

VILLAIN 82

Chapter 82 The Ultimate Showdown (2)

At her command, the monstrous man froze, locked in place.

And then... he laughed.

"What now? More kids?"

But Ellen's expression was different.

Her face radiated fury.

"Do You Remember Me, You Son of a Bitch?"

The voice rippled through the air, sending shockwaves across the battlefield.

Everyone clutched their ears in agony, yet it was pointless—many collapsed on the spot as Ellen White, consumed by unfiltered rage, unleashed her full power.

Despite the sonic devastation, which threatened to tear the place apart, the Black Tower only laughed.

"Sorry, girl, but I don't even know who you are."

His indifferent tone made the very ground beneath Ellen's feet tremble and shatter.

Her hand shot forward.

"Then just die."

The next blast of sound could have obliterated steel, yet the man stood there—completely unfazed.

"Maybe I killed someone close to you once... or something like that. It happens so often, I've stopped keeping track."

A black aura seeped from his form as he continued his work, his amusement unchanged.

"But you should know..." His voice dripped with mockery.

"I don't bother remembering the weak I've killed. So don't take it personally."

Ellen trembled with fury, her breath ragged.

But before she or the Black Tower could move—

No one noticed the shadow tearing through reality itself.

Two crescent-shaped scythes sank deep into the giant's chest.

A perfectly executed fatal strike.

A wound like that should have ended his life.

Yet—

The Black Tower only laughed harder.

"Are you sure you wanted to stab me there?"

The black bandages around his chest peeled away, revealing something horrific—

Dark, crater-like holes marred his inhuman flesh, pulsing like living voids.

Atlas Umbra, the assassin who had delivered the blow, hesitated.

Something was very, very wrong.

And by the time he realized it—

It was already too late.

From those abyssal holes, black spikes erupted—impaling Atlas without mercy.

Turning him into a lifeless pincushion.

"NO!"

Ellen's scream pierced the air as the older Elite Class appeared behind her.

The Black Tower tossed Atlas's corpse aside like trash and clenched his fists.

"We've wasted enough time."

A chilling grin spread across his face.

"So... take this parting gift before I go."

Ellen's heart clenched as she saw what he was about to do.

"PROTECT THE FIRST YEAR STUDENTS!" she roared.

But it was too late.

A colossal explosion of darkness erupted beneath the Black Tower's feet.

Hundreds of black spikes burst out in all directions, impaling everything in their path.

And amidst the chaos—

The Black Tower, V, and their entire presence vanished.

I couldn't hold on to consciousness any longer as the darkness swallowed me whole.

Somewhere Else... Beneath the Temple

"Shit... Shit... SHIT!"

A lone figure staggered through the cold, dimly lit corridor, his breath ragged.

A strange force surged within him, mending his wounds bit by bit.

But the pain in his body was nothing compared to the rage boiling inside him.

"Prince Aegon Valerion..."

He hissed the name like a curse.

"I won't forget this... I'll never forget this."

Kai Luc looked like a man who had been to hell and back as he stumbled into a forbidden chamber.

Everything was ruined. His plans had crumbled.

He had been pushed to the edge—

And worst of all?

The one who had cornered him was just a boy—one who, even if Kai Luc split his own age in half, would still be older than him.

A devastating blow to his pride.

But this wasn't over.

Not yet.

That's why he was here.

Deep within the temple's lowest level—

The Core Chamber.

"Feyrith... that worthless piece of trash."

Kai Luc muttered, wiping the blood trailing down his lips.

"If only he had done his job right."

"We never should've wasted the blood of the Higher Beings on him... What a joke."

Since Feyrith had failed, Kai Luc had to finish this himself.

The Sky Dome Core held an unimaginable amount of aura—like a nuclear reactor overflowing with raw power.

If he tampered with it, the resulting explosion would erase the entire temple from existence.

And yet—

There were no guards.

Something about that felt off.

But he couldn't afford to dwell on it.

This was his last chance.

He stepped into the chamber, muttering under his breath.

"This is it... Do or die."

If he failed here, there would be no mercy waiting for him.

Gavid Lindman would make sure of that.

But as he solidified his plan, his expression froze.

Because standing before the glowing blue core—

Was a boy.

A boy who was barely clinging to life.

His body was mutilated, covered in gaping wounds, and surrounded by a pool of his own blood.

His long, black hair was matted, tangled, and filthy.

His frail form trembled as he slowly turned toward Kai Luc.

And when he saw him—

His hollow eyes filled with something akin to hope.

"Professor!"

His voice cracked, desperate and weak.

"Professor, please help me! I beg you!"

Kai Luc's fingers twitched.

A magic circle flared to life above his palm.

His first instinct was to end this boy immediately.

But then...

He paused.

And thought.

Where did this boy come from?

Did he escape and make it here? Was he hiding?

No...

If one had made it here, then others could have too.

And in his current state, Kai Luc couldn't afford another fight.

So—

Should he kill him?

Kai Luc's sharp eyes scanned the boy.

Rank: D.

Severely injured.

Utterly weak.

No.

He wouldn't kill him.

Not yet.

Not until he was sure.

Maybe this was a trap. Maybe this was why there were no guards.

Kai Luc's voice softened, feigning concern.

"What are you doing here? Are you hurt? Are you alone?"

The moment he got his answer—

He would kill him.

Yes.

That was the plan.

Kai Luc reached out his hand.

And the boy, trembling, did the same.

Their fingers met.

Slowly.

Silently.

At that moment...

A knowing smile spread across the young man's face—the smile of a predator who had finally ensnared his prey.

"Anti-Magic."

"What did you just say?"

Kai Luc's question barely left his lips before the boy's grip tightened around his wrist with crushing force, threatening to shatter it.

"Got you."

In an instant, he yanked Kai Luc forward and drove a brutal kick into his stomach, forcing the air from his lungs as saliva sprayed from his mouth.

"You bastard!"

Kai Luc instinctively tried to activate his magic circle, but for the first time... nothing happened. His expression twisted in shock.

"Surprised?"

The boy didn't let him recover. Blow after blow rained down, each punch turning Kai Luc's face into a battered, bloody mess.

"I'm just getting started!"

Kai Luc barely recognized Frey Starlight...

In truth, even if he tried, he wouldn't be able to recall his face.

Frey Starlight had never been someone worth remembering. He wasn't even a name on the list of people to be wary of.

Yet now, Kai Luc found himself at the mercy of someone he had dismissed as insignificant—powerless, broken, and beaten after his humiliating defeat at Aegon's hands.

And this... was only the beginning of his suffering.