

VILLAIN 41

Chapter 41 I want to fight him (2)

At the Arena

It didn't take long to reach the dueling grounds, but I was genuinely surprised by the sheer number of people who had gathered.

Lara noticed my reaction and laughed.

"Why do you look so surprised? This is a fight between two elite students. Of course, it would draw a crowd. I even see some Abyss students here..."

I said nothing and turned my focus to the arena.

Two figures stood in the center of the ring.

One had long blond hair and a bandage over his nose.

The other had black hair tied back and a pale complexion.

Before I could think further, Lara muttered beside me.

"I hope Frey Starlight gets humiliated."

Her words caught my attention.

"Do you hate him that much?"

Lara placed a finger on her chin, thinking.

"Hate? Not really. We don't even know each other. But I don't like his type. You know the rumors about him. He's definitely a bad person, don't you think?"

I shook my head.

"I don't judge people based on rumors."

I returned my focus to the duel.

"Unless I see it with my own eyes, I have no right to say anything."

Lara shrugged.

"I suppose you're right."

At that moment, the duel officially began.

The arena fell silent.

I sharpened my senses, listening in on their conversation.

It was clear that Frey Starlight was provoking his opponent.

A moment later, the wind gathered around Feyrith's blade before he unleashed a swift Wind Slash.

"He's strong!"

Lara exclaimed.

But my focus wasn't on the attack—it was on him.

A strike like that?

I could block it with one hand.

What truly surprised me was how fast Frey Starlight moved to evade it.

He wasn't even serious, yet I could barely track his movements.

Feyrith launched more Wind Slashes, but none landed.

"I wonder... who's faster?"

If I were in that ring...

Would I be able to move as fast as him?

Without realizing it, I found myself comparing my speed to his.

Then, Frey suddenly stopped and raised three fingers.

"Three moves. That's all I'll need."

That was all he said.

Feyrith snapped.

Blinded by rage, he unleashed a storm of Wind Slashes in every direction.

"You bastard! All you do is run! Then I'll destroy everything!"

His attacks devastated the entire arena.

A foolish move—it drained his aura far too quickly.

But he didn't stop.

Meanwhile, Frey started vanishing and reappearing, repeating the process in a continuous sequence.

A hazy black aura cloaked his body.

Even with my enhanced perception, I could barely keep up.

Like a shadow, he closed the distance between them.

10 meters... 5 meters... 1 meter...

Then, Feyrith finally stopped.

No—he was forced to stop.

In the ruined battlefield, two figures stood in the center.

Shock spread across Feyrith's face.

The cold tip of Frey's sword was pressed gently against his throat.

A thin line of blood trickled down.

He didn't even understand how Frey had appeared in front of him so suddenly.

Frey smirked and pulled back his sword.

"That's one."

Then, he stepped back a few paces.

"Shall we continue? Give me your best, my friend~"

I was beginning to understand.

Frey's constant taunts had worked—Feyrith was consumed by rage.

"You bastard!"

Feyrith charged, his sword wreathed in sharp winds.

But Frey blocked effortlessly.

At first glance, the dark aura on Frey's blade seemed weaker than Feyrith's raging storm.

But only a fool would believe that.

Even from here, I could feel the sheer intensity of that darkness.

Lara, watching beside me, commented.

"Looks like Feyrith has the advantage."

I couldn't help but chuckle.

"Do you really think so?"

She frowned.

"Am I wrong?"

"You don't understand, Lara... This is like watching a child fight an adult."

And as if to prove my point...

Frey got serious.

Even from here, I could hear his laughter.

His words cut through the chaos.

"Oh, Feyrith... you poor thing."

"Let me show you how it's done."

Suddenly, Feyrith found himself retreating.

Frey's attacks came from impossible angles, making them nearly impossible to defend against.

Even I couldn't fully comprehend what was happening.

"What kind of technique is that?"

Bruises and cuts began accumulating on Feyrith's body.

Frey was deliberately withdrawing his aura at the last second, striking with only the blunt force of his blade.

He was dragging this fight out on purpose.

"What's wrong? Didn't you say you were going to teach me a lesson?"

Frey's blade slammed into Feyrith's face, leaving a dark bruise.

He continued his merciless assault, targeting every single opening.

"Didn't you say you'd bury me?"

The audience, once cheering, now sat in stunned silence.

They were witnessing calculated cruelty.

And finally, Frey delivered a precise strike to Feyrith's hand, sending his sword flying.

Once again...

Feyrith Earlet found the tip of Frey's sword pressing against his throat.

Frey smirked as he withdrew his blade and took a step back.

"The Second Time"

Frey remained in place, striking his sword against the ground.

"Pick up your sword, Feyrith Earlet... and know this—the third time will be the last."

Feyrith's arms trembled.

He couldn't comprehend what was happening.

The opponent he once believed to be beneath him was now toying with him.

Gritting his teeth, he clenched his fist, summoning his sword back with the force of the wind.

A vibrant green aura surged around him, fiercer than ever, as he let out a furious roar.

"Remember this, Frey... you're the one who asked for it!"

The air itself seemed to shift.

In mere moments, a colossal storm formed around Feyrith, its violent winds spiraling at an alarming speed.

The sheer force of it engulfed the entire arena, forcing Frey Starlight to leap high into the sky.

I instantly understood what Feyrith was doing.

This wasn't just an attack—it was a finishing move, a final strike meant to end everything.

Seeing Frey in midair, Feyrith's lips curled into a crazed grin.

"Let's see how you dodge this now!"

His sword gleamed with a brilliant light, serving as the core of the howling storm surrounding him.

The hurricane's rotational force condensed, concentrating entirely around his blade before he launched himself toward Frey.

"This is the end!"

It was powerful—undeniably so.

I had to acknowledge that.

Yet, my focus remained solely on Frey.

Because despite the impending attack...

He wasn't afraid.

He just laughed.

"Who said I was going to dodge, you fool~?"

With those words, Frey gripped his sword tightly and began to spin.

I heard him whisper something under his breath, though the words were barely audible.

"Ten Thousand Steps of the Shadow: Black Meteor."

And then—defying all logic—he accelerated.

It was as if he had pushed off the air itself, launching forward like a streaking black comet.

The dark projectile ripped through the hurricane in an instant, shredding everything in its path until his sword finally met Feyrith's.

A thunderous explosion erupted upon impact, shattering the storm and sending a powerful shockwave through the battlefield.

Dust and debris clouded the arena, obscuring everything from view.

The crowd fell into an eerie silence, holding their breath as they waited for the dust to settle—waiting to see who remained standing.

And when the air finally cleared...

A lone figure stood tall at the center of the battlefield.

Jet-black hair swayed gently in the aftermath.

Meanwhile, Feyrith lay motionless near the edge of the arena, thrown outside the barrier.

Frey Starlight stood amidst the wreckage, his voice carrying through the silence.

"The third time~"

At that moment, choupo moting stepped forward, his voice steady as he declared:

"The winner—Frey Starlight!"

He had won.

Without taking a single hit.

The crowd remained frozen.

Even Lara, standing beside me, was too stunned to speak.

But me?

Without realizing it, I had clenched my fist.

Maybe... coming to the temple hadn't been a waste of time after all.

I set my sights on Frey Starlight.

"I want to fight him."

Character Profiles

Lara Croft - A7

Class: Archer

Rank: D

Feyrith Earlet - B7

Class: Swordsman

Rank: D