

VILLAIN 78

Chapter 78 Massacre (2)

The battlefield had grown eerily silent. Only Aegon, his knights, and a handful of surviving students and professors remained.

Meanwhile, the Imperial Army was methodically eliminating the last remnants of the Ultras, signaling the battle's inevitable conclusion.

Choupo Moting, still gravely wounded, struggled to move toward Sophia's unconscious body.

For some reason, an ominous feeling had been gnawing at him, refusing to dissipate.

Elsewhere, the students sighed in relief, some even cheering for the prince.

They were mesmerized by the young man who, despite being younger than all of them, had accomplished what they never could.

Of course, they were unaware of the conversation that had just taken place between Aegon and Kai Luc. The sorcerer had sealed all sound, ensuring that no one overheard the chilling exchange. Had they known, their reactions would have been drastically different.

Many among them were injured, especially the professors. Choupo Moting and Sophia were in the worst condition—Sophia was already teetering on the edge of death.

"My prince... should we assist them?"

The sorcerer asked cautiously, having assessed the severity of their injuries.

Aegon was still smiling as he turned toward the students cheering for him.

"Oh... them?"

He paused briefly before issuing his next command.

"Kill them all. They died in battle."

For the first time, even the Knights of the Round Table froze in place.

"...Excuse me?"

The sorcerer asked, disbelief evident in his voice. Unlike before, he hadn't sealed the sound this time. Aegon's words were heard by all, and those with heightened senses stiffened instantly.

"Don't make me repeat myself. Kill them. I have no use for worthless pieces."

A heavy silence settled over the battlefield, the weight of his command sinking in.

"Understood, my lord."

The knights obeyed.

Fleming stepped forward, his voice firm.

"Aegon... what do you mean by this?"

Slash!

Fleming never got the chance to finish. His head separated cleanly from his body, blood painting the earth in a crimson arc.

The spear moved next, impaling multiple people in one swift motion.

Screams and agonized cries filled the air as the massacre resumed.

The very weapons that had once protected them... had now become the instruments of their execution.

"Why?"

"Why are you doing this?"

"Aren't you on our side?"

The same desperate questions echoed amidst the chaos.

The hands of both the swordsman and spearman trembled slightly as they carried out their orders... but they never hesitated.

Aegon watched with disinterest.

"Why?" He scoffed. "What use do I have for people who couldn't even handle a single man?"

Many begged for their lives, pleading for mercy, but Aegon remained unmoved.

To him, they were already worthless. Neither humans nor tools—just waste to be discarded.

If there was one person he hesitated to kill, it was the man staring at him now.

"What a shame... Choupo Moting."

Aegon strode forward, drawing his sword as tendrils of lightning crackled around him.

"You were an important piece... I had high expectations for you."

He shook his head in disappointment.

"But you ruined everything. You chose to protect those people... and now, you're watching them die before your eyes."

"Our choices define us, Choupo. And yours... was the wrong one."

Choupo Moting had been a formidable warrior, but he had destroyed his own aura pathways when he blocked that devastating attack earlier.

Had he sacrificed the others back then, he could have defeated Kai Luc. But instead, he chose to save them... and now, he was paying the price.

Choupo didn't respond to Aegon's words. Even in his broken state, he continued crawling toward Sophia's body.

"Even now... you're trying to protect them."

Sophia had been unconscious for a while, oblivious to the carnage unfolding around her. She hovered between life and death, a deep wound carved into her chest.

Choupo gritted his teeth, using his staff to push himself up one last time.

"You're right... our choices shape us."

From his pocket, he retrieved a strange artifact and gently placed it on Sophia's body.

"I've reached a crossroads... and I've made my decision. I have no regrets."

His crimson-stained eyes lingered on Sophia before he tossed the artifact onto her.

'At the very least... I won't let him decide your fate.'

The moment it made contact, the artifact emitted a faint blue glow before vanishing completely—almost as if it had never been there.

Aegon did nothing.

He simply observed choupo make his final move.

"Very well."

The prince smirked before raising his sword.

Watching Aegon's blade slowly descend, Choupo murmured to himself, already knowing what was to come.

"The new generation... is truly terrifying."

With a single stroke, Choupo Moting was cleaved in two. His upper body crashed to the ground in a gruesome display, while his lower half remained standing.

Without a shred of emotion, Aegon wiped his blade clean and turned away.

"Farewell, Choupo Moting."

At that very moment, the swordsman and spearman finished slaughtering the rest.

The sorcerer maintained the sound barrier, ensuring that no outside eyes could witness the horrors that had unfolded here.

"Retrieve the Dawn Guard staff. It will be useful in the future."

"Understood."

The shield-bearer hurried to collect the staff. Aegon had no intention of respecting the final possession of the so-called "King of the Ring." Instead, he would claim everything of value for himself.

"My lord... that man managed to send the woman away, but she hasn't gone far. I can track her now and—"

"No need."

Aegon interrupted, shaking his head.

"Sophia is already on the brink of death. A little gamble with fate won't hurt."

"If she dies, so be it. If she survives, she'll continue playing her role as always. After all... she didn't see anything."

"But my lord... if she lives and discovers what happened here, she could become a threat in the future."

Aegon chuckled.

"Then I'll have one more entertaining enemy to deal with."

The prince laughed while the Knights of the Round Table remained silent.

Their faith in him was absolute.

This was neither the first nor the second massacre he had orchestrated.

No matter how ruthless his actions were, they had always paved the way for a greater future—something they had witnessed with their own eyes. That was why they had chosen to follow him, no matter what.

Burdened by the weight of their sins, the knights said nothing as Aegon's thoughts had already drifted elsewhere.

Which new pieces would replace those he had discarded today?

One thing was certain.

His name had already been immortalized as the Savior of the Temple.

His influence had grown.

And he had taken yet another decisive step toward the throne.

At long last... the Battle of the Temple was nearing its end.