

VILLAIN 133

Chapter 133 The Iliad's Curse

- Frey Starlight's Pov -

My vision blurred as my body began to falter, the strain of reaching my limit weighing me down.

I was on the verge of being forcibly ejected from my Blood Form. When that happened, I'd have to endure the backlash that followed immediately after.

If that happened... I wouldn't be able to fight any longer.

"He's coming for me..."

Even after wounding him and severing one of his arms, Frost could still fight—especially now that he had reclaimed the Remshard.

What now?

The blood refused to stop.

It even seeped from the corners of my eyes.

Kneeling, drained, I was completely at his mercy.

Frost's gaze was colder than ever as he loomed over me, likely contemplating the best way to kill me.

I could feel his hatred from here, sharp and unfiltered.

"Not bad... You've proven you're not just a rat scurrying through fate."

He raised his spear before my face.

"No... You're a wretched demon hiding countless secrets up your sleeve."

"Frey Starlight... your actions, your power, your very existence—I despise everything about you."

"I cannot allow someone like you to live. Not after witnessing what you're capable of."

Disgust twisted his features as his aura flared, preparing to end this.

Meanwhile, I simply stared at him, my expression devoid of emotion, my face drenched in blood.

"Your existence has been a curse haunting my family since the beginning. And here—this is where it ends."

The Remshard gleamed.

I was impressed.

He was planning to finish me in a single strike.

A smirk curved my lips. Who would've thought the arrogant Frost wouldn't bother torturing me?

A swift execution...

That sounded merciful.

The icy blue light of his spear bathed my face, illuminating my unchanging smile.

"Hey... why the hell are you still smiling?"

It seemed my reaction irritated dear Frost.

"Nothing... it's just..."

His eyes widened as cracks began to spread across my body.

Beneath my pale skin, a searing violet light pulsed—wild and untamed, stirring the aura inside me into a frenzy.

Frost knew I was about to do something.

Without hesitation, he lunged with his full strength—

—but his spear halted just before my face.

The force erupting from within me had stopped it.

Slowly, I raised my sword, now streaked with those same violet lines, and pointed it at Frost.

With the same unwavering smirk, I spoke.

"Ignition"

A long time ago, before I was even reincarnated into this damned world, I occasionally read stories about characters with absurd powers.

One day, I read about a man who mimicked nuclear bombs ... who, somehow, turned himself into one.

That alone sparked the idea for my fourth and final skill ...

the last resort I had intended to use against Snow in the Victoriad.

It had cost me everything ...

All the achievement points I had gathered. Thousands of them.

Countless sacrifices.

But now, the final result was about to be tested in reality.

From the very beginning, I had an SSS-rank aura reservoir inside me.

But my low level prevented me from unleashing much of it.

But what if I had a skill ..

a skill that allowed me to release a massive amount of that aura in a single, decisive attack?

A different kind of bomb—one that would annihilate everything.

But the idea itself was unrealistic. After all, doing this would mean ..

I would quite literally explode myself.

My body was far too fragile to withstand something like this.

At best, such an attack would destroy me before it even harmed my opponent.

But what if I wasn't the one detonating?

What if something else—something stronger, something unbreakable—became the vessel instead?

And that something could only be the Black Dread .. Balerion.

Perhaps he was the only one capable of enduring such an overwhelming force.

A single strike ..

One carrying the explosive power of an immense SSS-rank aura.

A strike that would leave me unable to fight afterward.

This was it.

"Ignition"

Frost's expression turned grave the moment he sensed it.

Seizing the final moments of my Blood Form, I unleashed an attack that surpassed S+ rank, perhaps even reaching beyond it.

From the edge of Balerion, a colossal beam of dark aura was unleashed—a devastating strike that annihilated everything in its path.

I had no intention of killing Frost. He was my bargaining chip, the key to breaking the curse cast upon me.

But I had no choice. Here and now—I would end him!

"Perish, you arrogant lord."

Even with the mighty Remshard spear, his chances of survival against this attack were zero.

It was over—or so I thought.

Slowly, ice began forming within the darkness.

Ice of unbearable cold... That power...

My eyes widened as I felt something strange.

This power...

"It wasn't Frost's."

My final attack had somehow been countered—repelled by ice so overwhelming that Frost's own seemed like mere child's play in comparison.

I had no idea when he did it...

But a frozen hand now rested against the edge of Balerion's blade.

From within the darkness, he emerged—standing between me and Frost.

Balerion's blade gradually froze under the influence of this man's power, while his cold, piercing gaze locked onto mine.

"Damn it..."

I cursed under my breath, realizing that I had just lost my final weapon.

"How terrifying..."

The man spoke in a commanding tone, his presence overwhelming as he looked down at me.

It was none other than Baylor—the current lord of the Moonlight Family.

With a simple motion, he brushed aside Balerion's blade and shoved me backward, leaving me to suffer the recoil of my own power, drowning in my own blood.

My mind was in complete disarray.

Why was Baylor here?

Had he been watching from the start?

The continuous loss of blood, the unbearable backlash from using all my abilities at once—I could barely think, let alone move.

But even if I could...

What could I possibly do against this monster?

As the battle raged on, I could hear the chaos erupting above.

The Moonlight Family was supposed to be in turmoil right now.

So why...

Why the hell was this bastard here, of all times?!

"You look surprised, Frey Starlight."

Baylor continued to stare at me with that same imposing expression.

"To be honest... I'm the one who's surprised here."

Behind him, Frost gazed at his father's back, his expression a tangled mess of emotions.

"Father... I—"

Frost tried to say something, but Baylor paid him no mind. His focus remained solely on me.

"I'm surprised. At your age, with your level of power... you unleashed an attack that could have reached even me, of all people."

He raised his palm, revealing a thin line of blood.

It was just a small wound, but my final attack had managed to injure an SS-rank Awakened.

That only made things worse for me.

Baylor lifted his hand toward me, his lips curling into a wolfish smile—a smile of a true predator.

"Like father, like son, wouldn't you say?"

Was he talking about Abraham Starlight?

"You were a fine piece, Frey Starlight. You've helped me a great deal up until now... but you're no longer that naïve boy you once were."

"You've become a beast that cannot be tamed. And so, my dear Frey..."

Baylor closed his eyes for a brief moment, recalling how he had played this child before him.

How he had manipulated him into playing a role in his schemes.

How he had forced him to attempt to rape Seris Moonlight.

How he had gained leverage over the Starlight Family through him.

How he had been the perfect tool.

But now, it was all over.

Slowly, Baylor opened his eyes.

"Die, you arrogant lord."

One word.

It echoed in my ears again and again.

"The curse has been activated."

Pain shot through my chest as my heart pounded violently, sending an unbearable wave of cold spreading through me.

Clutching my chest, I collapsed, my screams ripping through the battlefield, raw and drenched in blood.

The pain was unbearable. A torment unlike anything I had ever endured. My heart pounded frantically, as if an icy blade were carving into it.

Cold, ragged breaths escaped my lips, one after another, uncontrolled.

'What do I do?'

'What the hell do I do?!'

'What the hell do I do now?!'

My entire plan had hinged on capturing Frost, his mother, or Seris—using them as leverage to break this damn curse.

But he saw through me.

He destroyed everything.

The searing agony coursing through me was proof—I was close.

Close to death.

"Baylor!"

A blinding beam of light crashed into the ground, shaking the very air.

Carmen had arrived.

Bathed in the scorching radiance of a star, she burned with unrestrained fury. She had come straight here after defeating Eleanor Moonlight—the traces of that battle still evident on her.

"Carmen... So, you broke through."

Baylor's expression remained eerily composed, even as Carmen's rage exploded before him.

"Get your filthy hands off him!"

Without hesitation, she unleashed a barrage of massive, star-forged fists, each one crashing toward Baylor with devastating force.

Carmen wasn't holding back.

"You people... never cease to amaze me."

Baylor raised his other hand toward her attack.

Instantly, the colossal fists froze mid-air, locked in place by an overwhelming force.

The suffocating weight of Baylor's full power erupted outward, drowning the battlefield in sheer dominance.

"The Alpha Origin."

With a single motion, an infinite wave of ice surged forward, swallowing Carmen whole.

The eight stars blazing within her chest roared furiously as she fought to burn away the encroaching frost.

But even with her SS- rank and her superior Stardust technique, she couldn't break free.

Trapped—engulfed by an immovable mass of ice.

"Damn it... Frey!!!"

Her frozen hand reached for me.

But all I could do was watch.

The agony in my chest had transcended pain—it was something far worse.

I kept screaming, each ragged breath releasing more and more white mist.

My skin grew paler by the second—until it took on a sickly blue hue.

My blood had frozen solid.

The light in my eyes flickered, growing dim.

My long black hair—slowly, steadily—began turning white.

Everything... was ending.

In the end, I had failed. I had lost.

Baylor Moonlight.

The man behind everything.

The one who had tormented Frey more than anyone else.

He had utterly, undeniably, defeated me.

"I... lost."

As the last remnants of my strength faded, my hair turned completely white.

My body—pale, lifeless—became nothing more than a frozen corpse.

Baylor watched until the very end.

He stood there, witnessing my slow, agonizing demise—drinking in every second of my suffering.

Confident that it was over.

And then—

A piercing scream shattered the silence.

Two screams.

Baylor's head snapped around.

Frost.

His son was convulsing, writhing in agony. Black veins surfaced beneath his skin as he coughed up blood, his body trembling violently.

"What the—?!"

Shock flickered across Baylor's face.

He moved immediately, kneeling beside Frost.

"Father... F-Father?! What's happening to me?!"

Blood streamed endlessly from Frost's pores.

And he wasn't alone.

Not far from them, Seris Moonlight was suffering the same fate.

Her screams intertwined with Frost's, echoing across the battlefield.

"What is this?! What the hell is happening?!"

For the first time—Baylor Moonlight, a man who had witnessed countless horrors in his lifetime—stood frozen in uncertainty.

He didn't understand.

But then—

His expression changed.

His eyes narrowed.

"This... This is the Iliad Curse."

The Starlight Family's curse.

"But from whom—?"

As the words left his lips, the sound of slow, deliberate footsteps echoed from a distance.

Another presence entered the battlefield.

Baylor turned.

And even I—barely clinging to life, my consciousness slipping—shifted my gaze toward her.

She looked deathly pale. Exhausted. Yet, unmistakably, it was her.

"Ada Starlight."

Baylor muttered her name as she came to a stop before him.

"Let's put an end to this farce, Lord Moonlight."

Ada raised both hands.

Above each, a crimson sigil materialized.

Each one carrying the weight of a curse.

Her cold, unwavering voice rang through the battlefield.

"This is where you and your wretched family meet your end."