

VILLAIN 105

Chapter 105 Forms of Pain (1)

Inside a dimly lit room, the soft glow of a fireplace cast flickering shadows across the walls...

The sight of flames burning within an ice-crafted fireplace was truly an unusual one.

The Moonlight Family's mansion had stood for countless years, built in the era of the Great War, preserving the echoes of a time long past.

Two women sat side by side before the fire.

Ada Starlight's gaze was locked onto the dancing flames, her thoughts seemingly lost in their restless motion. Eventually, she turned to Carmen. Now that they were finally alone, they could speak freely.

"Is everything ready?"

Carmen remained silent for a moment before giving a slight nod.

"It's done... Frey unknowingly helped make it happen."

"Good."

A brief silence settled between them before Carmen spoke again.

"We've already loosed the arrow, but I have to ask... Are you absolutely certain about this? If we're wrong, we'll be responsible for igniting a war between two families."

Ada responded with a faint, almost weary smile.

"Isn't it too late to be asking that now?"

Carmen let out a quiet sigh, closing her eyes for a moment.

"Then... whatever happens, happens."

—

-Frey Starlight's Pov-

A full week had passed since my arrival at the Moonlight Family's mansion, and I had to admit...

I was utterly exhausted.

Mornings were spent training with Danzo—probably the best part of my day.

Despite everything, Frost Moonlight remained my official instructor. Ever since our first-day altercation, our training sessions had become completely silent.

He beat me to a pulp without saying a word, but our eyes exchanged more than enough.

Today, however, something changed. For the first time, Frost abandoned using his fists and wielded an ice spear instead.

As expected, my injuries worsened. Bruises had turned into deep wounds, taking far longer to heal.

After training, I spent most of my time either unconscious or staggering through the Moonlight mansion, forced to complete the side quests imposed by the system.

This was the worst part of my day. I had planned to avoid the Moonlight Family members as much as possible, given their deep-seated hostility toward me...

But the system had other plans.

From tasks that required me to engage with them for a set period to bolder, more audacious missions like flirtation and the like...

None of it improved my reputation. If anything, it made things worse. But I had no choice—I needed as many points as I could get.

Once I was done enduring their scorn and contempt, I trained with Carmen at night—the most productive part of my day.

Any remaining time was dedicated to solo training or meditation.

I slept only four hours a day.

I was already pushing my limits. Anyone else would have collapsed by now... but I was still standing. And as long as my body could endure, I would keep going.

—

"Are you okay?"

I took a few steps back, catching my breath as Danzo also came to a stop.

"I'm fine. I should be asking you that instead—your punches haven't landed on me even once lately."

It was early morning, and we were sparring again. Danzo observed me with a serious expression.

"You're stronger than ever, no doubt... but there's something off about your movements. As if you're—"

He hesitated, cutting himself off.

"As if I'm what?"

"Never mind. Let's keep going."

We both lunged at each other again. Danzo deflected my sword with the back of his hand, trying to breach my defenses.

Neither of us could gain the upper hand. We had both improved—especially me.

"My training methods might seem extreme, Danzo, but in the end, you're no different from me. No matter how early I try to get here, you're always ahead of me."

Danzo dodged my strike and countered swiftly, forcing me back.

"We might seem alike... but we're not. You're fighting too many battles at once."

I hesitated for a moment, considering his words.

"What do you mean?"

"You'll understand soon enough."

We continued sparring for another hour before finally stopping.

Both of us leaned against the towering ice wall of the vast training grounds, catching our breath as we observed our surroundings.

From time to time, Moonlight Family members passed by—many of them around our age.

Danzo scoffed at the familiar sight.

"What is up with this bizarre family? Why the hell are there so many kids?!"

It was a fair question.

"The former lord of this family, Drogo Moonlight, had countless wives... and he was... quite active. The result is everything you see before you."

Danzo's expression twisted into something ridiculous as he imagined a single man fathering so many children. What made it even worse was the fact that most of them were close in age, meaning he must have been very active within a short span of time.

"So basically, he was a sleazy, sex-obsessed bastard. But why are all his children female? Where are the males? I've never seen a single boy call Seris his sister, yet there are hundreds of girls who do... What kind of curse is this?"

I froze at Danzo's question.

"I... don't know."

That was something I had no answer for.

The dark secrets of this wretched family weighed heavily on me... and the curse wrapped around my heart only made things worse.

I had ignored it for some time now, too preoccupied with everything else, but the time had finally come to hunt down the one who had placed this curse upon me.

I only had three weeks left.

Every day, I felt as though my body was freezing from the inside out. It was like a cold blade was slowly carving through my heart—an agonizing sensation.

"It's time."

Danzo's voice pulled me from my thoughts as several figures began entering the training grounds, one after another.

Training Would Begin Soon...

Danzo and I stood up. He waved at me with a grin as he walked away.

"Good luck with that spoiled brat."

"Thanks... I'll need it."

—

Minutes later, I found myself standing before Frost Moonlight.

Today marked the serious beginning of my search for the one who had cursed me. To do that, I needed to keep my body intact—at least to some extent.

That was why I had chosen to play one of my cards against Frost, despite the limited options I had.

My gaze met the arrogant lord of the Moonlight Family. The training had already begun, so I unleashed everything from the start.

"Ascension."

Winning against Frost wasn't my goal.

I wasn't even trying to pressure him.

I simply wanted to walk away from this fight with the least amount of injuries possible.

My eyes narrowed, my expression turning cold and empty.

All unnecessary emotions vanished, and my mind focused solely on calculating the best course of action. It didn't take long before I found it.

Frost was a natural-born warrior. He had trained himself to analyze the battlefield and dissect his opponent's weaknesses, no matter how insignificant they were.

That was why he instantly noticed something different about me today.

But he didn't hesitate.

A massive ice spear materialized in his hands, and in a single step, he closed the distance between us, thrusting forward with a speed that, by my standards, was overwhelming.

Luckily, he had placed severe restrictions on himself.

That gave me just enough time to track his spear's trajectory with Hawk Eyes and the doubled aura I could harness through Ascension.

Now, all that was left was executing my plan.

Instead of dodging, I lunged straight toward his spear.

The reckless move startled Frost, but it wasn't enough to make him stop—and that was exactly what I had counted on.

The tip of his spear was now mere inches away from piercing my stomach—a fatal wound.

A sharp sound rang through the battlefield as the spear struck flesh, followed by the steady dripping of blood onto the ground.

I was sure those who hated me were ecstatic, yet none of them spoke a word as Frost's spear ran me through.

I clutched his weapon, preventing him from driving it any deeper—any further, and the damage would be beyond what I intended.

Carmen had almost intervened at first, but when she saw that I was still in control, she stopped.

"That's enough for today, Frost."