

## **VILLAIN 72**

### Chapter 72 Unveiling the Truth (2)

Sansa took her time, reaching the location mentioned in the letter after nearly half an hour.

She hadn't even known such a place existed.

The underground facility was vast, dimly lit, with towering stands encircling multiple battle arenas.

It looked like a battlefield from a forgotten era.

Scanning the area, she searched for any sign of movement, any presence.

Nothing.

She was alone.

She walked slowly past the massive arenas, each appearing as if it were waiting to witness a fight to the death.

The air was thick with an eerie pressure.

Yet, no one was there.

Sansa stood still for a moment, unease creeping into her chest when her smartwatch suddenly shut off.

"No signal, huh?"

Letting out a quiet breath, she climbed the empty stands, sitting down to observe the entire arena as she waited for the sender of the letter to appear.

Though the place was dark, her vision remained sharp.

For a moment, the arena before her was empty.

Then, in the blink of an eye, a figure appeared at its center.

Sansa bolted upright, eyes widening as she took in the sight of the young man standing before her.

He bowed elegantly, a strange look in his eyes.

"My apologies for keeping you waiting... my dear Sansa."

Her brows furrowed.

"Feyrith?!"

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"What are you doing here?"

Without hesitation, Sansa leapt from the stands onto the arena, her expression darkening.

"What am I doing here?"

As if the answer was obvious, Feyrith chuckled.

"Why wouldn't I be here? I'm the one who invited you, after all."

"You wrote that letter?"

She had never expected the sender to be one of her own classmates.

"If this is some kind of joke, it's not funny."

She remained tense.

The young man before her knew things he had no reason to know.

Yet, Feyrith looked utterly delighted, stepping closer with a bright smile.

"This is no joke, Sansa. I'm completely serious."

The next moment, his figure vanished—only to reappear right beside her.

Sansa instinctively stepped back, her body reacting before her mind could register his movement.

"You must be wondering, 'How did I find out about you?' Am I right?"

As he toyed with her, Sansa's mind raced to make sense of what was happening.

Feyrith had always been a prime suspect.

Yet, every time, he managed to escape suspicion.

Aura swirled around her body as she braced herself.

Seeing this, Feyrith sighed.

"Why so hostile, my dear Sansa?"

She raised her hand, black fumes rising from her fingertips.

"You're the Contractor... aren't you?"

Feyrith laughed softly.

"What a lovely title you've given me. But yes... I am."

She didn't give him a chance to say more.

A black slash, faster than sound, shot toward him.

Yet, inexplicably, the attack—one that was impossible to track with the naked eye—was dodged with ease.

"Aggressive and fierce... but that's one of the reasons I love you."

"Deto! We're taking him down together and getting answers out of him!"

Sansa continued her rapid strikes, her attacks sharper and faster.

She called for her personal guard—

But Deto never appeared.

Feyrith, as if realizing something, suddenly stopped dodging and sighed in amusement.

"Deto, Deto, Deto... Oh, you mean the guy who came with you?"

A cold wave of dread crashed into Sansa when she saw what he was holding.

A mangled corpse.

Feyrith kept laughing, his expression disturbingly joyous.

"This is our special moment, my dear Sansa... It would be terribly rude for someone to interrupt it."

The body in his hands was disfigured beyond recognition.

But the bloodstained temple robes left no doubt.

"Impossible..."

Shock paralyzed her.

Deto Norman—a B-rank Awakened, a final-year trainee at the temple...

Had Feyrith really defeated him in such a short time—without a single injury?

Dark blades materialized around Sansa as she grasped the gravity of the situation.

She hurled them at him.

But this time, Feyrith didn't even bother dodging.

He blocked them with his bare hands.

"I don't understand... How did you escape the Church's detection?"

The black fumes around Sansa intensified, her attacks growing fiercer.

"Uriel herself was responsible for identifying Contractors. It's impossible to fake the screening!"

Feyrith looked as though he was growing bored.

He deflected her attacks effortlessly, then appeared in front of her in an instant—grabbing her wrist.

"Oh, my dear Sansa... You know nothing."

With a single push, he slammed her onto the ground, pinning her down.

Sansa gasped, but before she could react, an unseen force crushed her resistance.

"The Church couldn't detect me. Uriel couldn't see through me—simply because the demon I contracted with is far beyond what those fools can perceive."

Feyrith's grip tightened around her, his touch sending shivers through her entire body.

"Everyone obsesses over schemes... They all believe in some grand conspiracy, no matter what happens."

"Everyone suspected me. It was obvious I was the Contractor... but they failed to convict me."

"Feyrith is safe. Feyrith passed the Church's screening."

"All of it led them to think there was some greater force pulling the strings."

He whispered beside her ear, savoring every moment.

"They convinced themselves, 'It can't be Feyrith. There must be some hidden mastermind lurking in the shadows... someone unseen...'"

"Haha, I should thank them for their stupidity."

Sansa's heart pounded as she felt his hand slowly tear through her clothing.

"They wasted their time chasing ghosts, blind to the true danger..."

Feyrith smirked.

"Kai Luc was among them all along."

He chuckled, as if amused.

"And of course... I have to thank dear Frey. He drew just as much suspicion as I did."

Feyrith chuckled softly before pulling Sansa into another embrace.

"Forget about everything else... Whatever happens outside, let it. Right now, the only thing that matters is us."

"You've suffered so much, my dear Sansa... and everything I've done—all of it—was for one person alone. You."

"You were my only light, the sole reason I endured the agony of this cursed contract!"

Slowly, he slipped off his shirt, his fingers trailing down Sansa's thigh before gliding upward, reaching for places he had no right to touch.

But before he could—

Her eyes darkened.

A strange, ominous black spread through them, and in the next instant—

A violent surge of power erupted from her body, hurling Feyrith backward.

"Huh?"

Sansa rose unsteadily, struggling to contain herself.

The energy coursing through her now was on an entirely different level—far stronger than anything she had ever wielded before.

She bit her lip, trying to suppress it.

She had been warned never to unleash this power—one she still didn't fully understand.

But right now, she had no choice.

The arena darkened unnaturally as her shadows spilled outward, engulfing the ground in a perfect, five-meter-wide circle.

Feyrith watched with intrigue as her voice rang out, cold and steady.

"Feyrith Eirlet... As a student of Class B, I failed to stop you before."

"But I will take responsibility now—and erase you here."

For a moment, silence.

Then, Feyrith let out a laugh—mocking, amused.

"Then come at me~"

From within Sansa's shadow, countless black spikes materialized, hovering in eerie stillness before launching forward at blinding speed.

But she wasn't finished.

More dark blades formed behind her, raining down in a relentless storm that shattered the arena to pieces.

Yet—

None of it touched him.

Each devastating strike rebounded off a strange, invisible barrier surrounding Feyrith.

"Incredible... So this is the power they were talking about."

"What are you talking about?"

Feyrith grinned, his amusement deepening as he stepped forward.

"Nothing, nothing... You don't even know what you are, do you? That's normal—I don't fully understand it myself."

Lifting a single finger, he conjured a tiny black sphere.

The sphere twisted and stretched, morphing into a thin, needle-like form.

Then, without warning—

It shot forward at impossible speed, piercing Sansa's hand.

Once.

Twice.

Dozens of times.

Her arm was riddled with punctures before she even realized what had happened.

A scream pressed against her throat, but she swallowed it back, gripping her bleeding hand.

Feyrith stepped closer, his gaze unreadable.

"You don't know how much it hurts me to see you like this, Sansa..." His voice was almost gentle. "But I have to do this. So please, forgive me."

He reached for her—

But then—

A sharp buzz broke the tension.

Feyrith frowned, pulling a violet crystal from his pocket.

"Excuse me for a moment... my dear Sansa. Business comes first."

He pressed the crystal, and a projection flickered to life—revealing Kai Luc.

"What the hell are you doing, Feyrith?"

"I'm on my way to finish the job."

"I won't tolerate delays. I need you at the Core now—we're setting this place ablaze. You know what happens if you fail."

"I know... I'll take care of it."

"You'd better."

Kai Luc's image vanished.

"Tch. Annoying."

Feyrith exhaled sharply before turning back to Sansa.

"Now, where were we?"

With a single flick of his hand, Sansa's top was torn away, and in a heartbeat, he was upon her once more.

She wrapped her arms around herself, but it was pointless—he loomed over her completely.

"I don't have time to waste, my dear Sansa... So please, just give me my reward."

As his hand reached for her, Sansa clenched her fists, her golden eyes darkening, swallowed by an abyssal black.

She was on the brink of something unknown.

If she let go now, if she released this power fully—who knew what would happen?

But she knew one thing—anything was better than letting herself be violated by him.

Her breath hitched, and she squeezed her eyes shut, surrendering to the darkness.

But before she could—

Feyrith vanished.

He reappeared several meters away, narrowly evading a sword slash aimed at his throat.

Sansa's eyes snapped open.

A third figure had entered the arena.

A familiar silhouette—long black hair, fresh wounds across his body, evidence that he had just emerged from battle.

He stood there, completely unfazed, his gaze locked onto Feyrith.

"Looks like I arrived just in time... before the show started."

"Frey..."

Sansa's voice was barely a whisper.

He turned to her, expression unreadable, before tossing his coat in her direction.

"You look like a mess, Princess."

Feyrith clicked his tongue, irritation flashing in his eyes.

"Why do you all keep interrupting? Do I need to kill everyone just to get a moment alone with Sansa?"

The air grew heavier—a storm ready to break loose.

"Sorry," Frey said flatly. "I just have a habit of ruining pathetic relationships whenever I see them. So you'll have to forgive my interference."

The suffocating pressure surrounding Feyrith didn't faze him.

Instead, he just kept provoking him.

Sansa's chest tightened with fear.

"Run, Frey! You can't beat him!"

She didn't even think about herself—she only wanted him to escape.

But he didn't even glance her way.

"Can't beat him?" Frey tilted his head. "Bit too early to say that, don't you think?"

At those words—

Feyrith snapped.

His power exploded outward, distorting the air, shaking the entire arena.

"You should've listened to her," Feyrith sneered. "A nobody like you... is no longer a challenge to me."

Frey narrowed his eyes.

'Peak B-Class... and still rising.'

At last, he understood what the system meant when it classified this world's difficulty as "Nightmare."

Feyrith was far stronger than the old Frey—the one who was supposed to be the Contractor.

Perhaps... he had made a deal with the Upper Demon No 19 .. Astaroth himself.

Frey found himself wondering—

'Can I even win against him? This monster in front of me...'

He exhaled—

Then tossed his sword aside.

Lifting his left hand, he made a simple gesture.

Both Sansa and Feyrith assumed he had surrendered.

"Too late," Feyrith sneered. "Frey Starlight, I'm going to kill you and—"

"Shut up for a second," Frey cut him off.

A smirk played at his lips as the tattoo on his left arm began to glow.

"We're just about to get to the good part."

The snake tattoo flared violently as he muttered a name.

"Come forth, Balerion."

A strange fusion occurred—melding with his very arm—

A black sword with no hilt trembled violently, craving blood.

Frey's grip tightened.

"Now then... shall we begin?"