

## **VILLAIN 106**

### Chapter 106 Forms of Pain (2)

Frost's brows furrowed.

He had clearly stabbed me.

Yet, I showed no reaction whatsoever, making it look almost... staged.

But as he withdrew his spear, the blood that poured from my wound proved otherwise.

"That should do, right, Instructor Krauser?"

The instructor remained silent, his gaze shifting between my face and my injury before finally giving me a hesitant nod.

That was all I needed.

Holding my bleeding side, I dragged myself out of the arena under the stunned gazes of everyone present.

Once I was far enough, I deactivated Ascension and leaned against the wall beside me.

"...Damn, that hurts."

For the first time, my expression showed pain.

Slowly, I slid down until my back rested against the wall.

My breathing was heavy, but I concentrated on my wound, halting the bleeding completely.

I couldn't afford to leave it as it was, so I began stitching it up myself.

"This is hell..."

I probably shouldn't have relied on Ascension.

Even I—the so-called 'madman'—wouldn't have normally considered such an insane plan.

But the moment I activated Ascension, I knew there was no way I would escape unscathed, no matter how hard I tried.

So rather than leaving the damage to Frost's control, I ensured it was my decision to make.

At the last moment, I had shifted my body just enough to ensure his spear struck a non-vital area. Then, I deliberately accelerated my blood flow to make it appear as though I was bleeding excessively.

It was a gamble... but it worked.

Still, it took more out of me than I had expected.

But at least now, I would have more freedom to move.

Once I finished stitching up my wound, I wiped the blood off my body, changed my clothes, and sat back down, focusing on recovering as quickly as possible.

Minutes passed.

The hallway I had chosen was eerily quiet.

From time to time, a few people passed by.

At first, they approached me, likely thinking I was just some random injured person.

But the moment they recognized me—Frey Starlight—they immediately stepped away, either cursing me or scoffing in disdain before leaving.

It happened over and over again.

Enough times for me to recall Danzo's words.

"You're fighting too many battles at once."

Was this what he meant?

The damage I was enduring wasn't just physical... but psychological as well?

It was too much for one person to bear.

But that was fine.

It was fine to be alone.

This hatred, this rejection—these were emotions I welcomed with open arms.

They fueled me.

They pushed me forward.

They reminded me of my ultimate goal—to return home.

So it was fine.

I closed my eyes, resting against the wall.

"Everything's fine."

I focused on my recovery.

The silence around me was comforting.

I hadn't sensed anyone nearby, but the warm breaths tickling my right side told me otherwise.

Slowly, I opened my eyes and turned toward the source.

A small figure stood beside me.

She looked almost like a doll—a tiny girl with white hair, violet eyes, and pale, flawless skin.

Even with me sitting on the ground, we were almost the same height.

"...A little girl?"

She couldn't have been older than four.

She reached out with her small hands, gently touching my right side—exactly where I had been stabbed.

"Hurts?"

Her voice was soft and innocent.

Her touch was so light that it barely even registered.

I placed my hand on her head gently before standing up with a forced smile.

"No... it doesn't hurt."

Taking a deep breath, I fully sealed my wound before glancing back at the girl, who still stared at me with her doll-like face.

"You should leave, little one. I'm not a good person. I'm Frey Starlight—the one everyone hates. You shouldn't come near me."

I turned to leave, but then—

A small hand grabbed my shirt.

"...What now?"

She raised both arms toward me.

"Up~Up"

I stared at her for a few moments.

"You want me to carry you?"

She nodded.

"Didn't I tell you I'm a bad person?"

Another nod.

"And you still want me to carry you?"

A third nod.

...Why was I the one doing all the talking while she just kept nodding?

She was definitely a strange kid.

After a brief staring contest, I sighed in defeat.

Lifting her up, I was surprised by how light she was—lighter than a feather. The moment she was in my arms, she latched onto me, wrapping her arms around my neck.

"There. Happy now?"

She nodded again.

...Was this some kind of game?

It didn't seem like she had any intention of letting go anytime soon.

I was about to question her again, but I didn't want to risk getting yet another nod, so I just started walking, carrying her along.

...What the hell was I even doing?

I was supposed to be searching for the one who cursed me.

Every time that thought crossed my mind, I instinctively loosened my grip to put her down—but the moment I did, she clung to me even tighter, as if she could sense what I was thinking.

And so, I wandered for a while, my mind gradually emptying.

From time to time, I noticed people staring—some in confusion, others in disbelief.

But the girl in my arms shared those glances with me...

Then, without realizing it, I found myself standing in front of a massive gate.

"Huh?"

...How did I get here?

As the question crossed my mind, the girl suddenly released me.

I granted her wish and set her down.

The moment I did, she dashed toward the gate, slipping through a smaller side entrance.

I watched her go.

It might have seemed like I had been wandering aimlessly earlier, but that wasn't the case.

Something had guided me here.

Trusting my instincts, I followed her inside.

What lay beyond the gate was... a library?

Towering bookshelves spiraled upward in elegant formations, stretching across multiple floors of a vast, grand space.

It was breathtaking—every surface, every detail, carved from glistening ice, enhancing its ethereal beauty.

The sheer number of books was staggering—countless volumes filling the shelves as far as the eye could see.

"Welcome to Lady Semiramis Library."

A voice pulled me from my thoughts.

Seated in a wheelchair was a girl with sky-blue hair, dressed in a pristine white gown.

The little one from before was clinging to her waist.

Though the girl was facing me, her eyes remained closed.

She was blind.

I stood there, staring blankly at my surroundings.

...Why was I here?