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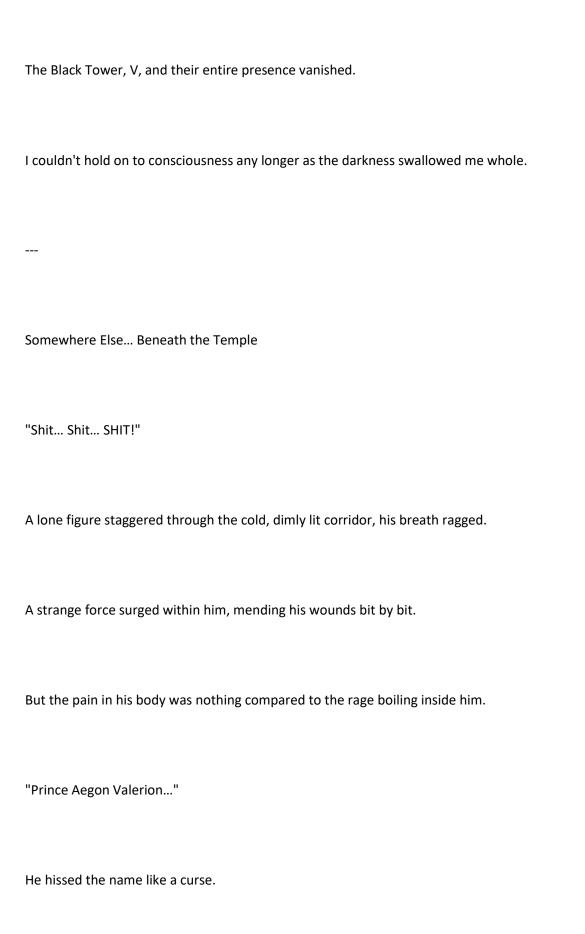
VILLAIN 82
Chapter 82 The Ultimate Showdown (2)
At her command, the monstrous man froze, locked in place.
And then he laughed.
"What now? More kids?"
But Ellen's expression was different.
Her face radiated fury.
"Do You Remember Me, You Son of a Bitch?"
The voice rippled through the air, sending shockwaves 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.



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.

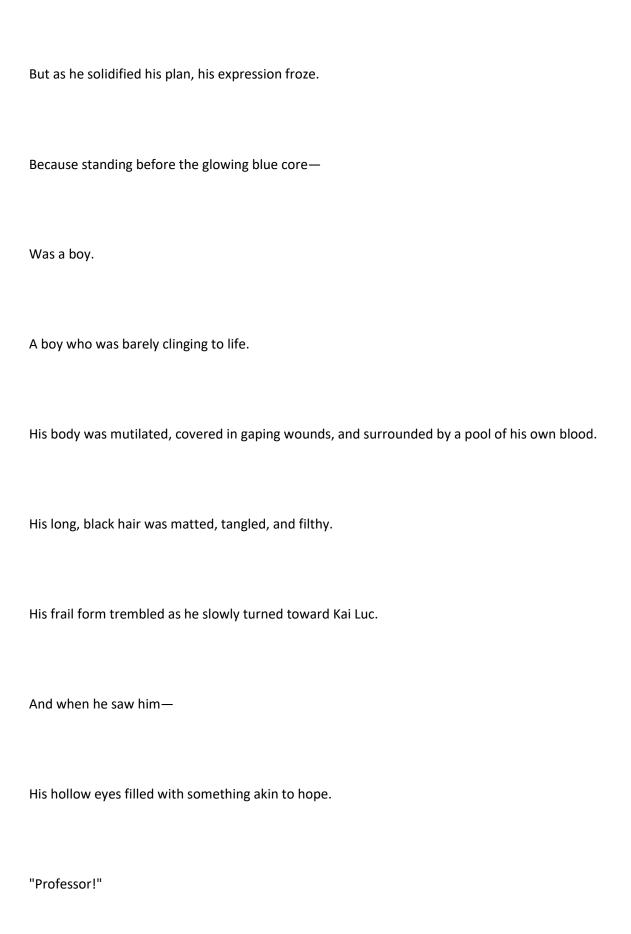
The Black Tower tossed Atlas's corpse aside like trash and clenched his fists.
"We've wasted enough time."
A chilling grin spread across his face.
"So take this parting gift before I go."
Ellen's heart clenched as she saw what he was about to do.
"PROTECT THE FIRST YEAR STUDENTS!" she roared.
But it 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—



"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.





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.