

## VILLAIN 85

### Chapter 85 Perspectives (1)

It is said that when you're on the brink of death, your entire life flashes before your eyes.

Time slows down just enough to let you recall things you never thought you'd be able to in that moment.

Lara Croft had abandoned her elegant bow, clutching Snow tightly as pitch-black spikes reflected in her pupils, expanding ever so slowly.

'Overwhelming attack.'

'Immense power.'

That attack was the very definition of chaos—black spikes tearing through everything in their path at random.

The elites, led by Ellen, desperately tried to salvage whatever they could. But no matter what, it seemed her story was fated to end here.

The girl shut her eyes, bracing herself for the moment those shadowy spikes would pierce her frail body. Yet, no matter how long she waited, that moment never came.

Instead, what she felt was an eerie cold that sent shivers down her spine.

She opened her eyes to a surreal sight.

The black spikes that had threatened to obliterate everything were now locked in a stalemate against crystalline ice formations, shaped like towering mountain peaks.

Black and sky-blue clashed midair, neither yielding to the other.

Slowly, Lara turned toward the source of this power. And who else could it be...

Seris Moonlight stood with unwavering intensity, her glowing eyes radiating power.

She looked even paler than usual, like a ghost in a white field.

"Seris... you, how...?"

Seris remained silent in response to Lara's question.

She wasn't the only one shocked—every elite, every classmate in the Elite Division, wore the same expression of disbelief.

"That girl... she stopped Gavardiol's attack?"

Ellen muttered under her breath.

She had been moments away from using everything she had to save the others, but Seris beat her to it.

"Incredible."

Danzo tapped the ice before him, sensing its sheer solidity.

"This thing... it doesn't seem easy to break."

"You're telling me that girl launched an attack like this?"

Ragna's gaze sharpened as he stared at Seris.

"Then why didn't she do something from the start?"

His words spread through the crowd, drawing their attention to an undeniable fact.

"That's enough for now... We survived, and that's what matters."

The distant sound of Imperial soldiers approaching confirmed that this grueling battle had finally come to an end.

"It's over..."

Ellen exhaled in relief. But another voice cut through the air.

"No. It's not over."

"Yeah! If she could unleash an attack like that, why didn't she do it earlier? If she had, Atlas wouldn't have died!"

"Exactly!"

"Why didn't you save him?"

Shouts erupted from the senior students of the Elite Division.

Perhaps everything had happened too fast, but losing someone like Atlas wasn't something they could simply accept.

He was one of the strongest talents of the Temple, the star of the fourth year.

Those who couldn't accept his death now turned their blame on Seris, as if she had been obligated to save him from the very beginning.

Her classmates said nothing, just as conflicted as the others.

Yet, Seris took all those accusing gazes—each filled with different emotions—with calm indifference.

The glow surrounding her faded as she spoke in an eerily composed tone.

"How odd... Are you seniors asking us first-years to save you now?"

"Did one person's death make you forget your own weakness, pushing the blame onto me instead?"

She chuckled coldly before turning away.

"The ability I just used drains all my strength. I can only use it once. Against an opponent of that level, I never once entertained the delusion that I could defeat him with a single strike."

"That's why I waited for the right moment... and it came."

Her words were so brutally rational that those who had accused her found themselves at a loss for a response.

But her condescending attitude did nothing to soothe them—especially after her final remark.

"You shouldn't be asking me, 'Why didn't you save him?' You should be thanking me for saving your sorry ass."

"You—!"

The situation was about to escalate, but a deep voice echoed through the area, silencing everyone.

"That's enough."

All heads turned toward the source of the voice, and a stranger appeared beside Atlas' lifeless body.

Ghost Umbra placed a hand on his older brother's chest, staring at him for a long moment.

Atlas' body was riddled with holes, completely torn apart—his form barely recognizable.

"Hey, you."

Ghost called out, his eyes locking onto someone specific.

It took her a second to realize he was speaking to her.

"...Me?"

Ghost nodded before asking,

"How did he die?"

Hearing him interrogate her so directly, Ellen frowned.

"And who are you?"

The boy before her was absurdly blunt. He had appeared out of nowhere and immediately started questioning her. But his next words softened her expression.

"Ghost Umbra. His younger brother."

"...Oh."

Ellen froze before answering hesitantly.

"I'm sorry... I couldn't—"

"There's no need to apologize. Just answer my question."

Despite his harsh tone, Ellen White complied. She told him everything—how she had failed to stop Gavardiol, how Atlas had fallen.

In the end, Ghost simply nodded and lifted Atlas' body.

"As an assassin... revealing yourself from the start, shoving your head into the beast's mouth... You used yourself as a shield for others, when they should have been shielding you."

"As an assassin, you were a failure. A disgrace to the Umbra name."

Silence fell as everyone watched Ghost carry the cold, lifeless body away.

"You killed yourself, brother... But don't worry."

A strange light flickered within Ghost's eyes as he whispered beside his fallen brother's ear.

"I'll do what you failed to do. I'll finish the mission you couldn't."

That day, an assassin found a new purpose.

---

-Sansa Valerion Pov-

"Are you alright, Your Highness?"

"I'm fine. There are plenty of others who need your attention more than I do. Instead of asking me the same question a hundred times, you should go help the other students."

At my sharp response, Oliver Khan let out a quiet sigh before turning toward the ruined temple.

"If only I had arrived a little earlier..."

No one could tell what kind of expression he was making.

Beneath that white mask of his, only his blue eyes could be seen at times.

With his long white hair and perfectly sculpted physique, he stood out wherever he went.

If only he had arrived sooner... No.

If I had been more aware of my surroundings... If I hadn't underestimated the situation back then... If I had been a competent princess... maybe, just maybe, I could have minimized the damage.

I hugged myself under the cloak I'd been given, my mind replaying everything that had happened.

Ghost had left me here not long ago before returning to battle. Frey had also gone off somewhere earlier.

They were all fighting. And yet, here I was, sitting uselessly, unable to do anything.

"Your Highness..."

"Just Sansa."

"Ahem... Lady Sansa, what exactly happened? Did you and Mist son defeat one of the High Contract Holders? Did you, by any chance, use that powe—"

"Stop, Oliver."

I sighed in frustration at his last question.

"I didn't. It wasn't just me and Ghost there. Frey Starlight helped us too. Somehow, we managed to win... by making it a three-on-one."

"Frey Starlight?"

I gave a silent nod, making it clear that I had no intention of discussing the matter further.

Oliver Khan's silence proved that my last words were difficult to believe.

He had seen Feyrith's corpse.

A man like Oliver—someone at the level of a Guardian Master—could still gauge Feyrith's strength, even in death.

That's why my words didn't make sense to him.

Maybe he thought... that I had used that power to defeat Feyrith.

But he hadn't seen what I saw.

"Frey..."