

VILLAIN 95

Chapter 95 Darkness Within (1)

"Hmmm..."

The Ironclad stood motionless, watching the young man relentlessly throwing punches at him.

Dozens of silver fists struck the invisible barrier surrounding him, sending shockwaves carrying a ton of force.

"This brat just won't stop."

With a flick of his wrist, Danzo was sent flying once more, fresh blood staining his body. Yet, within seconds, he was back on his feet, charging in again.

"Just how much endurance does he have?"

The Ironclad's eyes flickered, scanning the shadows slithering around him like a snake.

"The son of Mist... He hasn't shown his true abilities yet. He's waiting for the perfect moment to eliminate me... The mindset of a perfect assassin... I can't see him, but I can feel his eyes trying to dissect me—like a predator eyeing its prey."

Suddenly, a sharp headache struck him. Something was distorting his senses, attempting to manipulate his perception. His thoughts immediately turned to the most dangerous person among them.

Selena, the witch.

Magic defied logic to such an extent that even his absolute defense struggled against her intricate spells.

"This generation is... different."

Every few years, a new wave of talents emerged—ones destined to lead the future.

Each generation had its strengths and weaknesses, but this one was something else.

The children standing before him were small monsters, ones that would someday bare their fangs and carve their names into history.

The Ironclad was already satisfied with what he had seen. Now, all that remained was to confirm what he had come for.

Amid the relentless barrage of attacks, everyone slowly came to the same realization—this battle was going nowhere.

Their opponent was toying with them, yet, for some reason, he hadn't killed them.

Selena was the first to point this out, using her magic to relay her voice to everyone.

"I hate to say this, but this isn't an opponent we can hope to defeat."

Danzo scoffed the moment he heard her words.

"That doesn't matter. As long as I can stand, this fight isn't over."

His reasoning was absurd.

Right now, his body wasn't moving because of logic—it was moving because of emotion.

Ever since their last battle inside the temple, he had grown sick of standing on the sidelines.

"Are you insane?! Look at yourself! You're covered in blood, and you haven't even landed a single hit!"

"Shut that damn mouth of yours!"

Danzo clenched his teeth and charged again.

"I'd rather die than back down now!"

They were just words—but he meant every single one.

Selena sighed in frustration.

"I'm not telling you to retreat. I'm saying this fight is pointless. The best course of action is to bypass him and regroup with the upperclassmen... or find the Ranker, Jane."

Ghost's voice came through next.

"And do you think a monster like that will just stand by and let us do as we please?"

Ghost was the best among them at assessing an opponent's strength, and his next words left an unpleasant taste in their mouths.

"I can say with certainty that this guy... is using no more than 10%—no, 5% of his full power."

Silence.

"Running isn't an option..."

Selena rubbed her forehead, weighing their dire situation.

"Then what exactly are we supposed to do?"

Just then, she saw it.

The red eye behind the Ironclad's mask snapped toward her with alarming intensity, sending chills down her spine.

But she quickly realized... he wasn't looking at her.

He was looking at something , or rather, someone behind her.

She turned around slowly.

Frey Starlight stood there.

"You..."

For some reason, she saw him in a different light.

His presence had completely shifted. His expression was void of emotion, his aura cold and subdued, while his eyes glowed with a faint violet hue.

He spoke in a quiet, almost mechanical tone.

"Answer my question. What are the conditions for the teleportation spell you used earlier?"

No introduction. No explanation.

Frey had cut straight to the point, asking about the very ability Selena used to swap places with her suitcase when the Ironclad tried to pull her in.

She frowned, not understanding why he was asking this now.

"Why are you asking that? What does it—"

"If you want this to end, answer my question. Don't make me repeat myself."

He cut her off immediately, his empty gaze piercing through her.

Selena scowled before reluctantly complying.

If he had a way to end this, it was worth trying—better than standing around with no plan.

"My technique only works on objects marked with my signature, like that suitcase. As long as my magic is active, I can swap places with it anytime. I can also transfer anyone I touch."

She explained patiently.

Frey nodded, as if he had already known but simply wanted confirmation.

"That's all I needed to hear."

At that moment, the Ironclad had knocked Danzo away and was already stepping toward them.

But Frey ignored him completely.

Then, he did something no one expected.

He moved forward and wrapped his arms tightly around Selena.

Her mind blanked for a second before she instantly erupted.

"What the hell are you doing?!"

She struggled, trying to shove him away, but Frey was far stronger than her physically.

Yet what truly sent her into a panic wasn't his sudden embrace—but what he planned to do next.

"No way..."

Selena's face turned pale as Frey stomped the ground, launching both of them off the train.

Everyone's eyes widened as they saw Frey and Selena plummet into the abyss below.

Even the Ironclad, despite his composed nature, let out a sharp yell.

"No!"

Without hesitation, he leapt off after them.

Danzo and Ghost watched, their faces twisted in confusion.

Wind howled past Selena's ears as she screamed.

Her mind was in turmoil as she saw the ground rushing toward them at a terrifying speed.

Instinctively, she tried to activate her magic—to teleport them back to safety.

But the moment she did, a dreadful realization struck her.

'My magic... isn't working?!'

As if in response to her thoughts, Frey gently placed a finger against her lips and whispered into her ear.

"Not yet."

Selena felt as if everything that had happened so far was nothing more than a dreadful nightmare...

After all, the young man clinging to her remained eerily calm, his expression unchanged despite the terrifying speed of their fall.

Even stranger... somehow, he was suppressing her magic.

She clenched her teeth, staring at his face just inches away realizing that her fate was now entirely in his hands.

All of this had happened in less than five seconds. And in just a few more, the Ironclad appeared above them, plummeting toward them at an alarming speed.

At that moment, something inside Selena reawakened as Frey whispered once more—

"Now."

With a single word, Selena's magic flared—

And in an instant, both of them vanished, leaving behind nothing but a suitcase.

Frey's timing was flawless—the Ironclad's hand had been moments away from seizing them.

He stared in disbelief at the suitcase as it crashed onto the ground and shattered into pieces.

Realizing what had happened, the Ironclad turned and shot back toward the train, having been thoroughly deceived.

Above the train, Selena and Frey reappeared out of thin air.

The moment her feet touched solid ground, Selena collapsed onto her knees, gasping for breath after the insanity of the past few moments.

Her wide eyes darted to Frey Starlight, who still carried himself as if nothing had happened.

In fact, he drew his sword and pointed it toward a specific spot.

"For someone so desperate to kill us, you sure jumped after us in a hurry... Do you really want to do it with your own hands that badly?"

His words and blade were aimed at the Ironclad, who had already returned.

"You little brat..."

The Ironclad's gravelly voice rumbled from beneath his mask—Frey had successfully provoked him.

"Mirage."

Without warning, Frey moved.

In the blink of an eye, thirty identical copies of him materialized, attacking the Ironclad from every direction.

Dozens of black slashes rained down on the energy barrier surrounding him. But just like before—none managed to pierce through his impenetrable armor.

His aura... his control over it has improved drastically. What the hell is going on with this kid?

The Ironclad's thoughts swirled in chaos—everything had changed.

But the result remained the same—his opponent was still far weaker than him.

Before long, all of Frey's clones faded, nothing more than afterimages dissolving into nothingness, leaving behind only the real one.

Frey now hovered above the Ironclad, his sword pulsing with an overwhelming surge of dark aura.

"Ten Thousand Shadow Steps: infinite Darkness."

Sensing the same attack from before, the Ironclad scoffed beneath his mask.

"This again?"

Gravity intensified around him as he raised his hand toward Frey.

"Stronger than last time, I'll admit... but still nowhere near enough to affect me."

He was right—Frey knew that better than anyone.

"True."

And yet, just as his sword's darkness surged to its peak, Frey propelled himself forward—soaring past the Ironclad entirely.

"But I wasn't aiming at you."

At that moment... Frey's true intentions were revealed.

The person his sword was aimed at wasn't the Ironclad.

It was the sleeping girl behind him.

Had the Ironclad not been wearing a mask, his expression would have been an unreadable storm—a mixture of shock, horror... and fear.

"No!!"

Frey's devastating strike tore through the air—hurtling straight toward Seris Moonlight.

And in that instant, the Ironclad stopped playing around.

Tearing through space itself, he moved.

In a blur of sheer power, he broke through Frey's strike, shattering his sword and sending him crashing into the distance.

But in doing so—by standing in front of Seris and shielding her like that—

He had revealed his true intentions completely.

The Ironclad's furious gaze locked onto Frey, who lay sprawled across the rooftop.

And behind him, the girl remained untouched.

There was no denying it.

Frey Starlight's attack would have killed Seris.

That was how far he was willing to go.

"What the hell is happening? Is he... protecting her?"

Danzo's voice was hollow with disbelief as Ghost appeared beside him.

"Looks like something's at play here... something we don't yet understand."

Selena remained frozen on the ground, her gaze flickering between the Ironclad and Frey Starlight.

The latter had begun forcing himself up—his body soaked in fresh blood.

He clutched his head tightly. The cold, unreadable look from before had vanished—replaced by a sardonic smirk.

"This pathetic charade... ends here, Heisenberg."

Barely able to stand, the young man's words rang with weight.

"Heisenberg... One of the three strongest warriors in the Moonlight Family?!"

Selena's voice trembled in disbelief.

Impossible.