

# THE VILLAIN'S POV

## #Chapter 2 2: Between two worlds (2) - Read THE VILLAIN'S POV Chapter 2 2: Between two worlds (2)

-Frey starlight POV -

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I opened my eyes slowly. A sharp screeching sound rang beside my ear, as if I'd awoken from a years-long coma.

What entered my field of vision was that absurdly over-lit ceiling. As for me—I was lying on that stadium-sized bed...

This was the second time I'd opened my eyes to the same scene. Frankly... I didn't want a third.

It took mere seconds to process the situation again, and I couldn't stifle a groan of anguish.

"Have I been reincarnated into my own novel?"

Impossible... This "crossing into another world" nonsense only happens in those stupid novels... I must be dreaming.

After stealing another glance at the colossal room I'd been sleeping in, its staggering details left me laughing bitterly at myself.

A dream? What dream feels this real? What dream makes you feel pain worse than anything you've ever known in mere seconds?

I really did enter my novel.

I gritted my teeth and dug my nails deep into the skin of my hands. My head felt like it was boiling over, forcing me to scream at the top of my lungs:

"Why? Why? WHY? WHY IN HELL'S NAME?!"

"Why ME of all people?! I had a life... a family... I had—"

My voice trembled uncontrollably as I remembered my father, my family, my old life...

A tear escaped as I cursed under my breath.

Then, that gloomy voice echoed by my ear again:

["Synchronization complete."]

["Host memories successfully transferred."]

Suddenly, a flood of foreign memories surged into my mind. But my consciousness clung only to that eerie voice.

I leapt off the gigantic bed, consumed by rage, shouting incoherently:

"Screw you and your synchronization, you son of a bitch!"

"Who the hell asked your rotten ass to bring me here?! Who wanted this 'new life'?!"

"ANSWER ME, YOU BASTARD! Who begged for a second chance?!"

"Take me back... Take me back to my life!"

"I don't want 'chances'... I already had everything! I don't want this life—PLEASE... PLEASE TAKE ME BACK!"

After flailing wildly at the air, I collapsed to my knees. The anger vanished, replaced by crushing despair.

"Please... I'm begging you... I have a family... I have—"

I sobbed violently as I gradually grasped the reality of my situation. The host body's memories kept flowing relentlessly, drowning out my pathetic whimpers.

In the end, all I could do was scream with every shred of strength I had left.

Of course, my breakdown hadn't gone unnoticed. Thanks to my earlier shouting, it wasn't long before people flooded into the room—not that I cared.

Only one thought consumed me: "I'd lost everything."

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Days passed swiftly, and within the vast halls of the Starlight family mansion, whispers fluttered among the maids about the pitiful state of the young lord...

"The mansion is eerily quiet," one of the maids exhaled a cloud of smoke as she puffed her cigar by the window.

"True... It seems Lord Frey has finally lost his mind..."

Beside her stood two girls dressed in the same maid uniforms one only sees in movies.

One muttered blankly, "You say he's gone mad? That Frey? Hah... Impossible..."

All eyes turned to the gloomy, eldest maid—their natural \*senpai\*.

"What do you mean? Didn't you see him screaming and flailing like a lunatic?"

The old maid sighed deeply before continuing, her voice dripping with sarcasm:

"That little devil could never go mad. I've served him since he was a boy. If \*I\* haven't lost my mind, how could \*he\*?" The others' faces paled with terror.

"Miss Frederica! How can you say such things? Aren't you afraid he'll hear? I don't want to be on his bad side... Not after seeing what he's capable of..." The youngest maid trembled, recalling the fate of those who'd displeased Frey.

To become Frey's target was a fate worse than death. You'd become his plaything until you begged for death—a truth everyone in the mansion knew.

"Tsk, tsk. This is why you young ones never last long here," Frederica shook her head at the younger maids' naivety.

"Anyway... The young lord is likely... depressed."

"Depressed?"

Seeing their confusion, Frederica explained, "Yes. That little devil has, for the first time, loved someone other than himself."

The maids gasped in unison: "The daughter of the Moonlight family's lord...?"

Frederica nodded. "He's obsessed. But it seems unrequited. She's not some girl he can claim with power—the Moonlights rival even the Starlights."

After taking another drag, she added grimly:

"Don't get used to this calm, girls. His rage will soon return... and we'll bear the brunt of it. Stay sharp~"

With that, Frederica left, plunging the others into dread.

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- Frey starlight POV -

Lying on this cursed bed, I opened my eyes again. "The seventh time."

Seven times now, I've woken to this damned ceiling.

Any hope that this was a nightmare vanished long ago. Now, I'm just an empty shell sprawled on a lavish bed.

A week had passed since I was thrust into my own novel—trapped in the body of the villain, Frey Starlight.

He was the most hated character in my story... A villain despised by all.

If the protagonist didn't kill him, a heroine would.

If not a heroine, another main character would.

Even the other villains loathed Frey.

Simply put—he was doomed. That kind of character.

Seriously? After inheriting his memories, I realized how truly vile he was. He'd done things I hadn't even written...

All this, and he's only sixteen. What a promising future.

Sure, I know the death flags are piling up. But who cares? Me? Haha... To hell with everything.

I don't even want to live in this world.

Once, I tried stabbing myself with a knife—to end this nightmare.

I wanted to die.

But here's the thing—my hand froze the instant the blade threatened to pierce the delicate skin of my neck.

Who was I kidding? Kill myself? End it all?

I didn't have the guts. Not even an ounce of resolve.

Only then did I realize how pitiful I truly was.

So, I spent the last week doing... absolutely nothing.

Eat. Shit. Bathe. Sleep. Repeat. Seven cycles of this mind-numbing routine.

Many came to visit, but I ignored them all. They left bewildered.

Frey will die sooner or later. Since I couldn't end it myself, I'll simply wait for another character to kill me.

The last few days were quiet. Frey—the young lord of the mighty Starlight family, one of the three most powerful human noble houses—lived in obscene luxury.

I was particularly fond of the bathtub. The previous owner of this body was obsessed with cleanliness, and I'd inherited his obsessive-compulsive tendencies, bathing twice daily.

I resented this body's habits, as if Frey's presence was slowly erasing mine. But I didn't care.

I don't want to live in this world.

I just want to die quietly in a corner.

So, I tossed in bed. Morning had already come, but I decided to sleep more. Until the demons began their serious movements, little would happen in this world—especially for a family like the Starlights. I had endless time to waste.

After all, the main story's events wouldn't begin until a year later, when the protagonist and others enter the Temple.

The human realm had shrunk into a single colossal empire, forged by the relentless demon attacks that pushed humanity to the brink of extinction.

But humans adapted swiftly. They awakened unique abilities and, after rivers of blood and tears, managed to repel the demons—sort of.

To bolster their strength, humanity pooled all its resources and advancements to build a place where future leaders could be cultivated: the Temple.

Either way, the Temple's events were still a year away.

I sighed, rolling over in bed. "Just hurry up and kill me already..."

I drifted back to sleep, ignoring everything.

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"I couldn't stay asleep forever, could I?"

I was sitting at my desk, mindlessly scribbling on some papers... occasionally watching videos on my smartwatch, which I still hadn't gotten used to.

After humanity was pushed to the brink, much of its progress and civilization had already been lost.

But now, after countless efforts, they had managed—somewhat—to overcome that and rebuild with modern technologies powered by the very force humans had awakened: Aura.

Yet, despite their relative success, it wasn't complete. That much was evident in the strange architectural designs—buildings that seemed like a bizarre mix of the modern era and the Middle Ages.

Well, I guess you could blame me as the author of this story for such absurdity.

Leaning back in my chair, I sighed for what felt like the thousandth time.

Normally, people would be happy to be given a second chance at life... but I didn't want it. I didn't need it.

Every passing minute, every single second, I was reminded of my family—of what I had left behind. That alone had plunged me into severe depression.

Life is unfair.

~Knock, knock~

The sound of the door pulled me from my thoughts, but I didn't bother checking who it was.

A maid entered my room and bowed gracefully.

"I apologize for disturbing you, my lord... A package arrived for you a little while ago. As per your previous instructions, we ensured it was completely safe before delivering it, without opening it."

She placed a medium-sized box at the door, bowed lightly, and left.

"I wish you a good day, my lord."

The door closed again, leaving me alone once more.

From the start, I had never interacted much with the maids, and it seemed they had gotten used to that.

A quick glance at the box on the floor jogged a faint memory—Frey had instructed the maids never to look inside any package he received.

Of course, that was because he often ordered rather dangerous things. And with the superhuman abilities that had emerged in this world, it wasn't hard for them to ensure a package was safe without opening it.

Bored out of my mind, I moved toward the box and opened it.

"Let's see what you've got for me this time, old man Frey..."

The moment I saw what was inside, I froze—my eyes wide open.

How could I not?

My lips trembled as I reached in and pulled out that familiar black device, the one that had been with me for years.

There was no mistaking it... This was my personal laptop.

I carefully placed it on the desk, staring at it like a madman.

Noticing the scratches scattered all over its surface, I instantly remembered how it got them—when I dropped it all those years ago.

This was the very laptop I had used for so long...

The laptop on which I had written the novel, tapping away at its keyboard.

What the hell was going on? Was someone mocking me?

With trembling hands and a racing heart, I opened the laptop—staring into the unknown future ahead.

A gasp escaped my lips as I stared at the device in front of me.

"This is my computer... It's him! There's no way I'd mistake it... not after all these years of tinkering with it."

But the real question is—how?

Did the computer reincarnate with me? Impossible...

"Let's not jump to conclusions."

That's right... Maybe it's just a replica or some kind of tool. Though I highly doubt that, considering computers no longer exist in this world. Everything now relies on smart screens powered by Aura...

Either way, I slowly opened the laptop, and its screen lit up instantly, making me freeze in shock.

"Since when did my computer turn on this fast? I mean, it used to take forever back in the day..."

Never mind that. The first thing I saw was the home screen, and the first thing I noticed—was the wallpaper!

It was the same one I used before—Song Jin-Woo from Solo Leveling, wielding his daggers...

"It really is him," I muttered.

If this laptop actually made it here, doesn't that mean there's a way to go back? A way to return to my world?!

A surge of heat filled my chest, and my hands trembled.

"Damn it... don't do this to me... I had already given up hope."

With bated breath, I typed in my password and unlocked the device.

"Maybe I'll find a clue inside... I could only hope."

But those hopes were quickly shattered. There were only two windows on the entire desktop.

The first one—I knew it well. It was the folder where I kept all my novel chapters.

It was packed with over 600 chapters. But right beside it, I saw something new...

The second window sat in the corner, styled in a mocking Joker theme of black and red.

Below it, two words were written: "Author's Tools."

I muttered the name under my breath before clicking on it without hesitation.

What else could I do? There was nothing else on the desktop.

As soon as I clicked, a black screen popped up with the same jester emblem—only much larger.

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## Author's Tools

Congratulations to the author on obtaining the first and finest cheating tool—Author's Tools! We are far superior to any system you've ever seen, offering you incredible perks to make your life easier. And don't worry—we won't fail you. I mean, your life is already at rock bottom, so there's no way we could make it worse, right? Hahahahaha!

"What the hell is this?"

That was all I could say. Was it seriously laughing at me? Who was the idiot that made this? And what's with this cliché background? Did they run out of Google images or what?

"Screw you and your 'Author Tools' or whatever! Who wants a dumb system? All I want is a way back to my world!"

I scrolled down frantically to explore more of this ridiculous interface.

As I kept scrolling, a new heading appeared in bold letters:

## Author Perks

1- Novel: 'The land of survival'

The author has direct access to all chapters of 'The land of survival'! Yes, you read that right. You can review the novel's chapters anytime, so no fear of forgetting plot details!

"Well, that explains the novel folder's presence..."

I kept scrolling until I reached the second perk:

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2- Biography!

Here, the author can view their stats, combat styles, skills, and talents! But is that all? Of course not! Focus closely and scrutinize your strongest perk: The author holds the right to alter their biography! You can add any skill, talent, or ability. Sounds unfair, doesn't it? Sadly, it's not absolute—every addition costs Achievement Points! As long as you have enough points, you can do anything... But don't get too greedy.

(Note: The author cannot modify their stats or invent new combat styles.)

## Achievement Points

Earned by completing main/side quests (viewable here) or by leaving a significant mark on the main storyline.

Current Achievement Points: 100

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"This system really loves to ramble... But I'll admit—this is a powerful perk. It grants me the right to write any talent or skill I want... Though I doubt it's that simple."

I noted that inventing new combat styles was blocked, which made sense. Combat styles were martial arts practiced by Awakened Ones who had unlocked their Aura. The stronger the style, the higher the realm one could reach—but aside from SSS-Class Beasts from the past, no one had ever invented a new style.

This was a setting I'd added as the author... But again, this wasn't what I was looking for. All I wanted was a hint—or even a clue—on how to return to my world.

~Sigh~

I kept scrolling, pinning my hopes on this tacky system.

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### 3- Author's Advice!

We offer our valuable guidance to the author! For a set amount of Achievement Points, the author can request advice on\* anything—and freely choose between two options: Random or Direct!

- Random Advice (10 AP)

Provides vague, cryptic instructions—but guarantees the safest path forward (even if you can't understand it).

- Direct Advice (30 AP)

Offers clear instructions even a child could follow. However, while it leads directly to the goal, it always places an obstacle of some sort in your path. Proceed with caution! Hahahaha!

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"This is it!"

The moment I read about the advice feature, a thread of hope emerged. \*I could ask the system how to return to my world, right?\*

"Yes, this'll work! How many of these stupid Achievement Points do I have again?"

I scrolled up hastily and found the system had granted me 100 AP.

More than enough.

Without hesitation, I chose direct Advice. Screw randomness.

I typed immediately: "How to return to my world."

The words "Direct Advice" glowed, and I waited breathlessly—only to be crushed. What appeared was simply:

???

Three massive question marks filled the screen. I clenched my fists and tried the Random Advice option instead—but the result was identical:

???

The same answer. Bitterness flooded me as I realized this system was toying with me. It dangles hope, then snatches it away. Do I look like a game character to you?!

"No... Calm down..."

I took a deep breath. I haven't lost hope yet. Think logically: If there were no way back, the system would've answered with a flat 'No'—not cryptic question marks. Right?

"Let's test this again..."

I immediately typed: "How to defeat the Demon King."

This was an entity whose power surpassed even SSS-Class Beasts. Not even I, as the author, had figured out a way for the protagonist to defeat him. So I was certain...

My expectations were confirmed when the Direct Advice yielded the same response:

???

I was right! The system's advice had limits—it wouldn't answer everything. Thinking about it, this made sense given how cheap the feature was.

It'll probably respond if I ask something within its capacity... Yes, it's too early to despair.

I forced myself to stay calm and kept exploring the Author Tools.

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#### 4- Image

\*Future Snapshot!\* For a set amount of Achievement Points, the author receives an image of a future event. The farther the event, the higher the cost.

"This is useful... but not what I'm looking for."

I ignored it and scrolled further, only to be met with cruelty—the interface now showed only Quests. Nothing else.

I laughed bitterly. "So... it's useless."

I slammed my fist on the desk, frustration boiling over.

"Useless."

I'd been given a system like those cheesy protagonists in web novels... But what's the point? It won't grant my real wish.

With hollow eyes, I skimmed the quests list dismissively:

Quests were divided into three categories:

- Side Quests: Low AP rewards, easy tasks—"Harass a maid," "Punch that guy," "Achieve this..."

- Main Quests: Completely empty.

- Final Quest:

I glanced at the Final Quest—and froze at what I read:

"Win the Victoriad."

Two simple words, but I could only laugh.

"Win the Victoriad? Heh..."

This quest was nearly impossible... If not outright impossible.

Why? Let me explain:

The Victoriad was like a final exam held annually in the "Temple." A massive competition gathering all first-year students to determine the strongest contender. A tournament-style battle royale broadcast worldwide, featuring the most powerful individuals from every faction.

And this system wanted me to win it? To defeat the story's protagonist, "snow," and the other main characters? Practically impossible—even with a system like this.

As I read the quest details, my eyes nearly bulged out of their sockets:

Quest: Win the Victoriad

Deadline: 2 years

Failure Penalty: System sealed for 1 year .

Success Reward: 10,000 AP

System Question:

The author may ask one question to the System Architect, who is obligated to answer—no matter what.

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When I read that last line, I leapt to my feet, feeling like my eyes might pop out.

"This is it! This is IT, you bastard!!!"

I found myself screaming madly again, as if my soul had finally reignited.

"Why did you bury such a crucial detail at the end, you cursed system?! Tell me upfront next time! Fuck your 'Author Tools'!"

I have hope! A chance !

That final line changed everything. **\*\*The System Architect\*\***—there was another entity behind this screen. **\*From them, I'd get my answer: how to return to my world.\***

Win the Victoriad? I'd walk through hell if I had to.

Guess what, you bastard... **\*I'm the author here, not you.**

I built this world... And I'll tear it apart if I must.

I rose from my desk with renewed resolve. Gears began turning in my mind.

I never intended to meddle in this world's events... But they're forcing my hand. So brace yourselves\_

"I'm coming!"