

VILLAIN 115

Chapter 115 A Letter to My Father

- Frey Starlight's Pov -

A day had passed since I officially made Carmen my subordinate.

Everything remained the same—no surprises, nothing out of the ordinary.

My fellow temple trainees were all immersed in their own training, each striving to grow stronger.

Frost was as brutal as ever, but I could no longer read any emotion from him. He was like an executioner—arriving to beat me senseless before leaving without a word.

I wanted to let loose, to push myself into a real fight against him, but I knew my chances were slim.

Still, this kind of calm never sat well with me. It always concealed raging storms beneath the surface.

And that led me to the one thing that had been weighing on my mind—Ada hadn't shown up for an entire day.

I knew she was capable. She could handle herself. But her recent actions, coupled with the fact that she was clearly planning something, made me uneasy.

Especially since she was doing it for me.

If Ada didn't return soon, I would have to escalate things against the Moonlights. But for now, I decided to wait.

I had my own battles to fight. My new training pushed my body to its limits—forcing out massive amounts of aura beyond my capacity to support Carmen had left devastating consequences.

My aura channels had been completely wrecked. Each time, I focused entirely on recovery—using potions and deep meditation. The moment I reached a certain level of healing, I would repeat the process, shattering my channels all over again.

Channeling aura through broken pathways was like forcing molten lava through my veins.

The pain was unlike anything I had experienced since the Nightmare days.

No ordinary human body could withstand this level of training. But I wasn't ordinary.

That much became clearer each time.

And so, I continued breaking myself down, rebuilding stronger, and repeating the cycle again.

Meanwhile, Carmen was inching closer to SS- rank. She had already begun touching its threshold.

As for me, I was accelerating toward Rank C ..

A rank that would open countless new possibilities.

After another grueling session with Carmen, I collapsed onto the ground, summoning Balerion into my hands.

My fingers traced the cold, unyielding metal of the black blade. It was sharper than ever, thirsting for blood.

"Not much longer, my friend... Soon, I'll be able to unleash your true form."

Once I reached Rank C, I would finally be able to manifest Balerion's full power—though I wouldn't be able to sustain it for long.

Still, an extra trump card was always welcome.

Days passed, and on the third day... Ada returned.

She looked exhausted—physically and mentally drained.

She wasn't injured, but I could tell she had been carrying a heavy burden.

I tried asking her what she had been doing, what she was planning...

But all she said was, "It's fine. I know."

She refused to say anything more, and I couldn't force her.

Her words lingered in my mind, even during training.

What did she mean by "I know"?

Had she uncovered one of the Moonlight family's secrets?

I didn't like that thought. If she had, it meant she would become a target for the Curse Caster as well.

Given my current position, I needed every bit of help I could get, but I didn't want her dragged into this.

I didn't want to owe her more than I already did. And I certainly didn't want her getting hurt.

For now, I left Carmen with her—until the time was right.

Time moved strangely.

I had become the busiest person in the world.

Lately, I hadn't even been sleeping.

Training, training, training—followed by endless thoughts of what was coming next.

My interactions were limited to Danzo and Ghost, with the occasional exchange of words with Selena.

And my sister.

A week later, Ada stopped leaving her room.

Her complexion had paled—almost as if she were suffering from anemia.

Anyone with a brain could tell something was wrong. But no matter what I did or how hard I tried, she wouldn't tell me anything.

She was too sharp—she had already figured out that I had recruited Carmen.

She didn't object, but she had grown secretive around Carmen as well.

Between Ada's silence, my relentless training, my search for a way to deal with the Curse Caster, and whatever unseen forces were working against me...

I was reaching my limits.

No— I had surpassed them long ago.

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Wandering Through the Cold Fortress...

I wandered through the areas of this cold, lifeless fortress where I was allowed to tread.

Despite the contempt directed at me from every corner, it was still preferable to dying in training.

Aimless walks through these halls had become a habit—an escape, if only for a moment.

During these strolls, I let my mind drift back to my past life—to my family and the 25 years I had spent with them.

I feared the day I might start forgetting them, so I revisited those memories often, ensuring my purpose remained clear and reminding myself of what I had to do.

Losing myself in these recollections made me oblivious to my surroundings.

That's why I didn't notice her until I nearly collided with her.

"You..."

The same little girl from before. She stood before me, gazing up with those striking violet eyes.

I knelt to meet her at eye level.

"Hey... I've been looking for you."

I ruffled her hair gently. She was the only one in this wretched family who hadn't shunned me.

"Where have you been hiding?"

"Mmm..."

Oh.

Without warning, she lunged at me, wrapping her tiny arms around me in a quick embrace. I hadn't expected it... but I didn't mind.

Taking the chance, I lifted her into my arms.

With a faint smile, I resumed my walk, carrying her along.

"This is fine, right?"

She nodded enthusiastically.

As I wandered through the halls, I tried to get her to talk, but she wasn't much of a conversationalist.

"Your name is Azura, right?"

She nodded in response. If she didn't want to answer, she simply remained silent.

Her small blue dress emitted a faint chill, mirroring the quiet mystery surrounding her.

I knew there was something peculiar about this girl, yet I was instinctively drawn to her.

"Hmm... Azura sounds a bit too grand. I'll just call you 'Blue' instead."

"Azura" felt more fitting for a continent or an ancient lineage—not for a delicate girl like her.

She didn't protest, so from now on, she would be Blue.

There was something strangely soothing about her, almost as if she had a calming presence.

Then, a chilling thought crossed my mind.

I was drawn to her, and in turn, she always came running to me, ignoring everyone else.

Could there be some kind of connection between us?

Wait...

I suddenly remembered something.

The original Frey was... rather indulgent in his vices.

The story had already strayed from the original path I had written, so at this point, anything was possible.

Could he have... fathered a child?

The thought alone sent a shiver down my spine.

Without hesitation, I tightened my grip on Azura and looked her straight in the eyes.

"Blue... tell me... who is your father?"

She said nothing.

"Don't look at me like that. Just say something."

I gave her a light shake, making her head bob comically.

"I don't know."

She finally spoke, her voice barely above a whisper.

She doesn't know? She doesn't even know who her father is?

"What about your mother?"

"I don't know."

She was unaware of both her parents' identities.

That didn't confirm anything, but it didn't put my mind at ease either.

She looked about four years old... and I was only eighteen.

Did Frey really do something like that at thirteen?

No... I highly doubted it.

I was still lost in my thoughts when Blue suddenly pointed at something.

"Is that your father?"

Following her gaze, I found myself staring at a grand portrait of Abraham Starlight.

The father of this body.

"I suppose so..."

"Your father is famous."

All at once, Blue became more talkative.

But my focus remained on the painting.

The girl glanced between us before asking again,

"What was he like? Your father..."

"My father..."

I murmured softly.

My father ..

Lifting Blue once more, I cast one last look at the portrait before me.

"My father wasn't famous or renowned."

Blue listened intently.

"He wasn't a great warrior, nor a legendary figure. He was just... my father."

"A man who dedicated his life to his children. No matter how harsh life became, he was always there, standing behind me. He was my support, a huge part of who I am today."

"That's why... he was the greatest man I've ever known."

And that's why I have to return to my world.

That man gave everything for me. And what have I done in return?

Not even a fraction of what he deserved.

I knew he never expected anything back, but I would return—if only to let him see me become the man he always believed I could be.

I promise, Dad...

My father... was the man in my memories, not the one in the painting.

Abraham Starlight... I don't know who you are—I never even wrote about you.

Maybe I stole your beloved son's body, but at the very least, I rid the world of another piece of trash.

You were a hero, yes. But you were never, and never will be, my father.

Blue continued staring at me, her gaze unwavering.

Realizing I had said some rather odd things, I quickly apologized.

"Sorry, I must've said something strange, huh?"

Blue shook her head.

"You love your father."

"Yeah... I do."

It was a shame this little girl didn't even know hers.

Where did she even come from? The library?

The library...

Wait.

"Blue, can you take me back to that place? You know... the library."

She remained silent for a moment before slipping out of my arms.

Then, she grabbed my hand and started leading me through the fortress in a seemingly random direction.

Unlike last time, however, I felt lightheaded—almost as if some kind of magic was affecting me.

Still, I was just grateful for another chance to enter that library.

Just how many secrets could I uncover there?

Before long, I found myself standing before a massive door.

Or rather... beneath it.

With a blank expression, I asked,

"Uh... Blue, how exactly am I supposed to get in?"

I looked up—the entrance was literally in the ceiling.

"Jump."

"Jump?"

Blue nodded.

What kind of ridiculous library was this?

Oh well, nothing to lose.

I held Blue tightly and leaped. The gateway swallowed us both.

Moments later, I found myself gazing upon the same breathtaking sight as before—

An enormous library sculpted from ice, a masterpiece filled with untold mysteries.

"Welcome to Lady Semiramis' Library—oh, it's you again, Lord Frey."

Just like last time, Rem sat there, unfazed.

But this time, Blue remained beside me instead of running toward her.

"Sorry for intruding... I may have overstepped."

Rem shook her head calmly.

"It's fine. You are Azura's guest, after all. Though lately, the Starlight family has been occupying this place quite a bit, hehe."

She chuckled softly, but her words caught my attention.

"The Starlight family... Has someone else been here recently?"

"Yes, the current head of the Starlight family—your sister, Ada."

Ada was here...

As I suspected, things were happening behind my back.

"Can I ask why my sister came here?"

Silence filled the air.

For a moment, I received no response.

Then, the blind girl smiled apologetically.

"I'm sorry, but I can't say. It's part of my agreement with your sister."

An agreement?!

Did she make some kind of contract with this girl?

A faint headache crept in as I pondered the implications.

I recalled Ada's recent pale complexion and how she had secluded herself.

Just what the hell was going on?

I felt a small hand grip mine.

"Blue..."

She was holding onto me.

Rem seemed pleased by the sight and gestured for me to explore as much as I wanted.

"You may stay here as long as you wish, but once you leave, you may not be able to return—so use your time wisely, Lord Starlight."

She chuckled before adding,

"Though... considering how attached Azura is to you, I doubt that'll be a problem."

"Right..."

I took her words seriously—I intended to make the most of this opportunity.

As I climbed the upper levels with Blue, Rem suddenly stopped me.

"Oh... Lord Starlight, forgive my impudence, but I advise you to keep an eye on your shadow in the future."

I frowned.

"My shadow?"

Rem merely smiled and waved at me and Blue.

Just moments ago, when I had jumped with Blue—

The portal had absorbed us both.

But... it had rejected something.

Or rather, someone.

A dark-clad figure crashed onto the floor after being forcibly expelled.

"Shit ... I've been found out."