

VILLAIN 200

Chapter 200 Daemon Valerion vs Danzo Smasher

As expected, Ghost advanced to the next round.

The silent assassin had put on an incredible performance that kept the crowd cheering non-stop.

Iris Sunlight nodded in approval at the level displayed by the first-year students.

"The first years have shown remarkable talent this time..."

He scanned the stands with his aura, searching for someone—but the one he was looking for was nowhere to be found.

"Tsk... Aren't you going to come cheer for your son? Or did you come already, and I just wasn't able to detect you?"

Iris muttered to himself as he searched for Mist Umbra—Ghost's father.

Mist had been severely wounded during the last raid on the Ultras...

But he had already recovered and returned to his role as the head of the Shadow Court not long after.

Even Iris Sunlight wouldn't be able to sense the presence of that assassin unless he got close enough.

First-year matches were supposed to be the most boring—just an appetizer compared to the upper-year bouts scheduled for later.

And yet, this time around, the first years had drawn the most attention due to the weight of the names involved.

The audience discussed the top candidates for victory, and many of them mentioned Snow Lionheart.

But not all bets were placed on him... a significant number leaned toward someone else entirely—

Daemon Valerion, the proud lion of the Imperial Family.

Even with Snow holding the title of the Hero, there were still those who believed Daemon would defeat him.

And Daemon's match... was about to begin.

Match Three:

Daemon Valerion vs. Danzo Smasher.

His opponent was the son of one of the great guild leaders—Adam Smasher.

Both fighters specialized in close combat and held the tank position.

Which meant the audience was about to witness a clash loaded with brute force.

It wasn't rare to see spectators fiddling with their smartwatches—

At first glance, it seemed normal... but it wasn't.

Big matches like this were the perfect opportunity for that kind of high-stakes entertainment.

"The bets!"

Bet on your favorite to win—and make a fortune!

People frequently gambled large sums during such events.

Everyone had already chosen their champion, and the votes were in even before the fight began:

Daemon Valerion: 81% – 19% Danzo Smasher.

The vast majority bet on Daemon—and who could blame them, after all the dominant performances he had shown so far?

But his opponent wasn't to be underestimated.

Adam Smasher sat among the spectators—his massive body, taking up three full seats on its own, stood out noticeably.

It was clear how eager he was to see his son's fight... and finally—

The crowd erupted in applause as both fighters entered the ring.

Daemon Valerion, in his black armor inlaid with gold, stood across from Danzo in his silver-plated gear.

They were evenly matched in size and height.

Two muscular giants...

Daemon's golden eyes stared coldly at Danzo.

It was obvious from the start—he wasn't even slightly interested in his opponent. And that irritated Danzo more than anything.

"Hey... that face of yours..."

Danzo smiled ominously, matching Daemon's presence head-on.

"I'm gonna smash that cold face of yours real soon."

"..."

Daemon Valerion didn't say a word—but the crackling of lightning in the air said plenty.

Ivar Valerion appeared between them.

He recited the standard announcement, then cast a brief glance at his son.

Daemon, however, didn't spare him even the slightest look.

Seeing himself completely ignored...

Ivar vanished, signaling the start of the match.

And the moment he did, the two tanks charged at each other like two speeding trains crashing head-on.

They locked hands and pushed with everything they had.

Their feet sank into the ground from the force of the collision, their auras sending out wave after wave of pressure.

Danzo exerted all his strength, trying to overpower Daemon.

He clenched his teeth, gathering every ounce of power in his body.

The ground quaked beneath his feet as he forced Daemon back, step by step.

"I told you..."

Veins bulged across Danzo's muscles as he summoned every ounce of strength.

"I'm going to crush that smug face of yours!"

With pure brute force, Danzo hoisted his opponent and slammed him into the ground, shattering the arena beneath them.

"Light Maneuver!"

In an instant, six aura-formed arms burst from Danzo's back, and he began pounding his opponent with relentless force.

Boom.

Boom.

BOOOOM!

He unleashed hundreds of punches at a blinding speed, stirring up clouds of dust all around them.

The crowd watched, stunned, as Danzo's ferocious onslaught raged on. It looked like he had completely overwhelmed his opponent...

But those glowing golden eyes had a different story to tell.

Amidst the storm of blows, Danzo suddenly found himself airborne.

He never even saw it coming.

With a single lightning-infused punch to the chest, Daemon had sent him flying, smashing him straight into the arena wall.

Daemon stepped through the haze, electric serpents coiling around his body like predators.

"Who's getting crushed now, brat?"

He vanished—and reappeared before Danzo in the blink of an eye. The punch that followed was absurdly fast for someone with his build.

It slammed Danzo's face into the wall, detonating the area around them with the sheer force of his lightning-charged aura.

Daemon buried him—but the fight wasn't over yet.

From beneath the rubble, a hand shot out and seized him.

Danzo, bloodied and battered, retaliated with a powerful blow, launching Daemon backward as his feet tore deep trenches into the ground.

"Light Maneuver!"

Danzo's fists flared with pure white aura. On the other side, lightning surged and crackled around Daemon's arms.

"Dragon Gate."

Two raging dragon heads formed behind him as Daemon glared at his opponent.

"Try and last a little longer."

He laughed manically before charging in.

"Let me enjoy this!"

The two titans collided—flaming fists clashing with roaring dragons.

Every strike shattered flesh and bone.

Golden lightning clashed with blinding white aura.

Danzo's punches took the shape of colossal aura fists—while Daemon's dragons tore through them with primal rage.

The arena trembled as the two pummeled each other in a frenzy of violence. Blood began to splatter across the floor.

Daemon laughed, wild and unhinged.

"You're tough, I'll give you that. But that's all you've got!"

His fists hammered into Danzo's body like sledgehammers.

Toughness alone wasn't enough to take down Daemon.

Both had taken their share of damage—but Danzo's wounds were far more severe.

He tried to fight back, but Daemon's unrelenting assault left no room to breathe.

"Damn it! I won't lose!"

Danzo roared, pushing with everything he had. He was sure he had landed a blow—

But Daemon was just as fast as he was strong.

For every strike Danzo threw, Daemon countered with ten.

His opponent was overwhelming. Impeccable.

Blood ran down Danzo's forehead.

His soaked gray hair stuck to his skin, blinding his vision as dizziness clouded his mind.

The arena around them lay in ruins—shattered repeatedly during the battle. And after minutes that felt like hours to Danzo...

Lightning had begun to consume Daemon completely.

With the advantage secured, Daemon conjured blades of wind behind Danzo's back—

Closing in from every direction.

Then, unleashing a storm of devastating punches—

He finally forced Danzo to stagger, barely clinging to consciousness.

"Told you. You're tough—but that's all."

Daemon stood still, barely scratched. There was no point in continuing. His opponent had nothing left to give.

Danzo, drenched in blood, barely kept his balance.

But as Daemon paused, Danzo gathered the last of his strength.

A final surge of radiant energy formed around his right fist.

Daemon's eyes narrowed, surprised to see his opponent still fighting.

"Light Maneuver... Heaven-Shattering Fist!"

Danzo's right arm erupted with blinding white light as the veins inside burst under the strain of raw power.

Danzo launched a sudden punch aimed straight at Daemon's face—the opening he'd been waiting for.

And without warning...

A deafening explosion rocked the entire arena.

Danzo had gambled everything on that single, unexpected strike. It was his one and only chance against a monster who outclassed him in every way.

BOOOOOOM!!!

He poured his all into that blow... Even Daemon himself hadn't expected his opponent to pull off an attack like that.

From afar, the crowd witnessed the final stand of Danzo Smasher.

As the light and dust finally cleared—

Danzo stood, barely upright.

In front of him, his strike had carved a straight path through the arena, erasing everything in its way.

And at the very end of that trail—his back against the far wall—stood Daemon Valerion.

He had crossed both arms in an X-formation, dark lightning aura coiled around him like a shield.

Moments later, Danzo collapsed—unconscious after giving everything he had in that one desperate strike.

On the other hand, Daemon Valerion stared at his fallen opponent... then at his own arms.

A deep bruise had left his limbs trembling slightly.

If he hadn't conjured the dark lightning aura in time... that hit could've been the end of him.

But even with all that effort—Danzo couldn't win.

Daemon Valerion turned and walked away as his voice echoed through the arena.

"Not bad, Danzo Smasher... I'll remember your name."

That final blow left many spectators stunned.

Perhaps it was the brutality of the fight—

Or perhaps it was the silence that followed.

But the crowd reacted slowly to the end of Match Three.

And then—thunderous applause erupted for both warriors who had just delivered the most intense battle yet.

Even Adam Smasher had tears in his eyes—a sight that didn't quite match the bald, iron-willed man.

As for Ivar Valerion, he showed no particular reaction to his son's victory.

"Daemon Valerion... just as incredible as ever."

Words of praise came from none other than the Emperor—Maekar Valerion—

Leaning on one hand as he watched the battlefield from above with a faint smile.

"He's quite fitting, indeed..."

Oliver Khan commented in response to the Emperor, though the tone in his veiled voice sounded more like polite flattery than genuine admiration.

The young warriors of the Empire had proven themselves capable thus far.

Amid the roaring cheers of the crowd...

Slow-motion replays of the previous match were broadcast, helping everyone grasp the full scope of the battle.

It was all made possible by Luc Valerion—the greatest mage within the Empire's walls.

The young sorcerer manipulated intricate spell circles, and in a matter of moments, the arena was restored to its original form.

"These kids really love making a mess..."

Overseeing a massive team of mages, Luc was the chief organizer of the duels.

His job was only beginning—as Match Four was about to ignite.

Without warning, the giant screens flared to life:

Match Four: Frey Starlight vs. Seris Moonlight.