

VILLAIN 73

Chapter 73 A Battle to the Death (1)

-Frey Starlight Pov-

"Calm down... Balerion."

My sword trembled violently, thirsting for the blood of the man standing before me.

I knew my chances of victory weren't great, but I wasn't worried.

Balerion gave me the confidence I needed. And more than that, I had to stop him here.

Feyrith's mission was the same as Frey's in the original story—to destroy the Core.

The Core was the energy source sustaining the Celestial Dome, the barrier surrounding the temple.

It was like a nuclear reactor; if tampered with or destroyed incorrectly, it would trigger an explosion large enough to erase the temple from existence.

Knowing this, stopping the Contractor had always been my top priority.

Neither Kai Luc nor the Black Masked Ones were the real danger right now—it was Feyrith.

I had to admit, he'd given me some headaches before. But thanks to the Image ability, everything was finally clear.

In the second Image, everyone in the Elite Class was struggling—everyone except two people.

Princess Sansa and Feyrith.

That alone was enough for me to confirm his identity as the Contractor.

I had already burned through a lot of Achievement Points to use Direct Advice and get here, and as always, that damn system threw an obstacle in my path.

On my way, a magic circle had suddenly appeared, unleashing dozens of invaders.

I had to fight them all before reaching this place. Consider it a warm-up, though they were more troublesome than I expected.

Which brings us to now.

Winds raged violently around Feyrith.

The pressure he exuded was overwhelming.

Yet the smirk on his face never wavered, not even at the sight of Balerion.

"Tsk... Look at you, Frey. Do you really think that sword in your hand will change anything?"

Slowly, he raised his hand toward me, black aura swirling around it.

"I'm going to tear that annoying face of yours apart, and then—"

Slash!

Blood gushed as I appeared behind him.

"You talk too much."

As I spoke, a severed hand dropped to the ground.

The attack was too fast for him to process.

Feyrith spun around violently, his once-amused face now twisted in rage.

The moment he turned, Balerion was already slicing through half his neck.

Only then did he realize just how serious this was. Black runes ignited across his body.

A moment ago, my sword had sliced his flesh with ease, but now, it refused to move forward.

I frowned and tried to pull it free, but it was stuck.

From his severed wrist, a new black hand emerged—one that extended into a massive, two-meter-long blade.

All of this happened in the blink of an eye.

Feyrith let out a furious scream, swinging that monstrous weapon toward my face.

Sensing the danger, I channeled a double dose of Dark aura into Balerion, managing to yank it free and block the incoming slash.

The sheer force of his strike sent me skidding several meters away, a sharp sting prickling my hand.

The clean cut I had delivered was already healing, while his once-pale skin darkened into a deep crimson.

A strained smile crept onto my face.

"This won't be easy."

"Frey! Frey! Frey! Frey!!!"

"Quit yelling my name in that obnoxious voice. You're ruining it."

Feyrith's body convulsed as he kicked off the ground, vanishing in an instant.

His blade was now reinforced with razor-sharp wind aura.

He struck from above, but thanks to Hawk's Eye, I saw it coming and raised Balerion to block.

My sword was strong—my body, not so much. The impact buried my feet into the ground.

"It's always you! It has to be you!"

A deceptive kick sent me flying toward the stands before he leaped after me.

"You always show up to ruin everything!"

His massive blade came for my face. I deflected it with my sword, sparks bursting from the clash.

The force of his weapon carved deep into the ground beside me.

But then, his free hand twitched unnaturally. A second blade—larger than the first—materialized.

"Devour!"

The blade was mere centimeters from me, but I used that split-second to pull in an immense amount of air, my eyes glowing violet.

A deafening explosion followed as I unleashed a wave of black aura, launching Feyrith into the sky.

He glanced at his arm, noticing small cracks forming in his monstrous blade.

Then, sensing an ominous energy above, he looked up—only to find me waiting.

"Ten thousand steps of Shadow: Black Meteor."

Both his giant blades moved to guard his chest, but Balerion shattered them. The blade tore through his thick flesh as we both crashed into the ground.

"You want a brutal fight?"

"Ten thousand steps of Shadow : Mirage."

Twenty copies of me surrounded Feyrith, all slashing at him at once.

"Come on, I'll show you what brutality really means."

"Don't mess with me!"

A storm of razor-sharp wind erupted, forcing me back.

Feyrith had located me in an instant.

This time, he fought with both hands, dozens of celestial spheres orbiting around him.

He unleashed countless tornadoes and punches infused with both dark and wind aura.

I struggled to defend myself—he could hit me from both near and far.

The punches kept coming, each one strong enough to knock me out of the fight.

I barely managed to block them.

Balerion left new wounds on his body with every strike, but he regenerated instantly.

And worse—those damn celestial spheres kept bombarding me.

The injuries were piling up.

I let the weaker blows land, sacrificing myself to block the deadlier ones.

But I knew I couldn't keep this up forever.

I tried to use Phantom Steps to increase my speed, but Feyrith kept up.

I needed a way to lessen the pressure.

But the relentless onslaught didn't give me any room to think.

"This ends now, Frey Starlight!"

Feyrith roared, summoning all his celestial spheres for a final attack—

But before he could unleash it, a third force intervened.

A series of rapid blasts obliterated his projectiles.

Both of us turned in unison.

Princess Sansa had risen to her feet, barely holding herself together.

Pain was evident in her trembling frame, but she refused to let it hinder her.

"I'll handle the long-range attacks..."

"Focus on taking him down."

A grin stretched across my face before I could even stop it.

A Swordsman and a Wave Controller... This completely changed the game.

"Thanks!"

The balance had shifted again.

With Sansa handling those pesky celestial spheres, I could finally focus on my opponent.

Feyrith was livid.

Dark aura pulsed violently around him, proof of his seething rage.

His punches came faster, his voice reduced to nothing but furious screams.

He was leagues above me... He had long since surpassed Rank B and was now knocking on the door of Rank A.

Without Balerion, I would have been crushed already.

But amid the chaos, I found an opening.

His rage had consumed him, stripping away his discipline as a Swordsman. Now, he fought like a wild beast.

If I timed my movements with Balerion's devastating strikes, I could take him down.

A sinister smile crept across my lips as I clashed with him, the battlefield shaking under the weight of our blows.

This was a battle of endurance.

I had an infinite supply of aura, but my body wasn't limitless... and Sansa wouldn't hold out much longer either.

Unlike me, Feyrith's wounds healed instantly. His body had grown monstrous, barely resembling his original form.

"Fall! Fall! Die!"

The ground quaked beneath us—a sign that the war outside had reached its climax. And inside this arena, it was no different.

From a distance, I no longer looked like I was fighting a human.

I was battling a monster.

To end this, I needed to unleash the most powerful technique of the Ten Thousand Steps of Shadow—one that would deal irreparable damage.

And so, I did.

For the next hour, we tore into each other with everything we had.

I lost count of how many times Balerion pierced his flesh, how many times his blood—both red and black—splattered across the battlefield.

Yet not a single strike was enough to finish him.

Meanwhile, I could barely stand, my body riddled with wounds and broken bones.

My face was smeared with blood—his and mine. I felt filthy.

I drove Balerion into the ground, using it for support as I gasped for breath.

Feyrith stood tall across from me, his wounds still knitting themselves back together.

His regeneration had slowed significantly, but he was still in far better shape than me.

"You've lost, Frey Starlight."