

THE VILLAIN'S POV

#Chapter 8 8: A Step Towards Hell (2) - Read THE VILLAIN'S POV Chapter 8 8: A Step Towards Hell (2)

-Frey starlight POV -

"I will grant this world only one thing—my dick."

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I wandered through the colossal corridors of the Starlight family's castle alongside Ada.

I was in such awe that I treaded cautiously at all times, unable to appreciate the grandeur of the place because of it.

A vague yet overwhelming pressure pressed down on me from afar—an invisible force akin to a thousand needles pricking me from every direction.

I couldn't even begin to estimate their numbers... Places that housed such a concentration of monsters were rare—probably countable on one hand.

With my head lowered, I walked on, fully aware that I was being watched by these giants. I dared not do anything reckless... At least not yet.

Ada occasionally glanced back to check on me, and I caught a fleeting trace of pity in her expression. She said nothing, and I did the same

From time to time, we encountered people along the way. The Starlight family was massive—besides the main family, numerous branch families coexisted under its banner.

It was only natural to meet so many people. Most of them bowed politely before us, yet their venomous stares burned into me.

Sometimes, I wondered Why do they hate Frey so much? , Not that I needed to ask. His memories told me everything

If my memory served me right, Frey's first assassination attempt in the original story took place after he entered the temple.

Though he died in every possible storyline, he always survived the first third of the story—after all, he was the primary villain during the first year at the temple.

So, theoretically, I wasn't in any immediate danger unless I did something truly idiotic. After all, who in this world would dare mess with the Starlight family?

"Well, well, look who we have here... Isn't this the one and only disgrace of the family?"

A mocking voice shattered my thoughts. At the corridor's end stood a boy with snow-white hair styled in a rounded cut and piercing gray eyes. His aristocratic attire blended blue, white, and gray impeccably.

Behind him loomed a girl mirroring his features, though shorter, her head tilted with bored indifference.

'Who is this? And what did he just say? The disgrace of the family?'

I rummaged through Frey's memories to identify him, but before I could, Ada—ever the proactive one—stepped forward.

"It's been a while, Emond, clana . You've both grown splendidly."

'Ah, right... The two before me were twins, Frey's cousins. Both were the same age as him.'

In response, the girl, Clana, gave a small nod with a mischievous smirk, while the boy, Emond, took a few light steps forward.

"You've become even more beautiful, Lady Ada. It's wonderful to see you again... But, unfortunately, I wasn't talking to you."

Emond gestured lightly toward me. "What's the matter, dear cousin? Hiding behind your sister? Are you even a man? Hah?"

Ooooooh.

Now, look at this. I never expected to see someone talking to Frey like this before...

I don't recall writing anything about these twins, which meant I was now facing the unknown—characters as good as nonexistent.

I stepped beside Ada with a smile. "Yes, yes, I'm right here, cousin. How have you been?"

Emond frowned before forcing a smirk of his own. "You seem thrilled to flaunt that grin. Is the lord's title that intoxicating?"

I shrugged in response. "Oh, absolutely. I'm practically dying of joy. In fact, I'm so happy that I feel like screaming at the top of my lungs, 'I AM THE LORD!' for everyone to hear... Aren't you happy too, Emond?"

With two steps forward, I closed the distance, standing chest to chest with him. "Your beloved cousin is about to become the official Lord of this family... Surely, you must be weeping with joy... Am I right?"

Emond's expression cycled from shifting from mockery to a scowl, then to anger.

At the side, his sister, Clana, wore a delighted expression, as if she were watching an entertaining show. Ada, on the other hand, looked ready to intervene at any moment.

Emond took another step forward, standing so close it seemed as if we were about to kiss.

"Hey, Frey... Don't you have any shame? After everything you've done, with your pathetic qualifications... You still have the audacity to show your face here?"

"You really think you'll claim the title of Lord? Someone as unrefined as you... A cursed bastard like you..." Emond was truly seething. Meanwhile, I continued smiling.

"Yes, I do. After all, who is more qualified than me? You?"

Provoked, Emond yelled, "Yes, I—"

But before he could finish, a slender hand stopped him from behind.

Clana placed her hand on his shoulder, her gaze sharp and dangerous. Immediately, Emond held himself back, regaining his composure.

He stepped back a few paces, then let out a soft chuckle.

"So, Frey... You claim that a Dark attribute user like you is qualified, huh?"

"Maybe I am, maybe I'm not... Who knows?"

It was clear that I was provoking Emond every chance I got, but this time, it seemed he had a countermeasure prepared. A sly grin crept onto his face.

"Then why don't you prove it? Frey?"

"Hm? And how do we do that?"

"It's simple..."

He pointed at me, then at himself before making his challenge. "You and me. One-on-one. I want to see how strong the future Lord of the family truly is. Shall we?"

Seeing Emond's confident stance, I couldn't help but frown.

I cast a quick glance at his waist, where a longsword rested in its sheath.

Emond thought he had cornered me. Tilting my head in feigned ignorance, I asked,

"And why should I bother doing something like that?"

"What did you say?"

"I have nothing to prove to someone like you, Emond. Now, move aside. I don't have all day to play with you."

Ignoring Emond's stunned silence, I walked forward, calling out to Ada.

"Let's go, Ada."

"Yes."

In an instant, we left the twins behind, heading toward our destination.

Behind me, Emond's voice rang out, unable to contain his frustration. "Frey, you coward! Get back here!"

Well, he was talking to a brick wall—I didn't even bother turning around.

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With a sideways glance, Ada spoke. "You handled that well."

I shrugged. "I suppose so."

Emond was just a child, so this was the best way to deal with him. After all, I wasn't free enough to babysit a 16-year-old. And besides, I was certain I'd lose if I fought him.

I didn't know Emond's exact strength, but I was sure he was stronger than me. Every member of the Starlight family used the family's signature "Stardust Style," which required at least a Light attribute to wield.

Compared to Emond, who had likely spent his entire childhood training, my single month of practice and recent promotion to Rank F were utterly insignificant.

I was dubbed the disgrace of the family because of my Dark attribute... but in the end, it was the perfect attribute for the combat style I sought to master.

So We'll see who laughs last.

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After passing the twins, we arrived at a massive door adorned with the Starlight family's insignia.

"Frey, This is the Regent's office "

"The Regent of the family?" I was forced to ask... Even though I possessed Frey's memories, they were more like an immense, chaotic archive filled with countless pieces of information.

I could access them, but finding what I needed amidst that mess was another story entirely.

Ada, seemingly accustomed to my ignorance, responded with an expressionless face.

"The Guardian of the Family... is one of the most powerful figure after the Council of Elders. He has served the family for decades. Though he is, in essence, just a servant, his strength commands great respect within the household. After all, he reached S- rank some time ago."

My eyes widened involuntarily. An S- ranker... just a servant?

A rank like that would make him a certified hero anywhere else. And yet, within the Starlight family, he was merely a servant...

Maybe I had underestimated this family after all.

Ada knocked lightly on the door, and it swung open instantly, revealing the room beyond.

Startled by the immediate response, I saw an old man standing inside—upright like a spear. He wore a sharp black tuxedo, standing with an air of elegance. White leather gloves covered his hands; his left hand rested on the doorknob, while his right was positioned neatly behind his back.

A neatly trimmed beard covered his chin, and his long, silver hair was tied back. His piercing gaze swept over me from head to toe.

"Lady Ada... Lord Frey..."

The butler bowed gracefully and gestured inside.

"Please, come in. I have been expecting you."

"Thank you, Vulcan."

Ada smiled as she stepped in. I nodded slightly and followed her inside.

Being received in such a manner by an S-rank Awakener... I couldn't shake the feeling that something was off—especially since I was merely an F-rank.

We settled onto an elegant couch while Vulcan sat across from us, a table between us.

Behind him was a polished desk, and to the side, a door—presumably leading to a private restroom.

The room was spacious and refined.

From the tea on the table to the neatly arranged hors d'oeuvres, it was clear Vulcan had been expecting us. Everything looked as if it had been set up mere moments before our arrival.

His precision was remarkable.

Seeing Vulcan lift his teacup, I did the same, taking a sip.

It was, without question, the best tea I had ever tasted.

I steadied myself, forcing my attention back to the old butler, who, I noticed, had not taken his eyes off me since the moment I entered.