

VILLAIN 67

Chapter 67: Fierce Battles (1)

The stench of blood thickened the air, saturating the temple grounds as severed limbs fell one after another.

"Ah... isn't this magnificent?"

Atop an elevated platform—his own private theater of carnage—stood Kai Luc, Grand Mage of the Temple.

He paid no mind to the massacre unfolding below. Instead, he idly toyed with his watch, completely detached from the horror beneath him.

"The North is secured."

"The South as well."

"The East is ready."

"The West is complete."

One report after another reached his ears, each one widening his grin.

"Well done, my dear students... Now, let the world marvel at your magic~"

As if in response to his words, dozens of crimson magic circles flared to life across the temple grounds. Black-cloaked figures emerged from their glowing cores, flooding the battlefield in droves.

Among them, Nightmare Creatures slithered forth—twisted abominations that had no place in the waking world.

Nowhere within the temple was safe. Destruction was absolute.

Below, the professors fought with unyielding resolve.

The elderly Cynthia Adams manipulated her aura, a ring of water forming around her.

"Water Dragon."

A massive torrent surged forward, taking the shape of a raging eastern dragon that obliterated everything in its path.

From the very start, Cynthia had carved through the enemy lines, her eyes locked onto the man above—the one orchestrating this nightmare.

Then—a sudden ambush from behind.

Before it could strike, fierce blue flames erupted, intercepting the attack in an instant.

Alexander Fleming had arrived, standing beside the remaining temple professors.

Their combined strength—high-tier Awakeners, surpassing A-Class—crushed the invading forces with overwhelming force.

"Go! We'll handle this."

The professors threw themselves into battle, clearing a path for Cynthia.

She did not hesitate.

With a surge of blue aura, she vanished, reappearing in an instant—above Kai Luc.

"Hmm?"

He lazily lifted his gaze, meeting her furious glare as she raised both hands toward him.

Dozens of celestial spheres, forged from water, materialized around her before launching a barrage of high-speed projectiles straight at him.

Kai Luc smirked.

With a snap of his fingers, the projectiles froze mid-air—then vanished, as if they had never existed.

"So it's you, Cynthia? Do you wish to join the festivities as well?"

Her fists clenched, and the celestial spheres expanded, growing into massive planetary bodies orbiting her like a furious constellation.

"Tell me, Kai... how long? How long have you been planning this? And why?"

"There's no need for this pointless exchange. We'll never see eye to eye."

He extended a hand toward her.

"Instead, why don't you join me in this dance~?"

Her celestial spheres blazed, unleashing a relentless storm of attacks.

"Just die already."

Explosions shattered the platform, reducing it to rubble.

But Kai Luc was nowhere to be seen.

"Do you really think you can do anything against me now, Cynthia?~"

His voice slithered from behind her.

She reacted instantly, hurling her celestial spheres at him.

But they never touched him.

Kai Luc flickered in and out of existence, vanishing and reappearing, his voice drifting from all directions.

"Let me teach you a lesson or two about mages."

"Unlike you, who fight blindly, we mages strategize every move."

His tone remained calm, almost instructional, as if he were lecturing his students, utterly unbothered by her attacks.

"As you see, Cynthia... a mage's battlefield is everything. Without preparation, we've always been at a disadvantage."

He paused, his golden eyes gleaming.

"So tell me... how many days do you think I spent preparing this place? How many months? How many years?"

"My entire life has been for this day alone. So bear witness to my struggle... Cynthia."

Her expression darkened.

Then suddenly—countless magic circles erupted across the temple grounds, spreading outward like ripples breaking the surface of a still lake.

Pre-prepared spells—hundreds of them—now covered the temple, an overwhelming monument to his power.

"The entire temple... is my domain."

His words resonated, and in response, blazing fireballs emerged from the void, raining down toward Cynthia.

She barely had time to react, forming a water barrier to shield herself.

But that was only the beginning.

Lightning. Wind. Fire. Stone projectiles. Celestial orbs. Serpents of water.

A relentless barrage of destruction closed in on her.

"You are within my domain. And in this domain... I can do anything."

"And right now... I want to see your blood."

For a fleeting moment, despair flickered in Cynthia's eyes as the onslaught closed in.

But just before impact, a violent cyclone erupted, scattering the attacks and shielding her.

Beside her, a young woman stood firm, defiant.

"Come to your senses, Lady Cynthia!"

Sophia Tan had arrived. Hundreds of wind-forged blades floated around her before launching straight at Kai Luc.

"You were the one who taught me never to give up, no matter what! What am I supposed to do if I see you like this?!"

"Cynthia..."

Kai Luc effortlessly nullified her attacks, but she did not stop.

Cynthia exhaled, then stepped beside her former student.

"Who said I gave up?"

"I haven't even started yet."

Kai Luc chuckled, amusement flickering in his gaze.

To be faced with Sophia Tan, the Temple's Miracle, and behind her, one of its oldest professors, Cynthia Adams—it only made him more entertained.

"Now this... this is getting fun."

As the main battlefield raged on, attacks erupted across various parts of the temple. More and more invaders emerged, spreading chaos like wildfire and turning the conflict into an all-out war.

Amidst the carnage, a lone figure stood calmly, watching in silence.

Behind him loomed a colossal man, at least three times his height, a walking mountain of flesh and steel.

The first figure wore a white mask, smeared with blood.

His clouded eyes scanned the battlefield with an eerily detached gaze.

Then, a voice—cold and void of emotion—slipped from beneath the mask.

"Go."

At that single command, a wicked grin spread across the giant's face.

With a swift motion, he cast aside his cloak, unveiling a massive, hulking physique. His face was framed by a thick, wild beard that cascaded down his chin.

His body was a fusion of muscle and fat, his head completely shaved, with two monstrous battle axes strapped to his back.

Then—he roared.

A thunderous war cry tore through the air as he charged forward like an unstoppable juggernaut.

The students barely had time to react before he tore through them, his axes carving a bloody path.

One moment, they were running. The next, a rampaging behemoth had cleaved through their ranks, an axe in each hand.

His gigantic blades reaped through bodies, grinding flesh into pulp, drenching him in a crimson deluge.

The horror was too much to bear.

Some students collapsed, others wet themselves, their young minds shattered by the gruesome spectacle before them.

It was only natural.

They were too young—none of them had ever witnessed true slaughter.

And then—more appeared.

Across the battlefield, other axe-wielding monstrosities emerged, turning the temple into a living nightmare.

Students fled like insects, scrambling toward the temple gates in a desperate bid for escape.

Salvation was so close—

Yet the moment their feet nearly touched safety—

They slammed into an invisible wall.

Screams ripped through the air as students piled against the unseen barrier, clawing at it in sheer panic.

"What's happening?!"

"Why can't we get out?!"

Some lashed out, unleashing barrage after barrage of attacks against the invisible prison.

Magic projectiles collided with its surface—but not a single scratch formed.

None of them could think clearly.

None of them had the luxury of rational thought in their desperation.

But unlike them, one of the temple guards stood frozen, his wide, terror-stricken eyes locked onto the sky.

A realization far more horrifying than the massacre had dawned upon him.

He murmured through his dry lips.

"The Celestial Dome..."

The barrier that had always been the temple's pride—the one strong enough to withstand attacks from S-rank Awakened—

"Impossible..."

Despair crept in as the truth dawned upon them.

The very shield meant to protect them from external threats...

Had somehow become their prison.

How? When?

No one knew.

Like fish trapped in a glass tank, the students found themselves caged, waiting to be slaughtered.

Behind them, the axe-wielding giant let out a booming laugh.

"Ah... you poor, miserable souls..."

Veins bulged over his colossal frame as a red glow pulsed across his weapons.

"Let me end your suffering."

The ground shattered beneath him as he swung—erasing dozens in a single blow.

In an instant, the temple—once hailed as the safest place of all—had become something far worse than hell.