

## VILLAIN 96

Chapter 96 Darkness Within (2)

Heisenberg was an SS- ranked calamity

a living war machine.

Could such a legendary figure truly be standing before them?

But while Selena was trapped in her own shock, Frey didn't care in the slightest what they were thinking.

His piercing gaze remained fixed on the towering figure before him.

"You almost had me fooled."

His voice was calm—steady.

"Throwing civilians off the train. The explosion. The assassination attempt. You played your role well."

A short sigh escaped him, irritation flashing across his bloodied face.

"You might have succeeded... if only you hadn't directed your killing intent solely at me."

The silence that followed was suffocating.

Then—finally—

A deep voice shattered it.

The Ironclad raised his hand to his mask—slowly removing it.

Revealing the face of a man with a thick white beard and a terrifying gaze. A jagged scar marred one of his eyes. His snow-white hair contrasted starkly against the crimson glow of his remaining iris.

"Indeed..."

His voice was heavy.

"My name is Glenn Moonlight. But most know me as Heisenberg."

With that, Heisenberg let his mask fall to the ground, its metallic echo swallowed by the night.

Then, with slow, deliberate steps—

He began walking toward Frey.

"From the very beginning, this was a test—a trial devised by the Moonlight Family to gauge the strength and intelligence of new arrivals."

His words crashed into them like thunder.

Ghost.

Selena.

Danzo.

All were left shaken.

"Everything was preordained—from the explosion to the train's fall. Every single event was meticulously orchestrated."

It all made sense now.

They had survived not because they were lucky—

But because they were meant to.

If Heisenberg had truly wanted them dead, he wouldn't have needed more than a second.

Before, Seris hadn't recognized him immediately.

Because he was the one who handled the family's dirtiest work—the enforcer who operated in the shadows.

Unlike the rest of his kin, who wielded ice, he had become the perfect weapon.

The trio was about to speak—

But Heisenberg wasn't finished yet.

With his towering frame, nearly two and a half meters tall, he stood before Frey Starlight—who, for the first time in a long while, wore a truly grim expression.

"What I'm about to do... has nothing to do with my family. This is my decision alone."

As the last word left his lips, a crushing force erupted from Heisenberg's body—unleashing the full power of an SS- ranked Awakened.

A pressure so immense that it locked everyone in place, paralyzing them where they stood.

His massive frame loomed over Frey, his gaze cold and unwavering.

He replayed everything that had led up to this moment.

He weighed his options.

And he knew without a shred of doubt there would never be a better chance than this.

To eliminate this nuisance.

A pest who had done far too much. Learned far too much.

They had barely managed to orchestrate this opportunity, even with the Starlight Family's cooperation.

And yet, that boy had surpassed every expectation.

He had played him

him ... one of the strongest elders of the Moonlight Family.

A warrior who had spent a lifetime on the battlefield.

And so, his mind was made up.

"Goodbye... Frey Starlight."

Time slowed.

Heisenberg unleashed a strike infused with the full might of a man standing at the very peak of the world.

Frey Starlight watched it approach, his sharp, hawk-like eyes swirling with turbulent thoughts.

He's really... going to do it?

For the first time, the young man truly grasped just how reckless ... how naïve ..he had been.

He had assumed this would end the moment he exposed his opponent.

He had convinced himself that Heisenberg wouldn't kill him.

Not in front of Ghost. Not in front of Danzo and Selena.

That was the logical conclusion.

That was what he had planned for.

But now—

He found himself closer to death than ever before.

Wounded. His Temporal Ascension expired.

His body in the worst possible state.

"What now?! What now?! What now?! What now?! What now?!!!"

Heisenberg had already resolved himself to bear the blame.

As long as Frey died, nothing else mattered.

A man with that level of conviction...

How do you stop him?

The serpent tattoo on Frey's left arm burned fiercely, sensing the overwhelming danger.

I can't block it...

Even if he gave it everything.

Even if he summoned Balerion.

I can't survive this.

Even Balerion itself was sending desperate signals—Live. Run. Do something.

And at last—

Frey Starlight realized.

There was no way out.

No matter how desperately he searched for an answer in those fleeting moments, none came.

There was only death.

Or so he thought.

In an instant—

Death whispered.

The roles reversed.

Reality itself shattered.

"What... is this?"

Heisenberg's devastating punch , one that should have obliterated Frey ... stopped mere centimeters from his face.

His eyes widened.

A strange force had intervened.

Frey's body was cracked, glowing with intricate lines of pulsating violet light—like a cocoon holding something... else.

It lasted only a fleeting moment.

But Heisenberg had seen it.

A shadowy figure.

Something shielding Frey.

Something embracing him, as if cradling a fragile child.

Heisenberg couldn't even see the blood that should have splattered from his fist.

Because the moment he made contact—

His once-mighty hand had been reduced to nothing more than a mangled, bloody pulp.

It all happened in the blink of an eye.

Frey collapsed, unconscious—his eyes still wide open in shock.

And that force ..

That presence ..

The one that had gripped Heisenberg's very soul in terror ..

Vanished.

Leaving him standing there, frozen in disbelief.

Even the searing pain in his ruined hand failed to register.

One thought echoed in his mind.

"What... just happened?"

Had he .. an SS- ranked warrior truly been stopped by a boy who hadn't even reached C-rank?

And more importantly ..

What was that... thing?

A moment of hesitation was all it took.

Dozens of black threads shot forth, coiling tightly around Heisenberg's massive frame.

Ghost materialized before him, silent and menacing.

Danzo, moving just as swiftly, had already pulled Frey's unconscious body away.

Both had seen it.

But there was no time to question what had just transpired.

They had one priority—

Saving Frey.

As for Heisenberg...

For the first time in his life, he felt it.

Not just wariness.

Not just suspicion.

True, absolute certainty.

Frey Starlight was dangerous.

Not just a potential threat—

A definite one.

A risk that had to be eliminated.

Now.

His power surged as he launched himself forward—

Intent on finishing what he started.

But before he could move—

He stopped.

No.

He froze.

Not by choice.

By force.

Half of his body was suddenly encased in an unnatural, magical frost.

And then—

A voice rang out.

A voice only he could hear.

"That's enough, Glenn. I can't turn a blind eye any longer."

Heisenberg's breath hitched.

He knew that voice.

Instantly.

And a chill that had nothing to do with the frost ran down his spine.

"Lord Baylor..."

Baylor Moonlight.

The head of the Moonlight Family.

He wasn't even there.

He was in the distant Moonlight Manor, far from this battlefield.

And yet—

His presence had reached them effortlessly.

His voice resonated with the weight of an undeniable force.

A mere glimpse of what the rulers of the great families were truly capable of.

"We, the ancients, are the pillars of this world. We have lived through the past, carried the present, and shall pave the way for the future."

Baylor's tone was calm.

Absolute.

"Glenn, I let you act as you pleased. But you've crossed the line. Your old bones are no longer suited for handling this generation."

Seated upon his grand throne, Baylor Moonlight smiled.

A knowing, almost amused expression—

As though gazing directly at the unconscious boy.

"The grudges of this generation... shall be settled by its own heroes."

"All we must do is watch."

"But, Lord Baylor! He—"

"My decision is final."

Baylor's words left no room for argument.

"Glenn Moonlight... withdraw."

No matter how much Heisenberg wished to resist—

He couldn't.

Gritting his teeth, he lowered his head.

"As you command..."

From the depths of Moonlight Manor, Baylor Moonlight chuckled.

As he rose from his throne, a quiet murmur left his lips—

"I've witnessed something... truly fascinating today."