

VILLAIN 123

Chapter 123 Overcoming Obstacles

- Frey Starlight's Pov -

"Carmen, pinpoint my location quickly."

I sent a message to Carmen. Fortunately, Frost hadn't cut off communications.

"I'm on my way to you... I didn't expect them to throw you into a place like that. You're beneath the castle right now—this place is bigger than I thought."

Ever since I made Carmen one of my subordinates, we had been able to sense each other's presence when we were close. That allowed her to determine my current location.

Suddenly, I heard a crashing sound from her side.

"Carmen... what are you doing?"

"..."

"Carmen?"

"Huh? Oh, yeah, yeah. I couldn't find a way down, so I'm making one myself."

That woman...

Was she seriously going to smash her way through the floor to get here?

"Do whatever you want, just don't take too long. And don't reveal your new power until the very end."

"Hey, how long do you think I've been fighting? I know better than you how trump cards can shift the tide of battle."

"I'm sure you do."

"See you soon ~"

I ended the call and proceeded to open the next door.

I had already passed through four rooms. The Moonlight Family had stopped appearing since the last one, and it seemed like the next room would be the same.

"They must have realized something is wrong."

Ghost partially emerged from the shadows after obscuring the view inside the room.

Since I entered this place, I had already killed a considerable number of them.

Frost had likely figured out by now that sending more weaklings would only lead to more pointless deaths.

I glanced at the blood staining Balerion.

I might end up killing more people today than I have since arriving in this place.

"We'll be facing some stronger opponents soon... maybe even Frost himself."

I nodded at Ghost.

"That's fine by me. I'd rather not waste too much energy before fighting Frost."

We walked side by side toward the next area.

"Let's go over the plan one last time. We need to subdue Frost and take him by any means necessary, right?"

"That's right."

My final enemy here wasn't Frost—it was Baylor.

That man held the ultimate leverage over me: the curse.

I needed a bargaining chip against him, something that would force him to negotiate and let me break free of his control.

And there was no better leverage than his own flesh and blood.

That was why I needed to crush Frost—no matter what it took.

Inside the Monitoring Room...

"I wasn't expecting a visit from you... Seris."

Seris stepped inside, casting a glance at what lay behind Frost.

The screens displaying the events below were flickering to black one by one. A few minutes later, they would come back on—only to reveal piles of corpses.

All of them had fallen trying to fight against two seventeen-year-old boys.

"Frost..."

"Don't start complaining now... Seris, I'm not stopping. I already have my father's permission."

Frost's quick response made Seris fall silent.

"I'm doing this for you, after all. Be happy."

That last remark infuriated Seris more than anything.

"When did I ever ask you to do this for me?"

She had been the victim of what happened years ago.

But was it really reasonable for others to still hold a grudge after all this time?

Even she wasn't sure anymore.

Within the Moonlight family, hatred for Frey Starlight was reignited time and time again, as if someone was doing it on purpose.

As if someone wanted the entire family to stay fixated on despising a single person.

No matter how she thought about it... something about it just didn't make sense.

"Drogo Moonlight."

Frost spoke the name of her father—the name she hated hearing more than anything else.

"We don't want another Drogo, do we? Another monster causing a catastrophe like that."

He rose from his seat, donning his white coat and grabbing his great spear.

"Rejoice, Seris. I'll be the one to do it for you. My hands will be the ones stained with his filthy blood."

As he passed by, he patted her shoulder.

"You need to watch him die. You owe yourself that much."

Seris didn't respond. She simply recalled the past—

How Frey Starlight had advanced toward her, trying to violate her.

Had Baylor not intervened, she would have suffered the same fate as her sister, Rose.

Could someone like that ever be forgiven?

Even she didn't know the answer.

- Frey Starlight's Perspective -

"There are people setting up an ambush behind the next door. I'll take care of them."

"Got it."

Ghost vanished into the next room, slipping through the cracks as a shadow. Since he chose to attack directly, he must have been confident in his chances.

Seconds later, the only sounds I heard were screams and the wet tearing of human flesh.

When I opened the door, I found that Ghost had already finished the job—ten bodies lay motionless on the floor.

"That was fast."

I walked toward him, surveying the corpses around me. Every single one had been killed in a single strike. Impressive as always.

"This is strange."

Something was clearly bothering Ghost.

"What is it?"

He examined one of the bodies.

"They're much weaker than the ones we fought in the first chamber."

Thinking about it... he was right.

I had barely sensed anything from them.

"Let's keep going."

But then, the same thing happened again in the next area.

The moment I opened the door, I charged in without hesitation, cutting them down with ease.

"What's going on here?"

I thought Frost would send stronger opponents from now on...

But instead, he sent these weaklings.

What was he planning?

"Maybe he's trying to exhaust us? No... I doubt that."

What would he gain from tiring out someone weaker than him? That wasn't like him at all.

As I was contemplating, I noticed one of the men I had just cut down. He was struggling to look at me, his face twisted in pain.

"Frey... Starlight...? No one... told me... about this..."

With those final words, he took his last breath.

Ghost and I exchanged glances.

"No one told him about this?"

What did he mean by that?

A bad feeling crept into my gut.

There was no reason to send such weak opponents... unless there was something else going on.

"Ghost, from now on, don't kill them. Just focus on taking them out of the fight."

Ghost's dark eyes observed me in silence.

"Did you figure something out?"

"No. But I'm about to."

...

...

...

As expected, the same pattern repeated itself.

The moment I stepped into the next chamber, a loud cry echoed through the space—

"Intruders are here!"

"Attack!"

A barrage of long-range assaults followed—arrows and spears flying toward me in quick succession.

But just like the ones before them, they were weak.

I deflected their attacks with ease, yet I didn't strike back.

"Did he just say... intruders?"

As I pondered his words, a group of tanks and swordsmen lunged at me from the front.

Unlike the previous chambers, this one was massive, and the number of opponents was unusually large this time.

I dodged them one after another, lost in thought.

I didn't want to use Balerion—it would end them instantly—so I decided to try something different.

Lowering my body to evade a spear that nearly pierced my head, I amplified my voice with aura.

"My name is Frey Starlight."

I moved swiftly between them, continuing to speak.

"I was lured into this place and attacked. I will not kill those who cease their assault."

Somehow, I maneuvered freely between dozens of people who were clearly trying to take my life.

"But I will show no mercy to those who don't."

I unleashed a wave of aura pressure to emphasize my words.

It seemed to have an effect.

Several of them hesitated, their gazes locking onto me as if trying to confirm something.

"Frey Starlight?"

What I saw in their expressions was confusion.

Murmurs spread among them as they exchanged bewildered glances.

"What's going on? We were told there were intruders trying to infiltrate the castle and that we must—"

Before the man could finish his sentence, an impossibly fast serpent of water coiled around his head and crushed it.

The strike was so swift that even I couldn't follow its movement.

So powerful that it completely obliterated his skull.

I immediately leapt back.

But dozens of those blue serpents surged forward, attacking everything in sight.

I watched people get slaughtered before me—wiped out in a single strike.

One of the serpents lunged at me as well, but I barely deflected it with Balerion at the last moment.

My mind struggled to process what I had just witnessed.

These people... they had no idea I was coming.

"This is bad, Frey."

Ghost spoke, his voice sharp with realization.

"He's strong."

"I know."

I had already felt it.

His presence alone dominated the entire chamber.

He was far stronger than me.

I focused my gaze toward the far end of the room.

A lone figure emerged from the darkness.

A man I knew all too well.

Scarred face, blond hair, a muscular build—

"Instructor Krauser?"

The same man who had overseen our temple training last month.

An S-Class fighter.

Krauser's cold gaze shifted between us and the corpses left behind by the serpents.

"Welcome, Starlight rat."

He slowly rolled his fists, as if warming up.

"You really made me work more than I was supposed to... Why didn't you just kill them?"

I cautiously kept my distance from him.

"Are you talking about your own family members, the ones you just took down? You must have quite the thirst for blood... Instructor Krauser."

He chuckled, his body now enveloped in a deep blue aura.

"Since we're throwing this special event, we figured getting rid of just one piece of trash wasn't enough."

The water serpents coiled once more, this time aimed directly at me.

"So we decided to take out all the useless garbage in one go."

Dozens of attacks rained down on me—strikes from an S-Class Awakened.

"Trash."

Had they used my presence as an excuse to dispose of their own people?

I clenched my teeth.

This family was even worse than I had imagined.