

## VILLAIN 165

### Chapter 165 Complete Chaos

-Frey starlight POV-

My thoughts were overwhelming. The fight inside the Victoriad, staying alert for any external attacks... it was all too much.

Especially on the island, where everything that happened would be broadcast to the entire world—one could expect intense surveillance on its grounds.

That meant I probably wouldn't be able to use Balerion at all.

I tried to think of various scenarios, but my thoughts came to a halt when a girl appeared in front of me.

She was staring straight at me—long purple hair, and sharp eyes resembling those of someone from ancient East Asia. She was unusually tall for a girl. From her face alone, I estimated she was two or three years older than me. And judging by her uniform, she was also an elite, just like me.

"Frey Starlight."

"That's me."

I replied briefly, ready for anything.

She could've been one of the dissenters Ghost had warned me about.

But I was wrong.

"I'm Missandei, third-year elite. I've come to summon you."

"On whose behalf?"

"Prince Aegon Valerion."

The girl responded instantly.

"The prince wishes to see you now."

An unexpected name had just appeared.

The Serpent Prince wanted to see me.

To be honest, I wasn't exactly thrilled about meeting him.

Maybe he thought I was supporting Sansa or something?

Sorry... but I'm not interested.

"I'm sorry. I'm busy right now."

I continued walking past Missandei with indifference.

She frowned slightly, then spoke without turning to face me—

"The X who killed Kai Luc... I'm not making a suggestion."

I froze in place.

No—I was shocked stiff.

"...What did you just say?"

I turned back toward the girl—Missandei—unable to believe what I'd just heard.

"You're coming with me now, Frey Starlight. Refusing isn't an option."

Missandei's violet eyes radiated with intense light, ready to strike at any moment.

But that didn't matter.

Aegon had discovered me—far sooner than I expected.

Sending this wretched woman to fight me? No, that wasn't his style. He knew I could handle her.

Aegon wasn't simple. I was certain he didn't send her here for a battle.

No... something unexpected might happen if I forced a confrontation. Especially with Temple students nearby.

Knowing Aegon's true nature, the best decision was—

I raised my hands in surrender.

"There's no need for all this aggression. I'll come with you, Missandei."

I approached her slowly.

"Lead the way."

...

...

...

And with that, I was faced with a problem—perhaps the biggest one so far.

I found myself climbing a staircase that led to a familiar place.

We were inside the elite quarters, on a balcony overlooking the garden.

This was where I'd spoken with the prince in the past—where we once shared tea.

But this time, there was no tea on the table.

The atmosphere was gloomy and overcast—strange for this time of year, which was supposed to be spring.

There he sat, hands resting on the table, wearing his usual smile.

"Aegon..."

As soon as we arrived, Missandei bowed.

"I've brought him, my prince."

Aegon waved her off with a casual gesture.

"Good work. You may leave now."

Missandei bowed again before departing.

For a moment, it truly seemed like we were alone... but I knew that wasn't true

With a faint smirk, I glanced in the direction she'd vanished, then looked at Aegon.

"I didn't know you had such loyal followers among the students."

"That's only natural for someone in my position. Don't you think?"

Aegon answered as if it were the most obvious thing in the world.

"You're not wrong."

"See? We agree on something. Now, sit—Frey Starlight."

He gestured to the chair across from him.

I pulled it out slowly and sat with caution.

In front of me was the prince, and on the table lay a chessboard—fully arranged.

But strangely, every piece was the same color.

"Are you interested?" he asked, watching my expression closely.

"You mean the chessboard?"

Aegon shook his head.

"No. What I'm asking is—are you interested in becoming a player?"

"...What are you talking about?"

I genuinely didn't understand what he was getting at.

"You've escaped it, Frey. You've slipped away from the board."

He began moving the pieces aimlessly. On closer inspection, there were far more pieces than a normal chess set, and the board itself was larger than standard.

"What I mean is—you're no longer a piece. After all, no piece moves on its own. So I ask you... what are you, exactly?"

A player.

Now I understood what Aegon meant.

By calling me a player, he meant someone who could challenge him—an equal across the board.

In other words, the prince had begun to recognize me as an enemy.

I gave a dry laugh, dismissing the idea.

"I'm just a rogue piece following its whims, my prince. It seems you're overestimating me."

"There's no such thing, Frey. And even if your claim were true... pieces that move on their own must be destroyed."

"Such terrifying words you speak."

"My sister, Sansa..."

Aegon paused, idly toying with a piece that looked like a queen.

"I've heard she's close to you."

"Not particularly."

"Then what's your stance?"

I knew what he meant. But I kept speaking from behind the mask I'd worn since this conversation began.

"Starlight's position is clear. The family hasn't taken a side—neither with the prince nor the princess."

"I'm aware of Starlight's neutrality. What I want to know is your stance... Frey Starlight."

...

Silence lingered for a moment before I replied.

"To be honest... I'm not interested."

"An intriguing answer. So you're not interested in who the next Emperor will be..."

"Exactly..."

I confirmed his words.

"That's not enough."

"What?"

Suddenly, a chill crawled down my spine—a sharp sense of danger.

"Not nearly enough, Frey Starlight... what guarantee do I have that you won't become an obstacle?"

An obstacle...

"I told you, I'm not interested in—"

"No, no... you're wrong."

Aegon cut me off. His expression had shifted completely.

That wasn't the elegant smile of a prince anymore.

It was twisted—something that reflected his true nature.

"You've been an obstacle before... you've already ruined one of my plans, and you could do it again. That possibility is real. You're an unknown piece, one I can't read. A pawn? Don't make me laugh."

Aegon Valerion would never allow something that could threaten his plans to remain alive.

Sure, I'd just expressed that I had no intention of going against him—but to the prince, words meant nothing. He didn't trust them.

Unless he had absolute proof—one hundred percent certainty—that I wouldn't stand in his way, my mere existence would be a risk too great for him.

He laughed, burying his face between his arms.

"Oh, Frey... my dear Frey. No matter how I think about it, you must die."

He didn't hold back—he said it straight to my face.

I smiled back at him.

"Killing me won't be so easy, will it?"

Aegon nodded.

"Indeed..."

He'd gained a lot of power within the temple after the last incursion.

But he still didn't know what I was hiding up my sleeves...

Especially knowing I had survived the Moonlight Massacre.

If he failed to kill me, and the entire Starlight family turned against him, he'd be risking too much in his current position—both in the race for the throne and in his broader schemes.

At least within the temple, I doubted he'd try anything.

Besides, I wasn't sure he even took me that seriously. If he did... I'd already be dead.

"You're interesting, Frey. I don't know what's going through your mind right now, but even when I mentioned your death, you didn't flinch. Haha... Frey, you really don't fear death, do you?"

Death?

A dry chuckle escaped me as I considered it.

"Death sounds like a pretty good option, honestly..."

It would be far more peaceful.

"Then how am I supposed to deal with someone like you? Your family? They don't seem to mean much to you. And they're hard to reach."

He couldn't use Ada against me—she was far out of his grasp, now that she was the current Lord Starlight.

Aegon paused for a moment... then smiled wide.

"You know, I've been watching you closely, Frey. Ever since I suspected you were the 'X' I've been searching for... someone like you—simple, without ambition, with no real weaknesses. I couldn't take anything from you... not even a little."

His twisted words disgusted me, and I began to wonder what exactly he was trying to get at.

Then the answer came.

"But there's one thing... one thing you care about deeply. You've hidden it well, but body language doesn't lie."

"What are you talking about?"

"The Victoriad."

The moment that word left his mouth, my expression shifted—for the first time, even more than when he mentioned death.

"Oh... look at you, Frey Starlight. That's it, isn't it?"

"Aegon, you—"

"What if I took it from you, then? Even though I doubt you'll win it, what if I robbed you of the one thing you seem to long for the most? I wonder what kind of face you'd make if—"

BOOM !!

The table exploded into pieces, the chessboard flung across the place.

In a flash, my left hand lashed out like a wild serpent, seizing Aegon's throat with terrifying force and lifting him into the air.

With a twisted grin, struggling for breath, Aegon muttered through clenched teeth:

"Don't... kill him."

I didn't know when or how it happened, but suddenly...

Four blades coated in aura were pressed against my neck, even as I still held the prince suspended by his throat.

I was surrounded—four heavily-armored knights, powerful and deadly—but I didn't care.

My focus was on one person alone.

The prince.

He laughed as he stared at me, his face turning blue from the pressure of my grip.

He was choking, but he kept laughing.

Our eyes locked. I was struggling to hold myself back.

"I wonder what it is... that's making you... huff... wear that face right now, Frey..."

Aegon wheezed, still trying to get under my skin even in this moment.

"It's nothing. I'm just thinking which would be faster—my hand crushing your damn throat, or your knights' blades slicing through my neck..."

At my words, the swords pressed harder. Thin trails of blood trickled down.

It was complete chaos.