

VILLAIN 68

Chapter 68 68: Fierce Battles (2)

Inside the Elite Quarters...

Lara Croft raced through the corridors, clutching her sleek blue bow, her nerves taut as a bowstring.

She reached the training grounds, her gaze locking onto the one person she sought.

"Snow!"

Drenched in sweat, he turned toward her, golden eyes ablaze.

"What's going on?"

The one who had remained isolated until now listened as she rushed through the details.

His expression darkened with every word.

As they made their way outside, they ran into Seris Moonlight, who happened to be nearby.

The three moved together.

All the while, Snow remained silent, while Seris contemplated their next move.

"We need to regroup with the others first."

Lara quickly nodded at Seris' words.

But—

Before they could take another step, a wave of black-masked figures materialized, weapons drawn.

Both girls tensed, preparing for battle.

Yet, their eyes involuntarily drifted to the one standing beside them.

The erupting aura from his body was overwhelming.

Snow lifted his head, golden energy crackling like lightning in his gaze.

"So... you've finally shown yourselves."

With a flicker of movement, his sword left its sheath.

A devastating shockwave erupted, rippling through the air.

In an instant, Snow appeared behind the dozens who had lunged at him—

His blade bathed in a swirling storm of colors.

Behind him, the masked figures dissolved into crimson mist, their bodies erased so thoroughly that not even corpses remained.

Even his allies were shaken by the sheer ferocity of his killing intent.

He did not hesitate.

He did not care for strategy.

With a single step, his foot shattered the ground, and he ripped through the enemy ranks like a force of nature, leaving only carnage in his wake.

"Snow!"

Lara shouted, attempting to chase after him—

But Seris caught her wrist.

"Wait."

"But—!"

Seris shook her head.

""We should follow from a distance; it's too dangerous to get close to him right now."

Lara bit her lip but couldn't argue.

She had never seen him like this before...

Never felt such an overwhelming bloodlust.

Away from Snow, who had torn through everything in his path...

The temple finally seemed to breathe again as students from both the Elite and Abyss classes stormed onto the battlefield.

The elites, led by Ellen White and several key figures from major families, were formidable—some even strong enough to rival the temple's instructors.

Especially Ellen, who had slain dozens with nothing more than a few words.

Meanwhile, chaos erupted among the invaders as a figure moved like a shadow through their ranks, too fast for the eye to track.

By the time they realized what had happened, their throats had already been slit.

Atlas Umbra, the eldest son of Mist.

His presence alone helped tip the scales—if only slightly.

But that was true everywhere... except in the temple's grand courtyard.

There, a group of instructors had rallied to take on Kai Luc.

The result? A massacre.

Sophia's vision blurred as blood trickled down her face, staining her once-pristine features.

She looked almost ethereal now—like a fallen angel, broken and wounded.

The others were in no better condition.

Some had lost limbs, while others had already succumbed to death.

Cynthia clenched her teeth, her gaze locking onto the man floating above them.

"Just how long did it take him to prepare all of this?"

Whether it was her or the other instructors...

They were all paralyzed by the sheer scale of the spells amassed against them.

Thousands—perhaps even more.

Right now, Kai Luc stood on the verge of SS- rank, despite being only an S-rank mage.

And yet, he merely chuckled, meeting their horrified stares with amusement.

"Why are you looking at me like that? Shocked?"

With a single clap, hundreds of fiery spears materialized around him.

"The bond between student and teacher... your precious camaraderie... Did you fools actually believe you could defeat me with that nonsense? The power of friendship?"

Flames rained down like judgment, consuming everything in their path.

He was so at ease that he obliterated the students in the courtyard as if they were nothing more than collateral damage.

Even his own allies weren't spared.

Amidst this carnage, he remained in complete control.

Watching the instructors struggle, he unleashed an endless barrage of attacks, never giving them a moment to recover.

"Look at you... I haven't even activated my Contract yet, and you're already at your limit."

At last, boredom flickered across his face.

It was time to end this.

He raised a finger, his next target clear—Sophia.

A pre-charged lightning spell crackled before him before launching forward like a blinding lance of destruction—

"Sophia!"

She had been so focused on fending off the relentless bombardment that her wind barriers failed to block the cunning strike that followed.

For a fleeting moment... Sophia thought it was over.

But to her shock, that old woman appeared before her.

"Huh?"

A gasp escaped Sophia's lips as warm blood splattered across her face—blood that wasn't hers.

Cynthia smiled weakly as she collapsed onto her former student, a gaping hole the size of a fist carved into her chest.

"Lady Cynthia! No!"

Sophia clung to her old mentor desperately, but Cynthia only let out a faint chuckle.

"You know, Sophia... back when I said we had to protect the next generation..."

"Don't speak! We need to stop the bleeding—"

Cynthia could no longer hear her.

She was barely holding on, mustering what little strength remained to say her final words.

"In the end... you're still my student... which means it's my duty..."

"To protect you."

The light faded from Cynthia's eyes, leaving Sophia frozen in place, unable to process what had just happened.

Above them, Kai Luc watched with a smirk.

"How touching."

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Elsewhere, the Axe Bearer had finished his brutal work, trampling over the corpses that littered the ground. He scowled as he crushed a student's skull beneath his boot.

"How dull."

His gaze swept over his subordinates before he suddenly barked,

"Hey, you! How's the setup for the second teleportation circle?"

The black-cloaked figures flinched at his voice, scrambling to respond.

"Everything is proceeding smoothly, sir... but there's been a slight delay."

"A delay?"

His voice carried a dangerous edge, sending a shiver through the others as they rushed to explain.

"Y-Yes, sir... a white-haired young man appeared. He's already cut down a lot of our forces."

For a moment, silence.

Then, a grin stretched across the Axe Bearer's face—wide, almost manic.

His entire body trembled with excitement.

"Where is he?"