

# THE VILLAIN'S POV

## #Chapter 5 5: Organized Chaos - Read THE VILLAIN'S POV Chapter 5 5: Organized Chaos

"When the world throws its nonsense at you, you have no choice but to go along with it—even when you know it will end with your death."

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Ada flinched involuntarily as her gaze locked with Frey's obsidian-black eyes.

For some reason, Frey seemed different today. More terrifying than usual. It was as if he had finally matured, revealing his true nature.

She hesitated, realizing that he intended to benefit from her in some way. She had no desire to be part of any of Frey's schemes.

But she had no other choice.

What he offered was something she had wanted for years—desires she buried deep within her heart, now rising to the surface, threatening to explode.

Biting her lower lip, Ada finally gave Frey a stiff nod.

"You'd better not take those words back, Frey... I accept your offer. Now—what do you want in return?"

Frey leaned back in his chair, grinning like a fox. Ada's nerves tightened as she braced for his demand—but his answer nearly made her jaw hit the floor.

He raised both hands in mock innocence. "I don't know."

Silence filled the room for a few seconds before Ada fully processed his words.

She clenched her fists, shouting for what felt like the hundredth time,

"So you are messing with me after all!"

"There you go again with the same nonsense," Frey sighed. "I told you—I'll sign an Aura Contract. Where's the joke in that?"

"But you claimed you wanted something in exchange!"

He shrugged. "I do. I just haven't decided what I want yet. We'll settle it later."

Ada muttered under her breath, unsettled by his indifferent attitude.

"You're giving up your title as lord, yet you don't even know what you want in return... This makes no sense."

Frey propped his chin on his hand, leaning lazily on his desk.

"What's the rush? It's not like the Aura Contract will be ready anytime soon. In the first place, I can't even step down as lord until I officially inherit the title on my sixteenth birthday—which is still a month away."

Ada couldn't argue with that. She knew he was right.

Seeing her forced acceptance, Frey continued with a smile.

"We have plenty of time, Ada. Why don't you stay here for now? It's been a while since we lived under the same roof, hasn't it? And it'll give us time to prepare the contract."

"Me? Live here? With you?"

Ada shuddered, her expression twisted with disgust.

Frey could only stare blankly at her exaggerated reaction.

\*Just how badly did my past self torment her?\*

"Your old room is still the same... And it's not like I bite."

Ada fell into deep thought, making Frey slap his own forehead in frustration.

She hadn't taken this long to consider his offer earlier—was this really that big of a deal? Just how much of a piece of trash was the \*old\* Frey to make her react like this?

Of course, Ada's reluctance didn't come from nowhere.

Frey had a history of disasters, after all.

She could never forget that day—the day she caught him brutally torturing one of the maids.

He had been only ten years old back then .

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, Ada sighed in resignation, muttering to herself.

"With Frey for one month, and I get the lordship... Yes, it's worth it. And I can keep an eye on him to see if he's planning something... Yes, this isn't so bad."

Seeing her give in, Frey simply nodded.

"I look forward to working with you, sis."

Ada scoffed in response.

Sister...

She never wanted to hear that word from this little devil's mouth again. That word felt like poison from his lips.

Then, suddenly, she noticed something.

Frey was tapping at the air above his desk again.

He had done the same thing earlier during their conversation, and it left her confused.

"Frey, why do you keep tapping at thin air? Have you lost your mind, or are you playing some kind of trick on me?"

Hearing her words, Frey tilted his head, his gaze shifting to his personal computer.

"Tapping at thin air?"

Raising the device with one hand, he slowly realized something important.

"You... don't see this?"

Ada narrowed her eyes, focusing on his empty hand.

"See what? Your hand is empty."

Hearing her answer, Frey let out a low chuckle—the kind of laugh a villain makes when tormenting their prey.

"Oh, it's nothing. Don't mind me. It's just a habit I use to kill stress, so don't worry about it."

"Hmph! Who the hell would worry about you?!"

Frey laughed again. "Yeah, yeah, I know. Anyway, let's continue our pleasant conversation later. I think we've covered the important points. I'll handle the Aura Contract myself, so you can leave now."

Clicking her tongue, Ada turned on her heel and stormed toward the door.

"As if I'd want to stay in the same room with you!"

She left at last, leaving Frey alone.

But... she couldn't stop herself from glancing back at him one last time.

Only one thought filled her mind at that moment.

"Is this really the Frey I know?"

With that lingering doubt, Ada finally left.

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-Frey starlight POV -

Once again, I was left alone in my massive room.

"Good... Very good."

I muttered under my breath.

Through that conversation with Ada, I had accomplished a lot.

No—I had killed not just two birds, but an entire flock with a single stone.

Surrendering the Lordship seemed foolish, but the title had always been a curse. Now, Ada would bear its weight while I can pull her strings from the shadows.

Frey was, without a doubt, the disgrace of House Starlight.

The title of lord brought far more trouble than benefits.

Now, with Ada as the new lord, I had bound her into my plans—ensuring she would be forced to do what I wanted.

It was the perfect way to maintain my influence while avoiding the dangers that came with the title.

Ada was a prodigy, the true architect of House Starlight's wealth.

There were countless ways to take advantage of that.

House Starlight possessed vast wealth—

wealth I would be more than happy to claim for myself.

Money and skills.

Those were the two things I needed from this family the most.

As for swordsmanship... I already had a plan for that.

I just wasn't ready yet.

Taking another glance at my status window, my focus shifted to my aura trait—Darkness.

This was one of the reasons why Frey was called the disgrace of Starlight.

From the founder of the family to its last lord, all previous lords possessed the Light attribute, which could evolve into the superior Star attribute.

On the other hand, Frey wielded Darkness, which could only evolve into Shadows. As the lord of House Starlight, he was incapable of using the family's strongest weapon—Star Aura—since all the techniques passed down within the family were tied to the Light attribute.

Perhaps Frey's talent, classified as Rank A, was considered good. But it could never compensate for the rest of his shortcomings—especially when his father had been a monstrous SS rank powerhouse.

Yet, though this disparity had branded him a disgrace, his affinity for Darkness suited me perfectly. The sword arts I coveted required it.

I had to prepare myself. One month from now, I would begin my journey to obtain that style... And to do so, I first needed to fix this mess of statistics.

That night, I stayed up experimenting with the Author's Tools in every way possible, preparing for the future.

By the time the sun rose, I realized that I had spent an entire day fiddling with my laptop... which, surprisingly, seemed to have an infinite battery, as it had never turned off.

That was a relief—getting caught trying to charge it in a world where computers no longer existed would've been a disaster.

As I glanced at my laptop, I remembered Ada, who, apparently, couldn't see it.

That worked in my favor. After all, it would be catastrophic if anyone discovered what I could do with it. At least I no longer had to worry about that.

Anyway, to summarize my findings over the past few hours...

First, when the system's advice—whether random or direct—failed to provide a valid response to my requests, I didn't lose any Achievement Points. My total remained at 100.

Second, I couldn't create an overpowered ability or an illogical skill. When I attempted to write absurdly strong abilities like "Instant Death with a Glance (SSS Rank)," a notification appeared with a number so large I couldn't even read ... accompanied by that damn jester's mockery:

"Kill my ass, lazy author. You think it's that easy?"

I barely resisted the urge to throw my laptop out the window.

On the other hand, Talents were significantly cheaper than Skills. For example, the Swordsmanship Talent only cost about 500 Achievement Points.

That was still an enormous amount for someone like me, who only had 100.

As for Skills... I decided to acquire and develop existing ones rather than create new ones from scratch—it was far more cost-effective. I realized this while tampering with Frey's sole skill: seduction. I discovered that I could enhance skills using points.

I could only click my tongue in frustration as I recalled that useless skill. With all the resources at his disposal, that was all he bothered to obtain? Just how idiotic was the old Frey?

Regardless, I would be able to strengthen my skills over time using points.

But right now, I lacked the points to do anything. My only option was to complete quests.

I took a look at the available quests and couldn't help but sigh.

Side Quests:

- Run 10 km → 5 Achievement Points (Daily)
- 100 Push-ups → 5 Achievement Points (Daily)
- 100 Sword Swings → 10 Achievement Points (Daily)

- Slap Ada's ass → 100 Achievement Points
- Harass a maid → 15 Achievement Points

I stared blankly at the list.

Why did the most ridiculous tasks offer the highest rewards?

And slapping Ada's ass? No thanks—I had no desire to die just yet.

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Huff... huff... huff...

And so, here I was, running through the palace's back garden, completing my daily quests—the only ones I was capable of doing.

I could still remember the expressions of the servants and Ada when they saw me training... It was something they never expected to witness in their lifetimes.

Even though my body was considered strong by normal human standards, it was nothing compared to others in this world. This was illogical, given Frey's status. Someone like him should have been provided with the best resources for training.

Yet here I was, panting after running just 10Km ...

Something was definitely off.

I collapsed onto the lush green grass, drenched in sweat, resisting the overwhelming urge to take a bath.

Unfortunately, I had no choice but to endure it—since the remaining quests were impossible to complete.

Slapping Ada's butt was out of the question. And harassing a maid? That option disappeared the moment I decided to keep Ada around, as she would never allow such behavior. Besides, I didn't want to ruin my already abysmal reputation—it was crucial to my plans.

I got up and walked toward the bag I had left nearby, pulling out my laptop to check my progress.

Completed Quests:

- Run 10 km → 5 Achievement Points ✓
- 100 Push-ups → 5 Achievement Points ✓
- 100 Sword Swings → 10 Achievement Points ✓

Current Achievement Points: 120

"Well... that worked."

I exhaled, gazing up at the blue sky above. Starlight Palace was isolated, making it a quiet place. A rare moment of peace in a world like this.

"Only one year left until the main events of the Temple Academy begin..."

I needed to become strong enough by then.

I was obsessed with racing against time, constantly refining my plans.

Fueled by my desire to see my family again and return to my world, I pushed myself forward. I had to grow stronger—fast.

As I drowned in my thoughts, I couldn't help but acknowledge how real this world felt—so eerily similar to my original one.

Despite the disasters that had ravaged the Earth, it was still a beautiful place.

Currently, the territories of humanity had shrunk to include only part of what was once Europe and parts of western Asia—ruled under a single, vast empire.

The rest had either fallen to demons or to monsters that mutated under the influence of that vile entity.

While I sat here in the grandeur of Starlight Palace, countless battles were undoubtedly raging elsewhere.

Every day, hundreds perished.

Since the emergence of the Gates, Earth's population had plummeted from 8 billion to barely over 500 million.

A catastrophic loss that left humanity on the brink of extinction.

I savored the fleeting tranquility around me as I repeated to myself:

""This isn't my world. Let the weak die. Let the strong survive. I don't belong here."



"Yes... I'll use every means necessary to return to my world. As for the story of the Land of Survival? Someone else can live it."

In the end, I made my way back to the palace, preparing for my next move.

If I executed the insane ideas swirling in my head, I might not live long.

But what choice did I have?

Risking my life was the least I could do to accomplish the impossible task set before me.

So be it.

Show me what you've got, world.