

## **VILLAIN 177**

### Chapter 177 The Awaited Showdown

Ten days had passed since the Island Trial began...

A third of the exam duration was already over.

For some, it had been ten days of sheer suffering...

For others, ten days of thrill and excitement.

The citizens of the Empire had thoroughly enjoyed watching us edge closer to the exam's midpoint.

In a short span of time, countless battles had broken out—both one-on-one duels and chaotic group skirmishes.

Everyone had witnessed the students struggling to survive. This year's Victoriad felt more like an action-packed survival movie than an ordinary test.

By the tenth day, the intensity had reached its peak.

The competition had grown absolutely insane.

–Ding!–

Day 10 Rankings Released:

10 – Danzo Smasher: 1,450 points

9 – Dawn Polaris: 1,600 points

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5 – Ghost Umbra: 1,900 points

4 – Magnus Drill: 2,350 points

3 – Frey Starlight: 2,500 points

2 – Snow Lionheart: 3,440 points

1 – Daemon Valerion: 3,480 points

(You may spend 500 points to reveal the location of a player of your choice...)

The reason for all this excitement?

It was right there in the rankings.

The first and second place holders were the cause of the madness.

They had been clashing non-stop for days... and they still were.

Daemon couldn't afford to spend 500 points to locate Snow—the gap between them was too narrow, and any slip-up could cost him his position.

So, he had no choice but to sprint across the massive island, searching for Snow at every potential rendezvous point or crossing path...

But the island was enormous.

Even ten days weren't enough to fully explore it.

The madness continued.

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–Day 11 on the Island–

–Ding!–

Updated Rankings:

1 – Snow Lionheart: 3,600 points

2 – Daemon Valerion: 3,580 points

"He passed him!"

"Snow took the lead!"

The spectators roared.

The scenes involving Snow and Daemon had become the center of attention.

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–Day 12 on the Island–

–Ding!–

1 – Daemon Valerion: 3,840 points

2 – Snow Lionheart: 3,800 points

The tides turned once again.

"What kind of competition is this?"

"Do they even sleep? When do these people rest?"

The world began to wonder whether those students were even human anymore.

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–Day 13 on the Island–

–Ding!–

1 – Daemon Valerion: 4,100 points

2 – Snow Lionheart: 4,095 points

By now, it had become common to see crowds gathering in corners of the Empire...

"Hurry! Place your bets now! Who will finish first in the Victoriad qualifiers?"

The people of the Empire constantly wagered their fortunes on their favorite contender.

Even nobles and high-ranking officials weren't exempt.

The Victoriad was fulfilling its purpose.

For a brief time, everyone forgot that war was looming.

That heavy, depressing atmosphere caused by past massacres had slowly begun to fade.

And more importantly, the Temple had once again proven itself to be the number one source of talent in the world.

What they were seeing now on those screens...

Was the power that would soon lead the Empire—and the war—to come.

And this crazy competition?

It was far from over.

Even the heads of guilds and the leaders of great noble houses were watching this trial with keen interest.

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–Day 14 on the Island–

–Ding!–

1 – Snow Lionheart: 4,380 points

2 – Daemon Valerion: 4,375 points

"He passed him again!"

"First-years are insane this time!"

The sight of Daemon ruthlessly blasting his opponents with storms of lightning had become something of a routine by now.

On the other hand, Snow, who danced through battle with a wild sword style—channeling an absurd number of elemental powers—was a visual spectacle like no other.

Their ongoing rivalry, as they continuously clashed with the other Temple students, had fueled the excitement to a fever pitch.

And clearly... those two stood far above the rest.

Even upper-year students from the second and third years couldn't match their dominance.

And now—here we are.

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—Day 15 on the Island—

—Ding!—

Daemon Valerion: 4,500 points

Snow Lionheart: 4,500 points

The entire world held its breath.

Eyes were glued to the screens—no one dared to blink.

The points were tied... but that wasn't what mattered.

What happened next—was the turning point.

Checkpoint F7.

They stood there, facing each other.

They had arrived from different paths.

But that didn't matter.

For the first time—they were standing on the same ground.

Snow Lionheart and Daemon Valerion.

Their gazes locked.

Anyone watching could feel it. The answer to this moment was clear.

A battle was inevitable.

Daemon Valerion vs. Snow Lionheart.

The long-awaited clash was finally about to unfold.

Daemon brushed back his golden hair as he stepped toward Snow.

His massive frame—those thick, coiled muscles nearly bursting from beneath his black armor, lined with golden patterns—made him an imposing sight.

He was terrifying.

"You have no idea how long I've waited for this, Snow Lionheart..."

Snow said nothing.

His appearance was modest—wearing the Temple's standard white armor, a sign of his lack of noble background.

But his presence didn't fall short in the slightest.

His white hair and calm expression had already made him wildly popular among the Empire's girls. You could say each of them was born to be the face of an era—in their own way.

Snow slowly drew his sword.

"Come."

Daemon bared his teeth.

"You've been a thorn in my side this whole time... I'll admit it—I've never pushed myself this hard before."

"But it ends now."

He slammed his fists together—crackling with a terrifying surge of lightning-infused aura.

"Here and now—let's end this!"

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The wind howled around them. All nearby creatures fled.

The battle... was about to begin.

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...

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"Hooooooooooooffff"

With a deep breath, Daemon Valerion roared—his sculpted, muscle-bound body surging with raw might.

Bzzzt...

Bzzzt...

The electricity crackling from his body was no joke.

Now fully cloaked in explosive Lightning Aura, Daemon let out a war cry and charged forward.

"Let's go!"

The golden tank slammed the ground, bursting into a bolt of lightning as he rushed toward Snow.

Snow, in response, anchored himself with Gravity and Earth Aura.

"Come!"