

## **VILLAIN 171**

Chapter 171: Clash Beneath the Wing of Night

-Frey starlight POV-

Light wasn't necessary.

That's what Hawk Eyes were for.

Moving swiftly through the shadows, I advanced toward my next target: G3.

Apparently... I wasn't alone.

I sensed two others behind me.

No—

They were beside me.

Matching my pace exactly.

"This won't be easy..."

The auras I felt... they weren't ordinary.

Rain began to fall while I was too focused to notice.

All of my attention was locked on the players around me.

It became clear:

We were all headed for the same target—G3.

They weren't following me... they were racing beside me.

Bit by bit, step by step, we closed the gap between us.

Then—

Swoosh!

Out of nowhere, a figure burst into view.

A massive man with blazing orange hair and arms like tree trunks.

His glowing orange eyes narrowed as he launched a punch straight at me.

In the pitch-black night, I raised my blade to intercept.

The force of his strike sent me flying, crashing into a nearby tree.

But I sprang back to my feet, pushing off the trunk and launching myself behind it in one fluid motion.

I was ready to counter—

But stopped in my tracks when blades of cutting wind tore through the air toward us.

Slash!

They were razor-sharp—splitting trees and slicing up the ground like paper.

The other player continued unleashing them, wave after wave.

I dodged them with my speed, while the orange-haired one blocked the rest.

"Show yourself!"

The brute roared.

His words were wasted in the darkness.

But the second figure stepped forward, his body crackling with yellow lightning.

"Calm down, brute. I'm right here."

That voice—

It was Daemon Valerion.

He charged in without hesitation, forcing us both to react.

That was Daemon through and through.

And the orange-haired brute...

I recognized him now.

Magnus Drel, third year.

He hadn't recognized me yet.

I was the only one able to see clearly in the dark.

"Wonderful... troublesome company."

The three of us shot forward, moving with terrifying speed.

Magnus hurled massive boulders at Daemon.

Daemon evaded swiftly and launched a counterattack—

Only to be forced back when my shadow slashes obliterated his footing.

Magnus turned to me and unleashed a barrage of blows.

Dozens of punches came at me from all angles—

But I dodged them all.

"Ten Thousand Steps of Shadow: Mirage."

Slash!

I cut Magnus a hundred times in under a second.

He was stunned.

Thanks to his resilience, he blocked most of them—

But several wounds still appeared across his body.

At that moment, lightning split the sky.

Daemon came crashing down like a lunatic,

Forcing both Magnus and I to leap away from the blast zone.

It was total chaos.

A full-blown melee moving at blinding speed.

The three of us lunged back in—engaging in a frenzied, close-range clash.

**Boom!**

Darkness collided with lightning.

Our movements blurred within the night.

Both Magnus and Daemon punched with aura-charged fists—

While my sword burned with black flames.

After trading dozens of furious blows, the three of us finally pulled back.

We now stood in the center of a ruined clearing,

Surrounded by shattered trees and broken earth.

The clouds above shifted—

And moonlight poured through for just a moment.

In that fleeting light... our eyes locked.

And at last, they recognized me.

Unlike me—who had seen them clearly all along.

"Frey Starlight..."

Magnus muttered in surprise as flames erupted around him.

With a twisted grin, his aura surged violently, radiating danger.

"Coming to me on your own... You're seriously unlucky, kid!"

His legs sank into the ground as he charged forward like a human tank.

Without hesitation, I wrapped myself in darkness aura and dashed straight at him with relentless swings.

The shockwave from our clash unleashed destructive ripples across the battlefield.

Flames and darkness clashed, consuming one another, but I found myself being pushed back little by little.

"It's useless, boy!"

The inferno around Magnus intensified, empowering his blows as he punched with insane speed.

I blocked every hit with my sword—

But the aftershocks of his fists shattered everything behind me.

I had to strike back.

My eyes lit up with a violet glow as I summoned every ounce of my aura.

Magnus was at the peak of Rank B.

I couldn't afford to fall back here.

I was about to unleash a massive counterattack—

But I froze when I saw the lightning beam charging straight for both of us.

The dark forest was instantly lit up by Daemon's lightning assault.

"You bastards... picking fights while I'm here? Hah! How stupid can you be."

Swoosh—

No sooner had Daemon spoken than Magnus burst through the lightning beam, appearing right in front of him.

His terrifying fist swelled with pulsing veins as it rocketed forward—

"Stay out of this, you punk!"

He was fast.

Daemon barely had time to react before Magnus's punch crashed into his face.

It was like being hit by a missile.

BOOOOM!

The earth shook violently.

Magnus's punch annihilated everything in front of him, ripping through the ground for dozens of meters.

He had tried to end Daemon with a single blow.

But then—

The strongest third-year's eyes widened in shock.

Daemon was still standing.

His head tilted to the side from the punch, blood dripping from his lips—

He looked straight at Magnus with a burning glare.

Spitting blood to the ground, he let out a roar that made my eardrums ring.

"You call that a punch, you son of a bitch?!"

Lightning coiled around Daemon's fist, forming a blinding spiral of energy.

With one blow, he drove his fist straight into Magnus's chest—

Sending the third-year flying through dozens of trees.

I was stunned watching Magnus hurtle through the forest...

It was almost unreal.

"Now that's a punch!"

Daemon darted after him, both arms glowing with explosive electricity.

His fists rained down like a storm—each one faster than the last, especially for someone built like a tank.

Every hit dug deep into Magnus's body as he was smashed across the earth.

Daemon was overwhelmingly powerful.

His explosive speed came from lightning, his long-range power from wind, his reflexes were razor-sharp, and his physique was blessed since birth.

He was... almost too perfect.

"Don't push your luck with me, boy!"

Somehow, Magnus managed to regain his stance and began trading blows with Daemon again.

All I could see were red and yellow flashes clashing violently in the air.

One fought with fire—

The other with lightning.

Neither cared for defense.

They just beat the hell out of each other.

Daemon surprisingly held his own—

In fact, he even overpowered Magnus at times.

I circled around them silently.

The ideal scenario now was landing a clean strike on both and taking them out in one go.

But they were already aware of my presence.

Magnus, distracted for a moment by me, gave Daemon an opening.

Daemon grinned.

"Taking your eyes off your opponent mid-fight? You're the strongest in the third year? Don't make me laugh."

Magnus snapped his attention back—

Only to find Daemon's hand pressed against his chest.

The other one?

Open and aimed directly at me.

"Supreme art : Twin Dragon Gate."

Daemon's body lit up—

A blinding brilliance, like a miniature sun.

In his left hand, the furious head of a lightning dragon.

In his right, a mirrored twin—equally fierce.

The first dragon devoured Magnus—

And the second soared toward me.

They both roared, engulfing their targets...

And in the next instant—

Lightning exploded, unleashing a wave of pure light that consumed everything.

It was pure chaos.

I barely survived the blast, thanks to being just far enough from the epicenter.

I thought I'd successfully defended against it—

Only to find Daemon standing right in front of me, the winds howling madly around him.

"Shit."

I barely raised my sword in time before Daemon's kick sent me flying.

I crashed through several massive trees, one after another, until I finally managed to stop myself.

Leaning on my sword, I took a quick glance at the battlefield.

In the distance, Magnus was on his knees, struggling to stand.

Daemon's attack had left a serious impact—

He'd been too close.

As for Daemon himself...

He had already moved.

There, ahead of us... he reached Point G3.

Ding.

His watch chimed with a clear notification of victory.

– You've reached your destination!

– Rank: 1st

– Points: 5 + 20 Bonus Points

Daemon Valeryon: 455 Points

From afar, Daemon glanced back at us with sheer disdain.

"Worthless trash..."

He barked, then leapt away.

"Where the hell is that bastard Snow?! How many more points do I need to find him?!"

Apparently, we were never his target.

He didn't even bother giving us another look.

With a dry chuckle, I stood up again.

"Things are escalating fast..."

It hadn't even been 15 hours since the start of the trial—

And yet here I was... already knee-deep in this madness.