

VILLAIN 76

Chapter 76 An Unexpected Turn (2)

The attack was mere moments from being unleashed.

Some of the onlookers could already see it—the image of Choupo's chest being blown apart.

Among them, a girl sat trembling, clutching the lifeless body of an old woman.

She had already lost her mentor.

And now, she was about to lose the teacher who had taught her how to fight.

Sophia Tan had been frozen ever since that old woman had died in her arms.

But seeing the man who had been like a father to her on the brink of death—

It shattered that paralysis.

A raging fire ignited in her chest, an inferno of grief and fury surging within her—until she could contain it no longer.

Kai Luc was moments away from ending Choupo Moting when a violent wave of aura exploded across the battlefield.

He dodged with ease, turning his gaze toward the purple-haired woman who now stood before him.

"Take your filthy hands off him!"

Her furious scream echoed through the arena, but Kai Luc remained indifferent.

"You're still here?"

Sophia Tan didn't answer. She lunged forward, unleashing white waves of aura.

The sorcerer deflected the repeated attacks, but he quickly noticed something significant.

"Pure aura?"

She wasn't using her usual wind-based abilities.

She was wielding raw, untainted aura—something far more difficult to control.

"...Sophia."

Choupo, lying motionless, could do nothing but watch.

Watch as she fought.

A fierce battle erupted, waves of aura clashing as Sophia and Kai Luc engaged in close combat.

Somehow, she was keeping up with him—even though he still had an extra reservoir of aura thanks to his contract.

"Where is she drawing this power from?"

Even while under attack, Kai Luc had the luxury of analyzing his opponent.

"Is it her emotions? Her rage?"

She fought like a woman possessed.

Striking wildly at everything in her path.

Kai Luc smirked at the sight.

"Then let's do this properly."

He stepped forward, meeting her head-on.

The two exchanged blows without restraint.

From the sidelines, Choupo and the others watched in stunned silence.

They saw her rise again—somehow stronger than before.

Little by little, she gained the upper hand.

And finally, after hundreds of clashes—

Blood splattered across the ground as a severed hand flew into the sky.

Sophia had cut off Kai Luc's right arm.

The sorcerer fell to one knee before her, gripping his shoulder where his limb had once been.

"Tsk, tsk... That stings."

She stood over him, her gaze burning with fury.

"Does it?"

Another wave of aura surged.

His left hand was severed next.

"How about now?"

She continued cutting through his body, deliberately avoiding fatal points.

"You betrayed your people... You betrayed yourself... You slaughtered those you lived alongside in cold blood... Why?"

She was keeping him alive on purpose.

Torturing him.

"Sophia... Finish it. Kill him."

Choupo Moting, lying behind her, pleaded weakly.

But she wasn't listening.

Her rage was all-consuming.

After severing all his limbs, she formed a blade of pure aura in her hand.

"Just disappear already."

She was moments away from severing his head when she froze—

He was laughing.

"Yes... That's right."

Sophia's brows furrowed at the man before her.

"What the hell are you talking about?"

Kai Luc only chuckled in response.

"This really does hurt."

Then—

A searing heat ignited in her chest, followed by an agony beyond words.

Her gaze dropped slowly—

A bloodied hand protruded from her torso.

Kai Luc had vanished.

In his place lay a severed arm.

Behind her... the sorcerer stood, completely unscathed—despite having lost his right hand.

Blood spilled from Sophia's lips as her mind struggled to grasp the reality of what had happened.

Kai Luc stepped closer, embracing her gently from behind—his left hand still impaled through her back.

"What did you think would happen?" His voice was soft, almost mocking. "That you'd win through sheer rage? Through emotion alone?"

A cold chuckle escaped his lips.

"From the very beginning... you were nothing more than a puppet. So easy to manipulate, you never even noticed the illusion I trapped you in."

With agonizing slowness, he withdrew his hand, letting her collapse into a pool of her own blood.

Casually, he strolled over to retrieve his severed right hand, the crimson glow in his eyes fading as his usual composed expression returned.

"Damn... This skill really drains me. But at least it did its job."

Choupo Moting had been right.

Kai Luc had used a Skill—one that had ensured their complete and utter downfall.

A Skill none of them had fully understood until now.

Muttering in irritation, the sorcerer pressed his severed limb against his shoulder, attempting to reattach it.

"I really should've gotten a contract that grants regeneration..."

Unlike Feyrith, whose contract focused on bodily restoration, Kai Luc's was centered around aura.

And now, he was paying the price.

Sophia lay gasping, a gaping hole in her chest.

Choupo lay motionless in a pool of his own blood.

The rest were too weak to act.

Seconds later, Kai Luc flexed his fingers as his right hand seamlessly reattached.

Pressing his palm to the ground, his expression darkened.

"It's time to end this farce."

A massive formation began spreading beneath his feet, expanding outward like creeping shadows.

"Despair," he murmured. "Feel your hope slip away."

Laughter rippled through him, rising into a manic crescendo.

"The Distortion Gate... is complete."

The Ultras Army was about to descend.

But then—

Like shattered glass—

Cracks splintered across the summoning circle.

And in mere moments—

The grand formation collapsed into ruin.

Kai Luc's eyes widened.

"The circle... broke?"

His mind reeled. What happened? Why did it fail? Was it a mistake? An unforeseen variable?

But before he could process it all—

Footsteps.

Slow. Measured.

Approaching from behind.

Instinctively, he turned.

"Why do you look so surprised?"

A young man stood before him, golden hair glinting under the dim light, his expression unreadable.

"You..." Kai Luc's voice was laced with disbelief. "The prince?"

Aegon Valeryon stepped forward, emerging from the cluster of students who had remained hidden behind the instructors until now.

With a sigh, he peeled off his shirt, muttering in annoyance.

"Ugh... this armor is suffocating."

Beneath his clothes, a sleek black cuirass gleamed, intricate golden engravings lining its surface.

Kai Luc's gaze sharpened.

"What are you doing here?"

There was an edge to his voice now—caution.

This wasn't someone he had accounted for.

And the timing...

The prince had appeared the exact moment the Distortion Gate had failed.

There were no coincidences in this world.

And this was no exception.

A slow, eerie smile curled Aegon's lips as he spread his arms wide.

"I believe... this is what you were trying to do earlier, wasn't it?"

Beneath his feet—

A new summoning circle began to spread.

A formation far grander than the last—

One that engulfed the entire temple.

"Impossible..."

Shock rippled through Kai Luc's expression—along with every other onlooker.

"This can't be..."

Aegon's grin widened into something utterly unhinged.

"Oh, but it is."

The circle pulsed with overwhelming brilliance—

And then—

A deafening explosion erupted as the Distortion Gate was torn open.

From the void—

Across every inch of the temple—

Thousands of imperial soldiers materialized, their banners unfurling as the elite forces of the royal palace emerged.

The empire's troops descended upon the invaders, their weapons gleaming as they charged into the fray.

And thus—

The massacre began anew.

But this time—

The tides had turned.

Aegon Valeryon reveled in the chaos, arms outstretched as he raised his voice.

"I'll borrow your words, Kai Luc—"

His golden eyes gleamed with ruthless amusement.

"Let the show begin"