

VILLAIN 121

Chapter 121 The Final Day

- Frey Starlight's Pov -

There's always a price to pay for power.

Nothing in this world comes for free—not even for a cheat like me.

Like a jet engine on the verge of ignition, I kept exhaling hot air, kneeling on the ground with both arms stretched out as the transformations in my body unfolded.

I felt stronger than ever, my body surging with raw power.

Three relentless days... Hundreds of healing potions... My body shattered seventeen times and reconstructed just as many.

Healing potions would no longer work on me. Even if they did, their effects would never be the same.

But in return, I gained this.

Balerion's serpent tattoo had spread further across my skin, extending so far it nearly reached my shoulder.

"Unbelievable... You actually did it."

Carmen struggled to accept what she was witnessing.

Breaking into Class C in less than half a month?

Even Snow, with his SSS-grade talent, wouldn't have managed that in such a short time.

This was only possible because of the unique abilities I had obtained within the Shadow Sect.

And now, for the first time, I had a real chance to fight—not just watch from the sidelines.

Today is the last day.

Whatever happens, it happens today.

It's time to end this.

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The Last Day in Moonlight Castle.

The temple's students gathered to showcase their progress over the past month before their instructors.

The Moonlight Family's training grounds were more packed than ever.

It was clear that the temple's warriors had gained a great deal during this time.

Among them, one first-year student stood out above the rest.

His instructor was an A+ rank fighter—far beyond his ability to defeat.

Yet, the level of skill he displayed was astonishing for his age.

Danzo's fists blurred as he rained down hundreds of blows on his opponent, his body radiating with a brilliant light.

Like Frey, he had done nothing but train since arriving at Moonlight Castle.

It was as if he was erasing every trace of his past naïveté, determined to forge himself into a complete warrior.

His growth was nothing short of remarkable—driven by relentless dedication and a body tough enough to endure his grueling training.

And yet, despite his progress... he didn't look satisfied.

After his final training session, Danzo didn't leave. Instead, he scanned the grounds, searching for someone.

"There you are."

It took Danzo a moment to pick Ghost out from the crowd.

His presence was so faint that most people wouldn't even notice him, even if he passed right by.

Noticing the approaching nuisance, Ghost sighed.

"What do you want?"

The two locked eyes for a brief moment before Danzo got straight to the point.

"Where is Frey Starlight?"

"..."

Ghost moved effortlessly, slipping past Danzo with the fluid grace of an assassin.

He had no intention of answering, so he simply walked away.

Ghost was fast. But he froze the moment a powerful grip clamped onto his arm.

For an instant, Ghost was caught off guard.

"Where do you think you're going?"

Danzo's eyes gleamed with an intense white light—he had clearly managed to track Ghost's movements.

A month ago, he wouldn't have even seen him.

Ghost quickly pulled away, his stance shifting.

Now, he was starting to take Danzo seriously.

"Why assume I know where he is? And even if I did... what makes you think I'd tell you?"

"No need for your games, assassin. I know you're the most observant one here."

Danzo turned toward the vast training grounds behind him.

"Not just Frey. Instructor Krauser is missing. Frost... The Lord and his wife... You really think that's a coincidence?"

Ghost pulled up the hood of his cloak.

"...So you're not just muscle, huh? No, it's no coincidence."

Ghost walked ahead, with Danzo following closely behind.

"Tell me... what do you plan to do about it?"

The Moonlight Family's objective was no secret, nor was the fact that they were targeting a single young man.

Everyone knew—some more than others. The only difference was how they chose to respond.

Ghost wanted to know where Danzo stood.

Meanwhile, a girl their age stood quietly in the corner, observing the two before finally turning away.

Selena had just finished her final training session and intended to spend the rest of the day in her room.

As soon as she left, her communicator rang. It was her only classmate from the magic division—

Xavier.

"How are things on your end?"

Selena asked, her voice indifferent. Xavier's response came immediately.

"Nothing special. That Snow Lionheart is a real monster. I have no doubt he'll win the next Victoriad—maybe even the one after that. He took down five fourth-years like it was nothing."

"So? Do you think he's the one we're looking for?"

Xavier shook his head.

"He would've been the perfect candidate... but he has a solid alibi. When that incident occurred, he was fighting in a completely different location. I'm convinced the answer lies on your side."

Selena sat on her bed, letting out a tired sigh.

"I suppose so."

Silence followed. Then, after a pause, Xavier spoke again.

"Why does Aegon believe the person he's searching for is a first-year? The temple is massive."

It was a logical question.

How had Aegon managed to narrow it down to just twenty first-years?

As absurd and hard to believe as it was... Selena realized he might actually be right.

From a mere one percent possibility, things had escalated to this.

The thought only deepened her sense of helplessness.

At this stage, she had abandoned all notions of defying him. Let alone her family, who were already in his grasp—what could she possibly do against him?

Even her own mentor hadn't been able to lay a finger on him.

"That man has his ways."

They both chose to drop the subject.

Bringing up Aegon any further would only add to their frustration.

For a while, they chatted about random topics. But eventually, Xavier noticed something—Selena had no intention of leaving her room.

His suspicion grew.

"You told me earlier that there's a strong chance X is actually Frey Starlight. Now that he's about to die, isn't this the perfect time to confirm it instead of doing nothing?"

"Who said I haven't?"

"What?"

Selena turned her gaze toward the window beside her, her expression unreadable.

"If he dies, then he's not the one I'm looking for. If he survives... that will be all the proof I need. It's as simple as that."

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- Frey Starlight's Pov -

Carmen and I made our final preparations.

We both knew the storm that was about to descend.

With everything in place, I gave her a nod and glanced at the call in my hand—an official notice regarding my repeated absences from training.

I planned to go now.

I wasn't worried. I knew they wouldn't take me seriously at first.

That was exactly what I intended to exploit.

Before parting, I asked Carmen one last question.

"What about Ada?"

She shook her head.

"She disappeared this morning."

I let out a quiet sigh.

Everyone was making their moves today.

"I'll see you later, then."

Leaving the room, I made my way toward the designated location.

The path ahead was eerily empty—devoid of any sign of life.

Then, suddenly, a shadow flickered along the wall, merging seamlessly with my own.

"You're late."

A pair of glowing eyes surfaced from within my shadow.

"Some things came up."

Ghost had finally rejoined me.

"No worries. We're about to begin."

Right now, I was fully prepared.

The chances of being attacked right now were dangerously high...

Yet, no matter how far I walked, nothing happened.

For a moment, I genuinely thought I might reach the designated meeting point without any obstacles. But then, a chilling realization struck me—

"Was the path always this long?"

I had been walking for quite some time now...

"What do you think, Ghost?"

Silence.

"Ghost?"

The lack of response sent a shiver down my spine. The silence wasn't just unsettling—it was suffocating.

Then it hit me.

Someone was messing with my senses.

"Hawk Eyes."

I activated my A-rank Skill, trying to break free from whatever was clouding my perception—but it didn't work.

That meant only one thing.

Whoever was behind this was stronger.

A cold, creeping unease settled over me.

And in that fleeting moment of distraction—I failed to notice the figure standing right in front of me.

"Hello there ~"

With light, deliberate steps, a girl approached.

She was unfamiliar, yet the white hair and sharp features left no doubt—she was a Moonlight.

Instinctively, I tried to move.

I couldn't.

"So, you're the boy everyone's been making such a fuss over?"

She closed the gap between us until only a breath separated us.

"No need to be so tense. I'm not here to hurt you. In fact, I should be thanking you—you're the reason I got this wonderful opportunity ~"

This is bad.

No—bad didn't even begin to describe the situation.

I couldn't move.

A cold sweat trickled down my back.

This girl—no, this thing—was powerful.

Too powerful.

But who was she?

There was no record of anyone from the Moonlight Family with this level of power. It was impossible for me not to recognize someone like her.

"Hmm... you're still just a child. Hardly worth playing with."

Her gaze studied me like I was some kind of specimen.

Child?

No matter how I looked at her, we were the same age.

Unless—

A terrifying thought took root.

She was in disguise.

"You're kind of handsome ~"

Each word sent a wave of dizziness crashing over me. My vision blurred.

A dreadful realization clawed at the edges of my mind.

I knew who she was.

"Why do you look so scared?"

For a brief second, her irises flickered—

Blue.

Then red.

A moment so fleeting, yet I saw it clearly.

"You look like you've seen a ghost."

Why was she here?

And more importantly—where was Ghost?

Everything was spiraling out of control.

"Oh well, no matter. I think I'll play with you for a bit ~"

Before I could react, she was already upon me.

Her hand gripped my face—pulling me toward her.

And then—

Her lips met mine.

From the point of contact, dark veins surged beneath my skin, crawling like a living curse, infecting me from the inside out.

I felt my strength drain, the shadows consuming me from within.

When she finally pulled away, she gave a satisfied hum before lightly flicking my forehead.

Normally, I would have just stumbled back.

But instead—

I was falling.

Plummeting from a terrifying height.

And from above, she watched with an amused smile.

"Good luck. Don't disappoint me

Darkness swallowed me whole.

Ah...

I had lost before the fight even began.