

## **VILLAIN 193**

### Chapter 193 The End of the Trial

On the other side of the island, the remaining students had gathered at the final location.

Only twenty-eight had managed to survive until the end.

Everyone was present—except for one.

"Where's Frey?" Danzo asked, his eyes scanning the group.

An hour had already passed.

With growing concern, he turned to Ghost, who stood nearby, his expression unusually grim.

The best thing Ghost could do at this point was inform the instructors of what was happening.

But he didn't even know who was friend or foe anymore.

"Phoenix..."

He had to find him.

Phoenix Sunlight was a proud and upright presence—someone who would never stoop to such deception.

But that, in itself, was a problem.

There were only students in the area now. No instructors in sight. Not even one.

Ghost tried to think of a way to locate Phoenix—but Danzo interrupted him.

"Ghost, what's going on? Where's Frey?"

Ghost let out a frustrated breath.

"There's no time to explain. We need to find Phoenix...now!"

"What?"

"If we don't... he'll die."

Danzo froze, stunned by the words.

"Frey Starlight is going to die," Ghost declared.

At that very moment—

"What are you talking about?"

Snow Lionheart appeared beside them, his senses having already picked up on the conversation.

"Frey Starlight is going to die?"

He wasn't the only one who heard it.

Even the princess, standing at a distance, froze in place.

She turned sharply toward the one she knew was responsible.

Aegon.

The prince stood among the remaining first- and third-year students, smiling as if nothing were wrong.

But the princess knew the truth—that beneath his skin was something far darker.

Frey Starlight was going to die...

And if he did, the reason was standing right there in front of her.

Her eyes darkened, a shadowy aura beginning to swirl around her.

With silent fury, the dark figure of a girl began to walk toward the prince.

Elsewhere—

Phoenix Sunlight stood calmly while instructors remained hidden nearby, cloaking their presence.

They were close to the students, but none had sensed them.

Phoenix's eyes swept the area, hyperaware of everything in his domain.

Yet something felt wrong... as if something was happening behind his back.

"Abraham's son didn't show..."

Had he been eliminated?

It was possible. No matter how much Phoenix spread his aura across the island, he couldn't sense him.

Had the son of the man he respected so deeply... truly fallen like this?

His mind locked onto one name—Frey.

Meanwhile, the other instructors finally noticed something.

Both Kaiser Moonlight and Kaen Moonlight were missing.

Something was definitely happening...

And everyone was right.

Ghost, who hesitated to explain the truth to Snow—

The princess, ready to strike Aegon—

Phoenix, extending his aura restlessly in search of just one person—

All of them froze.

The earth trembled as if it were crying out in pain.

A great quake rocked the entire island beneath their feet.

Students fell to the ground in panic. Everyone turned instinctively toward the same direction—

And when they did, mouths fell open, eyes widened in horror.

Even the instructors stood stunned by what they saw.

Far away, on the opposite end of the island, a towering black pillar of destructive aura pierced the sky.

The amount of aura overflowing from that place... was pure madness.

It mirrored the blazing inferno Phoenix had once unleashed, but this time—it was even more violent.

A skill in the SS rank had been released—Ignition—channeled through a sword that was also SS-ranked...

Fueled by a seemingly infinite ocean of SSS-tier aura.

The result... was terrifying.

The ground quaked violently before gradually calming again.

Everyone stood frozen in awe, stricken by the magnitude of what they had just witnessed.

"What was that?"

What kind of being could unleash such a strike?

A nightmare creature?

A person?

Even the prince looked unsure as he stared at the sky-tearing aftermath.

But Phoenix Sunlight didn't hesitate.

The ground beneath him exploded as he shot toward the source at a speed that defied logic.

His eyes blazed with intensity as he erased the distance in just a few steps—so fast that the other instructors only caught a glimpse of his back as he vanished.

Phoenix's mind raced to piece together what had happened.

"An intruder? Someone tampering with the trial?"

That earlier attack suggested a battle had occurred—one completely hidden from his senses.

And if it was an intruder, Phoenix was more than ready to deal with it.

Moments later—

He arrived.

And what he saw left him stunned.

The beach had vanished.

Completely evaporated, along with a massive portion of the sea around it.

Waves were slowly crawling into the void left behind by the devastating impact, filling the gaping crater left by that strike.

Nothing was spared—not the trees, not the ground itself.

With his enhanced perception, Phoenix scoured the area, trying to locate the source of the catastrophe.

Then he sensed it.

A faint presence... barely there. Someone on the brink of death.

That was what confused Phoenix the most.

Only one presence.

He dashed forward.

And when he arrived—

He saw a boy dragging himself across the scorched earth.

His legs could no longer carry him.

His right arm was shattered beyond use. Only the left arm remained—barely functioning.

Phoenix stepped closer.

And upon closer inspection, he recognized the face.

"Frey Starlight?!"

The boy barely opened one eye. His body was so mangled that bone pierced through flesh. His aura pathways had been torn apart by sheer overload.

The extent of the injuries... even Phoenix found himself shaken by the sight.

He instinctively reached out, offering a hand to help.

But Frey's left hand slapped it away.

"What...?"

Phoenix was stunned.

Frey hadn't even looked at him.

He just kept crawling—alone.

Following the trail his blood had painted behind him, Phoenix quickly realized where he was going.

He was heading toward the final rendezvous point.

Despite everything, he refused help—because assistance from an instructor would disqualify him from the trial ... And the Victoriade .

In that condition, he was still trying?

Trying to finish the test?

Phoenix's thoughts spun into a storm.

That earlier explosion...

And now... this.

Frey, alone. Shredded. Crawling.

What the hell happened?

No matter how hard he tried, Phoenix couldn't form a coherent scenario. But there was one thing he knew for sure:

Frey wouldn't make it.

Not with a body like that.

The boy had already lost consciousness. His body was dragging itself forward as if moved by sheer will alone.

Phoenix shut his eyes tightly.

The other instructors would arrive at any moment now.

And so... he made his decision.

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On the other side of the island...

The students had gathered, still stunned by what had happened moments ago.

That massive explosion...

It was a phenomenon their minds couldn't fully comprehend.

Only Ghost had the faintest idea of what might've been happening—because he knew a fragment of Frey's true capabilities.

But even for him...

It was too much.

Even he felt his head go blank after witnessing that detonation.

The question now was—what happened to Frey?

And then, a few seconds later...

A man appeared among the students like a phantom.

The students recoiled at first, startled—

But their tension faded once they recognized him.

It was Phoenix.

In his arms, he carried someone.

Slowly, he lowered the young man onto the grass.

As they got a better look...

Confusion swept across the group. Some couldn't even bring themselves to look.

Drenched in blood...

Frey Starlight lay there—unmoving.

Sansa covered her mouth in shock at the sight.

So did Ghost.

Danzo.

Even Snow.

Phoenix placed a hand on Frey's chest, checking one last time.

He had done everything he could—used his own aura to treat the boy.

And though Frey's life was now out of danger... the injuries were no joke.

Phoenix didn't know what that boy had endured. What hell he had gone through.

But at the very least—

"Rest now, Frey Starlight... you made it."