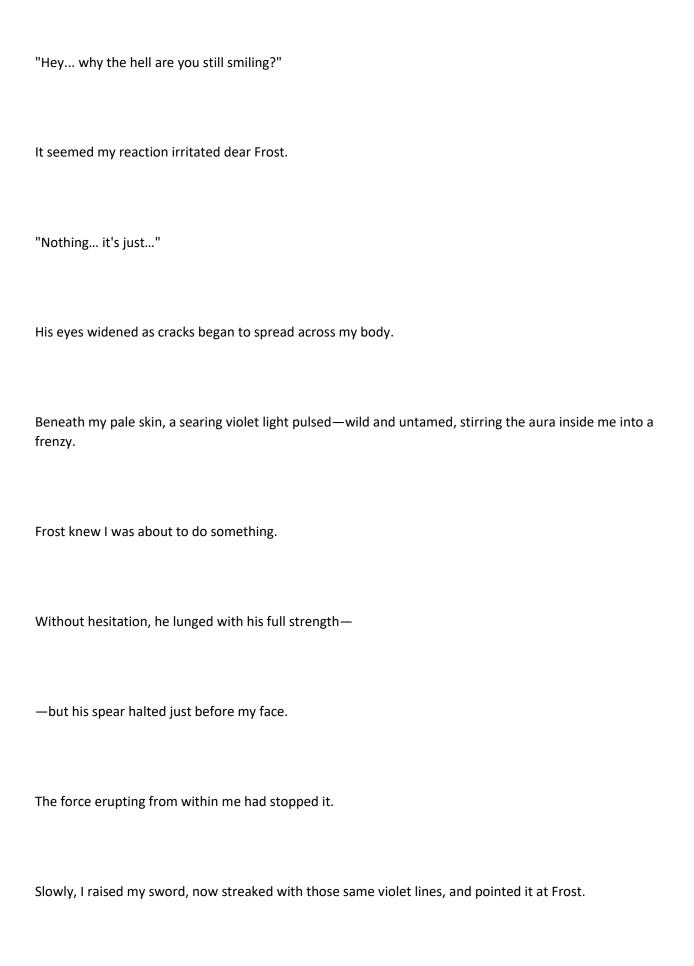
VILLAIN 133

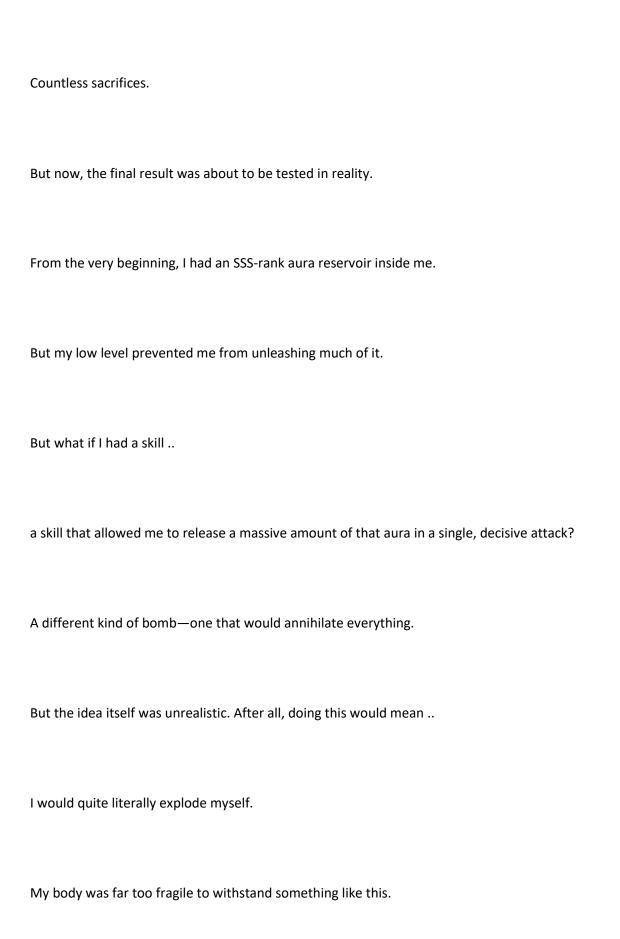
Chapter 133 The Iliad's Curse
- Frey Starlight's Pov -
My vision blurred as my body began to falter, the strain of reaching my limit weighing me down.
I was on the verge of being forcibly ejected from my Blood Form. When that happened, I'd have to endure the backlash that followed immediately after.
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.



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.



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.



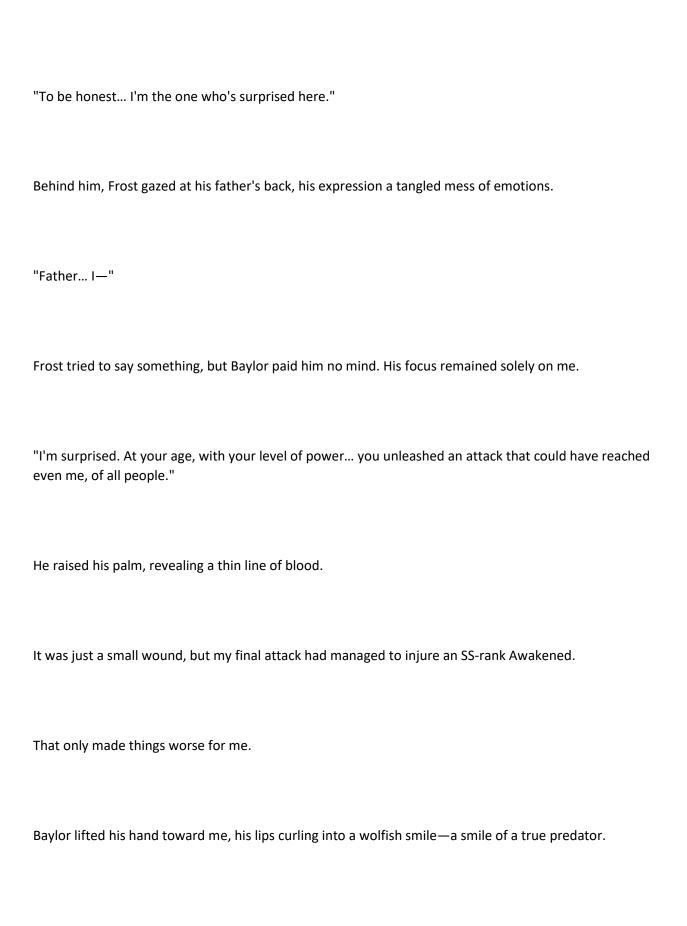
At best, such an attack would destroy me before it even harmed my opponent.
But what if I wasn't the one detonating?
What if something else—something stronger, something unbreakable—became the vessel instead?
And that something could only be the Black Dread Balerion.
Perhaps he was the only one capable 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.

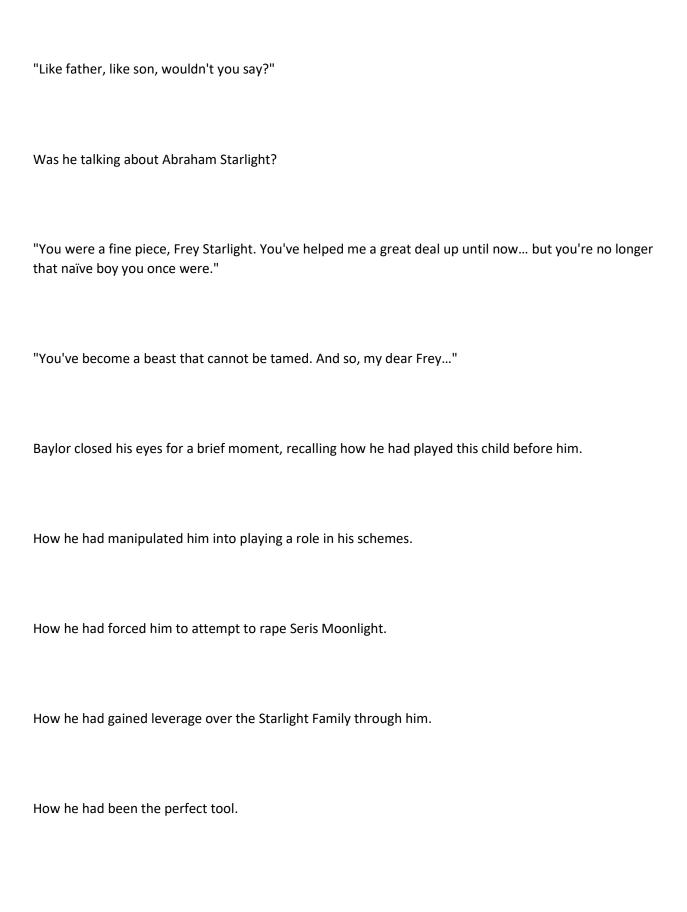


Slowly, ice began forming within the darkness.
Ice of unbearable cold That power
My eyes widened as I felt something strange.
This power
"It wasn't Frost's."
My final attack had somehow been countered—repelled by ice so overwhelming that Frost's own seemed like mere child's play in comparison.
I had 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.



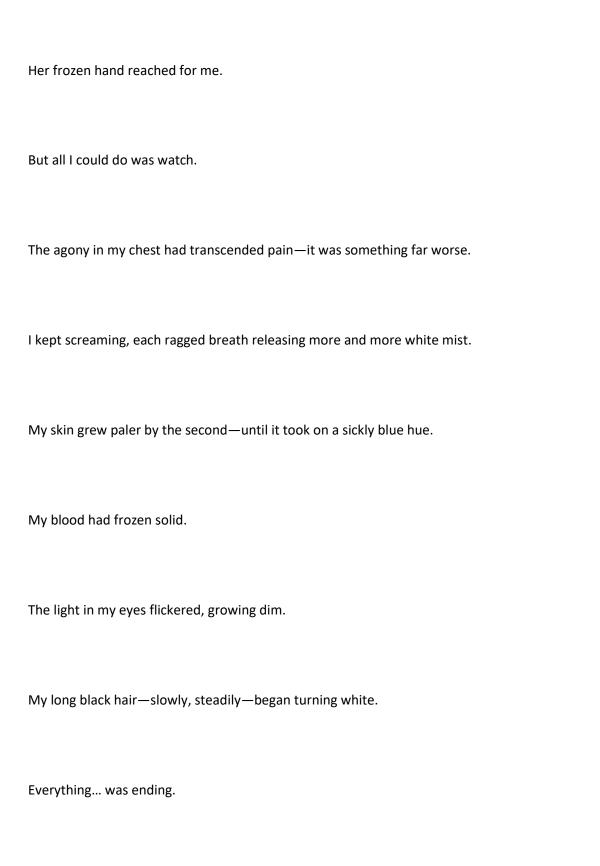


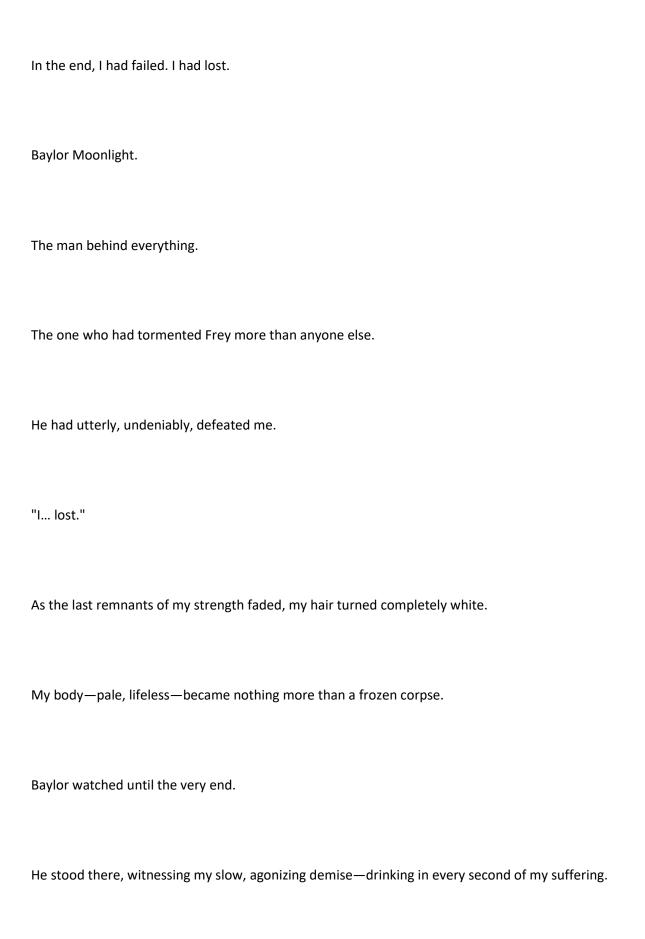
But now, it was all over.
Slowly, Baylor opened his eyes.
"Die, you arrogant lord."
One word.
It echoed in my ears again and again.
"The curse has been activated."
Pain shot through my chest as my heart pounded violently, sending an unbearable wave of cold spreading through me.
Clutching my chest, I 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!!!"





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."