

VILLAIN 119

Chapter 119 Seeds of Chaos

- Frey Starlight's Pov -

"Fuck him! Fuck him! Fuck him!"

What the hell was I thinking when I wrote characters like this? Baylor Moonlight was a sick man, one who had spent far too long drowning in his brother's shadow. And now, here he was, standing before me...

Frey had been nothing more than a tool to him. It seemed that the original plot I wrote had gaps, and somehow, those gaps had been filled in automatically, leading to this moment.

I was facing someone infinitely stronger than me. Worse still, he had complete control over me—after all, he was the one who cursed me.

I leaned back against the cold wall, my thoughts racing toward the inevitable.

The real issue wasn't even Baylor. Compared to the monsters that would appear later in the story, he was nothing more than a warm-up act.

Even if I managed to survive this... with the way I was now, the way I handled things... would I really make it?

No.

Not a chance.

Then there was only one solution—I couldn't stay in this world.

But suddenly, my thoughts took a sharp turn.

Maybe... just maybe... I should burn everything down for the sake of my survival.

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In a dimly lit chamber, two figures sat together while a third lurked in the shadows.

Dark purple energy pulsed through the air, sending waves of raw aura that crackled and twisted like a living force.

"Frey... that's enough."

"No."

Drenched in sweat and blood, I kept pushing my body past its limits, Carmen assisting me in this self-inflicted torment.

"This isn't enough."

By now, my body had stopped sweating altogether. Instead, blood was seeping from my pores, filling the air with a mist of crimson.

The impurities inside me were pouring out of every opening they could find—thin red streaks ran from my eyes and nose, dripping onto the cold floor.

A wave of nausea hit me hard, and the fragile thread holding me conscious began to fray.

But this—this was nothing.

I had to break into Rank C today.

Cracks of violet energy surged across my skin, as if something inside me was desperate to break free.

"This is madness..."

For the first time, Carmen seemed to grasp just how unhinged the person she was dealing with truly was.

His previous training had already been beyond reason—but he had completed it.

And now? This was the third time he had utterly destroyed his body, yet he still wasn't stopping.

I knew how I looked—deranged, desperate—but I had no intention of stopping.

Minutes dragged on, my body locked in a war against itself, until finally...

The burning flame inside me flickered out, and I collapsed onto the ground, my body in ruins.

Huff...

Huff...

Huff...

Carmen stared at me for a long moment before exhaling slowly.

"Another failure..."

I had failed to break into Rank C again.

"...Again."

"What?"

"I said again! Pull the aura out of me!"

I barked the order as I chugged recovery potions one after another.

"Frey, what you're doing is impossible. Your body will stop responding to the potions soon—you've been overusing them to the extreme. And beyond that, you're going to inflict permanent internal injuries. Even if your body is special, this—"

"Carmen." My voice was ice-cold. "I told you to extract the aura. Not lecture me on things I already know."

With clear reluctance, Carmen obeyed, once again pulling the searing energy from my shattered body.

The process dragged on endlessly...

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Two Days Before the Deadline...

I didn't go to the temple's special training. So what?

Those bastards wanted me dead soon anyway—why should I bother showing up for them now?

Inside a sealed training ground, I sat in the center of a large pool of blood.

Since the start of my closed training, I had passed out three times and repeated the process seven times.

I still hadn't broken through C rank , and now, my strange body was screaming at me to stop. I knew this was its absolute limit.

I was pushing myself to reach the required level in time, crafting my final plans in the hopes that they would be enough.

I won't lie ... this time, my chances of survival were slim. Death was closer than ever before.

So be it. Death could take me when it truly deserved me.

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Inside another room.. one that was locked most of the time .. a lone girl lay awake, her exhaustion evident.

Carmen stood before Ada.

The dark circles beneath Ada's eyes were prominent, her skin ghastly pale.

"Ada... are you sure you can handle this?"

Silent, Ada nodded slowly.

"It's not like I have a choice..."

Even with all her years of experience, Carmen wasn't certain about what lay ahead.

"How is he?"

She was asking about Frey.

"He's doing his best in his own way."

Ada nodded with a faint smile. She knew her brother was no longer that weak boy.

But even in his current state... she knew his fate.

Or rather, someone had shown it to her.

"...Girl, you do realize that when this is over, a great family will fall... and we might be on the losing side."

"I know."

Ada smiled weakly.

"To be honest, under normal circumstances, with equal chances, I wouldn't even dream of facing someone like Baylor... I can't match him in strength or strategy."

But this particular confrontation was different.

Too many pieces had been set in place, as if everything had been predestined long ago.

As if someone had been manipulating everything from behind the scenes, carefully positioning the pieces before stepping back to watch.

Ada was vaguely aware of such an existence.

But she didn't dare act against it.

Didn't even dare to think about it.

How many people could see fate itself and control it?

Even Maekar wasn't close to that level.

Those who guided the currents from afar... were destined to remain enigmatic forces—ones no one dared to defy.

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-Winterfell-

A peculiar woman strolled through the city, humming cheerfully.

Her white hair and the distinctive features of the Moonlight family made her stand out.

She walked leisurely, a faint blush dusting both her cheeks.

Her smile... her glassy eyes... they were both beautiful and mysterious at the same time.

Suddenly, something inside her clothing lit up—a violet crystal.

Her smile widened ... growing bigger and bigger , as she pressed the button to receive the call.

The moment she did, a well-dressed man in a formal suit appeared, his expression cold and menacing.

"Hello ~"

The girl greeted him cheerfully, yet the man remained silent, his frown unwavering.

"..."

"Why the gloomy face? Most men are thrilled to see me ~"

Her playful tone barely masked the growing tension. Behind the screen, the man's fist clenched ever so slowly.

"Do you even realize how reckless this is? Marching straight into the heart of the Moonlight family's stronghold alone?"

For a brief moment, the girl's smile faltered—but only for a moment.

"Oh, don't be like that ~ That scowl of yours and your endless negativity are exactly why demons don't like you, Lindman ~"

Gavid Lindman wished she were standing before him at this very moment—he would have cut her down with Aether without hesitation.

"Spare me your cursed nonsense... Madame A, you know we need all four Lords present, especially now! And yet, you still do whatever you please!"

Madame A studied the glowing crystal in her hand for a moment before waving lazily, her lips curling into a sly smile.

"Lindman~"

"Bye-bye ~"

She ended the call without a care and continued her stroll, humming an unfamiliar tune to herself.

"Now then... which one should I kill first? ♥"

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Inside an opulent chamber, where an ornate throne loomed tall,

The room overlooked the entire city of Winterfell from above.

Seated in silence, Baylor gazed out at the world below, his expression unreadable.

Behind him, a young man stepped forward.

"Father."

Baylor took a moment before turning toward his son.

"Come."

He gestured for Frost to sit, meeting his gaze directly.

"Speak your mind."

"Father, everything is in place."

"Oh? You've taken care of it?"

"Of course... he's just a nobody."

Baylor shook his head, displeased with what he had just heard.

"Just because he's weaker than you, you dismiss him as a nobody?"

"Forgive my insolence, Father... I would never underestimate an opponent. But I've already positioned every piece where it needs to be. Even against someone as insignificant as him, I will not hold back. I will present his head—and the heads of those who stand behind him—on the very spear you have entrusted to me."

The great spear Rimshard materialized in Frost's hand.

"And once it's done, the Starlight family will be ours."

Baylor nodded faintly, a small smile playing on his lips.

"Remember this... you are on your own. You are the Lord now—I will not intervene. So show me what you're truly capable of."

"As you command, Father."

Frost bowed deeply before departing, a sinister grin stretching across his face.

He had just been handed the easiest victory in history.

A fragile young man and an even weaker family lord.

The only potential obstacle was Carmen—but she was merely an S+ Awakened. There were countless ways to deal with her.

Frost could hardly contain his satisfaction. His father had just given him the perfect opportunity.

To cement his name as the family's lord without lifting a finger.