

VILLAIN 169

Chapter 169: Dominance of the First Years

— Frey Starlight's POV —

Whooshhh

Shadows darted between the trees, swords clashing.

I moved with terrifying speed thanks to Phantom Steps, leaping through the trees and dodging arrows raining down on me.

Shards of ice. Fire blasts. Sonic waves...

"This is starting to get way too annoying..."

I was being hunted by another third-year team.

Suddenly, I stopped and turned toward them.

"Ten Thousand Steps of Shadow: Infinite Darkness."

Darkness wrapped around my blade, forming a blazing black flame.

With a single slash, I unleashed a dark arc that devoured everything before me for several meters.

They barely managed to block the attack—

But I wasn't done yet.

Again.

And again...

The second arc. Then the third.

And the fourth...

I left them completely bewildered.

"How much aura does this bastard have?!"

"Is he really just a first-year?!"

In seconds, the darkness of my aura engulfed them completely—

They all dropped like insects before me.

I took a deep breath before leaping away.

"SSS class aura, you bastards"

As long as my body can handle it, I can keep firing attacks for hours without pause.

But I'm no machine.

I can't keep this up forever... especially with wounds stacking across my body.

They weren't severe, but they'd become a problem in the long run.

I had to stop and treat them properly.

I glanced quickly at my watch...

Over seven hours had passed since the test began...

My destination had changed once again.

"Proceed to Point I8.

Reward: 5 points.

Bonus points awarded based on arrival rank.

Frey Starlight: 320 points."

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Thanks to the constant interference from third-year students, I hadn't been able to reach Point H4 earlier.

At the moment, I was at Point G6.

Still a bit far from my next objective...

I had been collecting points at a rapid pace—mainly due to the third-years relentlessly attacking me.

So reaching the required total wasn't a challenge.

What I needed now... was a place to rest.

Darkness had already begun to fall, and from what I knew, stronger monsters would emerge at night.

I wasn't in the mood—nor the condition—to deal with them.

I searched continuously, cutting down anything in my path for nearly an hour.

Eventually, I settled on the trunk of one of the largest trees in the area.

I didn't need food for the time being, so hunting wasn't on my mind.

Instead, I focused entirely on tending to my wounds.

The armor sent from Starlight was truly remarkable. The torn fabric regenerated over time, and it possessed properties akin to bandages.

It meant my wounds wouldn't worsen—which was all I needed.

I examined the sword in my right hand. Despite all the clashes throughout the day, it remained in perfect condition—razor-sharp and ready.

Then I looked at my right hand.

I'd recently discovered something unique about Frey's body...

Not a game-changer, but certainly useful.

Before reincarnating in this world, I had been left-handed. Naturally, I assumed Frey was too and started using my left hand without thinking.

Balerion had also fused with my left arm, so using it came naturally.

But recently, I realized I could wield a sword with my right hand just as well.

That revelation changed everything. Now I could use the sword in my right hand while utilizing my Balerion-infused left arm—hardened and nearly indestructible—for defense.

Maybe one day I'd even dual-wield.

It was the only good discovery in recent times.

Next, I pulled out my laptop.

No one else could see it, so I didn't bother hiding it.

When I checked the system, I noticed something odd—something that had never happened before.

The task list was completely empty.

No side quests.

No main missions.

Only a single objective remained—

Win the Victoriad.

It was as if the system was preparing for something...

Whether I won or lost, I was certain something was about to happen. And I didn't want to find out what it was.

Right now, the system's features were practically useless. I didn't even want to waste any of my limited Achievement Points.

I put the laptop away.

I'd only use it as a last resort.

I leaned against the tree trunk as the darkness thickened around me.

Up here, shrouded in complete blackness, I was invisible.

The sky was overcast, leaving not even a sliver of light behind...

But my Hawk Eyes saw everything.

In the distance, I spotted a few glowing dots—flickers of firelight.

Some students had lit fires.

A foolish mistake.

That would only draw the Nightmare Creatures.

I slowly closed my eyes.

Not to sleep...

Just to rest.

"I've missed this feeling... the feeling of being in the Shadow Sect..."

The switch that kept me sane was beginning to tremble again...

That crazy motherfucker inside me—it wouldn't be long before he broke free.

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"Haaah..."

The Island – point C3

His body wrapped in blazing blue flames, Snow pulled his sword from the corpse of a multi-armed Bayge.

The Nightmare Creature had been reduced to a mangled, limbless heap—burned and carved beyond recognition.

"F...e-e-e-d... Me"

With one final word, the abomination died.

"That's the seventh one..."

Snow leapt away.

Unfortunately, he had stumbled into one of those cursed creature's nests and had been fighting for hours.

Anyone else would've fled instantly—but not Snow. He chose to stay and fight.

He glanced at his watch.

"Proceed to Point D7.

Reward: 5 points.

Snow Leonhart: 275 points."

"Still not enough..."

His mind drifted back to that fight...

That masked boy from the other day.

"I need to become a better version of myself... Stronger. Faster."

Lightning crackled across Snow's body as he burst forward once more.

Darkness had already fallen...

But Snow had no intention of resting tonight.

As the white-haired youth raced toward Point D7...

He found himself running alongside five others.

It seemed they all had the same target—Point D7.

Among them... a familiar face.

A muscular frame and gray hair—

"Danzo..."

Snow trailed behind the group.

The five were attacking each other as they raced toward their goal.

"Void Step."

Electric serpents spiraled outward from Snow's feet the moment he took a single step. And just like that, he was far ahead of them all.

Snow spun around mid-run, unleashing blazing Starfire behind him—a devastating burst aimed at everyone chasing him.

"You... Snow!"

Danzo shouted as six aura hands formed behind him, wrapping around his body just before the Starfire hit.

BOOOOM!

A thunderous explosion erupted, hurling everyone backward.

Snow didn't even look back—he kept running.

That last strike had taken out three of the five pursuing him.

Danzo rose from the rubble, face twisted in rage.

"You bastard!"

He shot after Snow immediately—but it was hopeless.

Snow was far too fast.

And just a few minutes later...

"You've reached your destination!"

Reward: 5 points + 20 bonus points.

Rank: 1st."

Snow said nothing. He was first.

"Next point..."

The next destination hadn't been revealed yet.

So Snow shifted his focus to hunting more Nightmare Creatures.

That boy wouldn't stop—

And neither would he.

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Time flowed on.

12 hours since the trial began.

Frey opened his eyes, still perched atop the massive tree trunk.

All across the island, students suddenly froze as the same notification echoed in their minds.

Ding!

– The first day on the island has ended!

It hadn't been a full day—but the trial had started at 12 this morning .

Now... it was midnight .

Everyone's gaze locked onto the next message.

The rankings have been revealed.

With anxious eyes, every participant opened the leaderboard...

– Only your own rank and the top 10 will be shown.

So it wasn't a full list—just the best of the best.

And each player could see only their own rank.

10 – Danzo Smasher (First Year): 190 points.

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6 – Seris Moonlight (First Year): 248 points.

5 – Jessica Thivenin (Second Year): 260 points.

4 – Magnus Grell (Third Year): 300 points.

3 – Frey Starlight (First Year): 320 points.

2 – Snow Leonheart (First Year): 355 points.

1 – Daemon Valerion (First Year): 400 points.

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Silence fell.

Confusion etched itself across countless faces.

"The top three... are all first-years?"

"What the hell is going on?"

An unprecedented turn of events was unfolding before their very eyes.

Elsewhere, Frey stared at his ranking, along with the accompanying alert.

Frey Starlight: Rank 3rd.

Bounty on your head: 30 points.

Since he had ranked so high...

The bounty on his head had risen from 2 points to 30 in just one day.

"...What a pain."