

## VILLAIN 156

### Chapter 156: More Trouble Ahead (1)

— Frey Starlight's Pov —

"It's been a long time..."

With mixed feelings, I stood there, staring absentmindedly at the familiar place before me.

The Temple.

I called it familiar, but it had changed a lot.

The moment I stepped through the main gate and passed all the formal security checks... I found myself here again.

The sharp noise of countless students bustling through their routines had returned.

Without warning, the Temple was once again full of life. Students had come pouring back in after the fallout of the last attack.

It was all quite... unclear.

At the same time, I could spot several new buildings that hadn't existed two months ago.

The architectural technology had advanced to a degree that genuinely impressed me—fast, efficient, and elegant.

I brushed my hair back with a faint smile as I made my way forward.

The Temple wasn't the only thing that had changed.

There was a stark difference between the Frey of today and the Frey who had first stepped into this place just a few months prior.

As I made my way toward the Elite Dorms, a familiar voice interrupted me.

"Frey Starlight?"

I turned slowly toward the strangely resonant voice beside my ear—only to find a short figure with white hair looking up at me.

"Wow... you really kept me waiting, Starlight."

"Ellen White. To think the Elite Student Council President herself would welcome me... I'm honored."

I kept my tone composed despite my surprise. I hadn't expected to see her here—but I could guess the reason.

Ellen smiled and gestured for me to follow her.

"Your attitude hasn't changed one bit, even if your face has. Come with me, Starlight."

"May I ask exactly where you're taking me?"

As we walked through the Temple's various facilities, I tried to fish out some information from the girl ahead.

"I don't know much about you, Frey, but I doubt you're so dense that you haven't already figured it out."

I didn't deny her words—I simply muttered,

"The Administration... Supervisor's Office? Or perhaps the Headmaster himself."

"It's the last one."

Ellen stopped walking, wearing a meaningful smile.

"The current Headmaster wishes to meet you."

"..."

I'd expected this the moment I heard about the appointment of a new Headmaster. But who would've thought he'd summon me from the very first moment?

It's probably connected to my month-long disappearance while I was recovering... and what happened within the Moonlight family.

I clenched my fist tightly.

I've repeated this scenario so many times it feels like my mouth might fall off... but here we are again.

A new variable had emerged before my eyes.

Bloodmader had been removed from his position as Headmaster, and someone else had taken his place.

That wasn't supposed to happen in the original story.

Bloodmader was meant to remain in charge until the war began.

But here we are. Something—or someone—had interfered with the future I once knew. And the first thing that came to mind... was what Ada had mentioned.

The unknown man with blue eyes.

Somehow, it felt like I was in a constant tug-of-war with that entity.

I didn't care much about changes to the storyline. All I wanted was to win the Victoriad, then disappear once I figured out how to return to my own world.

This world already had its own hero—one destined to fail, sure, but a hero nonetheless.

Still, I couldn't ignore the new Headmaster. After all, he could become a serious obstacle for me.

Whatever the case... I'll find out soon enough.

Because right now, I'm about to meet the new Headmaster.

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Ellen White had done her part, guiding me all the way to the Headmaster's office. Standing before a relatively large door, I could feel the suffocating pressure of the man behind it.

He hadn't bothered to conceal his power or show the slightest consideration for those nearby. The static in the air prickled against my skin the closer I got.

I waited, expecting Ellen to enter first—but clearly, that wasn't her intention.

"I've done my job already. From here on, you're on your own, Starlight."

I sighed as I reached for the door handle.

"You could've at least helped a little..."

Ellen White gave me a half-smirk, amused by my situation.

"Good luck, Frey. That's all the help I can offer."

"How generous of you..."

Without dragging it out any further, I stepped inside—and there he was.

The room was simple: two couches with a table between them, and at the far end, a desk buried beneath meticulously organized stacks of documents and paperwork.

Seated there was a man with neatly parted blond hair, wearing a finely tailored military uniform adorned with a single medal that looked far too valuable to be ordinary.

His face was sharp, stern—difficult to imagine him ever smiling.

The current Headmaster of the Temple—and the Emperor's brother.

Ivar Valerion.

The strongest archer in the Empire.

Before someone like him, I wanted to get things over with as fast as possible.

"Excuse me. I'm Frey Starlight, an elite student from Class B. I was told that you requested to see me."

Ivar remained silent, continuing his work without looking up, but motioned for me to sit on one of the couches—so I did, without complaint.

It seemed he wasn't planning to speak to me anytime soon.

I sat there, waiting for him to finish sorting through his mountain of paperwork. The wait dragged on.

I could tell he was trying to play some kind of mental game—an intimidation tactic. That might've worked on me in the past, but now it was far too late for that.

If he asked me to sleep here, I probably could. Let alone just sitting still.

Minutes passed. Then hours.

But the new Headmaster refused to move.

And finally—after what felt like an eternity—Ivar stirred.

He placed the last stack of papers aside and rose swiftly from his seat, crossing the room to sit on the couch across from me.

This time, his golden eyes locked directly onto mine. No—through mine, if anything.

It felt as if I were completely exposed before him.

Then, without preamble, the so-called Headmaster opened his mouth and spoke his first words.

"Frey Starlight... leave the Temple."

His voice was crisp and clear—I knew I hadn't misheard him.

Still, I had to confirm.

"Excuse me... but what did you just say?"

Ivar's expression didn't change. He simply repeated himself.

"As you heard. Frey Starlight, leave the Temple."

The atmosphere in the room shifted completely.