

## **VILLAIN 411**

### Chapter 411: Sir Alon vs Dragoth (1)

The moment Dragoth held the Moonlight Sword in his hands...

He became a completely different being .. even the aura surrounding him had changed.

It all happened under the eyes of Ser Alon, who instantly realized the battle was about to take a new turn.

"Was he fighting outside his original domain all this time?"

Until now, Dragoth had fought using only his bare fists.

His physical prowess was so overwhelming that Ser Alon had mistaken him for a brute .. a living tank.

But now, wielding the immensely powerful Moonlight Sword...

Dragoth had become far more dangerous.

Then, without warning ..

Both Ser Alon and Dragoth charged at each other, and their blades clashed with immense force.

The pressure from the black lightning aura and the cursed energy of the Moonlight Sword ..

Together, they overwhelmed Ser Alon, who maneuvered using his light-infused aura.

"This is going to be troublesome."

Exchanging blows at blinding speed ..

Their swords collided fiercely, each clash shaking the air as both warriors displayed exceptional levels of swordsmanship.

Despite Dragoth being completely insane ..

His body still remembered how to duel, and his raw power was undeniable.

His aura output even surpassed Ser Alon's.

Yet the Iron Emperor possessed a speed comparable to light .. allowing him to counter from any angle.

Each time their blades struck, the shockwaves of the collision obliterated everything in their surroundings.

That's why most top-ranked warriors chose to fight in the sky ..to avoid destroying their allies with collateral damage.

Despite Dragoth's intense pressure, Ser Alon handled him with remarkable finesse .. using his speed and centuries of experience to his advantage.

But time was not on the Iron Emperor's side.

He knew Beatrice could eject them from this space at any moment. That thought forced him to abandon his usual calm, composed combat style ..

And instead meet Dragoth head-on with full aggression.

His golden sword clashed violently with the Moonlight Sword, each strike tearing through the skies.

Ser Alon's movements were so fast they left behind afterimages .. dozens of light-clones surrounding Dragoth from every direction.

He kept slashing relentlessly .

And soon, wounds began accumulating on the crazed leader of the Ultras, unable to keep up with Ser Alon's speed.

But the horrifying wounds left by the Iron Emperor's blade healed almost instantly, and Dragoth never slowed down ..

He continued chasing Ser Alon like a rabid beast.

The Iron Emperor was much faster and evaded every strike Dragoth hurled at him ..

But even a single hit from the Ultras Emperor could cause devastating damage. Ser Alon realized that the moment the Moonlight Sword's aura stuck to his body after a brief collision.

"A legendary sword. An enormous aura reservoir. A regenerating monster of a body."

Analyzing his opponent ..

Ser Alon began to understand just how dangerous Dragoth truly was.

But at the same time ..

Dragoth wasn't stable.

His body might've been perfect, but his mind was shattered.

Unable to think clearly, the Ultras Emperor had turned into a merciless killing machine.

With one look, Ser Alon understood what had happened. He had seen countless cases like this before.

"What kind of torture turned you into this...?"

The Emperor of the Ultras... once a mighty pillar, standing atop the power hierarchy of this world ..

To reduce someone like that to this broken state... it would've taken a level of torment even Ser Alon himself struggled to imagine.

All that remained within Dragoth were fragmented memories .. chief among them, his defeat at the hands of Abraham Starlight.

But what had he gone through since that day, locked somewhere deep within the Empire?

That... Ser Alon did not know.

Still, none of that mattered now.

Because Dragoth had lost a vital edge—his mind.

Now that he had turned into a mindless beast, Ser Alon exploited that flaw to its fullest.

Taking advantage of his superior speed ..

He struck Dragoth with a devastating blow, launching him through the air and slamming him into a nearby mountain.

The impact was so immense, the resulting shockwave could be felt by everyone on the battlefield below.

But even so ..

Dragoth burst out of the rubble almost immediately, charging back at Ser Alon with a dark aura engulfing his entire body.

And again, moving at light-speed ..

Ser Alon struck him, sending him crashing into yet another mountain.

But in less than a second ..

Dragoth returned, flying toward him once more.

BOOM!

Ser Alon left behind only a blinding flash of light, delivering another deadly strike that smashed Dragoth into the ground.

Yet Dragoth kept healing ..

And launched himself at Ser Alon again like a rabid dog.

It became a cycle—repeating without end.

A light-speed strike from Ser Alon would send Dragoth flying ..

Only for the Ultras Emperor to recover and return within seconds, as if nothing had happened.

Dragoth kept swinging his sword wildly, multiplying his speed in an attempt to catch Ser Alon.

But the Iron Emperor's speed was on another level entirely.

In under a minute ..

Ser Alon had already launched Dragoth hundreds of times, turning the surrounding terrain into a wasteland of rubble and destruction.

Yet despite it all, Dragoth kept getting back up.

The exchange continued for several minutes...



From afar ..

The other warriors could no longer follow what was happening. All they saw was a dark blur being launched through the air by a blinding white flash...

Then the dark figure would charge back in, only to be hurled away once again.

It was a surreal spectacle.

But that relentless exchange helped the strongest fighters on the battlefield realize something crucial:

"Dragoth is stronger—but Ser Alon is much, much faster..."

It wasn't hard to imagine what was truly going on up there.

But the situation was extremely dangerous.

So far, Dragoth hadn't landed a single strike.

But the moment his sword touched Ser Alon ..

The damage would be catastrophic for the Iron Emperor. Ser Alon knew this all too well.

The battle had become a vicious cycle. Ser Alon's blows weren't enough to take Dragoth down, while Dragoth couldn't touch him at all.

However...

The moment one of them broke that balance ..

Everyone watching knew the fight would end instantly.

And then, after thousands of strikes exchanged in mere seconds ..

As Dragoth's speed kept rising and black lightning erupted around him in his desperate attempt to catch up with Ser Alon...

The Ultras Emperor finally started to feel it.

In that moment, Ser Alon appeared right in front of him after launching him once more.

"Your body may be nearly immortal... but how long do you think it can hold out?"

Slash!

This time, the Iron Emperor didn't stop at one blow .. he pressed his assault up close, deliberately.

Dragoth had taken an overwhelming number of hits. And while he had recovered from every one of them ...

Complete regeneration was impossible.

With each strike, the lingering damage slowly built up, accumulating with every wound Ser Alon inflicted.

And now, after that colossal exchange ..

The accumulated damage finally began to weigh Dragoth down.

This was what the Iron Emperor had been waiting for.

He kept slashing relentlessly ..

Tearing through his opponent's body without pause, driving him into the ground again and again.

Then, raising his golden sword high into the sky, Ser Alon gathered a terrifying amount of aura. His eyes flared with intense, radiant light.

"Ultimate Sword Style: Atomic Severance."

Channeling pure light aura into his sword without restraint, Ser Alon Valerion unleashed his atomic strike without mercy.. detonating it against Dragoth.

The vertical slash carved a monstrous scar through mountains and earth alike, launching an aura shockwave so immense it tore upward into the heavens.

The Ultimate Sword Style was a combat technique derived from the first Emperor Kazes Valerion .. the One Sword Style.

This fighting style focused on a single, devastating blow .. just one strike at a time, but with overwhelming force.

Hovering in the sky, Ser Alon Valerion watched the battlefield below as the light slowly faded.

But all he could do was stare in disbelief—

As that man emerged, walking through the blazing aura with wrathful steps, his body cloaked in dark aura.

Even though Ser Alon's attack had left a massive scar across Dragoth's chest ..

The Ultras Emperor was still capable of fighting, seemingly unbothered.

Then, without warning ..

He charged again toward Ser Alon, moving even faster than before.

"Even Atomic Severance wasn't enough to slow him down...?"

Dodging with immense speed ..

Ser Alon continued analyzing his foe.

The battle was far from easy. He had to deal with Dragoth while also keeping a wary eye on both Gavide Lindman and Mergo, who waited like vultures, ready to strike the moment his guard dropped.

"My old bones can't keep this madness up much longer..."

Chapter 412: Sir Alon vs Dragoth (2)

Forced to endure a brutal battle while racing against time ...

The Iron Emperor found himself facing one of the greatest challenges of his long, battle-scarred life.

And yet, Ser Alon Valerion did his job flawlessly.

Even with Dragoth's ever-increasing speed..

He never managed to land a single blow.

Each time, Ser Alon sent him flying once more.

If this were an open battle without time constraints, Ser Alon would've simply continued flinging Dragoth away, over and over, letting the damage accumulate until he could finish him off for good.

But that plan was no longer viable.

Time wasn't on his side.

So instead ..

He closed the distance on purpose.

Ser Alon deliberately entered Dragoth's danger zone, facing him head-on ..

Raising the risk of taking a hit in exchange for the opportunity to land a finishing blow.

"I'll have to hit him with something even stronger than Atomic Severance..."

Within the Iron Emperor's arsenal ..

There was only one strike that surpassed the last in raw power.

But its effect... was tremendous.

And so, without warning ..

The Iron Emperor shot forward at the speed of light, seizing Dragoth by the face as both of them were flung away from the battlefield .. vanishing across dozens of miles in less than a second.

Realizing Ser Alon had closed the distance between them, Dragoth let out a furious roar. His sword blazed with power, shrouded in dark lightning aura.

And with unrestrained brutality ..

He drove his sword into Ser Alon's chest.

At such close range, the Iron Emperor could no longer dodge.

But Ser Alon didn't flinch. Instead, he plunged his own blade straight into Dragoth's body.

"You think this body can't endure a stab or two from you, boy? Just who do you think I am?"

Having lived longer than anyone else alive ..

Ser Alon had pushed his body to perfection through sheer madness, reaching its ultimate limits long ago.

Even with the Moonlight Sword wreaking havoc inside him ..

The Iron Emperor launched his strongest technique.

"Ultimate Sword Style: Spectrum Burst!"

With his sword buried in Dragoth's flesh, Ser Alon detonated his attack from within.

In an instant ..

A colossal figure of light took shape, towering higher than the mountains themselves.

The spectral figure bore the face of Ser Alon .. enraged, jaw open wide as it devoured Dragoth whole.

All of it happened in a fraction of a second.

Then, without warning ..



The spectral light exploded.

Both Dragoth and Ser Alon were swallowed in its devastating core.

The explosion of light annihilated the entire region with terrifying violence, shaking the heavens with the raw force behind Ser Alon's blade.

From the blinding core, millions of light slashes erupted .. Ripping through Dragoth's body without mercy, turning him into a shredded mass of black and red meat.

"The Spectrum Burst is technically a single attack .. but it's so fast that, from a distance, it appears as millions of strikes carving the enemy apart nonstop."

Pulling back from the blast zone, Ser Alon stumbled away, clutching his bloody chest as he gazed at the destruction left by his sword.

"This was the same technique I once used to kill my own father..."

Descending calmly to the ground, Ser Alon Valerion began focusing all his power on recovering.

The damage from the Moonlight Sword was horrifying. Its corrupted aura rampaged through his insides, tearing him apart continuously.

But Ser Alon was confident he could endure it .. at least for now.

It had been a necessary sacrifice to deliver such a devastating blow.

Refocusing his attention on the battlefield he had left behind ..

The Iron Emperor prepared to return and finish what had been started.

But before he could launch himself forward...

A sudden blast of dark lightning aura surged toward him, forcing him to dodge right at the last instant.

With wide eyes and a face unable to mask his disbelief, Ser Alon turned ..

"Impossible..."

From the center of the blast crater, from the ruin of those relentless slashes ..

That monster emerged once more.

Half his body obliterated, the other half nothing but a lump of blood and torn flesh...

And yet ..

Still clutching the Moonlight Sword ..

Dragoth remained standing.

His regeneration had slowed. But even so, he had already begun recovering from Ser Alon's overwhelming strike.

"What kind of abomination are you?!"

Dragoth's strength had now fully exceeded the Iron Emperor's expectations.

And so, without hesitation, Ser Alon surged forward .. Intent on ending Dragoth before he could fully regenerate.

But in that critical moment ..

Mergo and Gavide Lindman appeared at either side of him, somehow managing to keep pace with his insane speed.

Now surrounded—Dragoth coming from the front, Mergo from the right, Gavide from the left—

Ser Alon instantly understood what had happened.

Mergo...

The drunken old man had manipulated space itself, teleporting with ease ... and waiting for this exact moment from the very start.

He had waited until Ser Alon weakened himself in pursuit of Dragoth.

And now the trap was finally sprung.

Time slowed as Ser Alon raced through every possible solution ..

But even a monster like him couldn't dodge three SS+ level fighters at once... not in his current state.

His options were grim. Every path ended in disaster.

If he fell here...

It would mean the complete downfall of the Empire's side.

And this was something Millicent understood all too well.

She had fought Beatrice relentlessly—just to keep her inside the battlefield for as long as possible.

Millicent had to give her full focus to Beatrice, who hadn't revealed her real body since Ser Alon had struck her down.

Now..

Millicent found herself fighting an enemy who remained completely hidden.

And that was what made Beatrice so terrifying.

If she lowered her guard for even a single second, the Crimson Witch was certain—

Beatrice wouldn't spare her.

And yet, given the current situation...

Millicent found herself forced to act, placing all her hope in the one form of stellar magic she had barely mastered throughout her life.

"Acceleration... Time Skip!"

Pouring every ounce of her power into the spell, a radiant blue stellar aura enveloped Millicent's body. Then, a strange phenomenon occurred ..

Everything around her came to a complete halt.

Frozen in time, Millicent was the only one who could move.

Within that still world, she left behind dozens of afterimages as she pushed herself forward with all her might—

Racing against the very laws of nature to reach him in time.

Breaking through the boundaries of reality, Millicent's phantom forms surged forward across the frozen battlefield... until they reached Ser Alon, who was surrounded on three sides.

With a graceful push, she moved him aside.

And then ..

The Crimson Witch stood alone between Dragoth, Mergo, and Gavide Lindman.

Blood trickled from her nose and mouth, but Millicent didn't stop.

She forced her body to keep going, surrounding her hands with that strange, celestial aura.

Then, she gently tapped each of them on the chest.

Just a faint touch .. not enough to hurt even a child.

And yet, that simple touch compressed the very space in front of them.

When time resumed its natural flow ..

The compressed force snapped back, shattering the air itself.

A massive shockwave erupted, blasting Dragoth, Mergo, and Gavide Lindman away in a single strike.

Now standing between three paths of utter destruction ..

Millicent exhaled deeply, struggling to stay on her feet.

Behind her, Ser Alon stared in disbelief.

Even with his speed of light, he hadn't been able to follow what just happened.

She had saved him using that mysterious spell .. But the cost was steep. She could barely breathe.

Forcing her focus back to the war of domains between her and Beatrice ..

Millicent's expression darkened.

"Impossible... I moved in less than a fraction of a second .. Yet she still managed to spread her power this far?!"

As if answering her doubt, an ominous force began to wrap around both her and Ser Alon.

Then, from above, Beatrice appeared once again .. hovering high above them.

"You truly underestimated me, human witch."

With that same ever-calm smile .. Beatrice looked down on them.

Even though Millicent had acted in mere fractions of a second...

It was still enough time for Beatrice to assert her dominance.

"Get out of my sight, you wretched pests."

She had completely overpowered them.

And now, Ser Alon and Millicent could no longer remain in the battlefield.

Despite his injuries, Dragoth could still fight.

Mergo and Gavide Lindman as well.

With their forced retreat ..

The elite class would be thrown back to square one.

No...

Even worse.

Slowly, they were heading straight toward the worst possible outcome.

Chapter 413: Despair

It was only a single second.

That was all Millicent had to sacrifice...

Just one second .. to save Ser Alon.

But despite acting with swift precision, tapping into her stellar magic ..

That single second was all Beatrice needed to completely overpower her, ending their domain battle in a decisive, brutal instant.

"It's over, human witch.

My magic no longer permits your existence here."

Beatrice smiled coldly, just as a bluish aura flared around both Millicent and Ser Alon.

They were about to be teleported away.

And once it happened, they wouldn't be able to return .. Not even if Ser Alon flew back at the speed of light.

Beatrice had already sealed the area with her spell.

What she was about to do...

Would mark the beginning of the end.

"I think I'll leave that pretty little gate you bothered creating.

It'll serve us nicely as a backdoor into the Empire ..AHAHAHA!"

She laughed wildly, watching as the Ultras seized the momentum once more, gaining the upper hand over the Empire.



Now, the Iron Emperor and Millicent were seconds away from being forcibly removed from the battlefield.

Ser Alon understood this perfectly.

So, one last time...

Before he was taken away...

The Iron Emperor unleashed a final attack on those who had overwhelmed him.

"Ultimate Sword!"

Gathering every last drop of his aura, pouring his soul into this final blow ..

Ser Alon decided to strike with full force, even if it worsened his injuries.

Forcing his body beyond its limits, in less than a second ..

He unleashed four blindingly fast slashes in four separate directions.

"Cage of Light!"

Massive streams of radiant aura surged toward the four Ultras elites ..

Beatrice, Dragoth, Mergo, and Gavide Lindman ..

Forming a colossal prism of light that enclosed them all.

He had poured everything into this technique, shaping a field that sealed them within.

And then, without warning ..

Light engulfed Ser Alon and transported him away.

He could no longer remain on this battlefield.

"I leave the rest... to you, Millicent."

Seeing him vanish ..

Millicent nodded, her body glowing once more with stellar magic as she forcefully reactivated her spell.

The celestial energy negated Beatrice's domain, preventing her from expelling Millicent as well ..  
Granting her a little more time on the battlefield.

Without delay, she shot forward with blinding speed, heading toward Frey and the others.

She knew she didn't have long.

After losing the domain battle to Beatrice, Millicent had become severely limited ..

Now trapped inside the enemy's territory, her magic was heavily constrained.

So, capitalizing on Ser Alon's final attack ..

The Crimson Witch aimed to evacuate the elite class as quickly as possible and escape the area.

Ser Alon's Cage of Light wouldn't hold for more than a few minutes ..

Even with all his power poured into it.

But those few minutes...

Should be enough.

Or so she thought.

Because even that final move had been foreseen by the demonic witch.

Without warning, a devastating beam of black aura crashed down on Millicent mid-flight.

Barely managing to evade it, she was stunned to see Beatrice standing freely in the sky above ..

Wearing the same calm smile as always.

"You broke free of Ser Alon's prison that fast?!"

Unable to comprehend it, Millicent turned toward the Cage of Light .. Only to see Beatrice still inside it.

And yet here she was, hovering in front of her, unbound.

"A clone?"

"Aren't you a witch yourself?"

You should know better than anyone what we do."

Dark aura gathered around Beatrice's arms, ready to strike again.

"Always make your enemy believe exactly what you want them to believe."

Beatrice unleashed another barrage of devastating aura beams, relentlessly pursuing Millicent and driving her away from the battlefield.

"How can you call yourself a witch when all your tricks are so painfully obvious?!"

Beatrice's onslaught continued, while Millicent used her stellar magic to accelerate herself and narrowly dodge each strike.

After observing her for a while, Beatrice had seen enough.

'She's far beneath me in terms of magical ability.

That strange stellar magic is the only spell in her arsenal that can remotely keep up with me.'

Her smile widened further.

Victory was assured now ..

Especially as she noticed Millicent faltering, struggling to maintain her stellar acceleration for much longer.

"You're finished, human witch."

Trapped inside Beatrice's domain, the advantage was completely hers.

But Millicent wasn't about to give up so easily.

Focusing her remaining magic ..

She slammed her foot into the air, her body flaring with a renewed, brighter stellar aura.

"Time Skip!"

Once more ..

Time froze.

Everything halted.

Millicent moved alone in a world of stillness, leaving behind countless afterimages as she surged forward ..

Closing the distance between her and Beatrice in a single breath.

"Stellar magic may be my strongest weapon... but it is not the only magic I possess!"

Gathering every ounce of her strength between her hands ..

Millicent conjured a crimson vortex, glowing with an intense scarlet aura.

Bringing it right before Beatrice's body, the Crimson Witch unleashed her spell at point-blank range ..  
Aiming to end it all in a single blow.

Then ..without warning ..

The crimson vortex expanded violently, spinning at insane speeds until it swallowed Beatrice whole, shredding her body into pieces.

"Don't underestimate this old witch, you damned demon!"

Using the Red Hole spell at point-blank range, Millicent managed to obliterate Beatrice completely.

Or so she thought ..

Until a rocket-like strike pierced her from behind, punching a bloody hole through her torso.

"Old witch? I'm far older than you, human."

Beatrice's voice echoed behind her, as she emerged from thin air with a smile.

"You're nothing but a pathetic amateur."

Grabbing her by the throat...

Beatrice lifted Millicent's body high, charging her power for a final, merciless strike.

Millicent couldn't even grasp what had just happened. Beatrice only laughed louder.

"I told you already..."

True magic is about making your enemy believe exactly what you want them to believe."

From the beginning, even the second body Beatrice revealed had only been another clone ..

One crafted to perfectly mirror her presence, form, and aura.

The moment she witnessed Millicent's time-skip spell, she had already calculated how to counter it.

She waited ..

Waited for the exact moment Millicent would rely on time magic again.

And when it came...

The demonic witch sprung her trap, reeling Millicent in like a fool.

"This... is the end."

Channeling her full power ...

Terror spread across Millicent's face.

She understood now.

She had lost.

Completely overwhelmed by Beatrice ..

That terrifying demon had manipulated the battle from the very beginning.

There was nothing left to do.

Resigned to death, Millicent closed her eyes.

A faint, stellar glow flickered over her body one last time.

"I'm sorry..."

With those final words ..

She vanished from Beatrice's grasp before the killing blow could land.

Beatrice paused, immediately realizing what had happened.

"Escaped, did you?"

How pitiful."

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Millicent reappeared on the far northern edge of the Empire ..

Collapsed on her knees atop the white snow.

Her breath trembled, her entire body drenched in sweat.



Nearby, Oliver Khan and the others were still fighting off incoming Ultras—too preoccupied to notice her.

But Ser Alon did.

"Millicent..."

The Iron Emperor called out, his face dark with emotion.

But the old witch wouldn't even meet his gaze.

"I'm sorry..."

She had fled the battlefield ..

Preserving her life at the cost of abandoning the elite class behind enemy lines.

Now they would be left to die, alone, against enemies far stronger than themselves.

Witnessing this, rage flared in Ser Alon's heart.

He despised those who fled the battlefield..

Especially comrades who left others to die.

Millicent, however, could only offer a broken apology... again and again.

In the end, Beatrice had simply been too much.

That demon still stood in the same spot she had before ..

Laughing maniacally, her voice rising with wild delight.

"Did you really think you could escape so easily?!"

A wicked laugh that made the very space around her tremble ..

Ser Alon's eyes widened from across the world.

That dark glow on Millicent's neck...

She hadn't noticed it.

Back when Beatrice had grabbed her by the throat ..

She had planted something.

Now, after her escape ..

That very spot began to glow ominously.

Then, without warning.

Before Ser Alon could do a thing ..

Millicent's throat erupted in a violent explosion, blood spraying across the pristine snow in a gruesome torrent.

Her neck torn apart ..her head nearly severed ..

The light vanished from Millicent's eyes as she collapsed lifelessly, her body crumpling into her own blood.

At that moment ..

Ser Alon finally understood the true terror of their enemy.

Beatrice was truly terrifying. Turning her gaze back to the Elite Class...

The witch was ready to end it all ..

Now that the Old Order had been utterly crushed.

Chapter 414: Another demon

Back on the battlefield ..

The situation had grown utterly desperate for Frey and his companions.

Frey could barely lift his sword anymore, his body stiffening with every motion.

Each step, each swing, felt unbearably heavy.

After that relentless string of brutal battles... His body could no longer fight at full capacity.

Repeated use of the Blood Form, the Ignition, the countless enemies faced ..

All of it had left deep marks on Frey Starlight's body, stripping away his ability to fight at his peak.

He had only survived this far thanks to Ghost's help ..

But it was merely a matter of time before both of them fell.

Especially now that their strongest warriors had already been defeated.

The loss of Ser Alon and Millicent had struck them hard.

At this point, Phoenix Sunlight was the only one still holding his ground, wreaking havoc across enemy lines ..

But even he would fall, once enough enemies swarmed him.

Snow Lionheart too, despite using the War King Form ..

Had been completely surrounded by Baylor Moonlight and the Ultras.

Daemon Valerion wasn't doing any better—barely surviving each minute.

In truth, all of their strongest fighters had reached their limits.

And it was only a matter of time before monsters like Beatrice returned to the field.

At the rear ..

Selena fought with everything she had, supported by Dawn, who had unsheathed his sword once more.

Lara Croft fired arrow after arrow, standing protectively in front of Danzo and the unconscious Seris Moonlight behind her.

Yet despite all their desperate efforts...

They were being slowly, inevitably surrounded.

All of this unfolded before Frey's Hawk Eyes .. and Phoenix's burning gaze, as he continued incinerating the battlefield.

At that moment ..

Both of them cried out from the depths of their souls.

Frey, forcing his battered body to fight harder, stronger ..

And Phoenix, pushing forward with everything he had, trying to clear a path to the distant—yet painfully close—teleportation gate.

They had hit a wall.

Tension rose to a breaking point ..

They were all dying, slowly, helplessly.

No matter how hard they fought, no matter how fiercely they resisted ..

No help was coming.

They were going to die here.

And knowing that...

Frey truly began to consider it.

Clenching his fists, blood spilling from every pore ..

He looked down at the strange black mask in his hand.

He was thinking of putting it on again.

If that meant gaining the power he needed...

The kind of power that could turn the tide of this desperate situation...

Then Frey was ready to risk it all again.

That mask might be their only hope now.

But the moment he held it up ..

Frey felt something strange.

He didn't know why, but...

He was certain that if he wore it again ..

He would never return to being himself.

There was something magical, unnatural about the thought .. But it gripped him completely, leaving his emotions in chaos.

A deep desire to survive .. One that demanded a miracle, an overwhelming strength...

Clashed with the terrifying fear...

That he might lose himself forever.

Frey couldn't decide.

But that hesitation didn't last long.

Because in this world, the only thing that decided life or death—

Was power.

And that mask...

Would give him that power.

So Frey made his choice.

He was willing to gamble everything once again.

It was the only path left.

"Frey..."

Fighting fiercely nearby, Ghost noticed what Frey was about to do.

And in that moment, the silent killer remembered something ..

A vision, not long ago.

Hundreds of mutilated corpses...

A shattered battlefield...

An overwhelming aura unlike anything he'd felt before...

All of it caused by a single man ..

A man who wore a black mask... walking toward him through the carnage.

Back then, Ghost didn't even recognize Frey.

The aura, the presence... it was entirely different.

Almost inhuman.

So now, seeing Frey about to wear that mask again ..

A dreadful sense of foreboding welled up inside him.

But just before Frey could put on the mask...



Both of them .. and most of those still standing on the battlefield ..froze in place the moment an overwhelming pressure crashed down upon them from out of nowhere.

A demonic aura. Immense. Suffocating.

It compelled them to instinctively turn toward the source.

And to their shock... it came from behind them.

From the rear lines.

From where their weakest had been stationed.

A chill swept through them.

At that moment, both of them remembered.. Danzo was still back there.

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In the rear lines..

The remaining members of the Elite Class fought with everything they had.

But no matter how hard they tried...

They were going to die.

"There's no point... We can't win against them..."

Lara Croft's voice trembled with complete despair.

No matter how many arrows she loosed, the enemies just kept coming.

Selena, who stood in front, was almost completely drained of aura ..

Leaving them at the mercy of the Ultras.

"We're going to die..."

Lara's body shook violently as the crushing weight of that truth sank in.

"Don't be afraid... We won't die."

Next to her stood Dawn Polaris—trembling too, with a terrifying smile on his face.

"We won't die. We can't... I'm the Last Survivor, remember?"

Even though he barely believed in it himself, the despair around him pushed Dawn to place all his hope in that strange ability of his ..

An ability he didn't even understand.

"We won't die... We won't die..."

He kept muttering, trembling, while Selena had no idea what he was talking about.

But none of that changed the reality.

The reality... that they had already lost.

Surrounded from all sides, swords and spears rained down upon them ..

Lara Croft collapsed to the ground beside Danzo and Seris, shutting her eyes and bracing for the pain.

For death.

But...

The sound of blades piercing flesh never came.

Instead, everything around her suddenly froze.

She felt something malevolent crawl over her body ..

And that's when her eyes opened on instinct.

What she saw... Shocked her to her core.

Black horns. Long and jagged like obsidian, rising from the forehead of a girl standing above her.

White hair.

Pitch-black eyes.

A woman stood there.

Someone Lara didn't recognize.

A demon.

A terrifyingly powerful demon who was now smiling down at her with a chilling grin.

And then ..

Without warning ..

All the nearby Ultras soldiers exploded into chunks of flesh and bone.

The demon girl laughed madly, her body trembling uncontrollably as the blood of the fallen rained over her like a storm.

She walked slowly, her steps calm and deliberate .. Passing Lara and Dawn without sparing them a glance ..

Her gaze locked onto the battlefield ahead.

"Ah..."

She murmured softly, a wave of ecstasy rising inside her.

And then—suddenly—

She soared upward into the sky, slowly rising as Frey's eyes widened in disbelief at the sight of her.

"You..."

He was about to say something ..

But his mouth clamped shut.

Because in the next instant ..

Something slammed into the ground around him at such blinding speed, he didn't even see it coming.

From every direction ..

Black tendrils of shadow slithered across the battlefield, devouring enemies in an instant and reducing them to mangled chunks of blood and flesh.

The earth trembled.

Darkness spread like a curse, engulfing everything ..

A cursed gloom... and shadows too powerful to resist.

They tore through all who stood in their path.

And the demon kept laughing, her body trembling with every breath that left another corpse behind.

And then ...without warning ...

A new massacre began.

A fresh storm of death and horror erupted in the heart of the battlefield.

Chapter 415: A True Demon (1)

- Sansa Valerion's POV -

At first, there was only blood.

How foolish I was to think I had won against Adriana so easily.

It was laughable how she had used my own strategy against me, exploiting the moment I let my guard down, foolishly believing I had already claimed victory.

Her attack was precise .. devastatingly so. There was nothing I could have done to stop it.

My heart was destroyed, along with several other vital organs.

As a result, I lost a tremendous amount of blood, and my consciousness was cast into darkness.

To be honest, I truly believed it was the end. No human could survive such catastrophic damage.

But for some reason, as I slowly sank into that darkness, I could feel the threads tying me to life had not yet been severed.

The deeper I drifted into unconsciousness, the more the darkness felt like a sticky liquid crawling over my skin, clinging to me desperately.

Maybe I was hallucinating .. experiencing my final moments before being dragged somewhere else by the hands of death.

I didn't have many regrets. I was just a human girl who should have died long ago, only surviving thanks to the efforts of others.

Until now, I thought I had to live to honor their sacrifices...

Uncle Oliver, and Frey...

But I lost. I was defeated by Adriana.

It was pathetic, but I gave everything I had in that battle.

I replicated Seris' defensive stance, used the shadows even though they refused to submit fully to my control, and came up with the most flawless strategy my mind could conceive.

Yet still, death was the final outcome that awaited me.

If only I could wield my power like that demon did, I would have defeated Adriana easily.

I saw what those shadows were capable of when I fought Frey and Oliver that day. I witnessed their overwhelming power.

But no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't replicate it. And as a result, my life ended here, in the darkness.

But as I floated peacefully in this place, a bitter sensation told me I wasn't alone.

When I opened my eyes, at first, I couldn't see anything.

But soon, I adjusted to the darkness, and I began to see through its depths.

Here, in this sea of shadows, despite the sticky aura clinging to my skin, I felt at peace, finally at rest.

It was as if I had returned to where I truly belonged.

If death was this peaceful and gentle, then maybe I wouldn't mind dying this way.

I remained there for what felt like an eternity, losing all sense of time.

But as I lingered in that place, the shadows began to coil more tightly around me, as if they were toying with my soul, keeping me trapped.

And when the pressure reached its peak ..

I finally saw him.

In truth, he had been floating there all along, but for some reason, I hadn't noticed.

The place was so dark that I couldn't make out his features, but the long horns adorning his head like a crown were unmistakable, leaving me with only one conclusion.

"A demon..."

When our eyes met, I couldn't help but remember the entity that once took over my body.

My expression darkened instinctively.

'Is he going to take control of my body again?'



As if reading my mind, the demon burst into laughter, his body trembling with amusement.

"No, I won't take over your body."

His voice was terrifying, rough and deep—exactly as I imagined a demon's voice would be.

But more importantly... he had read my thoughts.

"What's going to happen to me now?"

I had no choice but to ask. I couldn't do anything else in this place.

I was completely at his mercy.

But the demon simply shook his head.

"I could answer that, but there's something important you need to understand first."

He paused for a moment of silence.

Then, his violet eyes glowed as he smiled.

"In this dark place, there is only one demon, and that demon is you, Sansa Valerion."

Hearing that...

All I could do was stare at him, unable to process what he had just said.

"Don't look at me like that. I'm not a real demon. I'm just a fragment of your mind... Kikikiki, you really are insane, Sansa Valerion."

"What the hell are you talking about?"

Frowning, I instinctively backed away from the wretched creature.

"You're the same entity that once tried to take over my body, and now you're claiming you're just a figment of my imagination? Who exactly do you think you're fooling?"

There was no way I could believe anything this thing said. And once again, as if reading my thoughts ..

The demon sighed in irritation...

"There is no such thing, Sansa. The will inside the Demon Seed was destroyed long ago by Frey Starlight."

Circling me, the demon spoke with the same unsettling smile.

"But even though he killed the will trapped inside the Seed, he failed to destroy the Seed itself. That Seed holds a fragment of a far greater power. Some pitiful holy light alone isn't enough to erase it."

Even though the Demon Seed inside my body was nothing but a failed prototype...

It didn't change the fact that it still contained a sliver of the King's shadow power.

"The Seed remained within you, allowing you to continue using your powers. But your human side... your humanity was holding that power back."

With a wide grin, the demon gazed at my body as though I were some rare anomaly waiting to be studied.

"My human side held my power back?" I asked, trying to comprehend his words, and he nodded.

"Exactly. That's why you couldn't properly use your abilities."

Without my knowledge, a war had been waging inside my body all along ... between my human side, everything that made me who I was, and the demonic Seed that had taken root deep within.

In other words, as long as I remained human, I would never be able to control that power.

Confirming my thoughts, the demon nodded with a smile.

"But that human side... it's dead now."

Pointing toward the harsh truth, a sudden realization struck me.

"What do you mean?"

Am I dead? Alive? Or something in between?

What exactly happened to me?

The demon folded his hands, taking a moment before answering.

"The human Sansa is dead. There's no doubt about it."

"Then what am I?!"

With a long sigh, clearly annoyed that he had to explain further, that thing finally answered me.

"Your human side died the moment your heart was destroyed. But instead of your heart, another organ within your body took over the task of keeping you alive, changing your entire body's structure in the process. You know what I'm talking about, don't you?"

With that same eerie smile, he asked .. and I realized at once what he meant.

"The Demon Seed..."

"Exactly."

He gestured toward the sea of shadows we were floating in.

"The Seed became your new heart, weaving its threads throughout your body and rebuilding it from the ground up. You're now something else entirely, capable of wielding the power sealed within it."

"Your blood won't be red anymore .. it'll be black and corrupted. Your body won't remain as it was. You'll become something else entirely. Something you despise. In other words... a demon."

Pointing his thin finger at me, he said it again:

"You are the only demon here, Sansa Valerion."

"A complete demon. A creature that feeds on life itself, a wicked being who revels in killing, torturing, and destroying. That is what you will become."

Hearing those words...

I felt my body tremble with each syllable he spoke. But there was no heartbeat in my chest anymore, confirming what I feared most.

The human Sansa was dead.

All that remained now was the demon.

I couldn't accept that truth. Yet somehow...

Deep down, I knew everything he said was true.

Even as we spoke in this dark place, I could feel that black substance flowing through my body.

I had to accept the truth.

That my human side had already died.

And that led me to ask the question that slipped from my lips without thought:

"What will happen to me now?"

To that, the demon shrugged.

"I don't know. As I said before... Frey Starlight somehow killed the will inside the Seed, and the human Sansa died in that battle... yet here you are, speaking with me. Maybe that's a good sign. Maybe it means you'll be the one in control."

It was impossible to tell what the future held. But one thing was clear:

"Whether it's you or the demon, whoever wakes up in that body won't be the same person anymore. Sansa Valerion is dead. What lives on will be a mere fragment of her... driven by a violent desire to kill and destroy."

That's what it meant to live as a demon.

A malicious creature born only to bring death and ruin wherever it walked.

Unlike the hybrid humans allied with the Ultras...

I would become a full demon.

No longer tied to humanity in any way.

Fully aware of all that, I found myself trembling violently as I tried to imagine what would happen next.

Terrified that my hands would commit atrocities far beyond redemption.

I feared life more than I feared death.

And then, in that moment...

As if mocking me ..

The current of darkness dragged me away, signaling that the time had come to lower the curtain on the human who had stumbled through the shadows of her life...

And shine the spotlight on the demon destined to stumble through a reality darker than darkness itself.

Just like that, I was swept away from reality, while that demon kept laughing until the very end.

Chapter 416: A True Demon (2)

As that demon had said, those eyes opened once more.

When Sansa Valerion looked upon the world again, her vision of it had changed completely.

With a pair of long horns sprouting from her forehead and a strange body whose secrets she couldn't fully grasp, Sansa found herself standing before the Ultras army converging upon them.

Faced with that massive army...

Her dark eyes remained utterly calm.

"I'm pretty sure there was something weighing on me a moment ago... Maybe it was fear? Or anxiety? Or perhaps sadness..."

She couldn't quite remember what emotions had filled her just moments before.

As if all the trembling and fear she had felt earlier were nothing but a distant, bad dream.

But now, in this moment, surrounded by enemies ..

Sansa slowly smiled.

"I don't know what I was before, but right now... the world seems so beautiful. So intoxicating."

Feeling every ounce of aura dancing around her...

Her body shone with an overwhelming dark radiance, cloaked in a vast, terrifying aura.

She drew the very life force from the earth, the air, and everything around her.

Sansa unleashed a terrifying pressure, one that made even the void itself tremble. Now that she had become a complete demon, she could finally unleash the full extent of that dark power.

And without warning, in less than a single second...

The massacre began.

Massive black tendrils surged out everywhere with blinding speed, faster than the naked eye could follow.

Sansa reduced the Ultras soldiers before her to bloody dust in an instant, erasing their lives in the blink of an eye.

The dark tendrils writhed like a living creature, devouring everything in their path and crushing every helpless soul caught in their reach.

With every dead man, with every life that left this world...

As more blood was spilled, Sansa's body trembled involuntarily, and an unprecedented thrill surged through her chest.

Her smile widened, spreading wider and wider.

She laughed maniacally, manipulating those shadows as if playing a symphony of death, guiding them to kill more and more.

"Ahahaha... ahahahahaha...!"

Her insane laughter shook the battlefield—a mad girl reveling in slaughter, her body shuddering with every breath of life extinguished.



She continued absorbing the aura around her without pause, while the Demon Seed at her core pulsed, now acting as her heart, allowing her to wield shadows far stronger than before.

Her power was so immense that the shadows covered the entire battlefield.

Sansa no longer cared about anything.

The only thought she remembered was that the Ultras were enemies who must die.

So she simply acted on that thought, ending their lives one by one.

She became a colossal force on the battlefield, and this finally drew the enemies' attention to her after she had slaughtered so many of them.

Among all those enemies, one man broke free from Alon's light prison, using his ghost form to escape.

Out of nowhere...

Gavid Lindman appeared before Sansa Valerion, who was still laughing with the same madness.

The Ultras Lord instantly recognized what she had become just by glancing at those terrifying horns—something he had seen many times before.

And with all his might, he slashed at her using his Aether Blade.

"Die, cursed demon!"

Gavid's strike was incredibly fast, aiming for her right side.

As a defense, Sansa simply raised her elbow in front of the sword to block it.

Seeing her slender frame...

Gavid expected his sword to cleave her in two with ease.

But instead of the sound of flesh being sliced ..

Everyone heard the sharp clang of metal clashing.

In that moment, Gavid Lindman's face darkened when he saw his sword stuck in Sansa's right arm, only cutting a few centimeters deep.

As black blood oozed from the wound, Sansa and Gavid locked eyes.

Her body was tough.

So tough it left Gavid wondering just what kind of flesh she had now.

The black blood continued to drip, but Sansa didn't care.

With the same deranged smile, she extended her hand, trying to pierce Gavid's chest.

But he immediately shifted into his Phantom form, allowing her hand to pass through him harmlessly.

Without hesitation, Gavid withdrew, gripping his sword tightly.

But Gavid froze in place when he found those shadows surrounding him from every direction in the blink of an eye.

Instantly, hundreds of dark blades materialized, flying toward him at lightning speed, aiming to slice his body apart.

Gavid Lindman was forced to fully activate his Phantom Form as the dark blades relentlessly shredded the space he had just occupied, leaving him unable to move even a single step.

Sansa trapped him in a relentless barrage of attacks, coming from every possible angle.

Her strikes emerged from every dark corner of the battlefield, as if by magic, each one carrying terrifying destructive power.

"Let's see how long you can maintain that form..."

Sansa laughed without pause, completely cornering Gavid.

He found himself utterly trapped, unable to take a single step. The moment he deactivated his ability, those blades would tear him apart instantly.

And just as he wrestled with this dilemma—

A third figure appeared in the sky above them.

"So you survived, Sansa. I suppose even failed experiments like you can reach this level."

Returning to the battlefield herself, Beatrice raised her staff, manipulating her magic once more.

"Light up this world for me."

With a single motion ..

She formed a massive sun above the battlefield, a blindingly bright sun that cast its light across the field, dispelling the shadows of the night.

"Your darkness is nothing but weak shadows... a cheap imitation of the real thing."

Sansa's power came from darkness.

By dispelling her shadows, she wouldn't be able to unleash those attacks again.

Beatrice counted on erasing her darkness, just like before.

But this time was completely different.

Without warning, a massive shadow wrapped itself around Beatrice's artificial sun, devouring it entirely before the stunned witch's eyes.

"There you are, bitch Adriana!!!"

Sansa continued laughing madly as enormous dark wings burst from her back, and she immediately shot toward Beatrice.

"I've been looking for you, Adriana!"

Sansa's speed was terrifying, so fast that even Beatrice, the witch, could barely catch a glimpse of her.

Then, without warning, Sansa's hand pierced through Beatrice's chest with brutal force, creating a massive hole in the witch's body.

"I've got a little debt to repay, dear Adriana."

Sansa laughed wildly as Beatrice's body vanished completely.

"You cursed girl, Sansa Valerion... who would've thought you'd transform into such a demonic form."

Beatrice reappeared far away, disgust twisting her face as she looked at Sansa.

But in that instant, a hand burst through Beatrice's back and emerged from her chest.

Shocked, Beatrice turned to find Sansa behind her again.

Sansa grabbed her tightly and laughed beside her ear.

"What's with that disgusted face? You and I have the same blood running through our veins... We're both damned demons, aren't we? Ahahaha!"

Using her shadows, Sansa tore through Beatrice's body once more, her form vanishing yet again and reappearing somewhere else entirely.

But the moment she did so, Sansa teleported instantly to her new location and killed her again, right away.

Sansa emerged from nowhere every single time, driving Beatrice into a rage she couldn't contain.

And after the sequence repeated several times...

Beatrice finally realized a terrifying truth.

When she looked down at the battlefield from above, she saw it at last.

That massive shadow covering everything, turning the entire place into Sansa's personal killing ground.

Sansa fought Beatrice, attacked Gavid, and slaughtered the Ultras all at once ... making herself a monstrous force that once again tipped the balance toward an uncertain side.

Beatrice stood there, stunned by the overwhelming power her opponent displayed.

Those shadows... they were strikingly similar to hers.

"They're much weaker, but they're the same... identical to Vayne's shadows..."

This was the true power of the Shadow King.

Under the watchful eyes of Frey and the rest of the elite class...

Everyone witnessed the terrifying might of this newly born demoness, realizing just how powerful she truly was.

At that moment, without question, Sansa was the strongest among the elite class, turning herself into a living catastrophe that had descended upon the Ultras.

## Chapter 417: The Last Stand (1)

— Western Front of the Ultras Continent —

The final battle had reached its peak, taking an unexpected turn when Sansa awakened once more .. but this time, as a demon carrying immense power.

Now, Sansa was able to contend with the warriors who stood at the very peak of Earth's hierarchy.

Wielding her overwhelming shadow abilities, Sansa relentlessly pursued Beatrice, killing her again and again with savage brutality.

Although Beatrice continued to mysteriously vanish every time, Sansa's new aggressive fighting style was truly terrifying.

Spreading her shadow across the battlefield, she could now appear anywhere she pleased, using a strange form of shadow teleportation.

Laughing maniacally, the princess had transformed into something else entirely, while the Elite Class could only stand as spectators, unable to process what they were witnessing.

"Is that really the princess?"

Staring at those ominous horns and the pair of dark wings sprouting from her back...

Sansa looked completely different in Ghost Umbra's eyes. But Frey confirmed it with a grim expression.

"That's Sansa, no doubt about it... but somehow, she's become a demon."

Frey's enhanced senses clearly felt the aura radiating from her body, instantly reminding him of that day when she lost control.

That power had now been fully harnessed by her, making her a force to be reckoned with.

Even so, the feelings of the remaining members of the Elite Class were mixed as they looked at a girl who was once one of them—flesh and blood—now transformed into a terrifying demon no different from their enemies.

But here on the battlefield, that didn't matter much.

"Maybe this is for the best. She's strong enough now to overwhelm even the strongest of them. She might actually win at this rate."

Ghost spoke with certainty, watching the way Sansa fought.

In the blink of an eye, she slaughtered countless Ultras soldiers and dominated both Gavid Lindman and Beatrice, taking complete control of the battle.

But Frey didn't share Ghost's optimism.

Gripping his swords, he stepped forward, his body still trembling after reaching its limit.

"Do you really think she's winning?"

Frey asked with a grim look, prompting Ghost to stare at him, silently asking for an explanation. And Frey gave it.

"She's experienced an explosive surge in power, yes. But her enemies are anything but simple."

And right on cue ..

Gavid Lindman broke free from the prison of dark blades, using strange whirlpools that resembled black holes. He waited quietly near Sansa and Beatrice, biding his time to strike.

On the other hand, though Sansa continued to tear Beatrice's body apart over and over, the witch reappeared each time, spreading her magic throughout the area.

"Sansa's the tyrant of the battlefield right now, but that doesn't mean she's won. Her enemies simply aren't attacking... yet."

That was the fighting style of both Gavid Lindman and Beatrice.



"They're that type of monster .. patient and calculating. They'll let her play all her cards, then strike back when the time is right."

Frey was sure of it. After all...

From the start of the battle, he could feel Beatrice's gaze on him.

Ever since he defeated her once using Anti-Magic, she had been wary of him throughout the battle, never letting him get close.

Even now, as Sansa cornered her, the witch was still watching him.

That alone showed how cautious she was .. and that she wasn't in any real danger yet.

The same applied to Gavid Lindman.

He had enough power to cut down demons like Astaroth. Doing the same to Sansa wouldn't be difficult for him.

It was just that Sansa's abilities were overwhelmingly strong for now, giving her a temporary advantage.

"We'll have to intervene. It's our only choice."

Frey spoke with a trembling body, barely able to stand from exhaustion.

But he had no choice but to keep going.

"That old man managed to drive away Dragoth and Mergo for now... but that won't last long."

The most dangerous Ultras would return at any moment, and if that happened, they'd be wiped out instantly.

Glancing first at Sansa, then at the glowing portal in the distance ..

Frey realized that was their only way out.

The magic portal was unique, working one way only, meaning no reinforcements would be coming from the Empire.

Otherwise, Sir Alon would have already returned.

So, they had no choice but to rely on themselves.

"But what can we do to intervene in a battle like that?"

Though it was easy to say, Ghost voiced the harsh reality.

Sansa was like a natural disaster, annihilating everything in her path with dark tendrils and razor-sharp blades.

Her destructive power was immense.

Getting close to her was incredibly dangerous.

"There's no other option. Sansa is our only hope for survival right now."

Determined to survive, Frey put away the Nameless Mask, which he was moments away from wearing .. changing his mind at the last second and clinging to another hope.

'I won't lose myself... I'll cling to life.'

Refusing to surrender his life to that entity, Frey resolved to rely on what he already had.

"Go to Professor Phoenix now, Ghost. Tell him to prepare to unleash everything he's got."

Pointing to his friend, Frey laid out his final and only plan under this crushing pressure, surrounded by enemies.

Even though Sansa had slaughtered an overwhelming number of them, they were still surrounded from all sides.

It was only a matter of time before the members of the Elite Class fell one by one. They had to act quickly.

"What about you?"

Ghost asked, staring at Frey.

The latter could barely stand straight, let alone survive alone amid the enemy hordes still pressing in.

But Frey insisted that he go.

"I'll manage somehow, so don't worry about me... it doesn't suit you anyway."

Placing a hand on Ghost's shoulder, Frey stepped forward, heading toward the battlefield where Sansa clashed with her enemies.

"I'll draw her attention. That power of hers... it's our only chance if we want to survive."

Only a few minutes remained before this bitter conflict reached its end.

Ghost didn't argue much .. he knew he had no other choice.

So, without another word, he sank into his shadow, heading straight toward Phoenix Sunlight.

But even as he left, he couldn't tear his eyes away from Frey, wondering how he planned to attract the attention of the demonic Sansa.

Cutting down soldiers with his swords, Frey advanced one slow step at a time. His strikes were far slower than at his peak.

But he could still cleave through the enemies surrounding him.

And when he advanced a little farther, standing there ..

Frey was able to observe the battle in the sky more clearly.

Beatrice had begun unleashing powerful spells on Sansa, bombarding her with a terrifying barrage of large-scale destructive attacks.

Though the black tendrils wrapped around Sansa shielded her from the assault, the princess was clearly being pushed back—just as Frey had predicted.

Especially when Gavid Lindman ambushed her with sharp, devastating strikes from his blade, now wrapped in some strange dark energy born from the whirlpools he had summoned earlier.

Despite the siege closing in on her, the smile never faded from Sansa's face as she continued drawing out the potential of her new body.

Now a demon, she was losing herself to her monstrous instincts, driven by an overwhelming desire for slaughter and bloodshed.

Absorbing Aura from the air in terrifying amounts, the princess sought to unleash stronger and stronger attacks, enough to annihilate her enemies with brutal force.

Unbothered by the wounds piling up across her body, her black blood dripping onto the earth ..

The princess was slowly transforming into a complete demon, no longer resembling a human at all, just like Beatrice and the other beings of the highest ranks.

And in that moment, as the battle raged on ..

Frey raised his swords high, forcing his exhausted body to release the maximum amount of dark Aura within him.

Targeting both Gavid Lindman and Beatrice, who continued their assault on Sansa ..

He breathed heavily, struggling to hold himself together, before blasting the ground beneath him.

"Ten Thousand Steps of Shadow: Infinite Darkness!"

With a single slash of his swords ..

Frey unleashed a colossal beam of darkness that swept across the sky, swallowing it whole, aiming for both Beatrice and Gavid Lindman at once.

The dark Aura burst across the heavens, consuming everything in its path—including Sansa.

But the attack was far weaker than usual, allowing both Gavid and Beatrice to block it with ease.

As for Sansa, she didn't need to do anything. Her hardened body simply withstood the blow without issue.

Even so, Frey's goal wasn't to harm them but to catch their attention ..and that's exactly what happened.

Still gasping for breath, he shouted with all his strength, calling out to Sansa, who hovered far above in the sky.

The princess noticed him at that moment, and in mere seconds, their eyes met.

#### Chapter 418: The Last Stand (2)

Sansa Valerion's new demonic instincts shouldn't have cared about someone like Frey, who seemed like an insect compared to her when she stood there above.

But despite that ..

Frey had been staring up at her just a second ago...

But in the very next moment, Sansa vanished from the sky, leaving the battle behind her. She emerged from the shadows below, suddenly standing right in front of him.

Face to face with the demonic princess, the first thing that caught his attention was the pair of long horns that now made her the same height as him.

But her appearance was the least of his concerns right now...

The princess, too, gazed at him in silence. Unlike her, however, Frey was still the same person .. the same familiar face she had always known ..

And that alone made her suppress her monstrous instincts, regaining a sense of reality and remembering their situation.

"Sansa..."

Grabbing her slender yet incredibly sturdy shoulders ..

Frey wasted no time getting to the point.

"I need your power."

Hearing that, a smile unconsciously returned to Sansa's face.

"Wow... is that all you have to say to me right now?"

With a faint chuckle, she pointed to the dark horns sprouting from the top of her head.

"Look... I'm a demon now. Maybe you should be a little more cautious about getting this close to me."

Hearing that, a hint of a frown crossed Frey's face, but he said nothing.

Despite everything, Sansa could clearly read the emotions written across his face.

Her senses and awareness of reality had grown incredibly sharp .. especially now that she had become a demon.

She had already noticed the reactions of the Elite Class members to her new form.

Even though she was one of them, their gazes revealed a complex mix of emotions:

Fear. Disgust. Even hatred.

All of it directed at her new demonic nature. It was expected.

The Sansa they knew—the human Sansa—had been their comrade.

But this demonic Sansa... the princess knew full well that if she returned to the Empire, no human would welcome her after what she had become.

She had already been met with discrimination by those who learned of her powers when she merely possessed demonic abilities.

It wasn't hard to imagine their reactions now that she had fully turned into a demon.

Without even realizing it, Sansa no longer saw the Empire as her home. This was why her instincts had driven her to fight with such unrestrained brutality.

Somewhere deep inside, perhaps she simply wanted to fight and die here... to bury the filthy form she had become.

But despite all of that, Frey was different.

Even after she had turned into a creature all humans despised without exception, he still looked at her the same way he always had.

That was the only reason she had left the battle above and descended to him now, of all people.

Frey was crazy, a little strange compared to other humans. This was expected of him.



In the end, without grand speeches or dramatic declarations ..

Frey had drawn the princess to him with nothing but the expression on his face.

Sansa made her decision.

"I'll help you. But I'm warning you—they won't leave us alone."

Turning with that same smile, Sansa stood in front, facing Beatrice and Gavid, who were closing in to attack.

But Frey wasn't too concerned about them.

"It's fine. We'll handle it."

Frey urged the princess to stay close to him. As a result ..

Only Gavid Lindman charged in for close combat, while Beatrice continued bombarding them from a distance, refusing to take another step forward.

Anti-Magic Field: Activated.

The moment he activated it, the area around Frey became an anti-magic zone, forcing Beatrice to keep her distance.

"If you stay close to me, that witch won't come near. That leaves Lindman as your only concern!"

Frey shouted, trying to keep up with Sansa as she rushed forward to clash with Gavid.

But there was little need for him to worry. Sansa wrapped a dark hand of shadows around Frey, holding him protectively as she continued fighting.

"That's... pretty amazing."

Now that she faced Gavid one-on-one, she was no longer surrounded. She could fight much more freely.

Tendrils of shadow erupted from all directions, trying to tear the Lord of the Ultras apart.

"You think you can take me down with attacks like these?"

Forming more and more black holes around him, Gavid's whirlpools swallowed Sansa's strikes effortlessly as he cut through the shadows with his sword, its blade glowing with dark light.

In response, Sansa gathered a terrifying amount of shadow Aura into her hand and blocked his sword with her bare fist.

The collision triggered a violent explosion of destructive energy that shook the battlefield.

Trading blows at incredible speed, the two engaged in close combat, each trying to break the other's defenses.

Gavid Lindman was incredibly strong, dodging most of Sansa's attacks.

But breaking through her defenses was nearly impossible, especially with those shadows moving around her like a sentient being with a will of its own.

Trapped in close-range combat, all Gavid could do was curse in frustration.

"What the hell is that damned whore doing?!"

And by "that whore," he meant Beatrice .. who had pulled back without warning, content to continue attacking from a distance, her spells deflected by Sansa's shadow blades.

Glancing at Beatrice, Frey realized his plan was working ... at least for now.

"Beatrice doesn't know the actual range of the anti-magic field. She won't risk getting close..."

Unaware that the anti-magic field only extended five meters at most, Frey was certain that the ever-cautious Beatrice wouldn't dare approach.

But that wouldn't last long. It was only a matter of seconds before she figured it out.

"Hurry, Sansa..."

"I know!" she snapped, clearly annoyed, forced to deal with both Gavid and Beatrice at the same time.

Gathering the power of her shadows, Sansa prepared a devastating attack against Gavid Lindman, who stood before her.

"Shadow Maelstrom!"

With a single gesture, the shadows around her spun violently, forming a massive vortex of cutting blades and writhing tendrils that stormed toward Gavid Lindman without mercy.

The Lord of the Ultras had no choice but to retreat from the devastating range of the attack, pulling back to safety.

Sansa's strike destroyed everything around them, creating the perfect cover.

And in that moment, neither Gavid nor Beatrice noticed as both the princess and Frey vanished, slipping away into the shadows.

Sansa Valerion's shadow enveloped the entire battlefield. And then, out of nowhere ..

Dozens of dark hands emerged, grabbing the members of the Elite Class one by one and forcefully dragging them into her shadow.

Seeing this, Beatrice instantly realized what Sansa was trying to do.

"I won't allow it."

Hovering high above them, Beatrice wasn't foolish enough to risk getting close to that shadow, afraid that Frey might ambush her at any moment.

So she chose the simpler path .. obliterate them all in one devastating strike.

"You will all die here and now!"

With a violent wave of her staff, she began to cast one of the most terrifying spells in her arsenal.

The sky trembled and split open, as if tearing a gateway to whatever monstrosity lay beyond.

From that rift, a pair of sticky hands began to claw their way out with overwhelming force.

And in mere moments, everyone on the battlefield saw it ..

A crimson eye peering down from the heavens, belonging to some grotesque creature Beatrice had summoned from the void.

"Kill them for me."

The thing was enormous.

It wouldn't spare friend or foe alike, filling Gavid Lindman with mounting fury.

"Is that wretched witch planning to kill everyone on the battlefield with this attack?!"

This was no simple spell.

The sky itself had become a portal, unleashing the creature's monstrous hands upon the battlefield below, aiming straight for the shadow beneath them.

Beatrice intended to crush them all in one fell swoop.

But at that critical moment, a torrent of roaring flames erupted between the monstrous hands, burning them violently and halting their advance toward Frey and his allies.

It was none other than Phoenix, soaring into the sky, his body ablaze.

"Phoenix..."

Beatrice immediately recognized him .. the strongest talent of his generation.

Phoenix Sunlight was powerful enough to repel both Godfrey and Gvardiol, who had been fighting him at the same time.

And now, he was targeting her.

With Sansa gathering all the Elite into her shadow and Phoenix shielding them from above ..

The battle had become a race against time.

Would they reach the portal and escape?

Or would Beatrice strike first and wipe them all out?

In that moment, the fate of the Elite rested solely in the hands of Sansa and Phoenix, ready to bring this desperate struggle to its conclusion.

#### Chapter 419: Crossing Back to the Other Side (1)

In one final desperate attempt at survival, Sansa's shadows engulfed the scattered members of the Elite Class, including the unconscious Danzo and Seris.

Using her shadow that blanketed the entire battlefield, she finally gathered them all. It wasn't hard to guess what she intended to do.

"You're not going anywhere."

With a wave of her staff, Beatrice summoned a bizarre creature from the sky .. one with hundreds of slimy hands and an overwhelming, terrifying presence that struck fear into the hearts of everyone present.

The monstrous beast let out a dreadful howl before its colossal hands plunged toward the ground at terrifying speed, aiming to swallow Sansa's shadow whole.

But before they could reach it ..

A fiery explosion blasted the giant hands, stopping them in their tracks. Phoenix Sunlight had arrived, his body ablaze with crimson flames.

Glaring at the monstrous creature and at Beatrice beside it, Phoenix smiled, recalling what Ghost had asked of him.

He had been told clearly: protect them when the time came.

With a heavy sigh, Phoenix unleashed his flames, creating a sea of fire that engulfed everything below.

"For them to ask me to do this... You know I'll have to sacrifice myself to pull it off, Frey."

Phoenix clashed violently with the creature's massive hands, burning them one after another as he formed a blazing dome that shielded Sansa's shadow beneath him.

"Eternal Flame: Ember Form."

Using the most powerful ability of the Sunlight Family's Eternal Flame style, Phoenix's overwhelming form radiated power equivalent to that of an SS+ ranker. It was this strength that had allowed him to overpower Lord Ultras Godfrey and his Empyrean Gvardiol earlier.

His body constantly aflame, his fiery hair billowing in the wind, Phoenix was like a blazing star, spewing fire everywhere.

The Sunlight Lord, hailed as the miracle of his generation, pushed his overwhelming abilities to the limit in this battle.

He had already reached his peak, after countless fierce battles.

And now, with the last embers burning inside him, Phoenix unleashed everything he had against Beatrice.

Shaping the flames around him into a colossal phoenix, Phoenix clashed head-on with the beast above, roaring as he forced himself forward.

His roar mingled with the monster's agonized howl as both tried to overpower each other through sheer brute force, shaking the sky with their clash.

"The Elite Class is full of troublesome fighters," Beatrice sighed lightly, raising her hand to summon a massive spear of black magic above her head.

The spear, over 20 meters long, radiated a terrifying aura and explosive power.

Then, without warning, she hurled it, tearing through the sky and plummeting toward the ground at breakneck speed.

Phoenix, too preoccupied holding back the monster, couldn't react in time.

The spear tore through his flames without mercy, flying straight toward the area in front of the teleportation gate.

With a wicked smile, Beatrice aimed her spear.

"There. That's where you're going, isn't it?"

At her words, the spear detonated Sansa's shadow and the ground beneath it, creating a massive crater of utter destruction.

Beatrice knew the Elite Class would try to escape through the shadow. It hadn't taken much effort to guess where they would go .. there was only one portal, after all.

She laughed heartily but quickly refocused on the sky above.

There, an incredible scene unfolded as Phoenix continued to burn through the beast's body, scorching it from the inside out.



Phoenix Sunlight was impossibly fast, his explosive power overwhelming the creature, which howled in agony.

And then, like a fly swatted from the sky, the colossal monster plummeted to the earth, consumed by raging flames, crushing scores of soldiers beneath it as it fell lifeless.

Beatrice first stared at her defeated beast—the creature looked back at her with fear just before it died—then turned her gaze to Phoenix, who hovered above her, panting heavily.

"Amazing. You did well, Phoenix Sunlight."

Wearing her usual smile, Beatrice swept her staff once more, summoning hundreds of massive celestial spheres that glowed ominously, all aimed directly at Phoenix.

"You can die now."

As if granting him permission to leave this life, Beatrice unleashed her devastating barrage.

On the other hand, Phoenix retaliated by unleashing his flames, clashing with Beatrice's attacks head-on.

The dark aura beams and Phoenix's searing fire collided with terrifying force, making it seem as though the sky itself was ablaze in a dazzling, deadly fireworks display.

From the beginning, and until his aura was completely spent ..

Phoenix continued to release his flames, pushing his exhausted body beyond its limits, screaming at himself to keep going before it was too late.

But Phoenix endured, forming a fiery curtain to protect Frey and the others.

"I don't know why you're fighting this hard. Are you protecting your students?"

Beatrice, pouring all her strength into her magic, summoned more and more celestial spheres to encircle Phoenix.

"Unfortunately for you, I won't let them reach the portal."

With a mere gesture, she unleashed another barrage of destructive aura.

"You can protect them all you want, but you'll fall sooner or later... and when you do, it'll be the end."

Beatrice knew Phoenix couldn't hold out much longer.

And at that moment...

The witch realized that Sir Alon's prison, which had trapped Dragoth and Mergo, was about to shatter at any moment .. setting them loose and worsening the Elite Class's predicament.

Her train of thought was abruptly interrupted when Phoenix let out another battle cry that shook the battlefield.

Gathering the last remnants of his strength, flames erupted from Phoenix in terrifying amounts, unleashing a massive explosion that devoured all the celestial spheres, destroying them, and forcing Beatrice to retreat from his range.

"Incredible... You're still able to unleash attacks like that."

Beatrice chuckled lightly as she brushed the clinging flames off her body, trying to stop them from burning her.

But as she took a closer look at Phoenix, who had turned the battlefield into a blazing inferno, she realized the bitter truth.

"You've... finally reached your limit, haven't you?"

It was clear that Phoenix's explosion had been his final strike after reaching his peak.

For as soon as he released it, the flames of the Ember Form vanished completely, returning him to his normal state.

Blood dripped from his nose and mouth as he barely managed to stay airborne, slowly descending toward the ground.

Raising his trembling hand before his face, Phoenix let out a weak laugh, recognizing his limits.

"So this is all I'm capable of?"

A miracle.

That's what they always called him, and it was no exaggeration.

In his mid-twenties, he had faced a Lord of the Ultras, an SS ranked Emphyrean, and an entire army behind them.

And now he had ended up in a brutal battle against Beatrice and her strange magic, where he had no idea where the next attack would come from.

Fighting a witch inside her own domain was pure suicide.

'I am far from being a miracle...'

Gathering the last fragments of his strength, Phoenix prepared to fight until his final breath.

"The real miracles... they're completely different people."

Frey Starlight, with power rivaling SS ranks.

Snow Lionheart, who matched him in strength. Sansa Valerion, with her explosive might that sent chills down his spine.

Phoenix finally understood his role in this life.

He never imagined his end would come as a sacrifice for others.

But if it meant ensuring the survival of those destined to become monstrous forces one day, then the Lord of Sunlight was ready to give his life without hesitation.

"There's no greater honor than that."

Smiling, Phoenix charged forward in a blaze of fire, aiming straight for Beatrice.

As a true warrior who had spent his life honing his body for battle, dying on the battlefield wasn't a disgrace to him.

Even the great Abraham Starlight, whom he deeply admired, had met his end on the battlefield.

With those thoughts in mind, Phoenix pressed on, creating a final shield for Frey and the others.

Beatrice couldn't understand his stubborn resolve. He could have escaped at any time and left them to their fate.

But she didn't bother to try and understand. Instead, she raised her staff, ready to strike him down and end his life.

And just at that moment, before the final clash could happen ..

Both Beatrice's and Phoenix's eyes widened, though for very different reasons.

For Phoenix, it was because someone grabbed him from behind, pulling him into an embrace and stopping him from going any farther.

"Sorry, but you won't be dying today."

Seeing those horns, Phoenix immediately recognized Sansa, who had appeared from the shadows, dragging him back.

At the same time, Beatrice's shock came from something else entirely ..

The moment when her magic completely stopped working.

It was the second time this had happened to her, and it wasn't hard to figure out what was going on.

Lifting her gaze toward the sky, the witch finally noticed Frey Starlight, who had appeared nearby, activating his anti-magic ability.

"You've made a grave mistake, you cursed Whore."

Sansa grinned wickedly as Frey forced his exhausted body forward, swinging his swords ruthlessly .. cutting into Beatrice's body without mercy.

"From the start, we weren't running away. We were here to kill you!"

At that moment, Beatrice finally understood what had happened.

When Sansa's shadow swallowed the Elite Class, she assumed they would immediately escape through the portal.

That's why she destroyed the shadow near the gate, thinking they would be there.

But the reality was far different.

Using the cover Phoenix had created for them, Sansa and Frey had hidden nearby, waiting for the perfect moment to strike.

And that moment came when Balerion and Dark Sister tore through Beatrice's flesh, causing her black blood to pour out in torrents.

Chapter 420: Crossing Back to the Other Side (2)

"Damn you all!"

With an enraged scream, her face contorted with fury unseen before, Beatrice struck Frey, spreading her wings and violently flapping them, trying to escape.

A large X-shaped wound marked her chest from the strike.

Frey hadn't been able to unleash his full strength, making it impossible to kill her in one blow.

But he didn't stop.

Using the foothold Sansa created for him with her shadow ..

He charged after Beatrice again, who was now stripped of her magic.

Unleashing a massive wave of dark aura, Frey finally engulfed Beatrice completely, forcing back the greatest threat to them.

"Now! Sansa!"

With his battered body, Frey plummeted from the sky, urging Sansa to act quickly—and she already knew what to do. Grabbing him firmly, they both descended at full speed.

Thanks to Beatrice's chaotic spell and Phoenix's last eruption of flames, the battlefield descended into unprecedented chaos .. creating the perfect cover for their escape.

This was their one and only chance. Using her shadow, Sansa Valerion teleported the entire Elite Class directly to the portal.

In those desperate moments of escape, time seemed to slow in their minds, unable to grasp the reality that they were finally leaving this dark continent.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the battlefield, things had stabilized. Servant Gas had arrived with the remaining Imperial forces, halting the Ultras army that had breached their defenses.

In other words, nothing now stood between them and home.

"Don't lower your guard until we're out! We're not safe yet!" Frey shouted, pushing through the Ultras soldiers trying to stop them, his eyes constantly scanning for his comrades .. especially Danzo, who was being carried on Daemon Valerion's back.

But in focusing so much on his comrades, Frey neglected his own safety.

And that's when he failed to notice Gavied Lindman appearing behind him.

"Well said, boy... but you should've followed your own advice first," Gavied sneered.

Bathed in blazing Aether, Gavied thrust his sword mercilessly, aiming straight for Frey's heart. With his exhausted body, Frey couldn't react in time to block the deadly strike from one of the Ultras' strongest Lords.

In less than a second, the sword pierced flesh .. and dark, tainted blood spilled onto the ground.

It wasn't Frey's.

Though Frey's eyes had been fixed on his comrades, someone else's eyes had been fixed solely on him the whole time.

After the sword pierced her chest, Sansa coughed up blood, gritting her teeth. She had shoved Frey aside at the last second, taking the blow herself .. using her swift movement through shadows.

"Still insisting on standing in my way, to the very bloody end?!"

Forming dark blades, Sansa tried to shred Gavied apart .. but her attacks simply passed through him.

With terrifying eyes, Gavied unleashed his aura, staring her down.

"Your tricks won't work on me anymore."

Intent on killing her, Gavied was about to finish the job when, from his left and right, both Frey and Snow appeared simultaneously, swords flashing to cut him down.

And in that moment, with a devilish grin, Sansa grabbed the ether sword still lodged in her chest, refusing to let Gavied retrieve it.

"Damn you all!"



Forced to stay close, Gavied turned himself into a phantom again, letting their swords pass harmlessly through him . before punching both of them with terrifying speed.

At the same time, he summoned dark vortexes around them, aiming to finish the fight .. but Sansa unleashed her dark tendrils to block the attack.

Taking advantage of her focus on the vortexes, Gavied finally wrenched his sword free from her grip and moved lightning-fast, aiming for her throat.

"You're not going anywhere!"

Fighting them alone, Gavied Lindman was about to sever Sansa's head.

But he stopped when a bloody wound suddenly tore across his back, forcing him to slow.

"Spatial Sever."

Ghost Umbra had been waiting for the perfect moment, leaving a deep, bleeding gash.

"Damn it!!"

Gavied cursed, realizing too late that Ghost's ability could strike through space itself.

And then, at that same moment, Daemon Valerion crashed into him in his golden armor, followed by a barrage of attacks from the rest of the class.

Phoenix, using the last of his strength, Selena with her magic, Dawn with his sword, and even Lara with her arrows.

They all attacked, forcing Gavied back while Sansa protected them with her shadows.

"It's time to end this."

One by one, the Elite Class entered the portal, until only Frey and Snow remained. Their bodies shone with fierce light, standing face to face with Gavied and the Ultras elite chasing them.

Meeting each other's gaze, Frey and Snow nodded, gathering the last of their strength.

Then, without warning ..

They unleashed their final attack, crowning their brutal journey through the Ultras continent with a spectacular finale.

"Ignition!"

"Grand Cosmos Formation!"

Releasing their nuclear explosion, they obliterated the remaining enemies, sending towering pillars of aura into the sky and forming a final barrier between them and the Ultras.

Then, struggling to stay upright, Snow grabbed Frey and used Void Step, finally carrying them both into the portal, following the rest.

The white portal glowed intensely .. before finally dimming, ending the battle.

The battlefield remained as chaotic as ever, with the corpse of a colossal beast lying amidst rivers of blood and blazing flames that refused to die.

But the Elite Class was no longer there.

This marked the end of the relentless chase .. but it was only the beginning of a far more painful war looming on the horizon.

And standing before the teleportation gate...

Standing before the teleportation gate...

Gavied Lindman clenched his fist in frustration before turning away, leaving his soldiers to surround the portal.

The prison forged by Sir Alon Valerion had endured until the very end, keeping the beast Dragoth trapped, while Beatrice had vanished without a trace .. no one knew whether she was alive or dead.

It had truly been a brutal battle.

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On the other side of the portal, the surviving Elite Class students walked through the white teleportation grounds, expressions mixed with exhaustion and relief.

Though they had finally escaped the nightmare of that continent, joy was nowhere to be found.

Most of them were broken, physically and mentally. There was little left to say.

That cursed land had left its mark on them .. an experience they would never forget for the rest of their lives.

Perhaps only Prince Aegon Valerion, who had escaped early on, was untouched by what had transpired. But for the rest, much had been lost.

Limbs severed, bodies pushed beyond their limits to the point where simply walking had become a struggle.

Among them...

Sansa Valerion walked at the rear, one hand clutching her chest, her face twisted in pain and frustration.

Gavied Lindman's last strike had been too powerful .. she struggled to keep her dark blood from pouring out any further.

After walking through the light for what felt like an eternity...

They finally reached the other side.

There, the Imperial forces were waiting—Oliver Khan, Carmen, and Gas standing at the front.

Shock filled their faces when they saw the Elite Class emerging instead of enemies. But only moments later, joy replaced the shock, and tears filled the eyes of people like Lara Croft, who finally realized they had escaped that hell.

But among them all...

Sansa could only touch the ivory horns that now crowned her forehead .. proof of what she had become.

Before all those gathered forces, she found herself unable to step forward, unable to show her face.

Perhaps she could hide her wings, but those long horns would always remain .. a painful reminder of what she was.

And in that moment, someone appeared beside her.

Wrapping her in his black cloak like a shield, Frey covered Sansa from the crowd's gaze.

They exchanged a look. No words were needed.

They simply walked forward side by side.

In that moment, Frey's mind was burdened with countless thoughts. Perhaps they had survived the pursuit...

But another mission awaited him now—one that concerned his friend still unconscious on Daemon Valerion's back.

"Danzo..."

The continent of the Ultras had left its shadow on them all.

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After the horrors of the hunt, the world had changed dramatically.

— Following a grueling battle, the Imperial side lost the Scarlet Witch, Millicent, a vital force they desperately needed during this critical time.

— Meanwhile, the Ultras' Lord Godfrey was found dead on the battlefield under mysterious circumstances, raising countless questions about what had happened behind the scenes while Frey and his comrades were fighting.

— The tyrant Dragoth, a true SS+ class monster, was freed.

— Of the Elite Class, barely half survived, while the other half perished. Imperial forces led by Maekar Valerion remained missing.

— While everyone was consumed by the battle, the Empire was struck by scattered attacks as the Ultras infiltrated deep into their lands, carrying out massacres in various regions—taking advantage of Sir Alon and his forces being away.

— The Ultras suffered massive losses as well and failed to kill the most prominent talents of the Elite Class.

The casualties were devastating on both sides. Though the balance seemed to tip in favor of the Ultras, there could be no clear victor from such a brutal clash. One thing was certain .. this was only the beginning of a devastating war that would spill the blood of countless souls.

This was the report delivered in the aftermath of the latest events.

After the merciless pursuit and the wicked witch's deadly game...

The world was now on the brink of a new Chapter in its history.

A Chapter that would be decisive .. and would determine the future of humanity itself.

