

VILLAIN 192

Chapter 192 Until Death

The nightmare creatures had fled, and all signs of life had withdrawn from that region.

The ground trembled violently with every strike.

Holding down the young man who hadn't even lived a quarter of his life, the old man relentlessly slammed him into the earth.

The sheer amount of blood pouring out of Frey's body was enough to stain the old man as well.

Kaizer stood behind, dozens of ice spears primed, ready to react to any sudden movement.

From the way the old man felt his opponent crumble, he assumed it was over—Frey hadn't moved an inch.

For a moment, the old man paused, observing the broken youth in his grasp.

Amid the heat from the battle and the warm blood soaking him, his senses were fully awakened.

Together with Kaizer, they had brought down their target in under five minutes.

Frey Starlight should be dead by now.

But the old man's eyes widened when he realized that the cursed black sword had pierced straight through his chest and emerged from his back.

His face darkened as he pulled himself away, while Kaizer shouted and unleashed all his spears at Frey Starlight.

BOOM!!

The spears exploded into Frey's body.

The old man retreated beside Kaizer.

Both stared at the gash in his chest that forced him to one knee.

"Kaen... your injury?" Kaizer asked, clearly concerned.

"It's fine," Kaen replied, rising after halting the bleeding. "No vital organs were hit."

His body was incredibly tough—an injury like that wouldn't kill him.

But what left Kaen unsettled wasn't the injury—it was how Frey had managed to strike during all that chaos.

The damage Frey had endured wasn't survivable. It was beyond human limits. There was no way he could've stayed conscious, let alone strike at the perfect opening.

From within the shattered ice spears, Frey Starlight crawled out.

The professors stared in disbelief.

One eye barely open, his entire body drenched in blood and wrecked beyond recognition. His right arm hung uselessly. The only limb he could still move was the one holding Balerion.

"This is impossible..."

Both of them watched in shock. These weren't wounds anyone could withstand.

Frey didn't care what they thought.

Dark aura surged again around his blade as he launched a wide-range slash that swept toward both of them.

Kaizer managed to summon a massive wall of ice just in time.

Meanwhile, Kaen charged again.

"Fine. I'll break you again—only harder this time!"

He clashed into Frey, sending them both flying as they shattered everything in their path.

Aura erupted violently around Kaen's fists, while Frey countered with waves of Dark slashes.

Both took hits, but Frey's injuries were on another level.

After the endless blows, and those hellish projectiles from Kaizer, Frey bled more than he ever had.

Against that kind of pressure, a normal person would have died a dozen times over.

But he was still standing.

"What the hell is your damn body made of?!"

Seven minutes had passed since the battle began.

Kaen himself was starting to pant from the sheer effort it took to pummel this boy.

"What is going on here, by the god sake?!"

Frey was still on his feet. Still fighting.

At this level, Kaen had taken some solid hits himself.

It didn't make sense.

Not only had Frey survived everything thrown at him, he still had enough awareness to retaliate, to strike at the exact right moments, and to exploit every weakness.

Kaen stepped back, and Kaizer moved to his side.

"Let's finish him together," Kaizer said.

Kaen nodded. Frey now looked more like a zombie than a human.

Kaizer conjured twin ice blades and lunged forward with Kaen.

Frey found himself attacked from both sides.

But even through all the blows and the butchering, his mind was razor sharp.

With one blood-soaked eye barely open, he stared through the haze of crimson—at his enemies, at the battlefield, at the carnage.

His thoughts were clear. He wouldn't allow himself to fall unconscious.

Not until the very end.

"I had a dream..."

A dream ... of days long past.

Days when I still had a family.

A dream ... of a life that once felt perfect.

Every time, I see them there—on the other side.

Frey whispered faintly beneath the weight of relentless strikes.

"I don't want it to be just a dream anymore..."

Why had he fought this far?

Why did he keep going, despite every obstacle and hardship?

Why endure this hell?

"All of it... just to turn that dream into reality."

Amid the savage blows—Frey began to retaliate.

"What...?"

Both men were stunned to see him fighting back.

That broken body of his—still clinging to Balerion, swinging with everything he had...

How many injuries had he suffered along the way?

How many cuts and tears had devoured that slender frame?

Ever since the Nightmare Incident, Frey's body left no scars. His skin appeared pristine.

But it was a lie.

That body had been shredded countless times.

"This pain... this suffering..."

The dark aura surged again, clashing with their own head-on.

"How many times do you think I've been through this hell?!"

This level of pain—it wasn't enough to shake him.

He had lived through it too often, it had become familiar.

No matter how many wounds he took—Frey would keep fighting.

Until death.

Unless death claimed him, he would never lower his sword.

He had come this far—he wouldn't fall.

He wouldn't stop, even if his entire world was turned upside down.

Three silhouettes moved with blinding speed.

Kaen, empowered by Earth Aura that reinforced his body.

Kaizer, slashing with twin ice blades.

All met with the blade of Balerion.

The three clashed in a brutal close-range brawl, unleashing shockwaves in every direction.

"Don't stop! Kill him!"

Even at this level, they weren't unscathed.

Frey wasn't the only one taking hits.

But the difference between the injuries they sustained and the destruction Frey endured—was staggering.

Nine minutes.

Only one minute left in the Blood Form.

Frey's enemies intensified their assault.

Against a monster like him—a fighter who felt no pain, who kept striking with a ruined body and that cursed black blade that carved through them—

The only way to stop him was to destroy him completely.

The will of Frey Starlight... left them in awe.

What kind of resolve made someone keep fighting under conditions like this?

What kind of will pushed you forward through hell?

But will alone—was one thing.

The human body—was another.

Finally...

Frey staggered, spitting out a mouthful of blood.

That white hair of his, now stained crimson—along with the rest of his mangled body and shattered armor.

The auto-defense of his gear had long since failed, and the teleportation enchantments had never activated.

No help would come.

The area had been sealed completely—no aura could escape.

He was truly alone.

In the middle of it all, Frey gasped for air.

His broken body collapsed to the ground, yet he clung to Balerion.

On his knees, leaning on his greatsword—his only companion.

Before him stood his enemies.

Injured as well.

He had struck them—cut them, marked them.

Their blood had stained the battlefield too, even if most of it was his.

In the midst of all that carnage...

It was over.

His body... could no longer fight.

And those instructors—they knew it.

No words of mockery came from their mouths.

They had witnessed the impossible.

As warriors, they felt only awe for the boy who hadn't even turned eighteen.

There was one thing they wanted now.

To kill him, as quickly as possible.

Frey glanced at his sword.

Any second now, the ten-minute limit would end.

He had reached his limit—used everything he had.

"Balerion... please..."

He whispered faintly.

"To the very last drop..."

His enemies would kill him.

So—

"Take it all..."

His skin began to crack open, revealing glowing violet veins of terrifying aura.

The crimson lines across Balerion shifted—turning deep purple—as a crushing pressure erupted into the air.

A force so overwhelming, it made both Kaizer and Kaen's expressions darken in dread.

"What the—?! This aura pressure..."

It was pure madness.

Frey was preparing his final strike.

A skill he had crafted himself.

A move that mimicked a nuclear detonation.

The concept was simple—detonate his body to unleash an ocean of SSS-rank aura in one final, apocalyptic attack.

But such a move would obliterate him entirely.

So instead of his body... he transferred everything into his sword—Balerion.

Using his body as a conduit, and the blade as the vessel—it became possible.

Kaizer and Kaen lunged to stop him immediately, but an explosion of dark aura blasted them away.

That aura—it was unnatural.

Balerion was devouring the ocean of aura, its presence distorting the very air.

The pathways of Frey's aura circuits were torn apart just from the sheer force being funneled.

Frey grit his teeth, enduring the searing pain.

He had once failed to unleash this move—when stopped by Baylor Moonlight, who stood at SS rank.

But this time...

It was stronger.

So much stronger.

He wouldn't be able to fight after this—his body would be completely done.

But he would make sure of one thing—

They would not walk away.

"I'll erase you from existence!"

To Kaizer and Kaen—it no longer felt like they were facing Frey Starlight.

But a reaper.

A dark wraith thirsting for their souls.

Something inhuman.

Something incomprehensible.

The power he had gathered was no bluff.

It was so immense—both men turned and tried to flee.

But it was already too late.

Frey closed his eyes, completely enveloped in the sea of dark aura.

Everything—was unleashed in that one moment.

"Ignition."

And with it, the strongest weapon in Frey Starlight's arsenal was finally released.