

# THE VILLAIN'S POV

## #Chapter 9 9: A Step Towards Hell (3) - Read THE VILLAIN'S POV Chapter 9 9: A Step Towards Hell (3)

Ada, sensing the tense atmosphere, took the initiative to break the silence.

"I see you've been waiting for us, Vulcan."

"Indeed. I have been watching over you since the moment you arrived, Lady Ada."

"As expected of the Regent."

'So I was being watched after all...' I sighed internally, doing my best to ignore Vulcan's unwavering gaze.

The Guardian clasped his hands together and leaned forward slightly.

"I assume you are here for the Lord's ascension ceremony."

I nodded.

"As per family tradition, Lord Frey will stand before the Elders in a gathering that most members of the Starlight family will attend—to witness the birth of their new Lord."

Vulcan turned his gaze to me before continuing.

"You are permitted to bring one companion with you when you face the council. There, you will engage in an open discussion with the Elders before being officially appointed as the Lord of the Starlight family."

"Is everything clear so far?"

I nodded again, unable to bring myself to speak in front of this old butler.

"Very well. The council will convene tomorrow. As for today, we have arranged a small celebration to commemorate your coming of age, Lord Frey."

"You are free to spend your time as you wish. Your rooms have already been prepared. With that, I believe I have covered your schedule for the day."

I nodded a third time, while Ada smiled politely.

"Yes, you have. Thank you."

Ada turned to me.

"Well, I suppose we're done here, aren't we?"

Sensing the suffocating atmosphere, she subtly urged me to leave. But just as we were about to stand, Vulcan spoke again.

"Before that... Lady Ada, may I have a moment alone with Lord Frey?"

Ada flinched slightly before glancing at me. I wasn't much better off—I hadn't expected this, nor did I have any idea what the old butler wanted.

Still, I found myself nodding a fourth time—this time, to Ada.

'Fine... Let's see what you have to say, old man.'

With clear hesitation, Ada left the room, leaving me alone with Vulcan.

A heavy silence stretched between us.

Despite being a servant, I didn't dare speak first. Even if I combined both my past and present lifetimes, this man had lived far longer. Not to mention... he could kill me with a mere flick of his finger.

Vulcan idly swirled his teacup.

"Lord Frey... do you know who I am?"

I kept my face impassive.

"You are the Grand Regent of this family."

"That is correct." Vulcan nodded.

"But it is also wrong."

"Wrong?" I questioned, uncertain of what he meant.

"Yes... People may call me what they wish—Guardian, Warrior Vulcan... but none of that matters."

"I was, and always will be, the Lord's servant."

"The Lord's... servant?" I muttered.

"That's right."

"Which means... starting tomorrow, I will be your servant."

An S-rank Awakener... as my servant?

I was about to overanalyze the implications of those words when Vulcan cut me off.

"Let's talk about the Lords before you, Lord Frey."

He stood and walked toward his desk, his hands clasped behind his back.

"I served the second Lord, Izan Starlight—your grandfather—until the final days of his life. Then, I served the third Lord, Abraham Starlight—your father—until his death. And now, I live to serve you. Do you know what that means?"

I remained silent.

I knew little about the men he spoke of, and I couldn't grasp what he was getting at.

Fortunately, Vulcan answered his own question.

"It means I am a failure of a servant... An incompetent one who outlived his Lords. Not once, but twice."

Vulcan turned to face me again.

"Both your grandfather and father were great warriors—noble men who dedicated their lives to this family... and to this world."

"They died on the battlefield, saving a worthless servant like me—along with tens, perhaps hundreds of thousands of others."

Vulcan was now standing just a few steps away from me. Somehow, without my notice, He closed the distance between us.

He paid no heed to my growing unease as he continued.

"But what about you, Lord Frey?"

I stiffened.

"What about me?" I responded with a question of my own.

"Lord Frey... tell me, what do you see?"\*

"What do I... see?"

My eyes widened in shock, and my lips trembled violently as realization struck.

The entire room quaked violently as an overwhelming presence crashed down upon me—an S-rank warrior's aura unleashed without restraint.

A visible force spread through the air, engulfing Vulcan. He disappeared within it, leaving only his glowing eyes piercing through the veil of raw, destructive energy.

I couldn't move.

I was frozen in place, staring into the abyss before me.

For the first time in this world... I felt fear.

"Frey Starlight... This old servant has but one wish in his life."

"This time... I want to die before my Lord does."

"But mark my words... if, in any way..."

The pressure intensified with every word, threatening to crush my F-rank body into dust.

"If you bring ruin to this family—if you disgrace their legacy—if you tarnish their name..."

"Then rest assured."

"I will kill you... and then take my own life."

My breath hitched as I stared at this monstrous existence. My heart pounded violently, my body trembling uncontrollably.

Then...

"Ha... Ha-ha ha ha..."

The door rattled violently as Ada tried to force her way in, but Vulcan's oppressive aura barred her.

Then came the laughter—hollow, unhinged. But it wasn't Vulcan. No, the old man's face twisted deeper into a scowl. Oh. That laughter... was mine.

it seemed I was the one laughing.

What did he just say? Kill me... ah, that's right.

I spread my arms wide open and shouted at the top of my lungs:

"Come on! Do it! Kill me!"

"What...?" Vulcan couldn't believe what he was hearing.

You old son of a bitch... who said I ever wanted to live in the first place?!

I'm just someone clinging to a fragile thread of hope, a madman chasing after a sliver of light at the end of a dark tunnel...

"You think I want to keep living in this damned world? Go ahead, do it !... at least that way, I won't have to go through with the insane thing I'm planning to do."

I fought against the tremor in my body and forced a terrifying smile onto my face.

"Come on, you bastard... do it!"

Fuck you and your masters.

Suddenly, Vulcan stopped himself, and the overwhelming pressure vanished. In an instant, he bent at a perfect 90-degree angle and spoke loudly:

"My apologies, Lord Starlight! Punish me as you see fit!"

He apologized immediately, his face still frozen in shock. He had never expected this reaction—especially from the coward, Frey.

"Punish you? Get up, old man... I'm not your lord."

Vulcan raised his head as I stood from my seat. Ada had rushed inside as well.

I shot a cold glance at Vulcan.

"I don't need a servant, nor did I ever want one... don't worry, I won't be the lord in the first place."

The old man flinched.

"What do you mean?"

"You'll get your answer tomorrow."

Without waiting for his response, I left the room, leaving Vulcan behind.

"Vulcan..."

Ada addressed the old servant, her expression full of disdain. "You dared to threaten my brother... rest assured, I won't forget this."

Without another word, she followed after me, leaving Vulcan standing there in confusion.

He kept his gaze on my back until the very end.

Only one question circled in his mind—"What happened to Lord Frey?"

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"Sons of bitches."

I walked swiftly through the vast hallways of this cursed place, hearing Ada's footsteps as she tried to catch up with me.

My heart pounded relentlessly, refusing to calm down. This was terrifying as hell...

How had I even managed to respond that way in the first place? After all, I had been trembling non-stop...

Maybe I really was insane.

Well... it didn't matter anymore.

"Frey! Wait!"

I turned to face my sister. "Yes? What is it?"

"Are you okay? Did he hurt you anywhere?"

I let out a bitter laugh. "Since when do you care about my well-being, Ada? I thought you'd be happy to see this."

Ada frowned.

"I'm not worried about you. But what happened here could affect our standing. We are the main family, and they are just a branch—don't forget that. That's why I will make sure he knows his place."

I saw the hatred in her eyes and pitied Vulcan, who would soon become her servant.

"Hah... spare me the family crap."

I had reached the room that had been prepared for me. As I reached out to turn the doorknob, Ada stopped me.

"What do you think you're doing? A banquet is being held in your honor, and the entire family has gathered... You should at least make an appearance."

~Pfft~

I laughed.

"A banquet in my honor?"

"Let's not kid ourselves, Ada... Sons of bitches—when have they ever shown me anything but contempt? And now, when I'm about to become the lord, they suddenly want to be on my good side?"

"This is nonsense... None of the elders even bothered to meet me in person. They just sent Vulcan instead."

Ada fell silent. She couldn't deny what I had said.

"I'll rest in my room until the council meeting. Until then, let them celebrate my honor or someone else's—I don't care."

I stepped into my room and shut the door behind me, leaving my sister standing there alone.

Maybe I had been too considerate of her lately. But Vulcan's last threat reminded me of what I had to do...

These people were just characters I had created. At best, they were tools.

What mattered was achieving my goal. That was the only thing that mattered.