

THE VILLAIN'S POV

#Chapter 1 1: Between two worlds (1) - Read THE VILLAIN'S POV Chapter 1 1: Between two worlds (1)

Between two worlds

"They say you never truly appreciate something until you've lost it first."

— September, 2026 —

Snow narrowly dodged a lethal blow that would have ended his life, thanks to his sharp reflexes...

"No. This isn't working."

The battle had dragged both fighters to their breaking point. Every parry, every strike, screamed desperation—a mutual hunger to end this.

"...And this isn't working either."

Exhaustion finally overtook me..

I slumped back in my office chair, realizing I'd spent hours hunched over my computer screen. For the past few hours, anyone passing my room would've heard the furious clatter of keyboard keys—words had poured out of me today with unusual abundance.

This complete immersion in the world my hands had woven made me lose all sense of time. When I finally resurfaced hours later, I realized how late it was—the screen's glow now served as the room's only light source. Pulling my phone from my pocket, I checked the time: 2:00 AM.

"Well. That got out of hand."

Shutting down with a sigh, I collapsed onto the bed. Scrolled. Double-tapped mindlessly on absurdities—cat memes, conspiracy rants, a tutorial on folding napkins into swans. Sleep dragged me under before I could overthink it.

But in that bleary-eyed haze, I didn't notice the date.

Didn't realize that today, of all days, I'd crossed into my twenty-fifth year .

...

Early Morning

As expected, I couldn't drag myself out of bed on my own—no surprise, given how late I'd stayed up.

Thankfully, I'd never need an alarm.

A gentle shake roused me, my mother's voice cutting through the fog:

"Wake up! You'll be late for work. Did you stay up writing that novel again? I've told you a thousand times not to lose track of time when you do that!"

I dragged myself upright, her words went in one ear and out the other. My eyes had barely peeled open, yet she'd already launched into her morning symphony of nagging.

But I didn't mind. Truthfully, I could've set a dozen alarms. I just... liked this better. A grown man, 25 years old, still needing his mother to wake him—pathetic, right? but who cares what anyone thought?

"Morning," I grunted.

She was still lecturing as I stumbled toward the bathroom, her voice chasing me down the hall. *Hurry, hurry!* So I hurried.

Two years since graduation. One grueling year of job hunting. Now here I stood: employed, "adulting," a fledgling in the corporate nest. Technically still a newbie, though—no room for slip-ups.

Post-shower, I haphazardly assembled my most "fashion-forward" outfit (a losing battle) and joined Dad at breakfast

We got along... effortlessly. Why wouldn't we? His eldest had ticked every box: degree, job, independence. In his eyes, he'd asked for nothing more..

The mood stayed bright even when my siblings shuffled in—students still slogging through academia.

After teasing them a bit, we piled into the car. My father drove us all, though this time, I sat in the back with my brothers—Mom had insisted on tagging along.

I didn't mind the family chaos. After years studying away from home, I craved these moments.

Truthfully, I could move out anytime. I had the means. But who in their right mind would want to? Not me. I'd savor these days with them while I still could.

"I love my life," I muttered under my breath.

A happy family. A stable job. Friends woven into decades of memories. What more could I want? If I lived a thousand lives, I'd choose this one again. It was the modest pinnacle of my ambitions.

As the car hummed forward, I tugged my laptop from my bag, intent on reviewing last night's work.

My youngest brother's head instantly swiveled over my shoulder.

"Did you write a new chapter?! What happened? Did the hero win? Did he use the light sky technique?"

I stifled an internal groan. Here we go.

Smiling, I answered his barrage—a routine as familiar as the sunrise. In the rearview mirror, I caught my father's amused gaze.

"Your brother really loves your novel."

Of course he does. Why else would he bombard me with questions every update?

"Glad my biggest fan's my own little brother," I chuckled, ruffling his hair before refocusing on the screen.

"The land of survival"

A novel I'd started scribbling during university—a hobby that became an addiction, an outlet for my wildest ideas.

Readers loved it. I loved writing it. Sure, the premise was classic: demons invading the human world.

But its appeal lay in the hero's life at a magic academy—swordfights, spellcraft, tangled relationships. Demons! Magic! School drama! Charismatic characters! Who wouldn't eat that up? Even I devoured writing it.

But it remained just a hobby. Hence why, years later, it's still unfinished. Readers complained about my snail-paced updates, and rightly so. I'd begun it ages ago, yet chapters trickled out like rare drops.

I'll admit—it earned me some decent cash. But no, I wouldn't chain my life to writing. My words weren't infinite, yet readers always hungered for more.

Want more? Go to hell .

This novel will end someday... but not today.

With that thought, I snapped the laptop shut.

But in that moment, the scenery I'd been watching through the car window vanished. Replaced by a light so blinding it seared my vision—I jerked back instinctively, but before my eyes could adjust, everything slipped beyond the edges of sight.

No time to breathe. No chance to fix my family's faces in my mind. Just the suffocating dark, swallowing the whole world.

"When you think everything is going perfectly, the world decides to flip you off.

September, 2326 (300 Years After the Gates Catastrophe)

Lost in the void of unconsciousness, adrift in darkness...

A distant murmur of footsteps grew closer, followed by a soft voice calling out—

"My Lord."

"My Lord."

"Wake... My Lord."

"Wh-what...?"

My eyelids fluttered open, struggling to process my surroundings. Before I could fully orient myself, a searing bolt of pain lanced through my skull. I clutched my head, gritting my teeth against the agony.

"Ugh... What the hell is happening?"

I mumbled with difficulty, waiting for a response from the same gentle voice.

"Lord Starlight, are you all right?"

I instinctively turned toward the source of the voice and found a beautiful girl with jet-black hair and porcelain-white skin, dressed in a maid uniform straight out of the anime I used to watch. She stood there respectfully, as if awaiting orders, though a hint of disdain flickered unmistakably in her eyes.

I slowly scanned my surroundings and realized she was standing far away due to the enormous bed I was lying in. Could this even be called a bed? Literally, I could play football on top of it.

The room was massive—white marble floors with faint reflections of objects, towering walls, and a ceiling adorned with modern lighting that starkly contrasted with the rest of the decor.

"Who designed this place?" It felt like forcing a 17th-century architect and a 21st-century tech bro to collaborate. The result? A chaotic fever dream of eras colliding.

The room was fully equipped with every comfort, crammed with furniture, and I could spot a desk in one corner.

"Where... am I?"

I remember being in the car with my family, heading to work, before... Ugh.

Another wave of headache hit me, the same pain I'd felt since waking up.

Anyway, I need to figure out where I am.

I threw off the covers. I was wearing simple black-and-gray sleepwear over my naked body

"Wait... My body?"

A quick glance at myself froze me in place. "Is this even my body?"

Pale white skin and a flawless physique with no trace of fat. I wasn't exactly overweight before, but I still had some flab. What I saw now was worlds away from my real body.

Suddenly, anxiety crept in...

The maid, still statue-like in the corner, didn't miss this. She quickly bowed and peered closely at me.

"My lord , are you unwell? You've been acting strangely since you woke up..."

"Your Lord...?" I uttered, unable to process what I'd just heard.

"Where am I? Some medieval play?"

"Wait... What did you call me earlier?"

Suddenly, a terrible realization dawned on me, and a wave of dread washed over my veins.

At my question, the maid tilted her head. "What did I call you? Do you mean 'Your Excellency'?"

"No—*before that*!" I crawled across the bed toward her, closing the distance.

Seeing my intensity, she flinched, stammering, "F-forgive me, my lord. Perhaps I erred in addressing you. I beg your pardon—"

Before she could finish, I roared, "Stop the nonsense and tell me the fuckin name you called me!"

In that moment, I lost all control—consumed by panic and splitting pain. Some part of me *knew* the truth, but I clung to denial... until the maid's final words struck me like a thunderbolt.

She recoiled, trembling, and whispered,

"L-Lord Starlight..."

"Starlight..."

"Starlight..."

I echoed the name, my voice shaking.

"Impossible..."

This is a dream, right?

What kind of twisted joke is this? If it's a prank, it's not funny ..

Starlight—a name that existed in only one place: The land of survival, the novel I'd spent years writing.

I lunged off the bed, demanding the terrified maid show me a mirror. She stared at me as if I'd gone mad but stammered, "T-there's a connected bathroom, my lord... beyond that door."

Before she finished, I bolted inside. The bathroom was obscenely lavish, something fit for the British monarchy. But I didn't care. I sprinted to the towering mirror—and froze.

My worst fear stared back.

"Who... are you?" I whispered, pressing a hand to the glass.

The reflection was a stranger: jet-black hair, flawlessly styled despite my earlier collapse; large, obsidian eyes; a face sculpted with inhuman perfection. Not mine.

Nausea churned in my gut. The headache roared back, sharper—a blender shredding my skull—as a cold, mechanical voice hissed beside my ear:

[Synchronization initiated.]

[User memory adjusted.]

[Frey Starlight.]

The final phrase snapped the pieces together. Frey Starlight.

Not just any character from "The land of survival"

But the most reviled villain in the story.

The one who dies in 101 out of 100 endings.

In this way, I completely fainted while the last thing I heard was this horrible truth.