

## **VILLAIN 521**

### Chapter 521: The Stand Against Oblivion (1)

It was almost ironic ..how the tide turned so violently.

Without warning, the empire's side suffered a catastrophe. One so unique and devastating, it could only be compared to a disaster of "Frey Starlight's" caliber.

The empire's main camp ..meant to be the safest place in the entire army had become an inferno.

A hell of black flames devoured everything in its path. The fire spared no one.

Humans burned one after the other, and escape was futile. The flames chased them down to the very end.

At the heart of that hell, there were only two sounds: the roar of fire... and the endless screams.

From the depths of the black inferno, the monster responsible for this disaster emerged.

V's eyes looked strange. Holding two legendary swords, he felt his consciousness slipping.

"...Huh? Why am I attacking the empire?"

He stared at the people in front of him. Then at the swords in his hands.

"What are these blades? Where's Balerion? Where's the Dark Sister?"

His blackened eyes flaring, V stumbled, throwing his swords aside and clutching his head.

His posture, his facial expressions, his movements—everything about him was no longer him.

This wasn't mere mimicry.

V hadn't just copied someone's abilities.

He had copied their being.

Their essence.

Their personality.

Their habits.

Everything.

That was why he was panicking now.

He had become Frey Starlight.

And Frey Starlight would never attack the Empire.

"What the hell did I do?! I wasn't supposed to kill imperial soldiers ..I'm supposed to kill the Ultras!!!"

V screamed, trying to catch his breath within the blazing hellscape of dark flames surrounding him.

Imperial soldiers continued dying—one after another .. their dying cries grating on his ears.

"SHUT UP ALREADY, DAMN YOU!!!"

With a wave of his hand, he unleashed a torrent of surging energy, obliterating all the burned corpses around him.

His head felt like it was going to explode .. like someone was smashing his skull with a hammer.

V was experiencing an existential breakdown.

Two selves were clashing inside him.

And when the agony reached its peak—

With a scream that shook the heavens, V collapsed to the ground, blood bursting from his eyes, nose, and mouth.

His muscles seized violently, his veins threatening to burst.

As he screamed in pain, he felt the gates of hell opening inside him.

Until now, V had only mimicked simple moves .. actions he'd seen others perform.

But this time... the mimicry extended far beyond that.

He had embodied another person entirely.

Frey Starlight .. a monster in a godlike body, overflowing with immeasurable power and unthinkable abilities.

Sure, V had succeeded in copying him.

But his body wasn't built to handle that level of power for long.

And now... he had hit his limit.

His body began to reject the transformation, forcibly ejecting him from the form of Frey Starlight.

Writhing in agony, V finally started to return to himself.

At that very moment, an old man suddenly appeared, striking the back of his head with a swift blow.

"So that's what Lindman meant... Truly, a terrifying power."

It was Mergo, the Lord of the Dark Hive .. who had teleported straight to the battlefield to observe the result.

Staring at V's spasming, unconscious body, Mergo narrowed his eyes.

"Seven minutes and forty-two seconds. That's how long he maintained Frey Starlight's form... and yet, just that short time left him in this state."

Hoisting V's broken body over his shoulder, Mergo prepared to retreat—though not before casting one final glance at the inferno around him.

"What a terrifying ability... I wonder what its true limits are."

What if V could copy without limit?

Mimicking the powerful, wielding their strength as his own...

What are the conditions? What are the boundaries?

All it took for him to copy Frey Starlight... was to see him once with his own eyes.

If that's true...

Then didn't V just demonstrate a potential that defies all reason?

Mergo chuckled in awe, contemplating the monster now resting in his arms.

"The peak of the Ultras... It really is a title that suits you."

And with that, Mergo vanished with V, leaving the battlefield behind.

What remained... was a graveyard.

A true catastrophe for the empire's side.

In a single day, they lost twenty thousand soldiers.

Many of their elite fighters were gone.

It seemed the Ultras had finally started to rise again, after suffering a humiliating defeat in the first round of the war.

Under the wing of night, within the blackened blaze, the massacre ended in a crushing defeat for Frey's side.

Far from the carnage, one man crawled away by some miracle—leaving a long trail of blood behind him.

An old warrior... his flame flickering... left in a truly pitiful state.

Panting hard, Iris Sunlight collapsed to the ground, slamming his fist against the dirt.

"Damn it!!!"

Iris looked like a completely different person.

Half of his body was charred, and a deep gash split his chest open, stretching across his face, where his right eye had been lost.

To take Nameless Judgment at point-blank range... was a one-way ticket to hell.



He survived only by channeling all his power into defense at the very last moment.

Even then, despite giving it everything he had...

He ended up like this.

The difference in power... was staggering.

"...So this is what it means... to fight against Frey Starlight?"

If V could replicate Frey's power without limit...

Then what awaited them...

Was the arrival of a true catastrophe.

It would take the intervention of the highest commanders to deal with this...

Or send Frey Starlight himself to stop it.

This was a real catastrophe.

Trying to soothe his wounds and ignore the overwhelming pain tearing through him...

Iris crawled away, slumping in defeat against a relatively large rock.

It could be said that the Lord of House Sunlight had reached a pitiful state unlike anything he had ever experienced in his life.

"Perhaps I should've just died back there... and used myself as a shield to protect the Claymore bearer."

At the time, it seemed like the better choice.

Melina was still young .. with far greater potential ..unlike him, an old man at his peak.

But in the final moment... he hesitated.

Instead of protecting her, he shielded himself... and let her die.

In the end, he couldn't make that sacrifice.

And that's what made him curse himself, over and over again.

Chapter 522: The Stand Against Oblivion (2)

With a face twisted in pain, and clenched teeth... Iris muttered bitterly,

"I'm truly... afraid of dying."

He had always believed he wouldn't hesitate when the time came.

He had lived long enough, and it wouldn't be so bad to throw his life away for those younger than him.

But in that final moment, he didn't think like a great lord or a commander.

He simply thought like a human being.

A human who feared death.

"I'm sorry..."

Iris apologized—to the empty air before him.

The pain made him hallucinate, seeing faces that no longer existed.

It felt like he was about to lose himself completely.

And just as the madness was about to consume him...

The only device that survived within his burned clothing lit up.

It let out a mechanical beep and flashed with a red light.

Iris hastily pulled it out, gazing at it with tear-filled eyes.

A few seconds later, he pressed the single button and answered the call.

Before him, a holographic figure appeared .. a familiar young man.

"Your Highness..." Iris muttered hesitantly, staring at Aegon Valerion standing before him.

"You're in miserable shape, Lord Iris... It seems things are even worse than I imagined," said the prince with a face that showed mild disappointment.

He was fully armored ..something odd, given that he was supposed to be on the other side of the world...

But Iris wasn't in the mental state to notice that.

With his one remaining eye, he glared at the prince in front of him.

"Aegon... nearly ten thousand of our soldiers were just wiped out... and we've lost the Claymore bearer," Iris lamented.

Aegon simply nodded with indifference.

"Yes... quite disappointing," he said, then paused—which only fueled Iris's anger.

"Disappointing? We were annihilated!" Iris roared, unable to contain himself.

Aegon chuckled coldly.

"Annihilated by one man .. and you couldn't even touch him. That's a disgrace. You've brought great shame upon us, Lord Iris."

Iris froze, struggling to process what he'd just heard.

"How did you... how did you know we only faced one man?" he asked in disbelief.

"How? What a foolish question, Lord Iris Sunlight. I monitor the battlefield constantly ..I have eyes everywhere."

"The moment you came under attack, I was informed of everything. Yes, your opponent was strong, but I assumed you'd handle him. After all, you outnumbered him greatly. But in the end... you failed. As I said..."

"You brought shame upon us."

Iris found himself speechless .. before this prince who clearly didn't care.

Not for his life...

And not for the twenty thousand soldiers who had just died under his command.

He wanted to argue, but his shattered state, his exhaustion, and his pain... all made him lower his head and speak in a faint tone.

"The enemy possesses abilities similar to Frey Starlight's. His power level is extremely high. I believe he ranks within SS+ tier... We'll need the Emperor himself—or someone equal—to deal with him."

Iris spoke, while Aegon simply sighed.

"Just hold out with what you have for now.

You have the real Frey Starlight among you, don't you?"

"But—!" Iris tried to object, but Aegon cut him off.

"No need to worry.

You and I are now standing on the same land."

"What are you talking about?" Iris asked in confusion, as the prince rolled his eyes toward the vast land around him.

In front of him... an entire city had been burned to the ground, its inhabitants slaughtered, while the imperial forces under his command marched forward, destroying everything in their path.

It was the fifth city he had conquered in a single day.

"While you were distracting the enemy from the front, I thought this would be the perfect opportunity to knock on their back door. After all... it wouldn't be fair for you to hog all the fun."

It was a simple plan.

A stupid plan.

So reckless and insane that only a child would dare think of it.

But Prince Aegon actually carried it out.

After Frey Starlight had conquered the Eastern Nightmare Lands, the Empire and its forces marched across that cursed terrain, then simply sailed through—reaching the opposite side of the Ultras Continent.

Preparing and executing the plan had taken a long time, and it had been done in such absolute secrecy that even Iris hadn't heard a word of it.

Then—just twenty-four hours ago—they landed on the western shore of the Ultras Continent... and began their extermination campaign.

Beside Aegon stood thirty thousand soldiers. A relatively decent number.

But what truly gave their force power...

Was the names marching with them.

The entire Valerion family had joined the campaign, with Emperor Maekar Valerion and Ser Alon leading the charge.

Their mere presence made the imperial force a terrifying engine of war.

This army was now marching from the west, taking the enemy completely by surprise.

From both the east and the west... war had been declared upon the Ultras.

Taking in the madness of the situation, Iris Sunlight cursed under his breath.

"This is absolute madness!! Are you seriously trying to pull off an anvil-and-hammer maneuver on an entire continent?!"

It was a known battlefield tactic: pinning the enemy between a fortified frontal force—the anvil—and a devastating assault from the rear—the hammer.

But that tactic was meant for battlefields... not an entire continent.

And yet Aegon spoke of it with a childlike simplicity, as if such a plan made perfect sense.

It was lunacy. It was doomed. And still, Aegon smiled cheerfully at Iris's outburst.

"Yes, that's exactly what I'm trying to do. So hang in there until we arrive, will you~"

Upon hearing that response, cold sweat slid down Iris's neck.

"You're insane."

"Haha! I don't want to hear that from an old man who couldn't even handle a single young man," Aegon laughed, waving mockingly at Iris.

"Anyway, I'm counting on you to hold out. Especially Frey Starlight .. tell him I really do love him!" The prince laughed again before cutting the call.

"Encircling an entire continent..."

Leaning back, he tossed the communication gem aside and stared up at the sky.

"It's like we're playing some kind of twisted game... not fighting a war that could cost millions of lives."

"This world really is full of lunatics..."

Chapter 523: The Stand Against Oblivion (3)



The game continued. A new Chapter began.

After the Empire's victory in the first round, the Ultras struck back with a vengeance.

The complete annihilation of their forces at the rear shattered the morale of the imperial troops, who now realized there was no longer a safe place to retreat.

Then, without warning, one imperial unit after another came under assault—attacked by elite Ultras forces.

And that wasn't all.

The battlefield witnessed, for the first time, the arrival of the Lords of the Nightmare—creatures far beyond the SS- tier.

On the Empire's right flank, the Abyss Watchers unleashed absolute chaos, slaughtering soldiers in droves.

On the left, they released the mindless Hollow, Pontiff Sulyvahn, accompanied by hundreds of nightmare creatures that attacked with relentless fury, aiming to wipe out the Empire's forces entirely.

The battlefield plunged into complete disarray. The Empire's advantage was slowly crumbling. In response, many of their forces began grouping together, uniting to hold the line against this overwhelming threat.

There was no turning back now.

Life-and-death battles erupted daily ..and with each clash, hundreds fell.

Chaos had become the name of this war.

On one side, the bulk of the imperial army was surrounded and suppressed by the Ultras.

On the other side, Prince Aegon and his forces advanced rapidly, burning every city in their path.

The Ultras' reaction to Aegon's maneuver came too late, and with the full might of House Valerion supporting him, there was little they could do to stop it.

Losses piled up on both sides, and no one could say for sure who held the upper hand anymore.

This was no longer a war of strategy or intelligence. It had devolved into blind slaughter and utter chaos.

Both sides were now locked in a war of total annihilation.

But none suffered more than the vanguard...

That meant Snow Lionheart and Frey Starlight.

For several days, their squad was forced to fight without rest. Yet unlike other units that regrouped and retreated, they stood strong, holding the frontline.

They had no choice but to face off against dozens of nightmare beasts beyond the SS- tier. Frey and Snow endured immense hardship just to contain the disasters before them.

Both of them led from the front, drenched in blood from head to toe. The number of enemies they'd already slain was uncountable...

And still, more kept coming.

"I just want to know... how the hell did the Ultras manage to control these things?"

Snow growled, gripping Vermithor, whose healing aura continually replenished his strength.

Beside him, Frey decapitated another abomination, wiping blood from his face.

"That's what I've been trying to figure out these past few days," he said. "And I think I finally found a clue."

"Seriously?!" Snow shouted back, cutting through more nightmare creatures as they fought back-to-back.

The battlefield echoed with the sounds of shrieking monsters, grinding limbs, and destruction. The noise was so overwhelming that they had to scream just to hear each other.

In particular, Sansa Valerion had unleashed utter mayhem after flooding the battlefield with her spreading shadow.

Dozens of tendrils of darkness slithered across the ground, each ending in massive mouths that resembled worms ..devouring everything in their path.

Though Sansa had already slain many, Frey's eyes kept scanning the battlefield... again and again...

"They're well hidden. Strange markings carved into the skins of all the nightmare creatures. They may look like meaningless runes, but there's a faint stream of aura flowing through them... so faint, you can't sense it at all," Frey said as he turned another nightmare beast into shredded remains.

"But they can't escape my senses. I'm almost certain it's the witch's doing."

Frey's tone was firm, and Snow's expression darkened.

"Beatrice..."

Somehow, she had managed to bring every single nightmare creature under her control in a shockingly short time.

All of it, through that strange, logic-defying magic of hers.

"To be honest, we're in terrible shape... We need to deal with them quickly and retreat. They say a monster resembling you showed up at the rear and completely wiped it out," Snow said, referencing the recent report they had received.

The description matched that of V—the masked one they'd clashed with several times before.

But the power he reportedly displayed... it was something else entirely.

A monster capable of mimicking Frey Starlight.

"We'll deal with him when the time comes. For now, focus on the enemy in front of you."

Frey showed no reaction to the news about V, making it clear that worrying over a fight bound to happen anyway was pointless.

His logic was simple—and effective. This was war. They'd face him sooner or later... and when that moment came, Frey would kill him.

Right now, he prioritized the enemy before him.

"Sir! Another wave of beasts is coming!"

As the two of them fought, a soldier rushed in to report.

"A new wave is incoming—and it's bigger than the last!"

They were already worn out from the brutal, relentless combat, and now another wave?

The soldiers had reached their limits. Exhaustion had taken its toll. But the battle was far from over.

Another offensive was heading their way—and it was anything but ordinary.

Frey Starlight was the first to sense it, thanks to his enhanced perception.

He felt it clearly... and his expression darkened.

"Prepare yourselves. A disaster is about to descend upon us."

His warning instantly put everyone on edge—Frey's words carried weight, especially now.

Slowly, Ghost emerged from the shadows, having sensed the same thing.

And then, within seconds... the fog came.

A strange mist crept toward them, forming from nothing ..like someone had tossed a giant smoke bomb over their heads.

The stinging, choking fog sent panic through the ranks.

"Mist stalker?" Ghost asked, sharpening his senses to the limit.

"No... that's not the Mist stalker." Frey immediately denied it. He knew the Mist Ghoul better than anyone.

"This is a different kind of beast... one far more lethal."

His words did nothing but amplify the fear spreading among the troops. The battlefield had gone eerily quiet. All the creatures around them had vanished into the fog.

The mist was so thick that it completely blocked their vision ..none of them could see more than a few steps ahead. And to make matters worse, it didn't just rob them of sight... it numbed their senses too.

The situation left the imperial troops with no choice but to gather tightly into a single formation .. backs to each other, weapons drawn.

Next to Frey and Snow, Dawn Polaris arrived with Selina, the witch who had been traveling with them.

"This doesn't bode well... I can't expand my domain at all," Selina said, clearly disturbed by the way this magical mist worked.

The tension kept building as silence dragged on...

"Where will they come from?"

Dawn looked around nervously, eyes scanning left and right.

All the soldiers did the same—backs together, covering every direction.

With their senses crippled, there was no way to pinpoint the source of the attack. And that uncertainty only deepened the fear.

Seconds ticked by.

Silence reigned.

Then ..Frey Starlight's shout pierced the tension like lightning.

"From below!!!"

He yelled the warning and instantly leapt into the air, but it was too late.

Without warning, the ground beneath them ruptured—and from the depths of hell itself, death came roaring upward.

Dozens... no, hundreds of gray, ghastly hands exploded from the abyss, surging toward them like a swarm.

Everyone stood frozen in shock, staring at those elongated hands—each over a hundred meters long.

But it wasn't the sheer size or destructive force that terrified them.

It was what happened upon contact.

The moment the hands touched someone, a horrific phenomenon occurred—one that drove many to the brink of madness.

Whoever these hands touched... their life was stolen.

Their skin decayed.

Their flesh shriveled.

Only bone remained.

And it all happened in seconds.

#### Chapter 524: The Stand Against Oblivion (4)

In the blink of an eye, dozens of imperial soldiers and allies were turned into skeletons ..right before their comrades' eyes.

Panic erupted across the battlefield.

Terror. Screaming. Death.

And the true nightmare had only just begun.

The hands slithered across the battlefield at terrifying speed, like serpents signaling an impending massacre...

In mere seconds, hundreds had already been reduced to skeletons.

But just before the situation could escalate further ..

They heard his voice.

"Ten Thousand Steps of Shadow: Supreme Art : Abyssal Wave."

He was fast—so fast their eyes could only catch the trails of violet aura he left behind.

Like a spinning buzzsaw, Frey shredded through the massive gray hands in mere moments, scattering their rotting black blood across the field.

Stopping the attack that nearly annihilated them, Frey reappeared at the front with blinding speed, his blades pointed in a single direction.



"Get a grip. The enemy is right ahead," he said, unleashing a colossal cleaving arc that tore through the fog.

"Brace yourselves. We're facing one of the Nightmare Lords ..

The Cosmos."

His strike blew away the mist ..

And he would soon wish it hadn't.

The true form of the monster that had attacked them was finally revealed.

A grotesque abomination, crawling out from the very depths of hell.

It looked like a giant wraith, its skin ghastly white. From inside its body sprouted hundreds of colossal gray hands that carried it aloft. Its long black hair flowed like a waterfall, dragging across the ground.

Its face—was a living nightmare.

Even the bravest of soldiers couldn't bear to look at it for more than a second.

It was as if this creature was the embodiment of every curse imaginable—

A hideous beast sculpted from mankind's deepest fears.

And beside the Cosmos, another presence could be seen .. One exuding immense, suffocating power.

Clad in a black suit, a massive scythe strapped across his back..

That cursed man stood beside his mother.

Many recognized him at once.

"The Hollow... Ludwig,"

Snow Lionheart whispered his name, clenching Vermithor tightly, ready to unleash the War King's form at a moment's notice.

"This will be a tough one," he said, signaling the troops to follow him and Frey in subduing these monsters.

But before they could even move forward, they froze ..

As their ears were shattered by a scream that tore the skies apart.

A harrowing cry unlike anything they had ever heard.

And at the same time ..

A quake struck the earth from out of nowhere.

Announcing the arrival of another nightmare.

From afar... they saw her coming.

Taller than all the mountains surrounding them.

A monster crawling on eight limbs, a single eye on her head and a gaping mouth splitting open her chest ..

The Lady of Eight Legs.

Another Nightmare Lord.

At the sight of her... despair overwhelmed the troops.

So much that many collapsed on the spot.

Especially when yet another overwhelming aura descended upon them, suffocating their lungs.

A fourth presence had arrived.

From afar...

They could all feel him approaching.

A man carrying immeasurable power.

"M-My Lord..." a soldier said, trembling, barely able to speak the words:

"One of the enemy commanders has been spotted..."

The Human Demon—Dragoth."

The soldier burst into laughter ..

His legs finally giving out under the weight of fear.

"This is insane..." Snow muttered, his expression growing darker.

The Cosmos.

The Lady of Eight Legs.

Dragoth.

Each of them... monsters of SS+ caliber.

Especially the last.

Aside from Abraham Starlight, Dragoth had never lost a single battle in his life.

Even at his worst, not even Sir Alonne could kill him.

And now ..

That man had arrived, alongside two Nightmare Lords and one Hollow.

A full-scale disaster had befallen them.

"Sir! We have to retreat! There's no other way! We'll be wiped out if we stay!!"

A soldier cried out, pleading with Snow to give the order.

"We need to run..."

Snow Lionheart ..the commander.

The one whose word determined whether they lived or died.

The church's champion, staring down the monsters before him.

He fully grasped the scale of the catastrophe.

No matter how he looked at it, he reached only one conclusion ..

They would be annihilated.

In a situation like this, there was only one option left ..

Retreat.

If they wanted to survive, that was the only path.

He was just about to give the order—

But before he could...

Everyone on the battlefield froze in place ..

As an overwhelming pressure spread, pushing back the combined auras of the Nightmare Lords and Dragoth alike.

It was a terrifying aura ..

One that wrapped around them and banished the enemy's power completely.

Its source... was none other than the man who always stood at their front.

With eyes burning bright in violet light—

With a face carved for killing—

Frey Starlight turned to them.

"Retreat? Who's retreating? And where the hell would you run to?"

Stepping forward, he declared:

"The enemy is right in front of you. So why are you hesitating?"

Gathering every ounce of his strength, Frey roared:

"Wake up, for fuck's sake! This is war!

We're standing on a battlefield!

And our enemy is right here ..how could we possibly show him our backs?!"

"You really think you'll survive if you run?"

"Look at them! They're monsters—monsters bred to hunt down humans like us!"

"The moment you turn your backs on them...

You're already dead!"

With his gaze returning to what stood before him, Frey Starlight declared:

"I'd rather die a warrior fighting on his feet than be buried as a coward who fled."

Frey took his first step forward, uncaring of what order Snow Lionheart might give.

Beside him... his shadow thickened, and from it emerged Sansa, cloaked in a black aura.

"Another suicidal move, huh? What if no one joins you? Will you face them alone?"

she sighed, exasperated by the reckless lunatic she was stuck with.

But he just chuckled.

"Of course not. I know you'll come with me. So..."

Pointing toward the colossal creature in the distance, one so massive it blotted out the sky...

"I want you to handle that one."

It was madness. A request so insane that Sansa blinked, glancing from the monster to Frey in disbelief.

"You really want me to fight that thing?"

The Eight-Legged Lady was so immense that despite being dozens of kilometers away, her outline was crystal clear.

And Frey wanted her to take it on alone.

"I trust you can handle it. And if anything goes wrong, I'll come save you. So don't worry,"

he said, turning his back to her and facing Snow and the others.

"I'll deal with their leader. Sansa will intercept the Eight-Legged Lady. That leaves you with the Cosmos and her cursed son.

So what do you say, Snow? Will you join me once more?

Or will you run with your tail between your legs?"

He stared him down, forcing the hero to make his choice.

Snow met Frey's gaze, then glanced at the terrified soldiers behind him.

He let out a long breath.

"If I turn back now, I'll never be able to catch up to you again... Frey."

As golden runes crawled over his skin, Snow Lionheart stepped forward.

"Soldiers of the Empire.

If you wish to flee, I won't stop you. I won't blame you. The enemy ahead knows no mercy."



"But because of that, we must stop them here and now.

Otherwise, only death and defeat await us."

Looking at the soldiers, at his comrades, Snow made his choice.

"We fight!"

He declared, resolute, and Frey responded with a nod and a grin.

Behind Snow, Ghost remained with the rest of the troops, ready to offer support.

Their enemies were monstrous, but Frey and Sansa had already committed to facing two of them alone.

It was a gamble.

A terrifying one.

But it was the only choice they had.

Some soldiers still hesitated... but Frey gave them no time to ponder.

"Good luck."

He said, just before his feet slammed into the earth and launched him like a comet toward the battlefield he had chosen.

Behind him, a pair of black wings unfurled from Sansa's back. She soared at supersonic speed toward the Eight-Legged Lady.

That towering monstrosity would spell doom if it reached the frontlines—so the Demon Princess had no choice but to intercept it, no matter the cost.

As for Snow and the others, they charged toward the Cosmos and her cursed spawn, the hollow Ludwig.

What awaited them now were brutal, hellish battles...

Fights that could decide the very outcome of the war.

Focusing his sights on Dragoth, Frey finally saw the man who had once defeated by his father.

A being at the peak of the SS+ tier.

A monster once called immortal.

Knowing he was about to clash with such a foe, Frey couldn't suppress the twisted smile curling across his face.

Gripping the Nameless Mask, he placed it over his face, hiding his expression as he tightened his hold on his twin swords.

Like a violet meteor screaming across the sky, Frey shot forward ..

.. toward Dragoth, the Human Demon.

Chapter 525: Frey Starlight vs Dragoth (1)

The pace of events quickened, and a catastrophic clash was on the verge of erupting.

In the east of the Ultras Continent, in one of the Lower Bloodlands, there stood an ancient city erased from the annals of history .. its name was Yharnam.

Once a flourishing and advanced city, time had shown it no mercy, leaving behind nothing but ruins.

Amidst the devastation and wreckage, a lone man sat waiting, beneath a dead tree that once served as his only shade.

The Human Demon, Dragoth, contrary to his usual savage nature, appeared genuinely calm this time.

He wore a long black cloak, a massive greatsword resting on his lap.

His crimson eyes had been staring at the ruins for quite some time. The place was peaceful, with a soft breeze gently playing with his long black hair.

The Human Demon stared for long at his birthplace. Destruction, rubble, and death—these were all that remained of this land.

And when he'd finally had enough, he closed his eyes, letting the memories wash over him... He pondered deeply, but soon opened those eyes once more.

For the old land of Yharnam hadn't welcomed just one person that day .. it welcomed two.

When Dragoth opened his eyes, he was already there.

No sound, no pressure. He had simply appeared from nothing.

A young man, much younger than him, wielding two dark swords. His face was hidden behind a strange mask that only revealed his dimly glowing dark eyes...

At last, his awaited enemy had arrived.

They stared at one another, neither making a move.

The other battles had already begun .. the distant thundering they heard confirmed that.

But here, in Yharnam, neither side took a single step.

"Looks like you've got something on your mind, son of Abraham," Dragoth was the first to break the silence.

On the other side, Frey Starlight removed his mask, revealing a familiar smirk upon his face.

"No... I'm just a bit surprised," Frey laughed for a moment, then pointed his sword at Dragoth.

"Forgive me. I came here expecting to face the same mindless beast who didn't know left from right, but it seems you've regained your composure."

Since the moment he launched himself toward this battlefield, Frey had been prepared to unleash everything from the start against Dragoth and crush him immediately.

But his enemy caught him off guard .. showing a self-control so unlike him.

In fact, Dragoth hadn't even released the slightest killing intent toward him, which made Frey hesitate at the last moment... giving way to this unexpected dialogue.

Looking around, Frey spoke again without moving from his spot.

"If I'm not mistaken, this is the old city of Yharnam... Has returning to your birthplace after all these years calmed you down to the point you're suppressing your instincts?"

Frey's final words carried many implications between their lines.

Although Dragoth seemed calm, Frey could tell his state of mind.

Dragoth was barely holding himself back .. suppressing that monstrous bloodlust, especially when standing before the son of the man he hated most.

Despite the boiling rage in his chest, the madness he could hardly contain...

Dragoth held back and continued speaking instead of fighting.

"Frey Starlight, I have two questions for you—no more. And that's all you'll hear from me," he said, raising two fingers.

Frey tilted his head slightly, showing genuine curiosity about what the Human Demon wanted.

"Let's hear it," Frey replied, willing to go along with Dragoth's flow for now.

Dragoth scowled, then asked his first question.

"Do you truly believe you have a chance of winning this war?"

The Human Demon's first question was unexpected, making Frey instinctively frown.

But Dragoth continued speaking before Frey could respond.

"I've heard much about you, and I'm sure your eyes see far more than others do."

"We're nothing but facades in this war—pawns in a grand play directed by someone else. We have no power, no control against that person."

Pointing to himself, Dragoth growled with visible rage.

"Look at me. I was once called the greatest hero in Ultras' history. I did everything I could to resist whoever pulls the strings. I shattered my demon contract. I gave up my humanity. And what did I achieve?"

"I lost to your father, but I didn't die. Instead, they dragged this body away and tortured me for years, driving me mad—those very same people who now command you in this war. Whether it's me, or Abraham Starlight... we were both just pawns. More lively than others, sure, but ultimately worthless before true power."

"Your father was immense. I'm certain he crossed the threshold—I've seen with my own eyes what he was capable of. Yet even with all that power... he died without changing anything. And as for me, I'm still alive only because they allowed me to live."

"You have many enemies, Frey Starlight. And there are still far fiercer monsters lying in wait. You've already clashed with some of them."

Dragoth's last words made Frey narrow his eyes instinctively. He was referring to the higher-ranked demons who had recently come knocking on his door.

"What's the point of fighting here, Frey Starlight...? The current you're trying to resist is far too overwhelming. Mere humans can't stand against it."

The point Dragoth raised was completely valid .. but Frey didn't expect to hear it from him, of all people.

And yet Dragoth hadn't said anything new. He had simply reminded Frey of what he was already prepared to face.

Which is exactly why... a violet aura enveloped Frey's body as he stepped forward .. his eyes stabbing into his opponent.

"You talk too much, Human Demon... Hurry up and ask your second question."

Frey didn't need to answer with words. His current battle-ready state was more than enough to give Dragoth the answer he sought.

Frey Starlight was prepared to fight this war to the very end.. no matter what he had to face along the way.

Standing firm, holding his greatsword in hand...

Finally, the scowl on Dragoth's face vanished, replaced by a monstrous smile that revealed his true thirst for blood.

"You truly fear no death, do you? Then allow me to ask you my final question."

As his body surged with a dark aura of black lightning, crackling and rumbling like a vengeful storm, Dragoth revealed his true face.

"Do you truly believe... that a whelp like you can defeat me?!"

Exploding with pressure, his grin widened further .. so wide it looked like it might tear his face apart.

Frey responded with even greater pressure, his expression just as twisted, radiating that same sickening craving for bloodshed.

Once more, no words were needed.

Both Dragoth and Frey ..

.. detonated the earth beneath them, launching themselves at each other with speed that defied logic.

The ruins of Old Yharnam were wiped out in an instant. The land cracked and shattered from the violent clash of two bloodthirsty monsters.

Their auras collided, neither backing down, as they threw themselves into a raw contest of brute strength.

Dragoth gained the upper hand, shoving Frey backward with terrifying speed, bulldozing through everything in their path with nothing but sheer force.

He kept plowing through the ruins, smashing everything in sight with Frey's body, until they slammed into a massive mountain behind them.

But Dragoth's physical strength was so overwhelming that he kept pushing, burying Frey deep into the mountain, carving a tunnel with his opponent's back.

Lost in the darkness of the mountain's interior...

Dragoth laughed maniacally, gripping his sword and unleashing a lightning-fast slash, cloaked in the explosive aura of black thunder.

The strike created a devastating shockwave that split the base of the mountain in two with its sheer destructive power.

But it didn't reach its mark.

The mighty slash stopped halfway through, crashing into metal even tougher than stone.

Frey Starlight had blocked the attack—halting Dragoth's greatsword—and in the blink of an eye...



A blinding burst of violet light exploded in Dragoth's face.

The glow consumed the entire mountain, and in less than a second ..the upper half of the mountain, already split by Dragoth's attack, was shredded into hundreds of pieces as it was engulfed by thousands of dark slashes.

Caught in the center of the massacre, Dragoth's body was marked with hundreds of deep, bloody wounds. His blood spilled in torrents.

In less than a second, Frey Starlight had unleashed a thousand strikes, tearing through the body Dragoth once took pride in.

Face to face, Frey's glowing violet eyes met Dragoth's crimson ones again.

But this time, one pair was filled with pain—while the other glowed like a starving beast ready to devour everything in its path.

Chapter 526: Frey Starlight vs Dragoth (2)

"Don't get the wrong idea, Dragoth."

BOOOOOOM!!

With a colossal slash that tore through the void itself, Frey sent his opponent flying—all the way back to the place where everything began: Yharnam.

"What you see before you... is a monster of a different breed. One completely unlike Abraham Starlight."

Teleporting instantly, Frey pursued him without hesitation.

"Make no mistake—unlike my father, I don't leave my enemies alive!"

Frey's swords moved at terrifying speed—feral and ruthless—ripping through Dragoth's flesh with unrelenting force. His thick killing intent poured out without end.

Despite receiving those devastating blows, Dragoth didn't retreat. Not once.

Instead, with a terrifying grin, he lunged forward and sank his teeth into Frey's neck, ripping out a large chunk of flesh as he laughed wildly.

"Really? A monster of a different kind?! Then why does your blood taste exactly the same as any other human!!"

Dragoth roared, his voice thundering like a storm, his wounds rapidly regenerating. Then, swinging his sword with brutal might..

He unleashed a destructive beam of black lightning that swallowed Frey whole.

"Raging Raijin Style: Ragnarok Discharge!"

Stabbing his blade into the ground, a dark circle spread outward, stretching hundreds of meters in every direction.

Then, without warning ..

The sky split open, and a colossal pillar of black lightning descended from above—a heavenly spear of destruction that engulfed the earth and incinerated everything in its wake.

It was as if the heavens themselves had descended.

Amid the roaring thunder and Dragoth's insane laughter ..Frey was burned alive. His body was charred, his flesh blackened and his features warped beyond recognition.

That twisted face... the burnt flesh... the flowing blood—all of it was the result of just one brutal attack from Dragoth, who had completely overwhelmed his opponent.

Dragoth laughed madly ..

But his smile vanished in an instant.

Because Frey Starlight had teleported once again, appearing right in front of him.

His face half-burned to the bone, with skin and flesh peeled away... he lunged and bit off Dragoth's ear—and part of his skull—in one monstrous bite.

Frey looked like a beast that had crawled out of hell itself .. a creature so horrific that Dragoth instinctively stepped back in fear.

Frey chewed the filthy meat a few times before spitting the blood and flesh to the ground.

With a sick grin, he gripped his swords and snarled into Dragoth's face ..

"In the end, the taste of a Human Demon's flesh isn't much different from a piece of filthy shit! I wonder what you're made of, Dragoth?!"

Frey howled in madness as violet flames roared across his body ..

—and in the blink of an eye, his entire body regenerated, restoring him to his original form.

Using his teleportation again, Frey appeared behind Dragoth's back.

The demon turned instantly, swinging his sword in a wide arc that shattered the ground behind him ..but it was nothing more than an illusion. Frey had already reappeared on his other side.

Then, without warning, Frey plunged his sword deep into Dragoth's chest.

With a bloodthirsty, terrifying grin, he roared ..

"Ignition!!"

Before Dragoth could even comprehend what was happening, Frey's body cracked open, unleashing a raging surge of Aura that rushed violently into his blade.

Unleashing a nuclear Ignition through his sword... Frey obliterated Dragoth's body along with the entire space around them.

The Aura he released was so immense, a purple column pierced the sky, tearing it apart once more—this time in response to Dragoth's previous thunder strike.

That devastating attack left Dragoth in a grotesque state: his chest, left arm, and the left half of his face had been completely annihilated .. nothing remained but emptiness.

For a moment, Dragoth looked shocked.

But then, he let out a monstrous howl that shook the void itself.

Within mere seconds, flesh and bone regenerated, filling the void and restoring his body to its original form.

No sooner had he healed than he clashed with Frey again.

The two tore into each other with savage brutality ..every sword swing ripping apart the ground beneath them. One was a deathless human demon, the other a Starlight Lord against whom physical damage meant nothing.

It was pure savagery ..a battle between two monsters who cared nothing for what happened to their bodies.

Dragoth relied on raw, brute force. Frey, on the other hand, moved with insane speed, and every one of his attacks dealt significant damage.

Realizing he was outmatched in terms of speed, Dragoth's Aura flared intensely around him, and a strange gray glow enveloped his body.

"Lightning Steps."

Activating a special skill, he took a single step forward ..vanishing and reappearing instantly behind Frey, slicing into his flesh and tearing through his shoulder.

Dragoth's speed had multiplied several times, now matching that of Frey.

But Frey healed instantly, and the two vanished together.

Their movements were so fast they blinked in and out of sight, clashing momentarily before disappearing again, leaving behind nothing but ruin in their wake.

The exchange repeated thousands of times in mere seconds, shaking the void from the sheer intensity.

Their bodies left behind dozens of trails of exploding Aura, intertwining in a chaotic dance ..each one trying to dominate the other.

Dark lightning of overwhelming might... and violet shadows of terrifying power.

The clash continued for an extended time—at a speed far beyond the eye's ability to track.

And with each exchange, bloodied wounds multiplied on both of them.

Gathering an immense surge of lightning Aura, gripping his colossal sword, Dragoth hurled himself toward Frey and tore through the sky.

"Raijin's Wrath: Fang of the Flash!"

His attack split everything in its path into halves and threatened to completely erase Frey.

But at the very last instant, Frey vanished—and from thin air...

Thousands of clones erupted around Dragoth in a blink.

"Ten Thousand Steps of Shadow: Mirage."

In under a second, Frey conjured 10,000 perfect clones, all glowing with deadly intent ..surrounding the human demon who couldn't comprehend what he was witnessing.

All of them shouted in unison as dark Aura surged around their swords ..

"Ten Thousand Steps of Shadow: Black Severance!"

In that moment, 10,000 Freys launched 10,000 black blades toward Dragoth's body.

Ten thousand dark arcs tore into the human demon without mercy, shredding him so violently that his body became nothing but a bloody pulp.

Dragoth's blood rained from the sky in torrents as his mangled body plummeted toward the ground.

But just before his back could touch the earth ..

Frey appeared beneath him, raising his sword in preparation for a devastating impalement.

And just as his sword pierced Dragoth's back, Frey whispered from his lips ..

"Ignition."

Chapter 527: Sansa Valerion vs The Lady of Eight Legs (1)

Dragoth's body never touched the ground.

Frey had vaporized it with another nuclear Ignition, wiping him out of existence completely.

It was a monstrous attack that left behind a massive crater, carved into a land already devastated beyond reason.

The explosive violet Aura took a long time to disperse, and when it finally began to fade...

It revealed the catastrophe that Lord Starlight had just unleashed.

Frey sat at the edge of the crater, leaning on one hand, his gaze fixed downward—at the bottom of the devastation he had caused.

There, Dragoth appeared, kneeling on both knees, breathing heavily.

His body was slowly regenerating, the outline of his figure gradually becoming visible once more after being obliterated by Frey's last strike.

"You're pathetic, human demon."

Frey said with eyes full of scorn ..and obvious disappointment toward the man before him.

"Don't tell me this is all you've got."

Staring down at his kneeling opponent, Frey rose again ..his face carrying the look of someone about to step on an insect.

An insect that meant nothing in his world.

"Stop playing around and fight me seriously, bastard. I didn't come all this way just to see your pathetic state."

His words were backed by the full release of his SSS-rank Aura, an overwhelming pressure that slammed Dragoth from his kneel...

...into the dirt.

Collapsing to the ground, Frey threatened to bury him deep beneath his aura alone.

Amidst that infernal storm of pressure, Dragoth clenched his teeth as veins of fury slithered across his face like worms... yet that rage quickly twisted into something far worse .. despair. A crippling realization struck him: he was helpless against the opponent before him.

Frey Starlight was no longer the same young man from before.

He had become... something else entirely.

A different kind of monster. One unlike Abraham Starlight.



Dragoth had seen it once before .. a year ago, during the great pursuit.

Back then, Frey had looked so insignificant that the human devil hadn't even deemed him worthy of attention. But now, reality had turned on its head .. in less than a single year.

What the hell happened? How?

'What did he do to gain such power?!'

Dragoth cursed under his breath, overtaken by a feeling he hadn't tasted in years .. not since his battle against Abraham Starlight, the one that ended with him utterly crushed.

Defeat... was looming again. And this time, death might follow.

In those fleeting moments of hopelessness and disbelief, memories buried deep within his mind surged back — flashes of that distant time when he was secretly imprisoned, locked away in one of the Empire's deepest cells.

There, he had been tortured.

By that man... that monster, who subjected him to torment so unbearable that madness eventually consumed him.

Dragoth had lost once before .. and as a result, he endured hell.

The hell of agony, ruin... and insanity.

All because of one defeat.

And now, he stood on the precipice of another.

That pressure — that despair — it twisted something inside him.

Without thinking, his fingers pressed the trigger.

Without warning, the air around them distorted. The ground trembled violently beneath Dragoth as he rose once more.

His claws dug deep into the earth, and his body convulsed grotesquely, revealing hidden horrors from within.

His crimson pupils vanished, leaving behind only white voids.

Releasing a flood of dark, viscous aura, he blanketed the ground with a monstrous energy that oozed dread. The Human Devil had risen again, dragging his sword behind him with a shriek of steel.

The pressure he released .. that man, weeping blood from his eyes .. was on a different level altogether. A force so chilling it sent a cold shiver crawling down Frey's spine.

And Frey, witnessing the madness bloom in the monster before him, let out a quiet laugh.

"Finally..."

He slipped on the Nameless mask, stepping forward to meet his opponent.

Dragoth had become something else entirely, and Frey couldn't help but laugh again.

"I suppose the father and son share the same madness... don't they?"

They were remarkably alike .. both of their minds shattered the moment true pressure descended upon them.

Whether it was Dragoth falling into madness...

Or his son — V — transforming into something else entirely at death's doorstep.

Truly... a cursed bloodline.

Now standing before the true form of the Human Devil, Frey Starlight readied himself for the real battle.

"Come at me with everything you've got... Human Demon."

That marked the beginning .. the start of a clash even more savage than all that came before.

---

---

---

On the other side of this war .. far from the carnage unleashed by Frey Starlight and Dragoth .. another monstrous clash was about to erupt.

A towering creature was making its way toward the human army, hell-bent on their annihilation.

The Lady of Eight Legs .. a colossal ancient being, one that grew stronger by feeding on its own children.

Should that abomination reach the battlefield, it would spell doom for the Empire's forces. Which is why, in a thunderous flash, a certain demoness pierced the skies with her wings.

Sansa Valerion.

Now face to face with the grotesque creature, she finally understood just how massive the Lady of Eight Legs truly was.

A hulking behemoth, so vast she dwarfed even the mightiest of mountains. Compared to her, Sansa looked like an ant.

Every step the creature took sent tremors surging through the ground.

Even in her demonic form, Sansa couldn't do anything but tremble at the sight of a beast whose scale defied belief.

The Lady of Eight Legs completely blotted out the sky.

She stood well over 200 meters tall.

"I have to stop this thing here..."

Now that she had seen it up close, Sansa realized she had no choice. She would have to face this monster alone and prevent it from entering the other battlefronts .. or catastrophe would follow.

And yet... despite her presence, the creature didn't even acknowledge her.

It simply continued its crawl toward the main cluster of humans .. where Snow and the others were stationed.

Gathering her shadow aura, dark tendrils began slithering across Sansa's skin.

She prepared herself.

"Let's see how long you can ignore me."

With a wave of her hand, a massive shadow expanded to cover a wide area beneath the Eight-Legged Lady.

From within that shadow, Sansa summoned a vast amount of aura, forming thousands of shadow serpents that erupted without warning. They slithered up the Lady's towering body, coiling tightly around her limbs and torso.

Her eight legs and her entire form were soon engulfed by an overwhelming number of serpents, looking more like black ropes..ropes that forcibly restrained the monstrous creature, halting her advance.

Shrouded in darkness, Sansa extended her arms forward, veins bulging beneath her unnaturally solid skin. Her face was tense, as though she were locked in a tug-of-war against a hundred thousand men.

It felt as if her body would rip apart at any moment under the unbearable strain, as her shadowy ropes barely managed to restrain the Eight-Legged Lady for a few seconds.

And just as she believed she had succeeded in stopping her—

The creature opened its mouth and let out a scream.

But it wasn't just any scream.

Coming from a beast of that size, it was like a nuclear blast—one that shook both the earth and the skies.

The sonic wave ruptured Sansa's eardrums and shredded her shadows to pieces, freeing the Lady with ease.

At that moment, the beast finally turned her attention to Sansa, glaring at her with her single massive eye ..an orb so enormous it looked like a planet.

Then, with a single movement, two of her colossal spider legs rose high into the sky, forming a sight so terrifying they resembled tree trunks threatening to pierce the heavens.

Without warning, they came crashing down.

Sansa saw the attack coming, but there was little she could do.

The Lady's legs descended like twin meteors—massive, fast, and inescapable.

All Sansa could do was brace for impact.

In that instant, it felt as though the world had flipped upside down and crushed her. Her body was driven deep into the ground, buried mercilessly beneath the devastating blow.

The destruction left in the wake of that "simple" attack was on a completely different level ..one that the earth was never meant to withstand.

Amid the rubble and devastation, the Lady stared at the wreckage for a brief moment before continuing her advance as if nothing had happened.

She crawled on her eight legs with terrifying speed, threatening to breach the Imperial frontlines ..a disaster in the making.

Behind her...

From deep within the earth, a broken demoness began to crawl.

Chapter 528: Sansa Valerion vs The Lady of Eight Legs (2)

Sansa, shattered by the previous blow.

Her body was absurdly durable, but even she felt as though every bone inside her had crumbled from that strike.

Her dark eyes remained fixed on the retreating beast as she emerged, dragging herself from the crater where she'd been buried.

"Am I just an ant to you... crushed without a second thought while you carry on as if I never existed?"

She grinned darkly, fury painted across her bloodied face.

Clenching her fists violently, the demoness launched herself from the ground once more .. soaring after the creature.

"I'll show you..." Sansa hissed as shadows burst from her body without pause.

"I'll make you understand... what terror truly means."

From behind her back, hundreds—no, thousands—of black tendrils erupted.

Dark abominations tore through her flesh, ripping her back open as they surged outward like writhing worms from another world.

The tendrils swelled to monstrous sizes until Sansa herself looked like a speck in a sea of darkness.

They trembled violently, then split open to reveal gaping maws ..giant, terrifying mouths that seemed to devour the very air.

With a wave of her hand, Sansa unleashed them. The ravenous mouths surged forward, destroying everything in their path as they lunged straight for the Eight-Legged Lady.

The beast shrieked furiously, her eight legs rising into the sky to defend herself.

But Sansa wasn't about to let history repeat itself.

She forced her aura past its limits, forging eight black spears, each blazing like cursed wildfire.

Each spear stretched over a hundred meters long .. an impossible feat for any sane person to believe came from a single being.

She hurled them with fury, sending them hurtling toward the monster's limbs.

Seconds later, they struck ..triggering an earthquake that would not be forgotten.

Sansa's spears pierced the Lady's legs successfully, drawing unending screams from the enormous creature.

And Sansa only laughed in madness.

"What the hell are you screaming for? You already blew out my damn ears—I can't hear a thing!"

With a flick of her wrist, the spears slammed into the ground, acting like stakes that pinned the Lady's limbs in place.

Meanwhile, the black tendrils continued to coil around the beast's body, devouring her without mercy.

Surrounded in shadows, with blood pouring from her nose and mouth from aura overexertion, Sansa floated above the creature, her expression twisted with grim delight.

"Now then... be a good little bitch, and let me end you quietly."



Sansa clenched again, drawing more shadows into form. A single massive spear emerged .. far greater than any before.

A final weapon to end the grotesque being before her.

But just as she was about to release it—

Her demonic eyes met the Lady's lone eye.

Just one glance...

And then everything was annihilated.

From the void, the Lady opened her mouth.

And from it surged a beam of pure aura ..

A devastating cannon of energy, fired by a creature larger than mountains.

The beam consumed Sansa, her spear, and everything behind her for dozens of kilometers.

A cataclysmic attack of pure, overwhelming aura.

When the Lady closed her mouth once more, what stood before her was a long trail of devastation...

A colossal path of death where everything that had existed had been completely annihilated.

The Lady immediately began screaming—mad, hysterical howls—ripping her own eight limbs apart in a frenzy. Her blood flooded the earth like a sunken deluge.

Then, amidst that madness, from where her limbs had been torn off...

Sixteen new legs sprouted in their place.

Just like that, those calamities doubled in number as if it were nothing, revealing the horrifying truth about her power .. her ability to regenerate and multiply her limbs whenever they were severed.

But who could have predicted that the one who would mutilate her... would be the Lady herself?

Now, with her power doubled, the Lady crawled toward the demoness who had stood against her ..and whom she had now acknowledged as a true opponent.

Sansa had become prey. A target the Lady wished to devour... to absorb her power.

But before that towering catastrophe, Sansa lay on the ground, her body charred to ruin from the previous attack .. thrown into complete chaos.

Everything on her body had been obliterated by that last strike. Had she not wrapped herself in her shadows at the last moment, she would've perished without a doubt.

Even with all her power used to defend herself, the damage she sustained was staggering. Her black blood continued to seep out without pause.

And now... the Lady loomed over her, stronger than ever ..an entity more monstrous than anything before.

Yet in front of such a hellish being...

Sansa felt no fear.

No despair.

Only rage.

Unyielding fury twisted the veins on her face like worms as she stood back up.

"You bitch!!!"

Slamming both hands into the ground, Sansa let out a bone-chilling scream that drained every ounce of strength left in her.

From beneath her trembling, convulsing body, a tremendous shadow erupted..larger than anything she had ever unleashed before.

This shadow didn't just envelop the Lady...

It devoured everything within dozens of kilometers.

Black blood burst from her pores and every crevice of her body as Sansa raised her arms, slowly, opening the gates of hell beneath the Eight-Legged Lady.

Shadows surged from all directions, piercing the Lady's body relentlessly—dark spikes, tentacles, and appendages from another realm.

They tore into her mercilessly.

The Lady tried to open her mouth once more to unleash that aura beam again, but Sansa wasn't about to let it happen this time.

She forcibly shut that maw with sheer power ..summoning hundreds of giant hands from beneath her foe, slamming her mouth shut.

She screamed with such force that her consciousness nearly faded.

Then, Sansa raised her arms to the sky, commanding the shadows to obey ..and in a scene of pure dread, the shadows lifted the Lady into the air... carrying a creature whose weight rivaled the mightiest of mountains.

The process felt like being crushed by divine forces, but she refused to stop.

Shadows wrapped tightly around the Lady's massive body, restricting her completely as she was lifted ever higher...

And then beneath her ..

The shadows compressed tighter and tighter, condensing into a single colossal spear.

A spear forged from every last drop of Sansa's remaining power.

It was monstrous ..so dense and massive that even the void around it trembled.

The spear was larger than the Lady herself.

Sansa could feel her mind slipping with every second.

So the moment it was complete, she released the Lady.

And the beast fell from the sky...

Falling like divine judgment ..until impact.

An impact that shook the entire continent...

One that made the world itself recognize the scale of what had just occurred.

The Eight-Legged Lady had fallen directly upon the massive spear, which impaled her through her massive body and pierced her singular, titanic eye.

The nightmare creature screamed in agony as her blood poured out onto the colossal black spear.

But no matter how much she writhed...

No matter how violently her limbs trembled...

There was nothing she could do but die slowly—skewered and lifted high into the heavens.

On the other end of the battlefield...

The demoness collapsed to the ground, drenched in a pool of her own black blood—having utterly exhausted herself.

Her body, struggled to keep her alive.

She had paid a terrible price...

But in the end, she had fulfilled her mission perfectly.

She had proven that she could stand by his side.

She had proven she could endure this blood-soaked path...

The path that Frey Starlight walked.

And on that day ..

Sansa Valerion became the second person in history to slay one of the Nightmare Lords...

Right after Abraham Starlight.

Chapter 529: Till the Last Breath (1)

Above the ruins of Yharnam, the city erased from existence...

The earth trembled. The void itself shuddered as the body of Dragoth, the Human Demon, wailed .. unrestrained and ungoverned.

His crimson eyes had turned white, a sign of madness and the complete loss of self.

His aura swelled monstrously, and the way he carried himself into battle had changed entirely.

He had become something else altogether.

In front of him, Frey donned the Nameless Mask, bracing himself for what was to come.

"Now it begins."

Dragoth, the Human Demon...

'Dragoth didn't reach that level by normal means. There's a reason he has only ever lost once in his life...'

'When Dragoth is pushed to the brink of defeat, something inside his mind activates—a trigger of sorts, pulled only when he's overwhelmed with despair. When that happens... he transforms into a different kind of monster.'

The Dragoth now standing before Frey could be considered the pinnacle of the SS+ rank.

"He's probably the strongest living human on this planet."

Stronger even than Sir Alone and Maekar Valerion...

That was the caliber of monster Frey Starlight was about to face.

And yet, Frey prepared himself fully, ready to unleash everything he had. Retreat was never an option.

"If I can't handle this level, how could I ever dream of facing the monsters lurking in the shadows?"

If he lost to Dragoth here, then he'd never be able to challenge beings like Zibar or even Geppetto.

Frey felt it deep within—this battle would determine his fate.

"Shall we begin?" he said, hiding his face behind the metallic black mask.

And Dragoth... responded to the call.

With a bestial war cry, he crushed the ground beneath his feet and lunged at his enemy, lightning coiling wildly around his body.

With a single swing of his sword, Dragoth unleashed a massive slash that ripped through Frey ..and everything behind him.

Though Frey managed to block it, a terrifying vertical gash opened along his right side.

'His attack power has doubled!'

Realizing the massive difference between them, Frey flooded his body with even more aura, forcing himself to keep up with Dragoth's berserk state.

The Human Demon, his sword cloaked in black lightning, attacked relentlessly—up, right, left...

He was far too fast. Every strike of his sword was enough to obliterate the ground and everything in it.

The skies above roared and flashed in response to his madness. Bolts of lightning struck down one after another ..nonstop ..raining down indiscriminately.

The assault was so feral that Dragoth didn't even aim at Frey specifically ..he was destroying everything around him.

Trapped in close quarters, Frey clashed swords with Dragoth, laughing loudly amidst the chaos.

"His power's affecting the very laws of nature... This is insane."

Dragoth no longer cared for techniques or refined combat styles.

He only cared about annihilating whatever stood in his path.



His instincts screamed to eliminate the greatest threat near him—and that threat was none other than Frey.

Frey had already realized the brutal nature of the power Dragoth now possessed.

Engaging him directly in a head-on battle was far from wise. The smart move was to stall, wear him down, and chip away slowly.

But Frey chose the opposite.

He granted Dragoth absolute advantage.

"You want brutality? Then let's make this a brutal battle!"

His swords flared with roaring violet light, while his muscles swelled to near bursting from the sheer amount of aura he channeled into this fight.

He used no flashy techniques. Not even his usual swift combat style.

He simply exchanged blows with Dragoth in pure savagery, letting Shadow Adaptation take over blindly.

Wounds piled up on both of them, but they didn't even need a second to heal ..they regenerated instantly.

Whether it was Dragoth or Frey, both possessed monstrous bodies that no longer resembled those of humans. Bodies that constantly restored themselves, no matter the injury.

Their hands were like rocket launchers, continuing to swing and strike regardless of pain or damage.

Frey's swords carved thousands of violet arcs into the air, while Dragoth's black lightning filled the entire battlefield—so much so that even the sky bent to his will.

It was clear—the Human Demon held the advantage.

In terms of raw physicality, he far outmatched his opponent.

He was so fast and savage that one of his strikes annihilated half of Frey's body in a single hit.

And yet, Frey stood back up and continued fighting as if nothing had happened.

'Dragoth's current body is the peak of SS+... a form honed through brutal training and demonic power. Against this kind of strength, I need to know...'

BOOOOM!!!

Despite the pain, Frey never stopped wearing that twisted smile beneath his mask.

"I want to know—how far this chaotic body of mine can go."

Compared to the tyrant Dragoth, what could his own body ..formed from layers upon layers of chaos .. truly achieve?

There wasn't a single stable element in Frey's physique. His raw strength was far below his opponent's. He only matched up by stacking external advantages.

A strange aura of the SSS-rank.

Two legendary swords from which he drew great power.

And a miraculous ability that allowed him to adapt to every phenomenon around him...

A cursed mask...

One that carried within it knowledge vast enough to surpass the size of the entire universe.

All of that...

All of it had been crammed into a single human body.

No human should ever be able to endure something like that—

But Frey did.

And as a result...

He became the monster he is now.

That was how Dragoth and Frey crushed each other, again and again, without pause.

Blow after blow.

Strike after strike.

Blood for blood.

The exchange was so fast the ground beneath them simply couldn't take it.

They had no choice but to dart in all directions as they continued to pound each other into oblivion.

A missile of black lightning clashed against a dark projectile of pure shadow.

Their trajectories formed a colossal web ..

A glowing cocoon of destruction that radiated its blinding light across the entire battlefield.

And the sky...

It chose Dragoth.

It sent more and more bolts of lightning to empower him, to bless his madness.

Anyone who laid eyes on that battlefield...

Would never believe what they were seeing.

Neither earth...

Nor sky...

Had been spared.

Crimson blood poured like a flood,

And Frey's body had been reduced to chaos..

So wrecked that only his face remained intact, protected solely by the cursed mask.

Dragoth's speed and power kept rising, climbing higher and higher,

Granting him a complete and overwhelming edge.

But despite that advantage ..

His opponent never fell.

Frey stood.

He stood through everything that was thrown at him.

He absorbed every wave of that violent rage.

"What's wrong, Dragoth?! Keep going!

I know you've got way more than this!!"

BOOOOOOM!!

Their swords clashed once again.

Auras tore through each other in wild, frenzied collision.

"Show me how far someone like you can really push me!"

How long would his regeneration last?

What were the limits of his body?

How much pain could he endure before it all collapsed?

These were the questions Frey wanted answered ..

Through this brutal collision with Dragoth.

Chapter 530: Till the Last Breath (2)

'I've reached my peak.

There's no path left for me to grow stronger.

Only the path of blood remains.'

'This body I've sculpted to perfection...

My mind, my reflexes, honed through countless battles between life and death...'

'The superhuman talents that once placed me above my peers...

All of my struggle...

All of my suffering that's led me to this moment ... '

Let me see just how far it can all take me.

"Against you, Dragoth...

The one who stands at the peak of humanity!"

Unfazed by pain.

Unbothered by anything his opponent could throw at him.

Frey endured.

Not once did his back touch the ground.

'Have I ever, even once in this life...

Lived without something being stolen from me?'

'Has this life ever given me anything I could point to and say, with certainty, that I lived with pride?'

'No. I've stopped expecting anything good from this life.'

'I'm tired of suffering...

Of being powerless to change a damn thing.'

'And I know it all too well—

That more horrors await me if I keep walking down this path.'

Under a sky that flashed with relentless fury...

And a ground that trembled in mourning...

Frey faced the very same monster his father had once faced.

And in that moment, time itself slowed.

His mind sank deeper and deeper into the abyss of his own soul.

So many scars had shaped the person he had become.

And he already knew...

His suffering was just entertainment—

A play for the onlookers watching from the dark.

'I wonder... what kind of faces do they make when they witness my downfall?'

'Do they laugh at my pain?'

Mock me?

Or just sit there, silently enjoying the show?'

'If that's the case... then good for them.'

Little by little...

Frey's aura intensified.

His strikes grew more vicious... more savage.

And Dragoth, over time, began to lose his edge.



His opponent was matching him evenly now ..

Landing devastating blows.

"From this point forward...

I'll show you a completely different kind of performance."

There was no longer any point in resisting the current.

No point in fighting the script others had written for him.

Instead, Frey chose a different game entirely.

For the first time...

He swam with the current, not against it.

He embraced the desires of whoever had pushed him from the shadows.

But instead of delivering more suffering and despair ..

Frey revealed something else altogether.

A glimpse of madness.

Savage bloodlust.

A craving for death.

He became a broken man,

A warrior who didn't fear death ..

But opened his arms to it, welcoming it with joy.

"Victory... or death."

He wouldn't let others die before him anymore.

On the battlefield ..

He would be the first to receive whatever hell the enemy had in store.

He would fight ..

No matter who the opponent was.

Even if they surpassed him by far.

He would stand ..

Against whatever life hurled at him..

Until the very end.

If he won, that was fine.

If he lost and died...

That was fine too.

After all, it would be a merciful end..

One he didn't believe he deserved in the first place.

Strangely...

Amid the vortex of destruction...

Amid the chaos and ruin of his battle against Dragoth...

Frey felt peace.

A profound calmness drew his awareness away.

Despite the shredded, blood-soaked wreck of his body...

He felt... at ease.

As if something had plucked him out of existence...

And pulled him into darkness.

He was no longer on the battlefield.

Dragoth was gone.

Frey found himself inside a void of shadows ..

A familiar emptiness that stirred feelings of nostalgia and longing.

Before him...

A simple campfire burned gently, casting its light across the blackness.

Its warmth eased the weight in his chest.

Around it...

Several figures sat quietly beside him, their eyes all drawn to the dancing flames.

The darkness had hidden their faces,

Leaving only faint, fragmented outlines visible in the glow.

"Did you reach your limits this quickly?"

Asked the person sitting to Frey's right, staring at him with a warm smile.

"Not at all... this is only the beginning," Frey replied with a laugh ..only to be cut off immediately by another voice.

"That's an obvious lie. You only come to this place when you're broken."

A third figure nodded in agreement.

"You can't lie to us, Frey. In the end... we are you."

At that moment, the campfire flared up violently, casting more light around it ..light that finally revealed the faces of everyone present.

Everyone around that fire... looked exactly the same.

All of them were Frey.. but from different timelines and distant moments.

The current Frey chuckled lightly, placing a hand on his chest.

"To be honest... it's getting harder with every battle. With every soul my sword reaps... I feel like I lose a part of myself. I no longer know what I'll become once this is over."

Lowering his head with a faint smile and tired eyes, Frey spoke in a quiet voice:

"Maybe I've reached my limit. Maybe I've run out of strength to carry on... perhaps that's why I came here—hoping one of you would take my place."

He laughed at himself, while most of those present averted their gaze.

"That's impossible. You are the strongest among us... the only one who can bear this path," said one of the Freys, specifically the one who had won the Victoriad. Many others nodded in agreement.

Among them, Frey the writer—the one who lived a peaceful life—spoke while poking the fire with a thin stick.

"You are our strongest self. The version we created to bear what we couldn't."

"I know this is cruel ..perhaps the cruelest kind of pain, one even worse than everything before... but you'll endure it," said the white-haired Frey who had endured the time loops in Londer.

The current Frey just laughed quietly, covering his face with his right hand.

"This is horrible. Am I just a monster you throw all your fears at? All your pain? Do you expect me to keep fighting, bearing all your burdens—you, who gave up halfway?"

"That's right," answered the one just before the current version ..Frey, who had been forced to kill Danzo with his own hands.

"That's why we created you—to be the monster that slaughters our enemies. To be the one who teaches them... the meaning of the terror they made us taste."

"You are the product of everything we've sacrificed until now... and every sin we've committed in our cursed life," added another version.

"So keep fighting. Fight until your back breaks. Until your enemies' corpses form mountains, and their blood floods the seas. Fight... until death finally claims you, and this dark tale is given an ending."

"You are that kind of monster... so act like it. That is your truth."

Burdened with the wishes and wills of all those eyes that had pierced into him ..Frey slowly found himself returning to reality.

Behind the Nameless mask, his mouth opened slightly, showing a hint of confusion and surprise ..only to twist into a smile.

"...Ah. I remember now," he muttered slowly, returning to the chaotic battlefield against Dragoth.

In that moment, his long white hair flew upward, and his pale skin cracked—revealing purple serpents slithering across it.

His face tore open, and dozens of aura veins burst from his eyes. His mouth split, exposing a smile dripping with madness.

"I am the monster forged by this cruel world."