

VILLAIN 147

Chapter 147 Sparks of war

As the years passed...

An era came to an end... for another to begin...

It was a well-known saying that nothing lasted forever... and it was true.

After hundreds of years of silence and disconnection...

Lost without their eternal guide...

The church finally received a revelation from the entity they had worshiped for countless years.

Orders directing them on what must be done... and what terrifying orders they were.

One could say that the Holy Island of Sicilia was brimming with tension at the moment.

Fortunately, the old man and Knut, the guardians of the great edifice, were wise enough to relay the matter directly to the highest authority without allowing anyone else to learn what they had witnessed.

It was a wise decision, considering the contents of the revelation.

Now, a full day had passed since the great light had fallen for the first time.

No one was allowed near the edifice... and the contents of the revelation remained unknown to the public.

Standing before a massive door, Knut and the old man had been waiting patiently for an entire day now.

Neither dared to slack off.

"Sir... what will happen now?"

Knut, the newcomer, asked, unable to suppress his curiosity.

On the other hand, the experienced old man hesitated before answering.

"I don't know... The last command was a true catastrophe..."

Those orders had imposed an act of ethnic extermination upon them.

"In your opinion... what will those at the top decide?"

The revelation had reached everyone with the rank of Archbishop or higher.

Their actions would determine where their swords would be pointed next.

"I don't know..."

The old man replied, deep in thought.

"The first order is like a nightmare... Wiping out the imperial family would be akin to inviting hell itself... Not to mention the fact that they are incredibly powerful. They have the full support of the great families and major guilds... Fighting them would mean splitting the empire in two."

The church had control over many minds thanks to the power of faith... but the guilds and great families held the strongest forces.

The church was massive, powerful enough to stand against the three great families if necessary...

But the imperial family was just as formidable. Moreover, they were the descendants of the first hero who had once followed the church's teachings.

The contradiction was immense.

"The second order is nearly impossible... We know very little about the Ultras... and they are more like scattered tribes, numbering in the thousands. Attempting to eliminate them all is sheer madness... Some rumors even claim that they didn't send half of their forces in the last war fifteen years ago due to their internal disputes."

The old man rolled his ancient eyes.

"As for the third option... the Starlights..."

He pondered for a moment.

"They were once the strongest family within the empire, but their situation has changed..."

True, they were powerful... but compared to the other two choices...

"They are much weaker..."

Of course, this didn't rule out the possibility of a third party intervening if the Starlights were targeted, but...

"Perhaps they are the right answer... The only issue is that many members of the church are from the Starlight family... It would be a real nuisance."

The moment he spoke those words, the door behind him opened, revealing a peculiar man.

With white hair, black eyes concealed behind golden reading glasses...

He wore a pristine white suit, one hand behind his back while holding a book in the other.

The moment they saw him, both the old man and Knut bowed.

"Oh... You two are still here?"

The man asked curtly, prompting the old man to respond.

"Apologies... Lord Micah... Forgive our lack of discretion..."

Speak of the devil, and he shall appear...

The man before them was the strongest Archbishop in the church... second only to the High Priest himself.

But what made him truly remarkable was the fact that he was from the Starlight family... even though he had left them long ago to follow his faith.

It was ironic because had he remained with his family, he would have been the strongest among them.

"No matter... You may return to your duties... Delivering the revelation was enough."

Both the old man and Knut bowed once more... but they couldn't suppress their curiosity.

"Forgive our impertinence, my lord..."

They took a moment to form the question in their minds.

"What did Yurasha say about the orders?"

The mere mention of her name made Micah shut his book.

After all, they were speaking of the most powerful existence within the church...

"Saintess Yurasha is utterly devoted to the Lord of Light. Unlike us, who lack faith, she does not need the Miracle Shrine to hear His words..."

Micah recalled that woman—one he rarely had the chance to speak with.

"As expected of someone of her caliber... She showed no concern and simply stated that she would continue doing what she had always done. She will be the Church's sword until the new Hero appears... and she will carry out all of the Lord of Light's commands."

The poor guards' eyes widened in shock.

"A-All of them?"

Micah turned away, departing.

"The Church will fight all of the Lord of Light's enemies... as it always has."

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—Frey Starlight's Pov—

"There you are..."

Current Achievement Points: 1000.

Unconsciously, my aura surged from my right hand, shattering the desk.

"Damn it..."

I was getting stronger, which meant I needed to be more careful from now on.

But this damned system...

"Taking 4000 Achievement Points from me?"

Why had it become so greedy all of a sudden?

Was it trying to antagonize me until the bitter end? Damn it.

"It's all that wench's fault..."

Those points were the price I paid to lift Madam A's curse.

When that woman kissed me, she placed a curse that would have turned me into her mindless slave—a puppet that could never disobey her.

Removing that nonsense had cost me dearly.

I heard she killed Heisenberg.

That bastard still had an unpaid debt to me.

Now... I would transfer that debt to her.

"Madam A..."

Let every degenerate among them pray that I return to my world soon...

Otherwise, who knows what I'll do to every single one of them...

Everything depended on the system's answer.

Fixing my gaze on the screen, I noticed it.

The mission that hadn't changed since the very first day I arrived here...

Final Mission: Win the Victoriad

Time Limit: Two years (2 month and 3 days remaining)

Failure Penalty: System Seal for One Year

Success Reward: 10,000 Achievement Points

System Question: The author may ask the System Engineer one question, and he will be obligated to answer—no matter what.

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The System Engineer...

Ah, how long I had waited for this day...

Not much longer now... just a little more...