

VILLAIN 122

Chapter 122 The Games Begin

- Frey Starlight's Pov -

"Hey."

Smack.

"Wake up!"

A familiar voice, followed by a stinging pain, jolted me back to reality.

Ghost.

It took me a second to steady myself before I sprang to my feet.

"What happened? Where did she go?!"

I frantically scanned my surroundings, searching for her.

Ghost observed me for a moment before gesturing around.

"Calm down. She's gone."

Taking a closer look, I realized we were in a strange chamber. Broken spears and shattered weapons littered the floor.

"That woman... Somehow, she managed to trap me inside the shadow itself—I couldn't even speak. Luckily, I was fused with your shadow, so I fell here with you."

Ghost pointed at the remnants of weapons around us.

"This chamber is a trap. The moment you landed, spears came flying at you. I had to step out and deflect them since you were unconscious."

I listened carefully, trying to piece together what had happened.

Touching my lips, I could still feel the lingering warmth.

"How long was I out?"

"Not long... Fifteen minutes? No, precisely fourteen minutes and twenty-five seconds."

Everything was moving too fast.

Before I could fully grasp the situation, a distorted voice echoed through the chamber, projected by some sort of speaker system.

"Well, well... My dear little rapist and... a friend? Looks like we've got more than one player today."

That voice...

Frost Moonlight?

"You look terrible, Frey Starlight. Did my subordinates rough you up that badly? Haha... Anyway, welcome to today's game!"

"What the hell is this bastard talking about?"

A game?

"Unfortunately, I'm not the only one who wants you dead. It would be a waste for me to kill you now, so I've decided to let everyone join in on our little fun. You see, there's a small door to your left—it leads to the next stage."

"You were about to die before the game even started, but thanks to your friend here... we still get to have some fun. Survive, Frey Starlight. Overcome the trials ahead and reach me... Only then might you win and live."

"Hahahahaha!"

Laughter erupted from multiple voices beside Frost.

Was my survival so unlikely that they all found it amusing?

I sighed, forcing myself to focus.

Frost mentioned his subordinates... That woman from earlier was one of the four Ultras Lords. There was no way I wouldn't recognize her. Yet he claimed she was one of his followers...

Madam A , A deranged lunatic contracted with one of the high-ranking demons—Seat 12, Sithri.

And she had already marked me.

Was she planning to turn me into one of her puppets?

Just the thought of it made my head throb.

A monster capable of defeating Baylor had appeared.

What kind of hell were we about to face?

-Smack-

I lightly slapped myself, forcing my mind back into focus.

Stay calm. This chaos... I need to find a way to use it to my advantage.

Madam A might become an important variable later.

For now, survival was my only goal.

"So? What's the plan, Frey?"

Ghost's voice pulled me back. He was still by my side.

"The recent events forced me to reveal myself, and part of the plan is already ruined. I can't stay hidden anymore, which drastically reduces my usefulness. On top of that, we're now forced to face Frost... and possibly even stronger enemies."

I let out a weak smile.

"So, our chances of winning are close to zero, huh?"

"Exactly."

"Yeah... I'm pretty much guaranteed to die here."

"..."

Silence hung between us as I adjusted my aura.

"What about you, Ghost?"

"Hm?"

"Wouldn't my death be the best outcome for an assassin like you?"

Ghost had no real reason to be caught up in this mess with me.

Our previous agreement wasn't enough to justify him staying.

We locked eyes for a moment before Ghost looked away. Dressed in a long black cloak that covered his head and mouth, his eyes were the only thing visible.

"When I trained with my father... do you know the first thing he ever taught me?"

I remained silent for a moment.

Ghost rarely spoke about his father.

But I already knew the answer.

"Escape."

He nodded, unsurprised by my response.

"As an assassin, when you're exposed and backed into a corner, you have two options."

"You either go all in—launch a desperate, all-out attack, sacrificing everything. A suicide strike, but only if there's a genuine chance of success. Kill your target and die."

"But if the odds are hopeless... you run. Leave the battlefield."

"These are the words of Mesait Umbra—the greatest assassin."

Ghost took a step closer, his gaze sharp.

"So tell me, Frey Starlight... What are our odds here? One-on-one, you against Frost—what are your chances? Your answer will decide whether this fight is worth a suicide mission."

I remained silent for a moment.

Ghost wasn't bluffing.

If I gave him even the slightest sliver of hope, he would risk everything.

I respected that about him. So I told him the truth.

"One-on-one against Frost, huh? Let's see..."

"To have a real shot, we'd have to strip him of his personal weapon—Rimshard. That thing amplifies his power massively, so as long as he has it, we're looking at a dead end."

"But... if I somehow manage to disarm him and fight at full power without holding anything back, then..."

I paused. Ghost waited for my answer.

"Fifty-fifty."

His eyes widened slightly. He muttered the words back in disbelief.

"Fifty-fifty?"

I nodded.

"Yes. A battle to the death."

Ghost took a moment to process that.

"...Against someone ranked S-."

I wasn't joking, and he knew it. I wouldn't lie about something like this—not when my life was at stake.

The assassin fell silent, weighing the odds. What was the best move? Where was the highest chance of survival?

A few minutes later, we had our answer.

- The Second Chamber -

A long, narrow tunnel.

I shut the door behind me and stepped forward alone.

Waiting for me were unfamiliar faces.

"Well, well... Frey Starlight."

"You have no idea how long I've waited for this moment."

"Today, you die, you filthy bastard."

I scanned my opponents.

Seven in total. The strongest among them ranked B or B+.

The rest weren't far behind.

One of them stepped forward, a crazed grin splitting his face.

A young man with white hair and a lean frame, holding twin daggers with curved edges.

He looked... excited.

"I heard you're a lustful bastard who enjoys raping women. So, how about I do the same to you? Kihihihhi."

"I'll violate you myself—let you experience that feeling firsthand."

He raised his dagger in front of me.

"But I'll be using this... to make it even more enjoyable."

The others behind him burst into laughter.

I smiled too, just as the serpent tattoo on my body started to burn.

"Oh? What's wrong? Is your dick too small to pull it out in public?"

His expression twisted instantly.

Meanwhile, my shadow expanded, swallowing a section of the room in darkness.

"Now then... Ghost."

He was still with me. That meant I could go all out.

"Come forth... Balerion."

My life was on the line. My hands were already stained.

Harden your heart. Let everything loose.

Balerion—the black blade—looked darker than ever.

This would be my first real battle since reaching Rank C.

So, I wanted to test the limits of what I could do.

In the darkness cast by Ghost's shadows, my enemies grew more alert... but I saw everything.

"Hawk Eyes + Phantom Steps + Balerion."

With a single step, my body surged forward in a violet flash.

The young man from before sensed the attack coming and instinctively raised his blade to block it.

But Balerion cut through both metal and flesh alike.

I was almost surprised—I had already reduced the first one to two pieces.

I ignored him entirely.

I turned to the second. Then the third.

Each had different combat roles—one was a defensive specialist, another a Wave Controller, and the last a spearman.

But Balerion cut through everything.

Within minutes...

The darkness faded from the tunnel, and the shadows receded.

I stepped out alone, leaving behind seven corpses. Some were still dying, their lower halves missing. Others were in far worse conditions.

Faced with all of this, I shut off any unnecessary emotions.

It was time to bury that humanity.

Inside a particular monitoring room, a young and arrogant lord sat watching the screens before him with a deep frown.

Frost Moonlight.

Frey Starlight had entered the tunnel. Then, darkness had swallowed everything—Ghost's handiwork.

But when the light returned, Frey had emerged, unscathed, with a bloodbath left behind.

It didn't seem like Ghost Umbra had aided him; the injuries were all from a sword.

"What the hell is going on?"

Could Frey be stronger than expected? No... perhaps he had used some kind of trick.

Two figures suddenly appeared behind Frost, emerging from nowhere.

"Sir, we've lost contact with the team assigned to lure Frey into the chamber."

"What?"

Frost was starting to hear things he didn't like.

He had sent a team to drag Frey into his little game.

Among them was an S-class Awakened, ensuring Frey's capture.

And now, that team was missing.

"What the hell is happening...?"

On the screen, Frey was advancing toward the third chamber.

Just then, a certain girl stepped into the room.

The moment Frost saw her, his frown vanished—instantly replaced by a smile.

It was Seris.