

VILLAIN 157

Chapter 157 More Trouble Ahead (2)

-Frey starlight POV-

I narrowed my eyes at the man before me, unable to hide the faint shadowy aura that seeped around me.

"Let me make sure I understand this correctly... Ivar Valerion, are you expelling me from the Temple?"

Ivar didn't flinch at my rude tone. Instead, he shook his head.

"No. Don't misunderstand, Frey Starlight. I'm not giving you an order. I'm asking you—to leave on your own."

His words softened the tension, but only left me more confused.

"And why would I do something like that?"

You're telling me to throw away nearly two years of my life here... just like that?

If he asked me to die right now, it would be something my mind could accept more easily than this.

"It's for your own good... Frey Starlight."

Ivar paused for a moment before continuing.

"Staying in the Temple will only bring you trouble—especially after the Moonlight family incident."

Suddenly, it all started to make sense.

A bitter smile tugged at my lips.

Of course... why didn't I think of that?

"It seems you've put something together."

"Barely. It's not the first time, so I can more or less guess what happened."

Ivar gave a small nod.

"The collapse of the Moonlight family, one of the pillars of power within the Empire, and the betrayal of that family's lord by siding with the Ultras... the descent of two of the Four Lords—one of whom had never shown himself before... these are heavy matters."

Indeed...

The Empire stood under the dual control of the Church and House Valerion. What allowed the Imperial Family to maintain dominance over the fanatics of the faith was the support of the Three Great Houses.

Now, with a significant portion of the Moonlight family's strength lost, that balance had crumbled.

Sure, they were still powerful—but their position was no longer secure.

Now, even one of the major guilds might be able to challenge them, difficult as it may be. And the Imperial Family would never allow a new power to rise outside of their control.

So, they'd support the Moonlights. Try to absorb their wrath.

And what a coincidence... on the night of their downfall, someone they deeply hated happened to be there.

Frey Starlight.

"The world—and even the Moonlight family themselves—are unaware of Lord Baylor's betrayal. Which makes everything all the more confusing and frustrating for them," Ivar continued calmly, merely stating facts.

"The Moonlight family, in their current state, needed even the smallest outlet to vent their rage and frustration."

So then—

With a bitter, mocking laugh, I saw where this conversation was going.

"Let me guess... their anger is directed at me, isn't it? Wow, what a brilliant drama."

"Yes and no. Their rage is directed at the Ultras—and that's only fair. But they see you as an accomplice. A culprit behind what happened."

I sank deeper into the couch with a heavy sigh.

"So that's why you suggested I leave, huh? Because I'm not even safe within the temple?"

Ivar nodded.

"Exactly. It's for your own good."

"Fuck you, man."

Even Ivar seemed caught off guard by my unexpected words.

"What did you say?"

"I said Fuck you, Director. Got a problem with your Ears?"

I stood up, ignoring the crushing pressure of his aura, and let my thoughts flow freely.

"You say it's for my sake? Then let me ask—who backed the Moonlight family's claims that I was partly responsible for the incident? Who accepted it as truth? Wasn't it the Imperial Family itself—under your leadership, Ivar Valerion?"

Redirecting the Moonlight family's anger at me—a weak, hated member of House Starlight—was perfect for them and their plans.

"Now you're telling me you know what's best for me? Hah. You don't know a damn thing, Director. And guess what—I'm not going anywhere. Sorry to disappoint, but things aren't going to go the way you want, sweetheart."

I spoke without pause, but a wave of Ivar's aura silenced me.

His expression remained unchanged—but his mood had shifted entirely.

"Seems the rumors about your filthy attitude were right, Frey Starlight. You're an ignorant brat who doesn't know his place."

"On the contrary, Ivar Valerion—I know my place better than you do. And you can't even lay a finger on me, can you?"

If he could, he would've kicked me out himself instead of asking me to leave voluntarily.

"Now that you've lost the Moonlights, you can't afford to turn House Starlight against you—not with war on the horizon."

Unlucky for him, House Starlight now stood behind me, thanks to my sister, Ada.

Ivar said nothing—because he knew I was absolutely right.

"The great House Valerion dumped a mess like this on me... the insignificant Starlight."

With a sinister smile, I stared at Ivar.

"And I have full freedom to deal with it however I see fit, don't I?"

"What are you planning to do?"

He asked with clenched nerves, clearly restraining the urge to erase me from existence.

But I simply shrugged and turned to leave.

"Win the Victoriad."

"What?"

"That's what I intend to do."

With those words, I walked out of the director's office, indifferent to his reaction.

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The moment I stepped out and walked a little, I felt the weakness take over my legs.

"Damn... that was exhausting."

My whole body was shaking after the madness I'd just pulled off.

A C rank speaking to an SS rank like that...

If anyone else had witnessed it, their jaws would've dropped to the floor in sheer disbelief.

Fortunately... my gamble paid off. Ivar didn't lay a finger on me.

Even so, trouble just keeps chasing me—as if what I already carry isn't enough.

Now... I've become a target inside the temple too.

"What a pain..."

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Ivar Valerion remained seated, staring at the door through which Frey Starlight had just exited.

Then, out of nowhere, he leaned back against the armrest beside him, a brilliant smile blooming across his face.

"Bold... no, downright insane, if we're being honest."

The young man who dared to defy House Moonlight—and survived to the end amidst all those ranked elites.

Ivar nodded to himself.

"He didn't disappoint... in fact, he exceeded my expectations—at least, psychologically."

Frey Starlight had never delved deeply into Ivar's character, so one could say he knew very little about him. In truth, most people knew nothing of the man who had always kept his true feelings hidden... even from his own family.

That smile—just now—was something few would believe could ever appear on that face.

The new Director sat in silence for a while, reflecting on Frey's words.

"Win the Victoriad..."

Big words—from a young man once branded the disgrace of House Starlight.

It's fair to say that the level of difficulty Frey faces surpasses that of anyone else.

His victory in the Victoriad seems impossible.

Even Ivar had already concluded that Frey wouldn't be able to pull it off.

But who knows what the future holds?

"I'm looking forward to it..."

And with that...

The noise began—on the very first day of Frey Starlight.