

VILLAIN 103

Chapter 103 Paradiso's Hell

- Frey Starlight's Pov -

"Line up, everyone! Welcome to Paradiso—the fighters paradise!"

You're probably wondering what's happening here and where I am right now.

Well... this is my second day inside the Moonlight Family's palace—Paradiso.

I stood beside my temple team, facing the rest of the students.

A muscular man with white hair examined us, his sharp gaze analyzing each one carefully. He had summoned us all to this massive arena, constructed from a special kind of ice.

Enduring the cold was part of the training—training we were about to experience firsthand.

"My name is Krauser Moonlight. I'll be responsible for you for the next month, so get used to seeing my face—because you'll be seeing a lot of it."

General Krauser. A seasoned warrior of the S rank.

Ada had been kind enough to share what I needed to know about this family, so I recognized him immediately.

"You're probably wondering why I've gathered you all here despite your different ranks and specializations. What kind of training has the Moonlight Family prepared for you? I'm sure many of you have asked yourselves this question."

At his words, muffled laughter echoed from above.

I lifted my gaze, spotting a group of spectators—mostly women—watching us from the upper level.

That was expected. This was an open training arena, after all.

Among them, I spotted my sister Ada sitting beside Carmen.

"Alright, it's time for some answers."

Krauser clapped his hands, and a gate at the far side of the arena swung open. From it, several figures emerged—strangers to me.

"This looks promising..."

Danzo, standing beside me, commented as their auras radiated an overwhelming presence.

It was as if the Moonlight Family had brought their finest warriors here.

"Each one of them is a master in their own right."

Krauser gestured toward the individuals entering through the gate.

"For every temple student, one of them will serve as a personal mentor for an entire month. Your progress will reflect back on you within the temple, while at the same time elevating their own status within the family. A win-win for both sides. Let's just say... a month from now, your level will be very different."

"Oh?"

Everyone began to grasp the Moonlight Family's training method.

A one-on-one, closed training with someone vastly stronger than you—hours of intense sparring with an instructor constantly correcting your mistakes. That would certainly accelerate progress.

But... I had my reservations. And the reason was simple.

"Now, each of you will be chosen by your respective mentor."

One by one, students were selected by their designated instructors.

The best among our group, Seris and Ghost, got the top mentors—their auras beyond S-rank.

But the real question was... why was I left standing alone again?

As everyone else was chosen, I remained in the center of the arena ... alone.

Sighing in frustration, I called out.

"Excuse me... no one has approached me."

Krauser turned to me with a scowl, which quickly shifted into a grin.

"Don't worry, kid. Your instructor will be here soon."

"Will be here soon?"

I asked, skeptical. And the moment I did, the sound of approaching footsteps echoed from the gate.

The laughter from the spectators above grew louder.

This time, however, it was mixed with sounds of admiration as a breathtakingly handsome young man entered. He had long, icy-blue hair and a physique that seemed sculpted to perfection.

"Frost Moonlight..."

"The lord's son and the greatest talent in the family will be your instructor. You should be grateful, kid."

I glanced warily between Krauser and Frost.

Just what were they planning?

The arena was massive—each student trained separately in designated areas. But for some reason, all eyes were fixed on my training ground.

"So, we finally meet, Starlight disgrace."

The way he addressed me made it clear—Frost had no good intentions.

With a smile that could make any innocent girl swoon, he extended his hand. A blazing blue force swirled in his palm, shaping itself into a colossal, ice-blue spear with a massive blade at its tip, engraved with the image of a great dragon.

I observed it with intrigue—because I recognized it.

"That's..."

The girls above erupted into cheers. Every one of Frost's movements was a spectacle for them.

And revealing that spear? That was the climax.

The Great Spear, Rimshard—one of the five strongest spears in the world.

I let out a dry chuckle as he brandished it.

"Is Lord Frost really planning to fight me with that?"

Frost scoffed as he drove the spear into the icy ground.

"Don't flatter yourself, kid. This spear is reserved for those above me. A weakling with mere A-rank talent like you? Not even worth considering."

Cracking his knuckles, Frost smirked.

"For you... my body alone is more than enough."

I met his provocation with a blank stare.

"Fair enough."

Drawing my sword, I stepped forward onto the icy platform, focusing entirely on Frost, who remained motionless.

"Analyzing your opponent before making a move? Tch. Stop wasting time and attack already."

His mocking tone was justified. The gap in power was too vast for me to inflict any real damage.

After all, he was S-.

This wasn't a real fight—it was training. If I thought of it that way, I would have attacked immediately.

But for some reason... I knew there was more to this.

Unfortunately, I couldn't stand idle forever. I had to make a move.

I decided to go all out.

Utilizing Phantom Steps in tandem with my sword's speed, I dashed toward Frost's neck.

Yet, strangely enough, he tracked my movement with just his eyes—something I noticed through Hawk Eyes.

Effortlessly, he dodged my attack as if it were nothing.

"Too slow... rapist boy. I suppose this isn't your specialty."

I swung again, but he evaded it just as easily.

I began circling him at a speed no ordinary person should be able to track, launching dozens of strikes using mirage.

Yet, each one passed through his body as if he were a phantom.

As my sword barely missed his side, he swung his fist in a motion so fast that even Hawk Eyes couldn't capture it.

Before I could react, my world flipped upside down as I was sent flying.

The moment I crashed to the ground, the crowd above erupted in cheers.

I pushed myself up, wiping my chin with the back of my hand.

Blood. My own.

"I see..."

I was beginning to understand what was happening here.

To confirm my suspicions, I lunged forward once more—my sword aiming straight for Frost's face.

But his arm stretched unnaturally, extending beyond my blade's reach, delivering another bone-crushing punch—before I could even process what happened.

Frost chuckled as my head snapped backward from the impact. Then, at last, he took his first step forward.

"For someone so audacious ... you're pathetically weak."

Before I could react, a flying kick sent me crashing down again. I barely managed to twist over the ice, narrowly dodging his foot as it smashed into the ground—exactly where my head would have been.

The moment I got back up, a relentless flurry of punches followed.

Each strike rattled my skull, forcing more blood from my mouth. At some point, I lost track of where all this blood was even coming from.

For most people, a sight like this would be unsettling.

For the Moonlight Family, it was entertainment.

Their cheers rang in my ears, growing louder and more obnoxious by the second.

The worst part?

Frost was holding back.

He wasn't going all out—not because he couldn't, but because he didn't want to end things too quickly. If he had been serious, I would've been unconscious from the very first strike.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, the barrage of punches stopped.

Frost stood there, smiling down at me.

"Pick up your sword... Frey Starlight."

I forced in a breath, my vision shifting between Frost and the sword lying beside him.

I knew exactly what he was trying to do.

But I played along anyway.

I reached for the sword's hilt—only for Frost's boot to slam down on my hand, pinning it against the ice.

"Too slow."

A sharp kick sent me skidding backward once more.

"Come again."

I pushed myself up and charged toward him.

I threw a punch—clumsy, uncoordinated.

Frost, in contrast, landed ten strikes in less than a second.

By now, the pristine white gloves covering his fists were already drenched in my blood.

As for my face? It had taken most of the damage.

"More!"

"Crush him!"

The crowd's chants had turned downright vulgar.

"What's wrong, Frey Starlight? Maybe I should find you a girl to spar with instead?"

My vision blurred from the relentless beating. Blood stung my eyes, making it even harder to see.

"Maybe a weak little thing... so you can use that filthy skill of yours on her?"

One brutal kick sent me crashing into the frozen wall of the arena.

Cough.

More blood spilled from my mouth.

'shit... is all of this mine?'

Among the sea of spectators, only Ada stood on my side.

From the start, I had seen her trying to interfere. But each time, Carmen stopped her.

And for that, I was grateful.

They wouldn't kill me.

Not with my sister watching.

But that didn't mean I'd be walking away from this unharmed.

Frost was taking his time—stretching out my suffering for as long as he could.

I felt a sharp tug as he yanked me up by the hair, forcing me to kneel before continuing his assault. His punches landed with brutal precision, my blood painting the pristine ice in vivid streaks of red.

"This is too much..."

Even the other training grounds had fallen silent.

Fighters who had been sparring elsewhere had stopped—all of them turning their attention to my so-called 'fight' with Frost.

"Do something, Carmen!"

Ada's fists were clenched so tightly her nails threatened to pierce her own skin.

Carmen, however, simply shook her head.

"I can't."

"But—!"

"We've already done everything we could, Ada." Carmen's voice was firm. "If that boy had actually tried to kill him—regardless of being the lord's son—I would've stepped in and buried his head myself. But he knows that. That's why he hasn't crossed the line... yet."

With every word Carmen spoke, more blood splattered onto the ice.

She hated what she was seeing.

But she couldn't interfere.

"This all falls under training now. All we can do is watch."

I already knew this wouldn't stop anytime soon.

Between the sound of my own beating and the deafening roars from the stands...

I felt nostalgic.

For some reason, this reminded me of old friends—ones who used to beat the hell out of me all the time.

Then, all of a sudden—

Frost's fist stopped right in front of my face.

A flicker of irritation crossed his expression.

He leaned in slightly, voice cold.

"Tell me, you bastard... why the hell are you smiling?"

Ah.

I must've done it unconsciously.

"Ah... sorry... ngh... I don't exactly carry a mirror to manage my expressions all the time."

I couldn't help it.

Compared to what Smiley and Sad used to put me through...

This was child's play.

Maybe it was my bloodstained grin that set him off, but Frost's punches suddenly intensified.

So this was how they wanted to torture me?

Through pain?

I found myself laughing at their stupidity.

A sound Frost did not like.

But how could I not laugh?

He had chosen the worst possible way to break me.

Because in the end... this kind of pain meant nothing.

Not after what I endured in the Nightmare Lands.

I was someone who had already died in that forsaken place.

And this body?

Nothing more than a corpse held together by invisible threads.

So tell me... how was I supposed to care about something like this?

Today had dragged up old memories—some good, some bad.

But more than anything...

It had awakened something inside me.

I tried to speak, but my throat was too clogged with blood.

"What are you trying to say?"

For the first time, Frost's expression shifted.

If I remembered correctly...

This guy liked Seris, didn't he?

"You... are .. handskkhh."

"Hah?"

Frost leaned in closer.

"Are you finally going to beg?"

"No... I just... wanted to confess something."

I struggled to breathe, forcing out the words.

Frost's eyes gleamed with anticipation.

He pressed down on me just enough to make sure everyone could hear.

"Looks like Frey Starlight has something he wants to confess! Let's hear it, shall we?"

Maybe he expected an apology.

Maybe he thought I'd beg for mercy.

But he made one crucial mistake.

He let everyone hear this.

I wobbled slightly before straightening up, my voice dripping with mockery.

"I confess... that you're ridiculously handsome, man. Honestly, you might even be a little better looking than someone I know."

"...What?"

"Heh... we should've met sooner. With looks like yours, your mother must be insanely beautiful... Maybe I should've chosen her instead."

I exhaled sharply, savoring the silence—

Then delivered the final blow.

"Instead of Seris."

The tension in the air was delicious.

For the first time, Frost's carefully composed expression shattered.

I let out a faint chuckle—

But this time, I didn't stay conscious long enough to enjoy it.

Frost immediately struck me down.

The last thing I saw was Carmen rushing toward me.

Then—

Darkness.