

VILLAIN 80

Chapter 80: The New Generation (2)

-Snow Lionheart Pov-

A slash from the right. A downward strike. A devastating kick.

I pushed myself to my limits, forcing my body to keep up with the masked figure standing before me.

Activating king of war Mode, my power surged, granting me mastery over countless combat techniques.

Fire, lightning, wind, sound, light, the power of the stars—I threw everything at him.

Yet no matter what I unleashed, every attack was mercilessly annihilated by the eerie aura surrounding his blade.

Each of his strikes felt like they were shattering me piece by piece.

"What's wrong?"

A devastating slash sent me flying backward, my sword cracking even further.

"Is this all you've got?"

I clenched my jaw, frustration boiling inside me.

The fact that this man was an Ultras only made things worse.

I forced my Star Aura to its absolute limits.

"Void Step."

The distance between us vanished in an instant as I lunged at him, pouring every ounce of strength into my attack.

But he saw through me.

He raised his sword to defend, but this time—it wasn't just the ominous silver aura surrounding his blade.

There was something else.

"Is that... fire?"

Our swords clashed, unleashing a massive explosion.

At first, my star-powered strike overpowered his—

Until I saw my energy being devoured before my very eyes.

"Black flames...?"

The fire was overwhelming, radiating an intensity that threatened to burn me alive.

I retreated immediately, realizing the sheer danger.

But he didn't let me breathe.

This time—he attacked.

"You seem shaken."

Arcs of black fire tore through my defenses.

No matter how powerful my elemental barriers were, they burned away like paper.

"Before, you never hesitated... You slaughtered everyone who stood in your way."

"Shut up!"

I roared, swinging wildly.

But no matter what I did—he dismantled every move with terrifying precision.

"Why won't you kill me like you did the others? Why not? It was so easy before."

I tried to block out his words.

I forced myself to focus.

But—

A sudden, searing pain shot through my right shoulder.

His blade had pierced me.

It wasn't just a cut.

It felt like molten lava had been poured into my flesh.

Gritting my teeth, I activated Void Step, escaping just in time.

I reappeared several meters away, gasping for breath, blood dripping from my shoulder.

Yet, that wasn't the worst part.

The black flames continued to burn, gnawing at my flesh, threatening to consume me whole.

I barely managed to suppress them before shifting my gaze back to him.

I forced myself to stand—

But the moment I moved—

My sword shattered into countless pieces.

"What...?"

"Looks like you've reached your limit."

He took slow, deliberate steps toward me.

His black flames burned fiercer than ever.

"Your friends are fighting so hard against the Nightmare Beasts..."

His voice was calm. Almost mocking.

"What do you think? Should I visit them before finishing you off?"

I couldn't see his expression beneath the mask.

Only his crimson eyes glowed in the darkness.

And with every word he spoke—

My fury boiled.

"It's not over yet..."

"Oh?"

From the shattered remains of my sword, a new blade emerged—

A radiant, pure-white sword, forged from my very Aura.

The Star Aura surged violently around me.

I launched forward with everything I had.

"Second Sword : Sky Severing Slash!"

The sheer force of my attack reflected in his crimson eyes.

Yet—

He didn't flinch.

He simply raised his sword.

And in an instant—

A massive eruption of black fire engulfed the battlefield.

"You still don't understand."

The flames devoured everything in their path.

My strike was swallowed whole.

"You can't defeat me."

The masked man stood amidst the raging inferno.

Unscathed.

"No one can."

The black flames roared toward me, fast and merciless. But just before they could reach me, a wall of ice erupted from the ground, blocking the attack.

"Hmm?"

Neither I nor the masked man had anticipated an outside interference.

Before he could react, three figures closed in, surrounding him from different angles.

"You wanted to visit us earlier, didn't you?"

"You don't mind if we return the favor, do you?"

Danzo, his fist wrapped in an aura that gleamed like steel.

Ragna, his spear crackling with wind.

Dawn, his blade drenched in fire.

Three warriors. Three attacks. Three different directions.

The masked man twisted in place, releasing a wave of black fire that blasted them all away.

But the moment he did—

A rain of arrows fell upon him from his blind spots.

"Pointless."

The second they neared him, the arrows were reduced to ash.

"Snow! Are you alright?!"

Turning around, I found Lara Croft and Seris Moonlight standing behind me.

I hadn't expected them to be here—defending me.

"You guys..."

The masked man regarded them briefly before tilting his head.

"The Nightmare Beasts?"

No one answered.

But the carnage surrounding us—the countless corpses—made it clear.

They had wiped them out.

"I see."

He raised his sword.

Everyone around me braced themselves.

"Oj, princess."

Danzo muttered, sweat dripping down his face.

"I hate to admit it, but we need to work together if we wanna take this guy down."

Something about the masked man sent a chill through him.

It was the same suffocating pressure he had felt only once before—when he faced monsters leagues beyond him.

And he already knew.

They couldn't win.

I was about to respond—

But the masked man spoke first.

"No need."

"Marvas Style : Coffin of the Dead."

A torrent of black flames erupted, sweeping everyone away except me.

Before I could react, I found myself sealed within a cage of fire—alone with him.

"From the very beginning... you were my only target."

The others tried to break through, but the black flames refused to let them in.

"I see now."

He was after me—and me alone.

As he walked toward me, his sword pulsing with silver light and black smoke, a twisted grin spread across my face.

"You're strong. You must hold a high rank among them."

The masked man paused, studying me.

"What are you getting at?"

"Nothing."

I smirked—

And removed the ring from my right hand.

The moment it hit the ground—

His eyes widened.

A crushing force slammed into him.

"You...!"

I raised my sword of pure aura toward him.

"Absolute Zero."

A storm of ice surged forth, threatening to swallow him whole.

For the first time—his flames failed to consume my attack.

My power had surged far beyond my previous limits.

He staggered back, glancing at his half-frozen arm.

But when he looked up—

I was already above him.

"Let me show you the true power of the stars!"

"Third Sword : Dimensional Severance!"

A colossal white dragon materialized around my blade, its fangs bared, its aura threatening to devour him whole.

For the first time—he felt it.

A genuine threat.

He unleashed the full force of his black flames, now surging with that silver radiance, forming a desperate defense.

And when our swords clashed—

The flaming prison shattered.

I had poured everything into that final strike.

If he survived this—

I didn't know what I would do next.

So please—

"Burn."

The Star Aura surged.

I watched as he was sent flying, engulfed in a cataclysmic explosion that consumed everything in its path.

My body collapsed onto the ground, searing with pain.

The remnants of his black flames still clung to my skin, mixing with my own Star Aura, both forces tearing away at me.

I lifted my gaze.

Everyone around me did the same.

Searching through the destruction—

Scanning for any sign of him.

And then—

A shadow emerged from the smoke.

Unharmmed.

My breath hitched—not from the fact that he had survived.

But because of his face.

His mask had been shattered.

And beneath it—

A boy.

Jet-black hair. Crimson eyes.

A young face, barely mature.

The monster who had pushed me to my limits..

Was a seventeen-year-old kid.

A boy our age.

He smirked, his crimson eyes gleaming.

"Not bad."