

VILLAIN 149

Chapter 149 149: The next stage

-Frey Starlight's Pov-

"..."

Not a single day in this world ends in a normal way.

Obstacles and unknowns keep appearing, one after another, without fail.

At this point... what's the use of being the author?

Aren't I the one who created this world?

Didn't Agaroth say it himself? That I was the one who made him?

Then why...

Why do these strange things keep surfacing, one after another?

As if...

As if this isn't my story.

Someone who knows the future...

Perhaps they are connected to what's happening to me.

It was a possibility—one among many.

At that moment, I was lost in thought while Carmen bombarded Ada with all sorts of questions about that mysterious intruder.

Ada, however, chose not to reveal the strange artifact that man had given her.

As if the time to speak of it had yet to come.

After much back and forth, silence fell over the room.

Especially from my side.

I knew that from this point onward, much of what would happen would be beyond my control.

Only those around me could see the hollow expression I wore now.

"Hey."

My sister's voice rang in my ears.

"What?"

"Your hair... we need to do something about it."

Ada was trying to lighten the mood. I replied with a small smile.

"Why? Doesn't it make me look more like a true Starlight now?"

At last, I had rid myself of the black hair that always reminded people I was the son of a man from a branch family.

Not that I had ever cared much about that.

"No... You just look kind of scary."

White hair, sunken black eyes, skin so pale it resembled that of a corpse...

"It's fine. That's exactly what I want."

From now on, I would truly be the villain.

I left the room, heading off to finish my preparations.

Carmen watched me until the very end.

After I was gone, she scratched her head in frustration—only to wince in pain, as she had touched the very spot of her injury.

"Damn it... he reminds me of him."

At that moment, memories surfaced in Carmen's mind—memories of a certain young man who shared her blood.

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It only took me two days.

"Do you really have to leave now?"

Standing at the gates of Starlight Castle, facing both Ada and Carmen, I was ready to depart.

With a faint smile, I bid farewell to my sister.

"Sorry, but I've already been absent for too long. If I stay any longer, I might find myself expelled from the temple."

Ada didn't say anything more.

She simply pulled me into a tight hug. I returned it, feeling the contrast between my cold body—still suffering from the lingering effects of the curse—and her warmth.

"I'll come watch you. You know, at the Victoriad."

"I'll be looking forward to it."

As Ada stepped back, Carmen stepped forward and gave me a light punch to the chest.

"Don't let us down."

With the same smile, I nodded.

"I'll win."

Something in my voice made Carmen pause.

An unwavering determination unlike before.

I turned and began walking away, waving to them as I left.

"Don't hesitate to call me if anything happens."

"Oh?"

Carmen chuckled upon hearing those words.

Who would have thought that the boy who once fought alone, the one she had to rescue time and time again...

Would become their trump card... their guardian angel...

Or rather...

Their guardian demon.

"Don't worry, kid... just focus on what's ahead. You'll always find us behind you."

She walked away with the same smile.

"I'm sure of that."

For the next month, I would forget about Starlight entirely and focus on what lay ahead.

I had no doubt—Carmen and Ada would crush Leonidas and his men.

I was certain of it. After all, that old man had fallen so far after failing to assassinate me inside Moonlight that I no longer considered him a threat.

Up ahead, Vulcan, the old servant, stood waiting beside a carriage, ready to take me to the gate.

With a short nod, I stepped inside, and our journey began.

I wore a long black coat, leather gloves, and tall winter boots.

Thanks to the dimensional ring on my finger, I no longer worried about luggage—everything was stored inside.

Today, I had been granted the privilege of using the gate to travel directly to the capital, Belgrade, and enter the temple.

A remarkable shortcut, saving me an arduous journey.

Before the grand gate built by the ancients, I stepped forward, classified as a VIP.

Others would wait months for a chance to enter.

"Good luck, Lord Frey."

I waved at the servant and continued without looking back.

"Take care of my sister."

The old man bowed deeply.

"With my life."

"..."

I said nothing more and stepped toward the gate.

At that moment, a middle-aged man approached.

"Lord Frey Starlight, correct?"

I nodded.

"That's right."

"This way, please."

I followed the guard, stopping in front of a glowing portal, preparing to step through.

"You may feel a slight dizziness, but it will be momentary... Enter whenever you're ready."

"Thank you."

Without hesitation, I stepped inside—immediately, my world flipped as I was swallowed by a blinding white light.

Seconds later, the roar of a massive crowd crashed into my ears, a sharp echo ringing in the distance.

The capital, Belgrade.

I took a moment to shake off the dizziness and process my surroundings.

"These gates are worse than I thought..."

As my senses returned, the deafening noise became clearer—

Shouts. Cheers. Whistles.

"A festival?"

As I moved forward, I realized the situation was far bigger than I'd assumed. The crowd grew denser with every step, to the point where I could barely move.

"Has the Victoriad already begun?"

This was madness. It felt like the entire capital was gathered here.

Then I noticed them—the massive screens looming above, dominating the sky.

They were broadcasting something.

It looked like a film. The crowd reacted to every moment, erupting in cheers and chants.

"What the hell is going on?"

My voice was lost in the chaos.

"Long live the Empire!"

"Long live the Emperor!"

The noise was deafening—my eardrums were on the verge of bursting.

Hawk Eyes.

I activated my Hawk Eyes, sharpening my vision.

And at that moment, I understood.

The screens were showing a live broadcast...

A massacre.

To confirm my suspicions, I turned to someone nearby.

"Huh? What, are you from the countryside or something? We're retaliating! The Empire's forces are paying back those filthy Ultras!"

His words confirmed it.

So, the time had come, huh?

The Empire's first response after the Ultras stormed the temple and destroyed the Moonlight family's palace.

On-screen, a squad of just six individuals was tearing through one of the Ultras' cities.

A scene of fire and blood.

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Far from the chaos of the Empire, within a secluded corner of the Starlight family's palace...

An old man sat alone, clutching his head, his bloodshot eyes filled with fury as he bit his lips hard.

That man was none other than Leonidas, the Immortal Lion.

Life had shown him no mercy—he had fallen hard, losing everything overnight.

His alliance with the Moonlight family had led to his downfall. Worse yet, his plan had failed. He hadn't been able to kill Frey.

"Why? Why does he refuse to die?!"

Leonidas roared, slamming his fist into the wall beside him, shattering it.

That boy...

"There isn't much time left..."

A violent shudder ran through Leonidas as his mind drifted back to that fateful day—

The day he appeared.

A masked man with piercing blue eyes had shown him a glimpse of the future.

A grim, harrowing vision—

Himself, drowning in his own blood, his body broken. And looming above him, a young man, gripping a terrifying black sword, gazing down with sheer contempt.

Leonidas had seen his death.

And the one who stood over his corpse... was Frey Starlight.

When the man with the blue eyes showed him that future, Leonidas lost his mind.

He had become obsessed with Frey, doing everything in his power to kill him, desperate to escape that inevitable fate.

But his actions, his madness...

Had been nothing more than a game orchestrated by that man.

A mysterious figure, pulling the strings from the shadows...