

VILLAIN 69

Chapter 69 The Masked Man

-Snow Lionheart Pov-

I slowly ran my tongue over my parched lips, swallowing hard in a futile attempt to suppress the strange thirst creeping over me.

The heat of fresh blood seared against my bare skin, sharpening my senses, forcing me to experience every moment with vivid clarity.

Of course, the blood wasn't mine.

I was surrounded—dozens of enemies closing in from all sides—yet I didn't even bother to look at their faces.

At this point, none of it mattered.

I no longer cared.

I simply cut, killed, and shattered anything that entered my range, moving purely on battle instincts honed to their limit.

A part of me desperately wanted this madness to end.

But my thirst for blood and vengeance burned far hotter.

So, I pressed forward—carving my path through a sea of corpses.

It was a relentless cycle. Many tried to stop me, throwing everything they had in my way. But it was meaningless.

I thought it would go on like this until the very end—until something finally forced me to halt.

I never saw it coming.

Something was hurled at me from a distance, obliterating the ground where I had stood just moments ago.

As the dust settled, my gaze locked onto a massive battle-axe, embedded deep in the earth.

It had traveled an unnatural distance—only to land perfectly in the hand of a hulking figure.

"So, you're the anomaly they've been talking about..."

The axe-wielder grinned, flashing a row of golden teeth, then raised his weapon toward me, his voice booming with pride.

"The name's Shane! Face me and—"

Perhaps he had been about to declare a challenge.

But he never got the chance.

The edge of my blade flashed before his face, forcing him to raise his axe in defense. Metal clashed against metal, sending a burst of fiery sparks into the air.

"Get out of my way."

He blocked the first strike.

So I followed up with a second. Then a third.

Then dozens more, each slash targeting his massive frame.

Unfortunately, he deflected every one, countering with his own devastating swings.

"Haha! Why the rush? Stay a while—let's enjoy this!"

Veins bulged along Shane's arms as he swung his axe with terrifying speed, the sheer force behind each strike shaking the battlefield.

But in the midst of his onslaught, his eyes suddenly widened in shock.

He had failed to land a single hit. Worse—his defenses had been completely breached.

And now, I stood before him, sword crackling with serpentine bolts of lightning.

The aura surged violently through my body, condensing the electricity around my blade until it darkened into an ominous black.

I threw my full weight into my next strike, feeling my sword pierce through flesh, sending a spray of blood into the air.

Landing behind him, I barely dodged his desperate counterattack, then glanced at my blade—now coated in his blood.

Lifting my gaze, I met his.

A deep wound stretched across his abdomen... but he was still standing.

His sheer bulk had worked in his favor. Even though I had cut deep, I had barely inflicted any real damage.

"Your fat saved you."

Sensing danger, he roared as an enormous surge of energy flooded into his axes.

"Don't push your luck, kid..."

His arms swelled to twice their size as he lunged.

"You're nothing but meat to test the sharpness of my axe!"

Watching the oversized boar charge at me, I slammed my foot into the ground, bracing for impact.

"King of war Form."

A faint glow flickered across my body—barely noticeable at first—before intricate violet runes surfaced along my skin.

I swung my blade, unleashing wave after wave of black lightning.

He was stronger than me.

But I was the superior fighter.

Seconds later, his arm was severed.

As his severed limb flew through the air, he let out a furious roar, launching a final, desperate strike. His axe came crashing down, shattering the earth into dozens of jagged shards.

But his last stand amounted to nothing.

His attack never reached me.

Instead, all he saw was a wave of azure flames engulfing his axe—reducing it to cinders.

Then my blade tore through him, carving a gash from shoulder to stomach, nearly splitting him in two.

"This time... your fat didn't save you."

He said nothing.

Only collapsed into a pool of his own blood as the very debris he had sent flying moments ago rained down—burying him beneath the rubble.

The runes on my body faded. I no longer needed King of war Form.

My gaze swept across the battlefield, searching for my next opponent.

I needed more.

This wasn't enough to quench the fire raging inside me.

I turned to leave—

Then I froze.

Slowly, I turned back toward the place where Shane had been buried.

My grip tightened around my sword as a chilling sense of foreboding crept over me.

I didn't know why.

I didn't know how.

But there—standing amidst the wreckage—was a man.

A stranger.

A bloodstained white mask concealed his face, his gaze fixed on the pile of rubble.

"You defeated Shane..."

His cold voice echoed from behind the mask as he placed a hand on the wreckage.

"And with ease, too."

I couldn't tell if he was speaking to me, himself, or mourning his fallen comrade.

I didn't know.

His mask made it impossible to read him.

But none of that mattered.

His last words meant only one thing.

He was my enemy.

The masked man turned his head slowly, the flickering blue flames of my attack dancing in his crimson eyes, glowing ominously behind his mask.

The fire devoured his fallen comrade's grave, reducing it to ashes—

Yet, he was nowhere to be seen.

"This level of power... in your first year here..."

His voice shifted—now coming from my side.

He lifted the edge of his black cloak, revealing a sword strapped to his waist.

Then, drawing it ever so slowly, he muttered darkly—

"You must die."

I didn't give him the chance to gain the upper hand.

I struck first.

But before my blade could reach him—

He simply continued what he was doing, completely unfazed.

"Reveal yourself... Moonlight Sword."

It took less than a second.

That was all he needed to parry my attack completely.

And for the first time, I felt it.

The sheer, suffocating presence of his blade.

A sword bathed in an eerie, gray glow—radiating a sinister aura that sent a chill down my spine.

Just... what kind of weapon was this?

The masked man answered me—not with words, but through action.

In an instant, the ominous light from his sword consumed my flames entirely, swallowing them whole.

And in the next moment—

A crack split across my blade.

"This... is bad."