

# THE VILLAIN'S POV

## #Chapter 10 10: The Senate Council (1) - Read THE VILLAIN'S POV Chapter 10 10: The Senate Council (1)

"Cold"

Ada stood there at the door. Frey had reverted to that cold, unreadable man once again. She could no longer understand him.

Sometimes he seemed sad, other times angry, but most of the time—cold.

He had improved slightly over the past few days, yet after meeting Vulcan, he quickly returned to his detached self. She couldn't grasp what was happening to him.

He was certainly better than the old, wicked Frey. After all, he hadn't harmed anyone during her entire stay with him. He had matured...

But she wasn't sure. Had he truly changed? Or was this just the calm before the storm?

With these thoughts in mind, Ada left for the banquet. Preserving the family's reputation was her priority for now.

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-Frey starlight POV -

I leaned against the door.

I was inside a vast room with high walls, luxurious furniture... a moderately sized bed.

It was equipped with almost everything my previous room had—except for the bed's size.

I spotted a rocking chair to the side and threw myself onto it.

I swayed gently, staring at the ceiling.

'The bastards are watching me.'

It was an undeniable truth. From the moment I set foot in this place, I had been under surveillance.

The Senate—a group of rusted cogs, hypocrites to the core.

Those fools were trying to suppress me as much as possible.

If not for Frey's father's will, they would have killed the owner of this body long ago.

It was said they respected Abraham Starlight, Frey's father . But I fail to see the respect in what they did.

Sure, they didn't kill me, but they did something worse.

I had realized everything during my month-long stay with Ada.

First, Frey had been completely isolated from the family's lands. His manor was placed on the far side of the empire, as if they were exiling him—or making it easier to eliminate him.

Second, his training was deliberately stifled. Someone of his standing should have had access to the best resources to ascend to higher ranks. But instead, they kept him at the bottom.

Third, they attempted to kill Frey through indirect means. That was why they gave him that ridiculous skill, "seduction," hoping he would use it on a noble family's daughter and cause a scandal that would justify his execution.

They wanted me dead but couldn't lay a hand on me directly.

This led me to one conclusion—the Senate was divided.

One faction wanted me dead by any means necessary, while the other despised me but respected Abraham's will.

The first faction was trying to kill me indirectly.

Let's call them "The bastards who want me dead."

As for the second faction, "The bastards who hate me but won't kill me."

Was there a third faction? I didn't think so, but I would find out soon enough.

Perhaps they had hoped Vulcan would kill me and take the blame himself, leading to his own demise.

I stood from the chair and walked to the balcony. Mountains surrounded us on all sides, making for a breathtaking view—one you wouldn't see every day.

My plan starts here.

They want me dead, and I will grant them their wish.

My plan was simple. First, I would renounce my title as Lord, shocking everyone.

Then, I had to appear as someone suicidal.

I had already taken the first step in front of Vulcan when I told him to kill me. I had tried to appear as insane as possible, fully aware that they were watching.

Seeing me desperate for death, I would play my final card.

"I want to go on a training journey."

To where?

"The Nightmare Lands... the place that was once called China."

Alone?

"Alone."

A person like me, ranked F, had zero chances of survival there—or so they would think. But I had a few tricks up my sleeve.

They would believe they had finally rid themselves of me. "Foolish Frey walked to his death." But they wouldn't realize that they were the very reason I would survive.

Perfect, isn't it? I would have them send me directly to the location of the "Ten Thousand Steps of Shadow" technique.

My plan relied on wild assumptions on my part. Whether it would succeed or not—I would find out tomorrow.

That night, I couldn't sleep.

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And here we are.

I was forced to endure the maids surrounding me, insisting on dressing me up.

I had no idea how much time had passed, but it felt like hours.

When I finally looked at the mirror, I wanted to throw up. I looked like a spoiled child in expensive clothes. With my hair neatly styled to the side, I truly resembled one of those arrogant nobles.

'Calm down... I just need to endure today.'

Eventually, I met Ada, who wore a stunning black dress, seemingly coordinating with me. We made our way to the designated place.

Several servants accompanied us along the way.

At last, we arrived at the grand hall where the event would take place.

I took a deep breath as I stared at the colossal doors before me—doors large enough to accommodate a giant elephant.

"We can escort you no further, my Lord. From here on, only the Lord and his companion may proceed."

The servants withdrew, leaving us alone.

Exchanging a brief nod with Ada, I pushed open the massive doors, channeling some aura into my arms to move them.

As the doors parted, I realized I had underestimated the situation.

Instantly, hundreds—if not more—pairs of eyes fell upon me.

The hall before me was vast, like a grand stadium, surrounded by luxurious balconies. Everything was adorned in gold and white.

Straight ahead, a raised platform loomed above all, with twelve seats placed upon it.

Seated in those chairs were the most powerful individuals in this family.

The moment I felt the cold stares directed at me, all the feigned composure I had mustered vanished, replaced by tension.

I stepped forward hesitantly, taking my designated spot in the center of everything.

Clenching my fists, I steadied my expression.

'This isn't a meeting... This is a trial. A trial for me.'

The realization annoyed me, but I let it slide. I was too weak to have a voice here.

Raising my head, I tried to recognize the figures before me.

The room was abuzz with murmurs.

Of all the Starlight family members, I remembered only two—an old man and a woman. They were the only ones I had taken the time to develop and who played a role in the events.

Among the twelve, an old man sat in the center, exuding an air of dominance, as if silently declaring, "I am the leader here."

'It must be him... The Immortal Lion, Leonides Starlight. Supposedly over 150 years old, yet look at him...

Sitting upright like a spear, his thick, flowing hair swept back, and his beard resembling a lion's mane. His gaze alone was enough to bury me where I stood.

This was the Head of the Senate, the strongest within the family. An awakened being of rank S+, only a step away from SS.

I lowered my head and endured the wave of disdain directed at me.

I was forced to bear this burden, but that was fine... I needed every reason to hate this world even more.

Once Leonides had seen enough, he raised his hand.

That simple motion was enough to silence the entire hall, further reinforcing his authority.

Turning his attention back to me, he spoke, his deep voice rumbling through the hall like thunder.

"Frey Starlight."

He paused briefly before continuing.

"Son of Abraham Starlight."

Every word he spoke sent a tremor down my spine, as if he were shouting right beside my ear. I couldn't tell if it was some kind of skill or simply the sheer weight of his presence... but he had no intention of falling silent anytime soon.

"The grandson of my elder brother... Izan Starlight."

"Who, in turn, was the son of our father, the founder of this family—Nova Starlight."

That was a name I was familiar with. After all, Nova was one of the few who had reached the SSS rank...

The Immortal Lion's eyes gleamed as he continued, "Every name I mentioned, except yours... has been a lord of this family for the past 300 years."

"Each of them elevated this family... through blood and tears, and most importantly—through strength."

I watched as a visible force continuously radiated from Leonides body, his aura expanding until it enveloped the entire hall. Finally, that energy gathered and took shape—manifesting into three massive figures in the air.

Each one represented a former lord of the family.

Witnessing this breathtaking display of aura control, the hall erupted into applause and cheers. Even the elders seated beside him showed their admiration.

I looked up and felt the weight of this power... it was terrifying.

Once he had basked in enough applause and praise, Leonides raised his hand again.

"Tell me, son of Abraham, compared to these monsters I have just painted in the air, what do you have to offer?"

'So, you're trying to corner me? Fine, I'll play your game.'

There was no doubt about it—Leonides was on the side that wanted Frey dead.

I stepped forward toward the voice amplifier placed before me.

Clearing my throat, I declared,

"My name is Frey Starlight, the First of His Name. Fate has led me here to stand before you today."

"You have asked me what I can offer compared to my ancestors, and my answer is simple..."

"What I have to offer... is nothing."

I spoke my words and took a step back—leaving the entire hall in stunned silence.

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