

VILLAIN 178

Chapter 178 Snow Lionheart vs Daemon Valerion

Daemon's fist came crashing down onto Snow's sword with violent force.

The momentum sent Snow flying backward as both of them tore through rocks and trees like paper.

Amid the whirlwind of dust and debris, Daemon grabbed Snow by the face and hurled him into the air.

Gathering power in his core, the Valerion let out a roar, unleashing waves of slicing wind slashes skyward.

Suspended mid-air, Snow remained eerily calm, a stillness unfit for the chaos.

"Void Step."

Daemon's eyes were still fixed above—his slashes yet to land.

But Snow was suddenly beside him, his blade ignited with brilliant blue fire.

With blinding speed, Snow struck—but Daemon blocked it with the back of his hand, barely managing thanks to his lightning-enhanced reflexes.

"That speed..."

Daemon tried to counter, but found himself on the defensive—backpedaling wildly as Snow unleashed a relentless barrage.

In just a single second, the white-haired youth delivered an unbelievable number of strikes.

From a distance, it looked like he was wielding a hundred swords, his afterimages trailing like ghost blades in the air.

Daemon responded in kind—his fists moving non-stop, knocking Snow's blade away again and again.

The fiery blue aura flaring between them from the collisions scorched the ground with every clash.

Daemon... was defending?

Even he couldn't stomach the idea.

Without warning, the Thunder Beast clapped his hands—so fast even Snow, with all his heightened senses, couldn't react.

A wave of wind blasted Snow backward.

Daemon closed in immediately, his yellow Aura eyes blazing like miniature suns.

His battle cry rattled the air—his fists, now brimming with terrifying amounts of lightning, came crashing down.

He pummeled Snow from above with a storm of punches—

A Rain of Thunder.

Snow gritted his teeth—and just as the flames vanished, a surge of icy chill took their place.

"Absolute Zero."

Whoosh!

The entire battlefield froze—the scorched earth now trapped under a sheet of frost, completely halting the lightning barrage.

Daemon's eyes widened as he looked down.

Half his body... was frozen.

And Snow was charging in—now cloaked in Lightning Aura himself.

At that moment, red veins flashed across Daemon's pupils.

"Son of a bitch..."

Slash!

Snow's blade tore into Daemon's frozen frame.

The ground was stained with the tyrant's blood.

Wounds opened across Daemon's grimacing body...

Snow didn't stop. His arm, wielding the blade, moved like a machine of war.

For a moment, it felt like Snow had completely overpowered him.

That was the illusion to distant onlookers...

But Snow stopped.

Or rather, was forced to stop—when that muscular hand of Daemon Valerion caught his sword mid-strike.

It gripped tight, blood trickling down from the pressure.

Daemon, now bloodied, stared straight at Snow.

Next to his colossal frame, Snow looked so small.

"You're using lightning... against me? Me!!!"

The grinding of teeth echoed—

—and then Daemon punched Snow with such force, the impact launched him a terrifying distance away.

"Don't mess with me!!"

Lightning-laced wind slashes raged toward Snow—Daemon standing in the heart of the storm.

"Let me show you... how you really use lightning!"

This time, the lightning wasn't just overwhelming—

It was refined.

Just as Headmaster Ivar Valerion, the Empire's greatest Archer, once said...

"Lightning... is a unique upper element."

"Not everyone gets the chance to unlock its true potential—most don't even understand it."

"If you want to use lightning properly, don't amplify it..."

"Do the exact opposite."

"The secret... lies in compression."

Daemon was dead serious.

He compressed the lightning tightly around his fists.

The surging thunder clashed and sparked violently—intensifying in power and ferocity...

But Daemon kept it completely under control.

The densely compressed lightning began to change in color and form...

Snow stared, mesmerized by the sight.

Daemon descended with fists cloaked in black lightning—so intense it made every hair on Snow's body stand on edge.

He knew instantly...

What was coming was catastrophic.

And it was.

Daemon's arms moved with unreal speed, landing an overwhelming flurry of punches that dug deep into Snow's body, tearing through him with the devastating force of compressed black lightning.

Even with his Starlight Aura pushed to its limit, Snow struggled just to withstand Daemon's rampage—whose speed and strength had both multiplied several times over.

"I'll bury you here and now!"

The ground shook violently.

Snow continued to retreat, step after step.

The once-radiant glow of Starlight looked dim in the face of this erupting storm of black lightning.

Daemon's strikes were too fast—his aura-infused fists kept Snow staggering with each blow.

Snow's sword barely held up... his body even less so.

Yet in the midst of that punishment, the golden eyes of the Lionheart youth stared at his brutal opponent—glowing brighter than ever.

Snow's mind was sharper than his body.

His thoughts... moved faster than his muscles.

"Too fast..."

In this state of Black Lightning, Daemon was terrifying. Even if Snow used Void Step, Daemon would instantly catch up.

His body was nearly unbreakable—piercing it was no easy feat.

If Snow tried to widen the distance, Daemon would just bombard him with lightning-infused wind slashes.

His senses were honed to the extreme—sneaking up on him was impossible.

Snow's eyes came to a single conclusion:

"Perfect..."

Daemon was flawless. Ruthless. Without weakness.

Snow couldn't see a single opening.

But then—

Like a spark slowly growing into a blaze...

Snow breathed in fire.

Then exhaled—Aura overflowing.

He inhaled pure energy...

Was this level enough to bring him down?

Was this enough... to conquer him?

In front of that overwhelming Black Lightning...

Starlight exploded.

Daemon's eyes widened as he suddenly began receiving blows of his own.

Snow was fighting back—blow for blow.

"No weak points, huh?"

The two clashed in a brutal tug-of-war between Black Lightning Aura and Blue Starlight Aura...

Their aura collided violently, the force pushing both of them back again and again.

"Then I'll become your weak point!"

No flaws? Then I'll break you with something stronger than anything you have.

That was Snow's answer.

Ferocity. Nothing less.

The speed of his slashes increased.

And in return—

Daemon's fists moved even faster.

BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM!

A brutal exchange of strikes.

Hot blood splashed violently.

Their enhanced bodies were struggling to keep up with the sheer pressure of this battle.

"HAAAAAAAAH!"

They both roared at the same time.

Each trying to overpower the other—

Locked in a savage contest of pure force.

Neither Daemon nor Snow would back down here.

More...

"Just a little more..."

More...

"Just a little more!"

I won't stop.

I won't let him push me back.

A shared thought flooded both of their minds.

He won't last—just a little more...

Faster. Stronger. Harder.

At some point, time itself seemed to slow down for both of them.

Despite their young age... both were fighters. Naturals.

Battle-hardened, instinctive warriors.

But this time—it was the white-haired one who acted first.

Daemon saw it too late.

The ice spears Snow had formed above their heads.

The same principle of lightning compression... applied to cursed ice.

With a terrifying grin, Snow increased the speed and power of his strikes.

"Get ready... it's coming!"

Daemon was stunned.

When did he even prepare this attack?

Even worse—Snow had kept him locked in close-quarters combat this whole time.

The spears would hit Snow too.

But Snow didn't care.

"Let's see who can take more!"

In the middle of that aura clash...

The frozen spears rained down from above without mercy.

"Hit me with everything you got!"

Daemon gritted his teeth, enduring the storm.

Snow did the same.

It felt like a metal hammer was bashing their skulls repeatedly.

But neither could stop.

Whoever stopped attacking—would lose.

It only took a few seconds... for the rhythm to finally break.

Snow's azurite blade pierced deep into Daemon's chest.

Daemon was launched through the air.

Their heads bloodied, their bodies wrecked—Snow had gained the upper hand, charging after Daemon with relentless force.

"Sure, we both took the same hit from the ice..."

Snow slashed madly, targeting Daemon's vital points.

"But it was my ice!"

Slash!

"Of course the damage wouldn't be equal!"

The tide had turned.

Snow didn't hesitate.

He attacked violently, while Daemon barely blocked.

At that moment, Snow extended his left hand and grabbed Daemon's face—while Daemon's focus was still locked on the sword.

He didn't see that hand coming.

Snow applied gravity force through his palm, slamming Daemon's face into the ground.

Then he dragged him mercilessly across the terrain before hurling him away.

Elemental chaos.

Light

Star.

Darkness.

Fire.

Ice.

Lightning.

Snow unleashed every ounce of destructive power he had.

Daemon barely endured.

The young man clenched his teeth hard—

His perfect body—refined to its peak.

His immense power—and terrifying talent, said to rival Emperor Maekar himself...

All of that... and he was still losing?

To this man standing in front of him...

Daemon felt his head boil with heat—sweat, blood, and grime blurring his vision.

The wounded lion roared in fury, his eyes turning pure white.

Every last drop of aura he had left surged to the surface.

Black lightning expanded violently, sending out a shockwave of terrifying force—shattering the barrage Snow had just sent.

"I won't lose... even if it kills me!!"

His mind couldn't accept it.

But Snow... was worse.

Snow Lionheart would never accept defeat.

Daemon's desperate counter.

Snow's unrelenting assault—his body barely holding up.

At some point, everything turned red in Snow's vision...

But he didn't stop.

Strike after strike.

Wound after wound.

Blood for blood.

That radiant sword—

And those raging fists...

At the end of their clash, they both saw it.

Just for a moment—

A single moment.

The sword broke through everything...

Piercing without mercy.

Daemon saw it coming.

Snow—his eyes now glowing with a terrifying blue light—

Looked nothing short of a monster.

And that sword...

That sword made Daemon Valerion feel something he had never experienced before.

Fear.

The fear of defeat.

But reality...

Reality isn't always fair.

Every story has a beginning.

But some...

Have no end.

No one understood what had just happened.

A terrifying wave of aura swept through them both—forcing them to stop.

A cursed aura... accompanied by a dreadful sound—

A wail.

The wail of a beast.

And not just any beast...

Both Daemon and Snow turned their eyes toward the colossal "tree" that reached up to the sky.

But it wasn't a tree.

That thing had split apart into eight—

Eight massive legs buried deep in the ground.

One of them crashed down near Daemon and Snow—shaking the very earth beneath their feet.

And between those legs—

A creature emerged.

Grotesque. Monstrous.

Spider-like... yet more horrific than even the worst nightmares of Mensis.

That thing...

Was crying.

Crying for this filthy world it had been born into.

It wept.

And screamed.

But what the students across the island heard...

Was not a cry.

It was the savage roar of a beast gone mad—

And it began destroying everything around it.

Among those watching...

Frey Starlight.

His eyes widened in disbelief.

"The Lady of Eight Legs..."

Even in his wildest thoughts, he had never imagined Ivar Valerion would descend into madness this far.

"He released a Nightmare Lord... here?!"

A catastrophe had descended upon them all.

–Ding!–

Nightmare Creature: Lady of Eight Legs

Class: ??

Points: ??

The hunt has begun.