

VILLAIN 75

Chapter 75 An Unexpected Turn (1)

After hours of relentless battle that had engulfed the entire temple, the outside world was beginning to sense that something was terribly wrong.

The blazing inferno, which at first resembled nothing more than fireworks, had long since proven otherwise.

By now, many had attempted to enter the temple, but the impenetrable Sky Dome Barrier had denied entry to all.

Unless a high-tier Awakened intervened soon, the temple's suffering was destined to continue.

Inside the temple grounds—the most brutal battlefield of all—a strange clash was unfolding.

The sky was a chaotic masterpiece, adorned with celestial bodies and intricate magic circles, each one raining down relentless devastation upon everything below.

Kai Luc had tried everything. He bent reality, wove illusions, and even stripped his opponent of his senses.

Yet, somehow, Choupo Moting had endured, matching him blow for blow, despite the undeniable gulf in raw power between them.

Choupo Moting—the undisputed champion of the arena—was the temple's greatest martial artist.

In terms of skill, he surpassed all others. But that alone was not the reason he had lasted this long.

No, it was the radiant golden light enveloping his body.

The long-lost Dawn Guard Staff had become the pivotal force in this battle.

Amidst the ceaseless barrage, the instructors stood below, watching in tense silence.

A bitter weight settled in their hearts.

They exchanged glances, only to realize that the same golden glow shielding Choupo now covered them as well.

Even in his dire state, he was still protecting them.

That alone was enough to make them forget their wounds, their exhaustion—their utter depletion of aura.

Each one of them poured every last drop of strength they had left, desperate to support the man who was fighting in their place.

Kai Luc was not pleased.

After all his efforts to crush their spirits, to drag them into the depths of despair, they were standing again.

It enraged him.

"All because of you... you damned—"

Because of that black-clad warrior.

More than anyone, Kai Luc understood that prolonging this fight any further would not work in his favor.

His advantage had stemmed from years of meticulous preparation—shaping this battlefield to his will. That, and the demonic contract he had made.

But even those advantages were waning after hours of relentless combat.

The thousands of magic circles filling the sky were beginning to vanish, one by one.

And yet, he did not panic.

He only needed to hold out a little longer.

A massive distortion circle was still forming in the background, an incantation so powerful that it would consume the entire temple and summon the true Ultras army.

He just had to endure.

Just a little more.

That thought curled Kai Luc's lips into a slow, wicked grin as he whispered under his breath—

"Ascension."

His crimson eyes gleamed as his smirk faded into an eerie stillness.

The celestial bodies halted their bombardment.

The magic circles grew quiet.

Choupo Moting tightened his grip on his staff, his gaze locked onto the sorcerer before him.

Kai Luc was willingly abandoning his advantage in ranged combat.

"What is he doing...?"

It should have been the perfect moment to end him.

And yet, years of battle-hardened instincts told Choupo that something was wrong.

"Are you sure you want to just stand there?"

"What are you talking about?"

Kai Luc's expression remained void of emotion as he raised a single finger—pointing downward.

Below them, his entire remaining arsenal had been redirected, aimed precisely at those who had managed to survive—including the instructors.

A devastating onslaught, unleashing everything at once, descended toward the ground.

Kai Luc was now completely defenseless.

Perhaps, from the very start, this had been the best opportunity to take him down.

And yet, Choupo could not move.

"So?" Kai Luc's voice dripped with mockery. "Will you save them?"

"Or shall we settle this with our fists?"

The answer was obvious.

Even a man who had spent his life concealing his emotions... was not empty after all.

In an instant, Choupo appeared before the surviving instructors and students.

Above him, thousands of celestial projectiles and magic circles hovered, ready to strike. The sheer amount of gathered aura was staggering, forcing him to tighten his grip around his staff.

The wooden frame cracked apart, crumbling to dust—revealing the elegant golden rod hidden within, its surface adorned with intricate silver engravings.

From its core, a liquid-like golden aura surged outward, enveloping him and all those behind him.

Bloodshot eyes filled with regret turned toward him.

The instructors knew—every one of them knew—that he had reached this point because of them.

If only they had been stronger...

If only they hadn't exhausted themselves before...

This would never have happened.

"Perish."

With a single utterance, tens of thousands of streaks, each infused with a different element, erupted forth.

It was a breathtaking sight—an apocalyptic downpour of destruction, blotting out the sky.

"HAARGH!"

With a roar that shook the heavens, the black warrior unleashed the full power of the Dawn Guard Staff, forming an unyielding shield around those he swore to protect.

And then—

BOOOOOOM!

Across the battlefield—whether they were students, intruders, or even those beyond the barrier—

Everyone stopped.

For a fleeting moment, the fighting ceased, as all turned toward the heart of the explosion, sensing the sheer magnitude of the aura it had unleashed.

One student, fortunate enough to have survived, hesitantly opened his eyes, having been convinced that death was inevitable.

He found himself—along with a few other students and instructors—standing atop the only solid ground left, surrounded by the remains of what had once been the temple.

"...We survived?"

He could hardly believe it.

But at what cost?

Before them, Choupo Moting was kneeling, his grip still firm on his staff.

Blood pooled beneath him, his aura pathways ruptured from being pushed beyond their limit.

Clap. Clap.

Descending from the sky, Kai Luc landed gracefully before him, slow applause ringing through the silence.

"Well done..." His voice dripped with amusement. "You actually managed to protect them."

Choupo, drenched in blood, forced his trembling body to rise once more.

His breath was ragged.

But he still stood.

The remaining instructors, with Alexander Fleming at the forefront, watched the scene unfold with grim expressions.

The champion of the arena... Choupo Moting.

With a single glance, he understood everything.

He had blocked the attack—yes.

But in doing so, he had destroyed his aura pathways.

In other words... he was out of the fight.

He could no longer battle.

Kai Luc saw this, and yet, somehow, he only grew colder. The gleam in his eyes remained unwavering.

"Come, Choupo."

"Face me."

Kai Luc threw a punch, his fist cloaked in crimson aura.

The blow struck Choupo's face, forcing him to cough up blood.

"What's the matter?"

The champion of the arena tried to resist, but his body was in shambles.

Kai Luc delivered strike after strike, his expression never changing.

Minutes passed in relentless assault before the sorcerer finally halted.

Then, at his silent command, one of the celestial spheres shifted—firing a beam of energy that tore a massive hole through a nearby student's chest.

"Fight, Choupo."

Another beam struck. An instructor fell lifelessly to the ground.

"Fight... or everything you fought for will be for nothing."

Another student dropped.

Then another.

And another.

Choupo Moting gritted his teeth and lunged at Kai Luc.

But it was pointless.

A one-sided massacre.

The gap between a man who had exhausted himself completely and one who still had plenty to spare was insurmountable.

One question echoed in Choupo's mind.

"When?"

When had the tide turned?

Kai Luc remained eerily composed.

Every move he made was precise—flawless.

It was as if he could see the future.

With one vile trick, he had completely overturned the battle.

Choupo was sharp enough to realize his opponent was using some kind of skills.

And with every punch he endured, someone behind him died at the hands of those floating spheres.

He had lost. Utterly and completely.

At last, the black warrior collapsed before Kai Luc, who calmly raised his palm, violent energy crackling within it.

"Farewell, Choupo Moting."