VILLAIN 42

Chapter 42 Elite Beasts
-Frey starlight Pov-

I kicked a stray rock out of my path as I made my way out of the arena, hands tucked into my pockets.
From behind, Choupo-Moting spoke without even glancing my way.
"Where do you think you're going Frey Starlight?"
"Hmm?"
I turned toward the dark-skinned man.
"I'm leaving The match is over, isn't it?"
Choupo-Moting smirked, his thick lips curling as he declared—

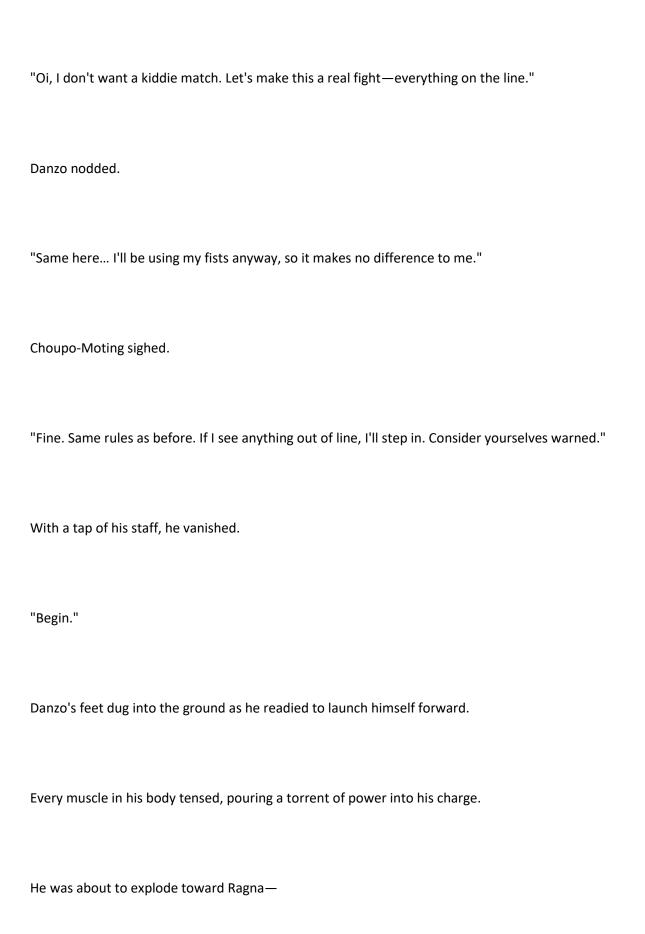








I knew this would happen.
So, I quietly walked away.
"Leave me out of this nonsense."
Reaching the tunnel leading out of the arena, I leaned against the wall.
"At the very least, they'll put on a good show."
At that moment, Choupo-Moting finished his work, and a new barrier replaced the old one.
Everything moved at an insane pace as a match announcement flashed on the giant screen, sending the crowd into a frenzy.
Ragna Cloud vs. Danzo Smasher – Arena Two
Ragna grinned wickedly, tapping his spear against his shoulder.

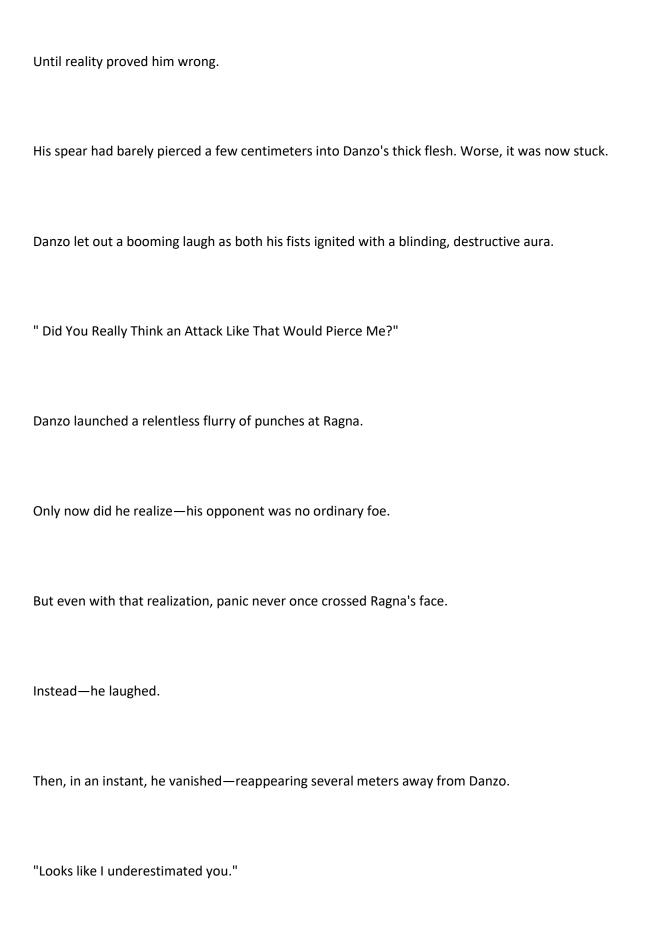


But the latter's movement stopped him cold.
I tried to process what had just happened.
The distance between them was at least ten meters.
Ragna's spear was barely over two meters long.
Yet, somehow—
The tip of his spear had erased the distance, appearing right in front of Danzo's face in a deadly thrust.
Danzo wasn't an easy target. At the last moment, he halted his charge, blocking the spearhead with the back of his bare hand.
The impact sent a shockwave rippling through the air, showcasing the sheer force behind their attacks.
Deflecting the spear, Danzo dashed in, trying to close the gap—only to find Ragna had already repositioned himself at a distance.





"Gotcha!"
Seeing Danzo's blazing fist hurtling toward his face, Ragna thrust his spear at his opponent's chest.
He likely expected Danzo to retreat—
But to his shock, Danzo didn't even flinch.
No way! My strike is aimed at his heart—does he want to die?!
In the end, Danzo's monstrous punch slammed into Ragna's face, twisting his head at an unnatural angle, nearly snapping it off.
But in exchange—
Ragna's spear had pierced through Danzo's chest.
A trickle of blood ran down the corner of Ragna's mouth, but he had endured Danzo's attack. He thought he had won—

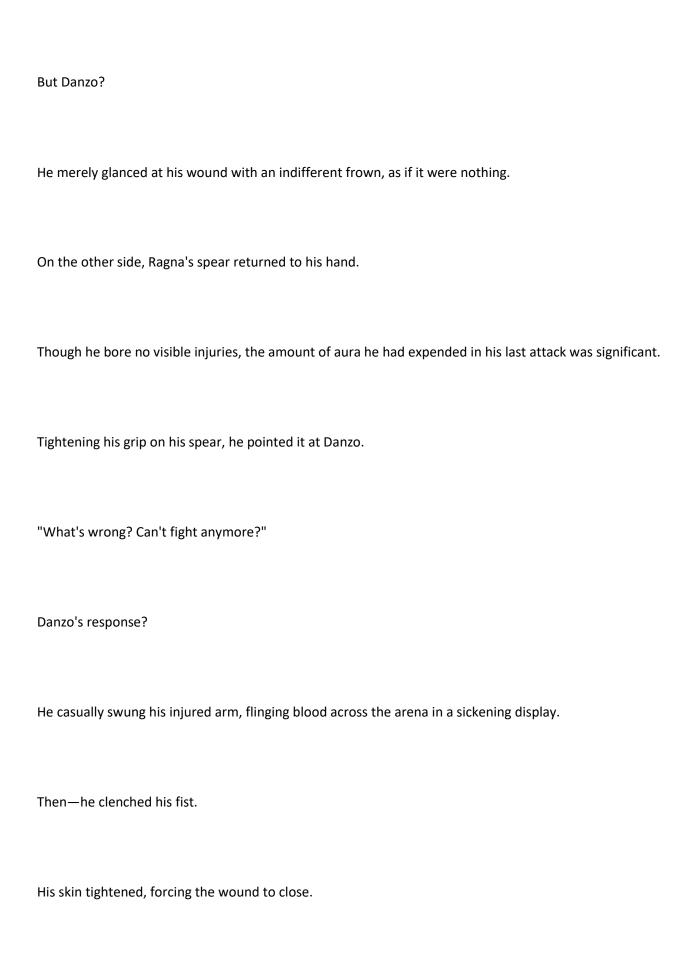


Ragna twirled his spear before driving it into the ground.
"Let's see how you deal with this, then."
The moment his spear struck the earth, a strange circular pattern appeared beneath it.
At the same time, an identical pattern formed beneath Danzo's feet.
Then—
A barrage of spears erupted from the ground, impaling Danzo with brutal force.
Gritting his teeth, he shattered the incoming spears one by one—but he had no idea what was happening.
Ragna's abilities were a mystery in themselves.
As the relentless assault continued, Danzo leaped high into the air, trying to create some distance.



"Sky-Shattering Fist: Wave of Light!"
The massive spear collided with the four blazing fists—
The impact unleashed a shockwave that slammed into the arena's barrier, shaking the entire battlefield.
I frowned as I felt the raw power from both sides.
This strike—
It wasn't any weaker than the Black Meteor I used to bring down Feyrith before.
"As expected from the main characters"
They were monsters.
And these two in particular—







But Danzo, using only the back of his hand and sheer toughness, knocked aside every strike.
Then, breaking through Ragna's defense—
Danzo launched a flying punch.
"You're mine!"
"In your dreams!"
Ragna stabbed the ground beneath them—
Another wave of spears erupted.
"Son of a—!"
Danzo, now weakened, couldn't avoid them all.
Spears tore through his body, leaving fresh wounds as more blood painted the battlefield.

But he refused to stop.
His fist crashed into Ragna's face, sending him flying.
Ragna barely managed to plant his spear into the ground, stopping himself just before he was sent out of bounds—leaving a trail of blood behind him.
At this point, many could no longer bear to watch.
This was no longer a training match.
This was a real battle.
Ignoring the searing pain, the two warriors charged at each other once more.
Ragna used his ability to erase distance again, thrusting his spear straight at Danzo—
But Danzo had adapted.

He dodged effortlessly.
Then, pulling his fist back at an impossible angle—he launched another punch straight for Ragna's face.
"Fall for me!"
A decisive blow.
Danzo's fist struck true—
But Ragna didn't go down.
Instead—he laughed.
"You really love aiming for the face, huh, bastard?"
And that's when everyone realized—
Ragna's face was glowing with a radiant blue light.

After fighting for so long, he had picked up on Danzo's pattern—he always targeted the face.
So, at the last second, Ragna had redirected all his remaining aura into his head to absorb the impact.
It wasn't a perfect defense—his broken nose proved that.
But it was enough—enough to launch a counterattack.
"Try some of your own medicine—AND GO TO HELL!"
With terrifying speed, Ragna thrust his spear straight at Danzo's face.
Gasps filled the arena.
Some had already imagined the gruesome sight of Danzo's skull being pierced through.
But—
Reality wasn't that simple.

Ragna's eyes widened in shock.
Danzo—
Had caught the spear between his teeth.
His bloodied grin stretched wide as sparks flew from the friction between his teeth and the sharp blade.
"The one going to hell"
"Is YOU!"
Danzo's fist came crashing down again—
But this time, a second spear materialized in Ragna's hand, blocking the blow.
Even so—the sheer force sent him staggering back.

The two warriors stood apart, breathing heavily.
Then—
Their lips curled into matching grins.
"Show me what you've got!"
"Come at me!"
They were about to clash again—
But suddenly—
A sharp tapping sound echoed across the arena.
"That's enough."
Green flames erupted, wrapping around both fighters, freezing them in place.



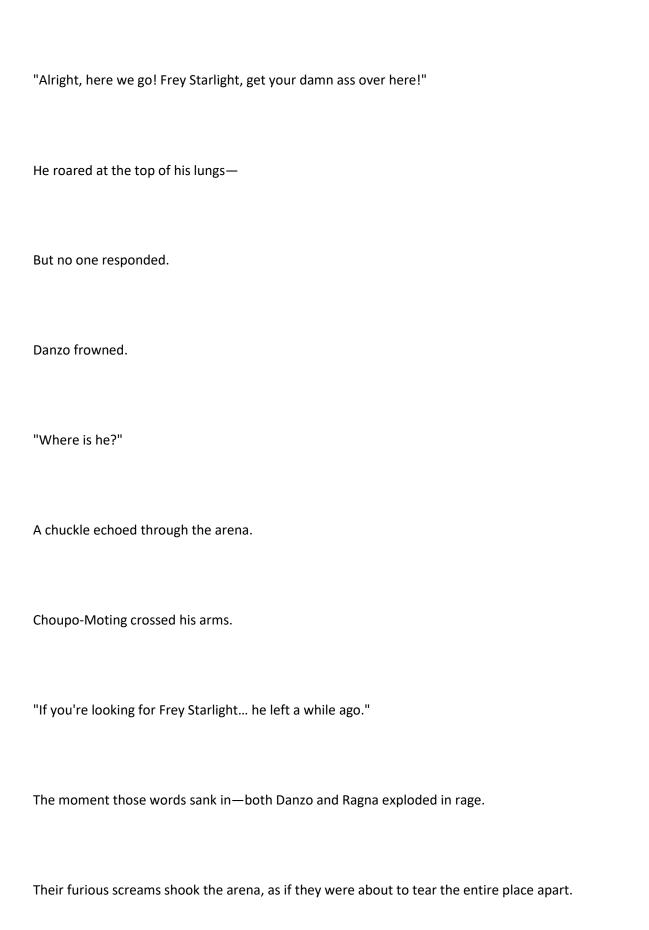
It made sense.
Ragna Claude was ranked third in Class B.
Danzo Smasher was fourth.
They were equals.
This battle had far surpassed my one-sided fight against Feyrith earlier.
Everyone watching was left stunned.
After a few moments, Ragna and Danzo finally calmed down, and Choupo-Moting released them.
Both collapsed onto the ground.
They looked at each other—

Then—
They walked toward one another.
Everyone thought they were about to fight again.
But what happened next shocked them even more.
Standing chest to chest—
Both warriors burst into wild laughter.
"That was insane, man! You're tough as hell!"
Ragna grinned, patting Danzo's shoulder—
And Danzo did the same.
"Haha! You weren't easy to deal with either Those damn spear strikes almost drove me insane!"



Danzo scratched his head as the realization hit him.
"Now that you mention it What the hell do we do?"
"Hmm"
Both warriors fell into deep thought—an unusual sight for muscleheads like them.
Eventually, Ragna came up with a solution.
"Got it! How about Rock, Paper, Scissors?"
"Brilliant!"
From a battle to the death—
To a childish game.

The two raised their hands.
"Rock!"
"Paper!"
"Scissors!"
The moment the result was revealed—Danzo erupted in laughter.
"I win!"
Danzo had chosen rock, while Ragna had foolishly picked scissors.
Letting out a long sigh, Ragna accepted his fate.
"Fine A game's a game. You go first."
Danzo quickly downed a full recovery potion, then turned toward the tunnel.

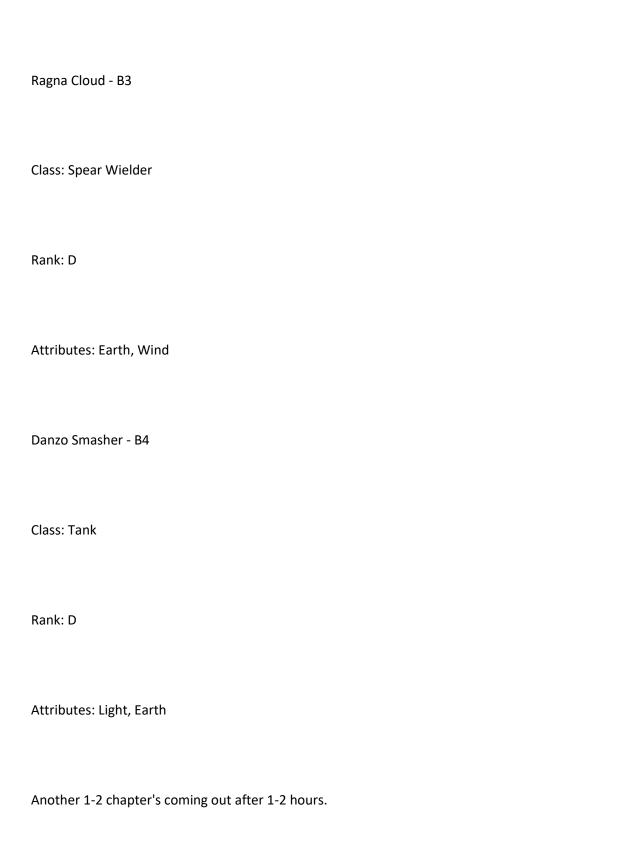


Choupo-Moting vanished in an instant, escaping before their wrath turned on him.
He was immune to attacks—but not to their deafening roars.
Just as the two were about to lose it completely—
A figure stepped forward.
A boy with white hair and golden eyes stood before them.
Snow Lionheart calmly made his way toward the two muscleheads, his voice as composed as ever.
"Excuse me Would you mind facing me instead?"
Silence.
The entire arena froze.

The strongest first-year had just stepped into the ring.
-Frey starlight Pov-
•••
Lounging lazily on a bench in the academy's garden, I stretched my arms.
"It's peaceful here"
I thought back to the chaos in the arena earlier.
Those lunatics were probably furious about what I had done.

But I had neither the interest nor the energy to fight any of them.
It's not that I would lose—but any battle with them would drain me completely.
And that was something I'd rather avoid.
As I basked in the tranquil atmosphere, a soft voice called out beside me.
"That was an amazing fight and an even more amazing escape, Frey."
I turned my head.
A blonde-haired girl was approaching me.
"Sansa."

Character Profiles



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