung Avalon to the ground.

The two now stood at the center of an enormous crater. Their battle had lasted only minutes, yet the destruction they had wrought far surpassed the war that had once erased Yharnam.

"Damn it... What the hell do you even want from this land?"

And from those who inhabit it...?"

Avalon struggled just to stand.

"Is it really so easy for you all... huff... huff... to toy with the lives and fates of so many people?"

The blue-eyed man remained silent for a moment before speaking.

"Unlike other mortals, you know quite a lot... So why didn't you intervene? With your strength, beings like Astaroth wouldn't last a second against you."

Avalon clenched his teeth, remaining silent.

But that reaction alone told the blue-eyed man everything he needed to know.

"Was it because of your crushing defeat against the Fourth-Ranked High Demon 300 year's ago? Are you afraid that if you interfere... he will return?"

"..."

Avalon said nothing.

In that instant, the blue-eyed man stepped forward and drove his foot into Avalon's face.

"Pathetic. This is the mindset of a failure."

Another kick.

"This foolish struggle of yours... It's nothing more than a delusion you use to convince yourself. You should have torn everything apart—cut down anything and everything—until the Fourth-Ranked High Demon came for you... and killed you."

A third kick.

Blood from the once-great hero splattered across the ruined battlefield.

"You're just a coward afraid of death. That's all your existence amounts to."

The blue-eyed man placed his hand on Avalon's chest, releasing a series of intricate seals.

"All humans are nothing but disposable fodder."

"For what is to come..."

A strange energy surged into Avalon's body.

"All of you... except for him."

Just one young man.

"Except for him... nothing else matters."

Avalon gasped for breath, his body now shackled by the strange aura-infused chains that had been forced into him.

"From this moment forward, you will not interfere any further. Your life is already in my hands."

The blue-eyed man turned away, leaving Avalon in a wretched state.

The defeated hero spat out blood, forcing out a question.

"Just... what are you?"

The blue-eyed man stopped for a brief moment.

"I... I am nothing more than the remnants of an ancient will. If you need a name to call me by..."

"You may call me... The Engineer."

With those final words, the entity vanished—as if he had never been there at all.

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At the same time—far from the battlefield...

Standing before the newly rebuilt temple's gates...

Frey had finally returned to the place where a crucial chapter of his life was about to be written.