

VILLAIN 87

Chapter 87 The next step

- Snow Lionheart's Pov -

"Huh?"

What's going on?

In an instant, I found myself standing in a strange place... a massive palace, built entirely of pristine white marble.

I was floating—weightless. It didn't take long for me to realize I was in a spiritual form, unable to touch anything around me.

"Wasn't I just fighting? Didn't that bastard Gvardiol send me flying?"

"Is this... a dream?"

Memories surged back, one after another, igniting a burning frustration inside me.

I had removed the ring... fought with all six of my elements... and even wielded the third sword—
Dimensional Severer.

Yet, despite all of that, I lost.

A crushing, humiliating defeat.

And worst of all... I lost to someone from my own generation.

I had been arrogant—blinded by my own insignificant strength, foolishly believing I was at the top.

Regret. Anger. They swirled inside me like a storm.

I studied my ethereal body, vowing to myself—I will never make the same mistakes again.

Then it hit me—this damn dream was still going.

"...Where am I?"

As if in response, reality twisted.

The next thing I knew, I was standing in a vast training ground.

And he was there.

A figure stood tall, unshaken. His overwhelming aura blurred his features, making it impossible to see his face.

For some reason, my knees threatened to buckle before him.

A strange feeling stirred within me—nostalgia... belonging.

"Who are you?"

I asked cautiously.

He didn't answer.

Instead, he simply raised a hand, summoning a sword unlike any I had ever seen.

With both hands, he gripped it tightly—then unleashed a strike of utter devastation.

"Fourth Sword: World Severer."

A cataclysmic force erased everything, swallowing me whole—

—flinging me back into reality.

Gasp!

Gasp!

My eyes shot open as my chest heaved violently, my breathing ragged and unsteady.

I was lying in what looked like a hospital room, surrounded by medical equipment.

With a surge of energy, I sat up abruptly, my eyes widening.

I could feel it—light radiating from my body. The rush of power... the black impurities seeping from my pores.

"I'm about to break through to Class C...!"

But right now, I didn't care about that.

All I could think about was that strike.

Fourth Sword: World Severer ...

I felt an overwhelming urge to rush to the training arena, seize my sword, and start practicing immediately.

Elsewhere...

In a completely different place, the elite students remained within the temple, ordered to stay in their designated quarters.

At the center of it all, the Elite Student Council President worked tirelessly, organizing and directing everyone. The exhaustion was evident in the dark circles beneath her eyes.

Ellen had fought relentlessly inside the temple—first against the strongest Ultras Awakeners, then against Gvardiol with every ounce of strength she had left.

And from that moment on, she had taken charge.

But her body had reached its limit.

"Ellen... that's enough. You've done more than enough."

A soft hand rested gently on Ellen's back, and in an instant, holy energy seeped into her, easing her exhaustion.

Ellen forced a weary smile as she turned around—

Uriel.

Her golden hair shimmered under the dim lights, her piercing blue eyes filled with quiet concern.

"Uriel... thank you."

"There's no need. This is the least I can do."

Uriel, the Church's Saint Candidate, had saved countless lives today.

It was said that as long as you were still breathing, she could bring you back from any injury.

Without her, the death toll would have surpassed a thousand by now.

The temple was filled with heroes—warriors who had fought with everything they had. Now, they assessed the damage, tending to the wounded.

"Don't blame yourself, Ellen. One day... we'll bring him down."

It was obvious who she was talking about.

Gvardiol.

That monster.

A painful memory flashed in Ellen's mind—the day he destroyed the only place she had ever called home.

Two years ago... she had begun her hunt, chasing him relentlessly, seeking revenge.

But the closer she got, the more she realized a terrifying truth.

Ellen shook her head at Uriel's words.

"You don't understand, Uriel... that thing must die ,no matter the cost."

"Mm."

Uriel nodded, her expression darkening.

"You're right. Someone that powerful is too dangerous to be left alive."

Ellen let out a slow breath.

"...He's from our generation, Uriel."

Those words made Uriel's eyes widen in shock.

"...Someone our age... that powerful?"

That was the horrifying truth.

Gvardiol was still in his early twenties.

Meaning—he still had room to grow.

"If we allow him to grow even further... we may be looking at a monster stronger than the Four Lords.

Or worse... the next Dragoth."

They exchanged a knowing glance.

Neither of them said it out loud, but they both understood—

Their lives had just taken a dangerous turn.

- Frey Starlight's Pov -

Name: Frey Starlight (Dual Soul)

Class: Swordsman

Talent: S

Current Rank: D+

Strength: D

Speed: C-

Agility: D

Endurance: D-

Aura: SSS

Magic: -

Swordsmanship Level 3 (Limit Broken—User can now reach Level 7)

Talents

{Swordsmanship}

{Aura Manipulation}

{Poison Immunity}

Combat Style

Ten Thousand Steps of Shadow

Skills

Hawk's Eye (Rank A)

Phantom Steps (Rank A)

Seduction (Rank D)

Ascension (Rank S)

Abilities

Shadow Adaptation 0/7

Anti-Magic Level 1

Achievement Points: 50

System's Note:

"A frog daring to defy the heavens."

"Four thousand damn points...!"

I was this close to punching my screen.

The damn system had just swallowed 4,000 points to upgrade my talent from A to S.

The worst part?

This greedy bastard was only going to demand more from me in the future.

But with my breakthrough to Class C approaching, I had no choice—I needed to push my limits.

Still... the price had been brutal.

And now, I had only 50 Achievement Points left.

Frustrated, I exhaled sharply, trying to decide my next move.

Then, my eyes landed on a particular line in my status window.

A small smirk tugged at my lips.

"...So you're still here."

Frey Starlight—Dual Soul.

"Dual Soul..."

What does that even mean? Frey... I feel like I'm reaching my limit here.

Every single day since I arrived in this world, I've been waiting for you to make a move.

Every time I see those two words "Dual Soul" beside my name, I feel like my body isn't truly mine.

As if someone else is sharing everything with me—my senses, my emotions, my very existence.

To be honest, I don't know how I'll deal with you if you ever return.

What will I do if my body is simply taken away from me? The thought alone has been tormenting me for a while now. Yet, no matter how much time passes, you haven't appeared.

And so, all I can do is wait as well...

I shut down my laptop and scanned my room with a quiet sigh.

It was peaceful here.