

VILLAIN 83

Chapter 83 An Unexpected Encounter (1)

-Frey Starlight Pov-

It's time to act.

I gripped a sharp blade, swallowing hard.

"Let's finish this"

Steeling my resolve, I plunged the blade into the right side of my torso.

Fresh blood dripped onto the ground. My face remained blank as I inflicted wound after wound upon myself.

After everything I endured in the Nightmare Lands, pain of this level was nothing. I knew exactly where to cut to make it look fatal while avoiding my vital organs.

I needed to appear broken, like a man on the verge of death—if I wanted my target to take the bait.

Once enough blood had spilled, I took a measured sip of the healing potion I had prepared earlier—just enough to keep myself from passing out, but not enough to close my wounds.

Then, I collapsed into the pool of my own blood, rolling in it like a child playing in the snow.

Seconds later, I stood up, my body drenched in crimson.

I yanked at my hair, making it a tangled mess, then looked myself over.

A low chuckle escaped me.

I look absolutely wretched.

Perfect.

Now, all that was left was to wait—and to act my part well.

I grabbed my laptop for one last check.

Abilities:

— Shadow Adaptation: 0/7

— Anti-Magic, Level 1: Negates magic upon contact.

This should do.

Let's hope it's enough...

10,000 points—gone.

Seconds passed. Then minutes.

I waited patiently for my prey to step into the trap.

Sitting beside that core, which emitted terrifying aura fluctuations, while taking advantage of Aegon, who had driven the guards away...

With the guards gone, sneaking in had been easy.

And I didn't have to wait long.

Footsteps echoed through the hall.

The door creaked open, revealing a sharp-featured man, his brown hair swept back, his crimson eyes piercing.

Kai Luc.

I instantly broke into sobs, playing the part of a helpless victim.

His gaze sliced through me like knives, peeling away the surface, searching for the truth beneath.

He was analyzing the situation. That wasn't good.

"Professor! Help me! Please!"

I staggered forward and threw myself at him.

That should force him to make a decision.

I reached out, trembling.

A pitiful sight.

But inside, every muscle in my body was coiled tight, waiting.

Two possibilities.

He either takes my hand... or he kills me on the spot.

One or the other.

I was about to find out.

"What are you doing here, boy? Are you alone?"

He reached for my hand.

I couldn't help it.

The grin stretched across my face before I could stop it.

Finally.

"Anti-Magic."

I murmured the words, barely audible.

His brow furrowed.

"What did you just sa—Guh!"

Kai Luc never finished his sentence.

A precise strike to his gut forced the air from his lungs, saliva flying from his mouth.

I clenched his wrist, nearly crushing the bones, before slamming my foot into his stomach again.

The impact should have sent him flying, but I held him in place.

His face twisted in shock.

He doesn't understand.

Why isn't my magic working?

I could see the question forming in his eyes.

"There's plenty more where that came from."

My fist, wreathed in darkness, crashed into his face, sending him staggering.

"You bastard! What the hell are you—"

"Shut up."

Another punch. Then another.

Kai Luc's once-proud features crumpled beneath my fists.

"Do you even know who I am?! Stop this, you—Argh!"

"Shut your damn mouth."

I slammed him against the wall and kept swinging.

"You look confused, Kai Luc."

His face was swollen now, blood dripping from his nose and lips.

"Your magic won't work here."

"W-What kind of c-curse is thith—"

His words slurred.

But it didn't matter.

"10,000 points."

I let the number sink in as I drove my knee into his ribs.

"Not to mention the idiotic curse you put on me."

He slumped, but I yanked him up by his arm and stomped on his face.

"Are you ready to pay your debts?"

I gazed down at him, my voice cold.

He was no longer the proud mage he once was.

"Hah... Hah... I... I don't even know wh-what you're talking about..."

"No need for you to understand."

I gripped his face, leaning in close.

"Listen carefully. You have something I want. We're going to play a little game. You will stay silent while I shatter your stupid face. And when you're ready to give it up... only then will you be allowed to speak."

"|—"

I drove my fist into his mouth, silencing him.

"No talking. Not yet."

Even through the swelling and blood, his crimson eyes remained sharp.

He still had hope.

I'd make sure to take that from him.

What followed was an hour of uninterrupted punishment.

At some point, Kai Luc's face became unrecognizable—a mess of broken flesh and blood.

But I didn't let him die.

That would be too easy.

Every time he neared unconsciousness, I'd force a few drops of a healing potion down his throat, just enough to keep him conscious.

The game had to continue.

The scent of blood hung thick in the air.

Yet I felt no guilt.

No hesitation.

Was it because Kai Luc was a terrible person?

No.

That wasn't it.

I simply hated him.

I despised him from the moment we met.

And he had something I wanted.

It was that simple.

"Heh..."

And there was no reason to stop now.

"Believe me, Kai Luc... not even Lindman... not even Astaroth himself can save you now."

At those names, for the first time, his face shifted.

Not in pain—but in shock.

"How?!"

"Shut up."

I slammed his head against the wall again.

"No talking until you're ready to give me what I want."

He let out a choked scream.

"What... do you want?"

I still had his wrist locked in my grip.

I could feel the fragile bones pressing against my palm.

I punched him again.

"That's not the answer I want."

Another blow to the face.

A kick to the stomach...

"I don't want questions from you."

Come, Balerion. Let's have some fun.

I gripped my sword and drove it into his free left hand.

"I want answers."

Kai Luc's screams reverberated through the chamber.

I was certain he had tried to unleash his magic a thousand times by now.

Certain he had exhausted every option.

But it was pointless.

At last... after another hour of relentless beating...

I had broken him.

"Hah... hah... Information... about the Ultras..."

"I can... give you intel... their plans... huff... huff..."

I grabbed his mouth and forced another healing potion down his throat.

It steadied his voice just enough.

"I can... be your spy... make you stronger... offer you—"

I pressed my foot against his face, silencing him.

"What use do I have for such nonsense?"

"Information? A spy? The Ultras? Pfft... none of that matters to me."

He trembled at my words.

"You think I— the man who completely suppressed your magic— need someone like you?"

"Then... what... what do you want?!"

I tapped my finger against his forehead.

"I want it... that skill."

"What?"

I smiled.

"The skill that's kept you alive until now. The skill that let you defeat foes stronger than you... The skill that made you who you are today."

I patted his head gently.

"The skill you were still trying to use against me just moments ago."

At my final words, Kai Luc's spirit shattered completely.

"I want it... Ascension . Give it to me."

From the beginning... I wasn't fighting for the temple.

I wasn't fighting for my classmates.

All I wanted was to escape this madness.

To defeat Snow.

To win the Victoriad.

To finish that final mission.

And to do that... I needed the skill this man possessed.

"Is that clear?"

"I... I..."

Seeing his trembling hesitation, I sighed and lifted his body again.

"Looks like we'll need another round."

"I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU! I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU! PLEASE... JUST STOP!"

"Now we're talking... You should've said that from the start and saved us both the trouble."

Kai Luc never stood a chance.

I had nullified his magic. His demonic contract— the source of his power— was worthless now.

He only had two skills.

"Blink"— an instant teleportation skill with a cooldown. He had already used it against Aegon earlier, so it was useless now.

And his second skill... Ascension. A skill that had done him no good here because I knew exactly how it worked.

Within minutes, a strange book materialized in Kai Luc's hands as he forcibly extracted his own skill.

Transferring and relinquishing skills was simple.

If it weren't, they wouldn't have survived through generations and eras.

Letting high-tier skills die with their users would've been a massive loss to humanity.

Fortunately, the ancients were wise enough to ensure their transfer.

Though... that wisdom had also fueled the rise of skill theft in ancient times.

But none of that mattered now.

I took the book from Kai Luc's trembling hands.

"Is that all?"

"Yes... I've given it up... I swear!"

I nodded.

"It's fine, it's fine... I believe you."

For the first time since our encounter, relief washed over his battered face.

But it quickly twisted into shock... then fear... and finally... emptiness.

"But... I gave it... to you..."

I pulled Balerion from his chest.

One last glance at his crimson eyes— now lifeless and hollow.

Kai Luc was dead.

"Sorry... but you saw too much. I never intended to let you leave here alive."