

# THE VILLAIN'S POV

## #Chapter 4 4: Goat Egg - Read THE VILLAIN'S POV Chapter 4 4: Goat Egg

-Frey starlight POV -

"How can you win when your opponent is the perfected version of yourself?"

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"If I win the Victoriad, I can ask the System Architect one question, and he'll be forced to answer..."

I held my breath, struggling to stay calm.

"Winning the Victoriad... It's like winning the World Cup."

A colossal tournament broadcast across all human territories to inspire hope and showcase the young talents destined to lead the world. An event meant to be won by snow, the story's protagonist.

Snow the archetypal hero. Orphaned, raised in a shelter destroyed by demons, drowning in vengeance.

Despite his cliché backstory, he was strong... extremely strong.

To defeat someone like him, I would have to kill myself—literally.

"Let's stay calm... First, I need a plan. Yes, let's do that."

I needed a roadmap. A starting point.

As a start, I had to determine the full extent of Frey's strength.

I immediately accessed my status screen. I had to understand my stats and abilities to figure out exactly what I should do.

A window materialized, displaying:

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Host Name : Frey Starlight (dual soul)

Class: Swordsman

Talent: A

Current Level: F-

Strength: F

Speed: F-

Agility: G+

Stamina: G

Aura: SSS

Magic: G-

[Swordsmanship - Lv. 1](Due to host's lack of innate talent, swordsmanship cannot exceed Lv. 3.)

Talents: None

Combat Style: None

Skills:

seduction (F-Class) :

Induces sexual desire in the target. Effect strengthens against the opposite gender, weakens if the target is two ranks above the host, and may fail entirely.

Abilities: None

System Note: You're weak! Extremely weak! We strongly advise you to increase your strength before you die ! .

I stared, speechless. Frey stats were catastrophic for a Starlight family lord... but that wasn't what shocked me.

Aura: SSS

I rubbed my eyes, doubting my sanity, then read it again ..

Frey had an SSS-tier aura reserve?!

Questions exploded in my mind. How? Why? Since when?!

This was an Aura reserve surpassing the strongest human alive today! A level the protagonist wouldn't reach until the story's end—yet Frey had it from the start? Impossible.

"This must have something to do with my reincarnation..."

I didn't fully understand it yet, but wasn't this amazing?

With something like this, I could defeat the protagonist with ease... Had luck finally smiled upon me?

With a heart about to explode, I leapt up and rushed to the center of the room.

"I have to try it..."

Relying on Frey's memories and my personal knowledge, I attempted to release aura from my body.

"Come on, SSS-Class power..."

Sweat beaded on my forehead as I strained..

And finally, it worked.

But all I could do was frown...

I had managed to gather the aura around my body, but it was so faint and pitifully weak that I couldn't even make it coalesce above my palm.

Veins bulged on my forehead as a suspicion gnawed at me: \*Was the system mocking me?\*

"Where the hell is my SSS-rank aura?!"

This aura... Forget about F-rank, it wasn't even G+!

As I spiraled into madness, my chamber door slammed open, followed by a shrill scream:

\*\*\*"Vrey! Wake up, you bastard!"\*\*\*

Seeing the girl who'd stormed into my room, I could only curse:

"Damn it..."

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Earlier..

In front of the grand entrance to the Starlight family's main estate, a luxurious carriage came to a halt. Its doors swung open, revealing a slender leg stepping out, clad in long black stockings that reached up to her thighs, paired with elegant high heels.

Immediately, servants and maids rushed toward the entrance, forming a line as they bowed at a precise 90-degree angle to greet the esteemed guest.

"Welcome back, Lady Ada."

The crowd greeted a beauty with snow-white hair and obsidian eyes. Her sharp features radiated maturity, proving she'd long left childhood behind—a fact that only amplified her allure.

She was stunning. Most would kill for a mere glance from her

Without sparing a glance at the bowing servants, Ada strode forward indifferently, heading straight for the elderly head maid standing at the front.

"Frederica," she called out, and the old maid responded with a warm smile.

"My dear lady."

Ada wasted no time getting to the point. "Where is he?"

It seemed Frederica had anticipated the question, as she immediately gestured toward the interior of the mansion.

"The young lord is still in his room."

Hearing the answer, Ada could only click her tongue in irritation.

"That useless fool..."

Without hesitation, she marched into the mansion, heading straight for Frey's room. As soon as she reached the door, she yelled at the top of her lungs while throwing it open.

"Frey! Wake up, you bastard!"

Inside, Frey stood frozen in an absurd pose, gaping at her—a sight that only fueled her fury.

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Present..

...Which brings us to now. Ada Starlight—Frey's elder sister and one of the few in this world bold enough to berate the infamous "Villain Frey"—glared at me with undisguised contempt.

Notably, she'd visited daily this past week. I'd ignored her every time... until today.

Forcing a smile, I met her venomous gaze, and replied smoothly.

"To what do I owe this pleasure, Ada?"

"Pleasure?" Her anger reignited like wildfire, voice sharp enough to slice stone.

"The only reason I'm here is because I'm cursed with a pathetic brother who spends his days lazing around like a corpse!"

I flinched involuntarily. After days of solitude, her shriek felt louder than my mother's voice.

With a sigh, I sat on the edge of my bed while Ada continued to bombard me with an endless tirade.

"How long do you expect me to keep covering for you, Mister Frey? What kind of lord are you supposed to be?! I forced myself to tolerate you in the past, but I'm reaching my limit!"

"At least in the past, you \*pretended\* to fulfill your duties as Lord—hiding behind our family name while indulging yourself. But now?!"

~Hooof~

Ada took a deep breath before continuing... "But now you're doing nothing! Just lying there without lifting a finger! Tell me, what do you want? Do you wish to destroy the family that our father and ancestors shed their blood for? Will the fourth lord of House Starlight be the one responsible for its downfall?"

"The other great families and the empire are waiting for any opportunity to strike us from all sides... I'm doing everything in my power to elevate our family, yet my efforts barely manage to contain the disasters you create."

A tear rolled down Ada's cheek as her voice trembled from the strain of shouting.

"I sacrificed my life—even my chance to enter the Temple—just to cover for you. To be your support. Why? This isn't you... You're not the little brother I once knew..."

She covered her mouth, her quiet sobs filling the room. Somewhere deep inside, I felt a pang of discomfort watching this scene unfold, but I quickly pushed those feelings aside. After all, these were just characters I'd created.

In the end, Ada spoke her final words, and I immediately smiled upon hearing them.

"You are not fit to be the lord of this family..."

She turned to leave, assuming Frey would stay silent as usual. But this time, I shattered her expectations.

"You're right."

I smiled faintly at Ada, who froze in her tracks and turned to look at me.

"Excuse me?"

Ada raised an eyebrow, her tear-filled eyes locked onto mine.

"As I said... you're right."

I smiled again, while Ada's face darkened in response, her brows knitting together. If looks could kill, I would have been dead already.

She clenched her teeth and tightened her fists.

"Frey... are you mocking me right now?"

I wasn't bothered by her anger. In fact, I could somewhat understand her reaction. Based on the memories I had inherited from Frey, I realized what had been happening within House Starlight—details I didn't even remember writing.

The reason for Ada's anger was simple: she was the rightful heir to the position of family lord.

At twenty, she was four years older than Frey. In a world without gender biases in succession, the eldest should inherit. But everything changed when Lord Abraham Starlight—our late father—left his final decree, explicitly naming Frey as his heir.

It seemed the previous lord loved his son dearly. And since he had been an overwhelming SS+ rank existence, even the elders of House Starlight couldn't touch or oppose his decision, out of their deep respect for him.

No wonder this trash-tier Frey had survived this long.

I got up from my bed and walked toward my computer.

"I'm not mocking you... Ada."

I tapped on my keyboard and glanced at my stats again.

"I'm weak. I didn't study statecraft or philosophy. I've never bled for this family. I lack a Lord's bearing, his wisdom, his resolve... But you?"

"You have it all."

I gestured casually toward Ada, who stood with her head tilted, staring at me in utter bewilderment.

"Frey... What are you saying? I don't—"

Before she could finish, I stepped closer, mustering the most disarming smile I could manage. "I'll renounce my title as Lord of House Starlight to you"

Silence swallowed the room. I reveled in the flicker of emotions crossing Ada's striking features—shock, suspicion, then a fragile, disbelieving hope.

Her mouth fell open in a perfect 'O,' her face frozen in a comically stunned expression.

And who could blame her? These were words she wouldn't have heard even in her wildest dreams.

She'd been wronged, stripped of her rightful claim, yet she'd swallowed her rage for the sake of her beloved father, her worthless younger brother, and the family name. Even though the years had been anything but kind to her—thanks to the bastard Frey.

But now, here I am, offering her hope... like a light at the end of a tunnel.

"Frey... What are you? I swear, if this is another one of your twisted games—"

I didn't let her finish. Instead, I swiftly threw out my next words—ones that would settle this matter for good.

"An Aura Contract."

Ada's eyes widened to saucers. "A what?!"

I smiled. "I'll sign an Aura Contract. Surely even you can't doubt the sincerity of that, right?"

She trembled visibly, and I relished every twitch.

The Aura Contract was a system I'd created for my protagonist, Snow—a binding pact where both parties swore oaths under lethal penalty. Break the terms, and the Aura embedded in your veins would detonate within the offender's body, reducing them to nothing but minced flesh.

In this world, there was no stronger guarantee.

Ada's trembling grew worse as she muttered, "Frey... why would you do this? You're joking, right? You're playing with me... Yes, that's it... There's no reason for you to give up your position. You gain nothing from this..."

I answered calmly, "I said I'd sign an Aura Contract. Does that sound like a joke to you? And who said I gain nothing? There are one or two things I'd like from you in return."

Her expression darkened, suspicion filling her gaze the moment I mentioned taking something from her. But I was confident—she wouldn't refuse.

Just as I'd walk through hell itself to escape this story, she'd sell her soul to claim what was hers.

That was my greatest weapon here, Knowing every thread of this tale I wove.

I glanced at my stats once more... Weak. I was far too weak.

Not to mention the dormant SSS-rank aura that had yet to activate... everything else was downright pathetic.

I needed to strengthen myself as much as possible, and the first step started with Ada—who would help me.

Everything began here.

Between a hesitant Ada and a confident Frey, another ordeal was about to unfold—one whose secrets no one could yet foresee.