

THE VILLAIN'S POV

#Chapter 7 7: A Step Towards Hell (1) - Read THE VILLAIN'S POV Chapter 7 7: A Step Towards Hell (1)

-Frey starlight POV -

In the Age of Legends, it was impossible to tell the difference between monster and man.

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Three hundred years ago, during the War of Light, the battle between humanity and the Extermination Corps of that vile race reached its peak.

Demons waged war against countless forms of life across this vast universe—humans were not their only target.

In truth, humans were not even the strongest among their prey. But that did not change the fact that the first Extermination Corps to enter human territory was enough to push them to the brink of extinction.

As the world itself convulsed in metamorphosis, humanity's slumbering potential erupted—primordial powers awakening in the crucible of planetary chaos. From this maelstrom rose Kezess Valerion, the greatest warrior and the first emperor of this world .

He stood against the highest-ranked demons and, in the end, sacrificed himself—igniting his very soul to seal the rift and prevent the demons from invading.

This legendary being left his will to wander the world for decades, waiting for one worthy of his power.

And that chosen one was Snow—the protagonist of the story. The one I was forced to defeat.

I clenched my fist at the thought.

The One-Sword Style was undeniably overwhelming...

At present, I had no style at all.

A swordsman without a combat style was, quite literally, nothing. No matter how much he trained, no matter what he did, he could never reach true strength.

But I was not worried about that.

After all, let's talk a little about the hero worshipped by so many in this world—the One-Sword Kezess Valerion.

Was he strong?

My answer is yes. He was beyond powerful, an SSS-class existence with enough strength to shake the world.

But was he the strongest? The ultimate human?

My answer is no. And I doubt it.

The One-Sword was undeniably great, but not the only one. That was something I knew as the creator of this story... yet the One-Sword had led this world into a delusion.

During the War of Light, many great warriors emerged—perhaps even ones who surpassed the One-Sword himself.

Names like the Sword God Avalon and the Patriarch of the Black Death, Chun Ma.

Both could have achieved what the One Sword did... but they didn't.

Because they understood the truth: the "power" that sealed the rift was merely a child's game to the Demon King. Even his highest-ranking demons could shatter this so-called "impregnable" defense.

Had it not been for the large-scale war that demons waged across various races, Earth would have long since ceased to exist.

Understanding this, warriors like the Sword God had no interest in noble sacrifices or sealing rifts.

They were warriors—bloodthirsty ones.

Even before awakening their powers, they were fighters by nature. Madmen who tried to take the war to the demons' realm, crossing the rift to spread havoc.

What I sought now was one of these madmen's techniques: Chun Ma's "10,000 Steps of Shadow".

Without it, my entire plan was worthless.

I needed this style, no matter the cost .

Luckily, I knew where to find it.

The story's hero, Snow, was destined to find it far in the future while hunting for a weapon—stumbling upon Chun Ma's blade and the accompanying martial art. By then, however, he'd already mastered the One Sword Style.

In truth, that subplot existed solely to introduce readers to ancient legends.

I knew where it was, but therein lay the problem.

Chun Ma was a warrior of Chinese descent. His style was hidden within his sect's ruins, buried beneath what was once the Himalayas in China.

Now, however, that region lay at the heart of the Nightmare land , a domain infested with S-class beasts and worse.

My chances of surviving a journey from the Eastern Empire's borders? Zero.

But did that mean I would give up? Never .

I had a plan up my sleeve. Though most of it was built on mere conjecture, I trusted my instincts—as the one who created this world from nothing.

Whether I would succeed or not... only time would tell.

Without realizing it, I had already fallen asleep.

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****Early the next morning****, I awoke as usual in my training hall bed. I'd long lost count of how many times I'd opened my eyes to this ceiling.

Following the habits of this body, I awoke at precisely six in the morning, took a long bath due to my obsession with cleanliness, and spent the rest of the time doing whatever I pleased.

But today was different. At 7 AM sharp, I'd take my first step into this world:

A three-day journey to the Oklas Mountains, home to the Starlight Family's headquarters.

This would be my first time leaving Starlight Palace. I felt like a bird escaping its cage—equal parts exhilarated and uneasy.

I chose clothes from Frey's massive wardrobe and left my room.

The servants had already prepared everything, and I found Ada waiting for me downstairs.

She would be my escort during the inauguration ceremony.

In the main story, this would have been impossible—Ada agreeing to accompany Frey or live with him.

And yet, here we were.

The Starlight siblings together for the first time.

I sat across from her and quietly ate my breakfast. Apart from the brief morning greetings we exchanged, Ada and I had not spoken a word during breakfast for the entire past month.

That didn't bother me. As long as our cooperative relationship remained intact, I asked for nothing more.

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-Ada Starlight's POV-

I couldn't stop watching him.

It had been a month since I moved in with my little brother, the one they called the devil.

I loathed him to the core.

He was corrupt, an evil existence unworthy of being part of this family, and I had believed that with all my heart.

So I refused to accept what was happening.

In the past, Frey left disasters wherever he went. Irresponsible, self-serving, caring only about himself.

But somehow... he'd changed.

First, he gave up his title and privileges to me, fulfilling my greatest dream—so much so that I couldn't believe it at first.

That day, I started watching him.

My little brother, Frey.

He suddenly began following a strict daily training routine. He started requesting various training potions and occasionally asking me bizarre questions—questions he should have already known the answers to.

What was even stranger...

Frey had stopped tormenting the servants.

He had always shouted over the smallest things, throwing violent tantrums that led to disasters.

In the past, he harassed the noblewomen of major families and had long been obsessed with the daughter of the Moonlight Family's lord. Now? Not a flicker of interest.

He'd grown cold, detached—shoulders perpetually weighted as if bearing mountains.

When he'd told me he wanted to focus on his swordsmanship and escape the family's nonsense, especially their attempts to kill him... those last words left a bitter taste.

Did I pity him? No. He deserved every ounce of contempt for what he had done.

But...

If, somehow, he had truly decided to change—to finally become serious again... truly returned to the kind younger brother I'd once known.

Then I would protect him with everything I had.

These were my thoughts as I watched his back while we departed Starlight Palace, servants bowing in our wake.

Today, our journey to the main family estate would begin.

-Frey Starlight's POV-

I boarded the carriage waiting for us at the palace gates.

Inside, Ada sat across from me. I still wasn't used to the strange technologies this world relied on.

This carriage resembled a limousine—except for the fact that it had no wheels and instead hovered above the ground.

I remember writing about something like this in the past... vehicles powered by aura, gliding effortlessly over the earth.

But seeing it in reality, I couldn't help but admit how ridiculous the idea was.

The carriage shook slightly as the driver set it in motion.

At the front, an armored vehicle cleared the way, while riders followed from behind, escorting us along the road.

We had a long journey ahead—over a thousand kilometers, to be precise.

Although the trip wasn't supposed to take a full three days, it was still understandable for two reasons.

The first was the danger of flying too high. The skies were far from safe, ruled by terrifying creatures that claimed the heavens as their domain.

The second was our destination. The empire was filled with teleportation gates connecting major cities, but since Starlight's headquarters was a military stronghold, no gates were available nearby.

And so, we were forced to travel the long way.

The scenery blurred past the carriage window at incredible speeds.

From time to time, I saw people and other vehicles soaring along the roads.

I saw strange architectural designs—things I had once only imagined in my mind.

I was happy to see the world I had created come to life.

And yet, I was devastated to be a part of it.

Watching the rapidly shifting scenery, I found myself wishing for what had happened before—when I was in the car with my family.

I wanted, more than anything, for that light to return and take me back to my world.

But that was nothing more than a one-sided wish.

"Frey."

"Hmm?"

"Never mind..." Ada averted her gaze as if she had stopped herself from saying something.

"If you have something to say, just say it. Who knows? This pleasant little journey might be our last chance to talk freely."

I meant what I said. I was likely about to embark on a long journey—one that could very well end in my death.

"I know. Don't worry about me... I just spoke without thinking."

I caught a fleeting sadness on Ada's face... but I didn't understand why.

Of course, I had no way of knowing that she simply wanted to ask, *"Frey, why do you always look so sad?"*

Naturally, I wouldn't know. I didn't have a mirror to see my expressions all the time.

The three days passed quicker than expected. We stopped only at designated rest areas, traveling solely at dawn.

Finally, we arrived at Starlight's territory—evident from the relentless checkpoints and the eerie absence of civilians for kilometers.

I lifted my gaze to mountains so colossal they pierced the clouds: the Eastern Border Peaks, Mount Oklas. Spanning thousands of kilometers, they formed a natural barrier against the Nightmare Land's. At their heart lay the Starlight family's stronghold.

It was only a matter of time before we arrived.

What I saw left me speechless.

Before me stood an enormous structure that rivaled the towering mountains surrounding it.

It resembled a small city, encased in brilliant white marble—the signature of House Starlight.

Grand palaces clustered together, forming an architectural masterpiece.

"Incredible..." I muttered under my breath.

On the other hand, Ada let out a soft chuckle, amused that I had finally dropped my indifferent facade.

Well, I couldn't help it—what I saw was truly breathtaking.

The vehicle came to a halt, and we stepped out to be greeted by heavily armored guards.

I stiffened immediately as I stood before them.

An invisible pressure radiated from their bodies, a silent testament to their overwhelming strength.

Of course, my rank was merely F , but the fact that even the gate guards possessed such power made me instinctively wary.

It only emphasized Starlight's might.

The knights greeted both Ada and me before stepping aside to let us pass.

Their expressions remained rigid beneath their helmets, completely devoid of emotion—they were machines in human guise.

We entered a vast courtyard where hundreds of soldiers trained, their combined aura radiating oppressive force. Some wielded weapons, others fought bare-handed, but most gripped rifles.

Yes, this world had guns.

After all, combat techniques were limited. Not everyone was strong enough to awaken any notable talent.

And with the demons waging war against humanity, an alternative was necessary.

The solution? These advanced firearms that fired aura-infused bullets.

A means that allowed *everyone* to fight.

Of course, firearms were vastly inferior to swords and other weapons that enhanced martial techniques.

But even so, they made a difference.

I was deeply intrigued.

Until I mastered the technique I sought, I urgently needed a means to protect myself.

And the answer was right in front of me.

Lost in observing the firearms and the bullets flying in every direction, I failed to notice the giant man approaching me.

I only realized his presence when a crushing pressure suddenly fell upon me, making me want to kneel.

When I looked up, I saw a muscular man with long white hair and a terrifying scar over his right eye.

I barely managed to steady myself before Ada stepped forward, standing between us.

"It's been a while, General Byron."

The suffocating aura from the giant—apparently named Byron—receded as he smiled at Ada.

"Well, well. Look who honors us," he boomed. "Long time no see, Lady Ada. And you... Lord Frey."

His voice was harsh, and he failed to hide his disdain when he spoke my name.

He had been speaking of Ada with such admiration, only to suddenly sound like he wanted to spit the moment he mentioned me.

I chose to remain silent, letting Ada take the lead.

"I see your A-rank strength is as impressive as ever, Byron... but I hope you remember to mind your place before the Lord of this House... even if you're just joking."

Hearing Ada's tone, Byron's eyes widened in shock.

He wasn't the only one surprised—I hadn't expected this either.

His thoughts were probably along the lines of, "Since when does Lady Ada defend Frey?!"

As for me, my thoughts were similar. "Why is Ada standing up for me? She despised Frey, didn't she?"

In the end, Byron begrudgingly apologized before stepping aside, though his disgust remained evident.

As I expected... Frey was hated here as well.

What did I expect? He was the villain doomed to die in every possible scenario.

On the other hand, my respect for Ada grew.

Byron was an A-rank, while Ada was merely a D-rank.

But Ada's achievements within the family spoke for themselves.

her brilliance in managing the family's affairs had earned her authority far beyond her strength.

A faint smile crossed my lips.

"You have an incredible sister, Frey."

With Ada by my side, I stepped deeper into the den of beasts.