

## **VILLAIN 81**

### Chapter 81: The Ultimate Showdown (1)

-Frey Starlight Pov-

"Damn it, damn it, damn it!"

I sprinted through the temple corridors, clutching my laptop tightly, my eyes locked onto the number flashing on the screen.

Achievement Points: 9,650.

Disaster.

This was a complete disaster.

Even after defeating Ghost and taking 750 points from him, it still wasn't enough.

I needed 10,000 points—no matter what.

And the place I was heading toward was the same one that bastard Kai Luc was targeting.

Without anti-magic, he'd erase me from existence.

What do I do now?

Imperial court soldiers were swarming the temple—proof that Aegon had already made his move and taken down Kai Luc.

Time was slipping through my fingers.

I frantically scrolled through the available missions, but the only one left was... the kissing mission.

I screwed up.

I should've just kissed Sansa and gotten it over with.

I saved her life. Given her relationship with Frey, she would've forgiven me.

I never should've sent her with Ghost...

As I rushed through the temple corridors, heading for the destined place, I encountered enemies at every turn.

But their advantage had disappeared the moment the imperial soldiers arrived.

A stray fireball nearly took my head off, forcing me to swerve before pushing forward, avoiding fights as much as possible.

I had recently come to a realization—I still hesitated when it came to killing.

Maybe that made me a hypocrite, but I didn't hate that about myself.

Maybe this was the only way to hold onto my humanity until I returned to my world.

Perhaps that was why I relied on Ghost to land the final blow against Feyrith back then.

Call it cowardice, call it weakness—but this was who I was.

As I dashed through battlefield after battlefield, my mind raced, desperately searching for a way to turn the tide.

I needed one thing.

A girl from the Elite Class.

After all the struggles for power, all the insane hardships I had endured... now, the lips of a single girl were my only salvation.

I cursed the system for putting me in this ridiculous situation.

I bumped into countless students along the way, but none of them fit the requirement.

I thought I was out of luck—

But apparently, I wasn't.

Thanks to Hawk Eye scanning the area in a frantic 360-degree sweep, I finally saw her.

The card that would completely flip my fate.

A grin spread across my face as I dashed toward her.

"Found you."

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Elsewhere, in a grander battlefield, a pair of siblings fought against a relentless wave of enemies.

They were locked in combat within a spacious hall, slightly larger than the others.

Despite their strength, they were gradually being overwhelmed.

"Emond! To your right!"

"I know!"

Emond swung his sword, channeling the power of light to deflect an attack aimed at his blind spot.

Meanwhile, his sister, Clana Starlight, was locked in battle against three opponents at once.

Their enemies weren't stronger than them—

But the sheer numbers were suffocating.

Clana bit her lip as she cut down the enemy in front of her.

"They just keep coming..."

After fighting for hours, she was reaching her limit.

And so was Emond.

With their dwindling stamina and limited aura reserves, they couldn't last much longer.

She braced herself to fight until her last breath—until she noticed something strange happening.

Suddenly, the pressure on them lightened.

A disturbance rippled through the enemy ranks.

"What's going on?"

Both Clana and Emond were stunned as the masked enemies before them started collapsing one by one.

"What's happening at the rear?!"

One of the masked men shouted, unable to comprehend the situation, but the bodies kept falling.

What unsettled their leader the most was the fact that none of the fallen were dead.

Whoever was taking them down was eliminating them without killing them.

"Useless trash..."

The leader growled, surging backward as arcs of lightning crackled around him.

"There!"

Thanks to the masked leader's attack, Clana and Emond caught a fleeting glimpse of a black-haired figure.

For a moment, he slowed just enough for them to see him—

But he was still too fast to make out clearly.

In the blink of an eye, the shadowy figure took down the masked leader.

Like dominoes, the rest followed, dropping one after another.

Clana squinted, murmuring hesitantly.

"...Is that Frey?"

"Huh?"

Emond let out a sharp breath, as if he had just heard the dumbest thing imaginable.

But before he could react, the figure appeared behind him.

With a single strike, Emond Starlight collapsed, unconscious.

"Damn it. I mistook him for one of the masked guys."

As I stopped using Phantom Step, the truth became clear.

The once-crowded hall was now completely empty.

Only two people remained standing.

"Frey... What are you doing here? Where did you even come from?"

I shifted my attention back to the girl before me, stepping forward.

"I came for you."

"For me?"

Clana hesitated for a moment, processing my words, then nodded.

"...Thanks for saving us. But why did you attack Emond? Wait, why are you still—"

She stopped mid-sentence as I closed the distance between us in an instant and grabbed her firmly.

"Stay still for a moment."

"Frey, what are yo—"

It wasn't hard to tell what happened next.

Everything I did was automatic—my mind was entirely fixated on the achievement points. I leaned in, pressing my lips against hers.

I couldn't even savor the softness of Clana's lips, anxious thoughts consumed me. Would I earn enough points?

The slight tremor in her body, the weak resistance—both confirmed that the task was complete. Without hesitation, I pulled away.

Ignoring Clana , who now stood frozen, her face burning red, unable to form a single word .

I raised my invisible laptop with one hand, eagerly checking the updated numbers.

Achievement Points: 10,050.

A triumphant grin spread across my face as I activated Phantom Step.

"Thanks, Clana. I owe you one."

To avoid the inevitable awkwardness that was about to unfold, I disappeared, leaving my cousin in stunned silence , her first kiss stolen in the most absurd way possible, surrounded by the unconscious bodies of fallen enemies.

Now... it was time to end this.

Kai Luc.

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-Snow Lionheart Pov-

"Not bad."

A boy my age... wielding this kind of power?

I clenched the hilt of my sword so tightly that the veins on my hand bulged like writhing serpents.

I had removed my ring. I had unleashed the strongest attack I could muster—

And all it had done was shatter his mask and tear part of his clothing.

The masked man showed no concern for the chaos raging inside my head. He simply continued, unfazed.

"My turn."

The flames around him roared to life as he prepared to strike.

I braced myself for the worst—

But just before he could move, a voice rang out from nowhere.

"Stop. V, withdraw immediately."

The order came from an unknown third party, and irritation flickered across the masked man's—V's—face.

"I'm about to kill him. Why retreat now?"

"Kai Luc has been defeated. And besides... you won't be able to control the Moonlight Sword for much longer."

As those words fell, droplets of blood trickled from V's hand—the same hand gripping that cursed blade.

The eerie silver light slithered into his flesh, devouring even his black flames.

Now fully exposed, V's expression darkened further.

"Kai Luc... useless trash."

Hearing those words... I couldn't ignore them.

My instincts wouldn't allow it.

Beyond the fact that our side had won—this bastard was reaching his limit, too.

This fight hadn't been in vain.

In that case—

Void Step.

A collective gasp erupted as I reappeared before him, my sword flashing toward his throat.

"Snow!"

I ignored the voices.

Right now, nothing else mattered.

I just wanted to measure it—

The gap.

The difference between me and the man standing before me.

He saw me coming. That much was clear from the way his body reacted.

"Tch... I can still end you, even without the Moonlight Sword, brat."

This time, he blocked my strike with his bare hand—black flames licking at his palm.

The cursed blade vanished from his grip, replaced by a standard sword.

We clashed in a relentless storm of blows, exchanging dozens of strikes at inhuman speed.

Wounds accumulated on my body, yet—

Unlike before—

I was holding my ground.

Without that Moonlight sword, I had a chance !

And he knew it, too.

Especially when he saw the students of the Elite Class charging in, emboldened by the fact that I was matching him.

"Damn it."

Dozens of attacks closed in on him—

But then, that same gravelly voice returned.

"Looks like I have to save your sorry ass."

I didn't know when..

I didn't know how..

But the shadow behind V suddenly expanded, swallowing the battlefield in darkness.

And from its depths emerged not a man—

But a monster.

A towering figure, wrapped in pitch-black bandages that completely obscured his massive frame—save for a single, eerie horn jutting from his skull.

His cold gray eyes swept over the battlefield before he swung a limb the size of a carriage directly at me.

I raised my sword to block—

But the sickening crack of breaking bones told me everything I needed to know.

It was like being crushed beneath a mountain.

My vision blurred, the world fracturing into scattered fragments.

"Struggling against these weaklings? And you call yourself a candidate for dominion?"

"Shut up, Gvardiol! I can handle this myself!"

"Hah! I could let you die... but I won't risk losing the Moonlight Sword. So deal with it."

Forcing myself upright amidst the wreckage, I barely steadied my spinning head.

I watched as the giant seized V, the shadow beneath them stretching and twisting.

"Unfortunately, this little party has to end."

A savage grin spread across the monstrous man's face.

No one dared to move against him—

We all understood the sheer danger standing before us.

If he wanted us dead, nothing could stop him.

He was about to vanish into the darkness.

But then..

A devastating shockwave erupted across the battlefield.

"STOP!"

A strange force rooted the giant in place.

Every head instinctively turned—

To see a short, white-haired girl stepping forward.

Ellen White.

The Student Council President.