

VILLAIN 42

Chapter 42 Elite Beasts

-Frey starlight Pov-

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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—

"You won the match, sure... but we're far from finished."

I raised an eyebrow.

"What do you mea—"

Before I could finish, a thunderous impact cut me off as two figures leaped from the crowd.

One was a towering man with long black hair and piercing blue eyes, a massive spear slung across his back.

The other was even bulkier, his frame surpassing the first. Gray-haired, rugged, and with steely gray eyes, he carried no weapons—his body itself was a weapon.

Both landed before me in a flash, shouting in unison—

"That was an amazing fight! Face me next!"

"You're incredible! Fight me!"

I let out a sigh, dragging a hand down my face.

"Shit..."

It seemed neither of them had noticed the other until now.

They turned to face each other, their expressions darkening.

"Wait your turn, stupid! I was here first!"

"What the hell are you talking about, you damn bastard? I jumped in before you!"

First, they crashed into the arena. Now, they were arguing like nothing had happened.

I could already feel the headache coming on.

Of course, I recognized them. Two of the main characters.

And not just any characters—two of the most insane ones I had ever written now stood before me.

Ragna Cloud – B3

Danzo Smasher – B4

Choupo-Moting seemed unbothered by the chaos. A strange staff appeared in his hands, and with a single tap against the ground, the arena began restoring itself before our eyes.

"You can fight once I'm done fixing the arena. Until then, make up your minds."

Hearing that, Ragna grabbed his massive spear.

"You heard him, dickhead. Get out of my way and leave the arena."

A vein bulged on Danzo's forehead as his fists ignited with a bright white aura.

"Son of a bitch... Why don't you make me leave, then?"

Neither of them would back down. At this point, I knew I had to turn this to my advantage.

I clapped my hands, drawing their attention.

"I've got a great idea to settle this, guys."

Both turned toward me with a look that screamed, If you say something stupid, you're dead.

Ignoring their death glares, I pointed at them.

"Why don't you fight each other? Then I'll take on the winner first. Fair enough, right?"

My suggestion seemed reasonable enough, as Ragna took a step back.

"The pretty boy's got a point. Let's do this, dickhead. I don't mind crushing a few more skulls today."

Danzo cracked his knuckles before assuming a stance.

"You talk big for a eunuch swinging a weapon bigger than himself. Let's see if your fists match your words."

These lunatics were about to tear each other apart without a second thought.

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.

"Oi, I don't want a kiddie match. Let's make this a real fight—everything on the line."

Danzo nodded.

"Same here... I'll be using my fists anyway, so it makes no difference to me."

Choupo-Moting sighed.

"Fine. Same rules as before. If I see anything out of line, I'll step in. Consider yourselves warned."

With a tap of his staff, he vanished.

"Begin."

Danzo's feet dug into the ground as he readied to launch himself forward.

Every muscle in his body tensed, pouring a torrent of power into his charge.

He was about to explode toward Ragna—

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.

"What the hell is going on?"

Danzo snarled as dozens of spear thrusts rained toward him simultaneously.

His hands blurred as he deflected them at breakneck speed, his movements leaving afterimages in their wake.

"Just how far does this bastard's range even go?!"

Frustration flashed across Danzo's face as he struggled to grasp what was happening.

His opponent stood far away, yet his spear erased all distance in an instant.

Ragna chuckled, watching him struggle.

"What's wrong? Where's all that confidence from before? Or is it as nonexistent as your manhood?"

Danzo grit his teeth before shifting his stance.

"You think you're the only one who can attack from a distance, coward?"

A hazy aura gathered around his fist as he punched the air.

A shockwave blasted forward, slicing through the arena toward Ragna.

The spearman didn't dare underestimate it, using his spear to block the attack.

The force pushed him back several steps.

"There's more where that came from!"

Danzo grinned as he unleashed a barrage of air-shattering punches, each one sending devastating shockwaves flying toward Ragna.

The spearman barely managed to deflect most of them, dodging the rest—

Only to find Danzo right in front of him.

"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—

Until reality proved him wrong.

His spear had barely pierced a few centimeters into Danzo's thick flesh. Worse, it was now stuck.

Danzo let out a booming laugh as both his fists ignited with a blinding, destructive aura.

" Did You Really Think an Attack Like That Would Pierce Me?"

Danzo launched a relentless flurry of punches at Ragna.

Only now did he realize—his opponent was no ordinary foe.

But even with that realization, panic never once crossed Ragna's face.

Instead—he laughed.

Then, in an instant, he vanished—reappearing several meters away from Danzo.

"Looks like I underestimated you."

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.

But the moment he did—he realized his mistake.

Ragna's spear—glowing ominously—was now engulfed in a dark blue aura.

A wicked grin stretched across Ragna's face as veins bulged along his grip.

Then—he hurled the spear with terrifying speed.

"Let's see you block this!"

The sheer force behind the attack was overwhelming—I could feel it even from where I stood.

Danzo, fully aware of the impending danger, knew he had no choice but to counter with everything he had.

Clenching his teeth, he pulled his fist back—

And in that instant, three additional arms of blinding white energy sprouted beside his real one.

All four fists moved as one, launching a devastating counterattack.

"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—

Were bound to reach the top ranks of the Victoriad.

With a sigh, I turned away.

"Time to leave."

I already knew how this battle would end.

Danzo crashed down, enveloped in a white aura.

Yet, he remained steady—landing on his feet.

Some spectators flinched as drops of blood splattered onto the ground.

A deep gash—over forty centimeters long—ran down Danzo's right arm, spilling blood freely.

The sight of torn flesh was gruesome, enough to make some onlookers turn away.

But Danzo?

He merely glanced at his wound with an indifferent frown, as if it were nothing.

On the other side, Ragna's spear returned to his hand.

Though he bore no visible injuries, the amount of aura he had expended in his last attack was significant.

Tightening his grip on his spear, he pointed it at Danzo.

"What's wrong? Can't fight anymore?"

Danzo's response?

He casually swung his injured arm, flinging blood across the arena in a sickening display.

Then—he clenched his fist.

His skin tightened, forcing the wound to close.

He grinned.

And then—he charged forward.

"Enough talk—bring it on, bastard!"

"As you wish!"

Ragna hurled his spear, but Danzo dodged, surging ahead.

Both had reached their limits.

Neither intended to drag this out any longer.

As Danzo closed in, Ragna's spear snapped back into his grasp.

He stabbed forward—dozens of times in an instant.

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.

At the center of the ring—

Choupo-Moting stood, arms folded behind his back.

"What the hell do you think you're doing, bastard?!"

"Let me go, you damn Black man!"

Sighing at their defiance, Choupo-Moting tightened the flames, forcing cries of pain from both of them.

"If I let you two continue... you'd kill each other."

"The match is over."

"The result—"

"A draw."

His voice echoed through the arena.

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!"

After exchanging a few words of praise, the two warriors shook hands.

"Sorry for calling you a son of a bitch."

"And I apologize for calling you a bastard."

Both spoke at the same time—causing them to burst into even louder laughter.

The spectators who had just witnessed their brutal fight stared in disbelief.

"Are these really the same guys who were about to kill each other a moment ago?"

At that moment—

A friendship was born between two absolute lunatics.

After the handshake, Ragna frowned.

"We ended in a draw... So who's going to fight Frey now?"

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.

"Alright, here we go! Frey Starlight, get your damn ass over here!"

He roared at the top of his lungs—

But no one responded.

Danzo frowned.

"Where is he?"

A chuckle echoed through the arena.

Choupo-Moting crossed his arms.

"If you're looking for Frey Starlight... he left a while ago."

The moment those words sank in—both Danzo and Ragna exploded in rage.

Their furious screams shook the arena, as if they were about to tear the entire place apart.

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-

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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

Ragna Cloud - B3

Class: Spear Wielder

Rank: D

Attributes: Earth, Wind

Danzo Smasher - B4

Class: Tank

Rank: D

Attributes: Light, Earth

Another 1-2 chapter's coming out after 1-2 hours.

If u want to help this novel rise up , give it some power stones!