

## **VILLAIN 145**

### Chapter 145: The Promised Victoriad

- Frey Starlight's Pov -

A whole month...

I sat at my old desk inside Frey's manor, absentmindedly tapping my fingers against the wooden surface, my expression blank.

A month had passed since the incident at the Moonlight Estate.

In that time—not long enough to feel like an eternity, yet not short enough to be insignificant—I had missed a lot.

Most importantly, what happened in Winterfell.

Fortunately, both Ada and Carmen survived... though I had no idea what became of Rem... or Azura.

Just thinking about that little girl made my chest tighten.

I hadn't seen everything that happened, but I could still vividly recall her standing there... acting like an old woman trapped in a child's body.

"Damn it... is everything that comes near me destined to spiral into chaos?"

"The Battle of the Moonlit Night."

That was what they called it—the battle that unfolded that night.

The clash between Oliver Khan and Ivar Valerion against Godfrey completely overshadowed everything that had come before.

"Sending Godfrey, though...?"

The Ultras didn't play around if they sent their strongest tank.

Because of that, I had no clue what had happened to Baylor and Madam A.

But one thing was certain—the Moonlight family had been utterly crushed.

In the past month, Frost Moonlight had risen to become the sixth lord of the family... only for the once-mighty house to plummet, now weaker than even Starlight.

With Baylor missing, Heisenberg dead, and several S-Class Awakened killed in the fight against Godfrey...

Yet, for some reason, Ada had been pouring money and resources into them.

I let out a frustrated sigh.

"Ada... what kind of deal did you make?"

Making Rem her ally obviously didn't come for free.

I could only hope she knew what she was doing.

If I said I didn't care about Ada anymore, I'd be lying.

I'd be a damn ingrate—no one had done more for me than she had.

At the very least, I wanted her to be safe... until the time came for me to return to my world.

I stared at the ceiling for a while.

"Should I help her take full control of Starlight?"

No.

"I don't have time... and she can handle herself."

What I needed to focus on now was the one event I had been waiting for.

The Victoriad.

"Two years... two goddamn years."

Everything had led to this.

"I need to return to the Temple."

Unfortunately, after that month-long nap, I had already missed a good chunk of the new academic term.

Word was, the Temple had changed completely—new headmaster, new leadership...

Who knew what awaited me there?

My thoughts were interrupted by a knock at the door.

"Sir, your dinner is ready."

"Later."

"Understood."

All that time spent in Nightmare's Land and the Temple had made me forget—Frey was a pampered noble.

I wasn't used to being treated this way.

"I need to get out of here soon."

The servants... and worse, Ada acting like my mother lately...

It was getting suffocating.

I had always hated the ties that bound people in this world.

They wouldn't do me any good. If anything, they'd only weigh me down... and keep me tethered here.

I had convinced myself of that for so long.

With a hollow smile, I stared at the glowing laptop screen in front of me.

I had never truly lost it.

If anything, the feeling had only grown stronger.

My emotions... my longing... the fire within me that refused to die out.

My yearning for my family... my world... my real life.

No matter how many bonds I formed here, no matter how many connections I made...

Nothing had changed.

And for that, I was grateful.

I was grateful to myself—for never wavering.

Now, only one question remained...

"Do I have what it takes to crush everyone in the Elite Class?"

It had been a while since I last checked my stats...

Now, they were displayed clearly before me.

Host Name: Frey Starlight (Dual Soul)

Class: Swordsman

Talent: S

Current Rank: C

Strength: C-

Speed: B-

Agility: C

Endurance: C

Aura: SSS

Magic: —

[ Swordsmanship Level 4 ] (Limit Broken – The user can now reach Level 7.)

Talents: {Swordsmanship}, {Aura Manipulation}, {Poison Immunity}

Combat Style: Ten Thousand Steps of Shadow

Skills:

Hawk Eyes (A-Class)

Phantom Steps (A-Class)

Sudection (D-Class)

Ascension (S-Class)

Ignition (SS-Class)

Abilities:

Shadow Adaptation : 0/7

Anti-Magic Level 1

Current Achievement Points: 5000

Main Quest: Survive until the deadline (Completed)

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Surviving the curse...

That wretched curse that tormented me for so long... I had finally broken free. At least I gained some free points out of it.

On another note, my stats were looking decent.

Especially considering my greatest obstacle—Snow Lionheart.

I was close.

Everything I had honed, every skill I had gathered—it was all for this moment.

And among them, Ignition stood out the most.

I had spent all my quest points to obtain it back when I was at the Moonlight Estate.

To be honest, I had intended for it to be my final trump card against Snow.

But after witnessing what it could actually do... I was having second thoughts.

Ignition detonates an enormous amount of SSS-Class Aura within me, unleashing it in a single devastating attack.

But it's a double-edged sword.

First—I won't be able to fight after using it. My body will be completely wrecked. On top of that, I need a Balerion-tier sword to withstand the attack.

Any other blade would shatter the moment I unleashed it.

Second—it's far too powerful.

I had underestimated its sheer destructive force.

No one in the Elite Class would survive if they got hit by it.

Which meant... I probably wouldn't use it at all.

I needed to bet on my other skills instead.

And then, there was something else...

Shadow Adaptation 0/7

It hadn't budged an inch.

And I was still clueless about what it truly was.

All I knew was that it would allow me to counter any kind of attack... but when?

Even during my fight against Frost, someone leagues above me, it barely progressed.

"Maybe I've been looking at this the wrong way..."

Maybe this wasn't how it was supposed to work.

Thinking back on it, the moment I felt the most progress...

Was when I fought Snow.

He was much weaker than Frost... yet, most of my advancement had come from fighting him.

Could it be that fully understanding an opponent's combat style was a requirement for Shadow Adaptation to evolve?

If so, that would explain why it only progressed against Snow—I knew everything about him.

"Hmm..."

That complicated things.

I slowly stood up from my desk as hunger finally started to gnaw at me.

"I need to develop my theoretical approach just as much as my practical skills."

But first... did I even need Shadow Adaptation?

If you asked me, I'd say what I had was already enough.

Either way... the answer would come soon.

I tried to stay as calm as possible, but with each passing day, my nerves tightened.

Not much time remained...

Until I finally got the answer I had been waiting for.