

VILLAIN 182

Chapter 182: Dragon and Serpent

—Day 19 of the Island Trial—

The days were passing quickly now...

The end was slowly coming into view,

And the names of those who would advance had begun to surface.

Immersed in their own battles,

The players fought with everything they had.

—Seris Moonlight's Pov—

" ... "

How many days had passed since I first stepped onto this island?

I brushed my white hair gently, examining its color.

The color I inherited from my mother.

I sometimes wondered—what do people see when they look at me?

Their eyes... said a lot.

I often heard people praise my beauty.

But just as often... I saw the daggers in their gaze.

Eyes filled with envy.

But envy of what?

What did they see in me?

Maybe... if they had looked inside instead of just the surface—

They might have realized how empty it all was.

They might have seen the strings that have been moving this body all these years.

Since that day... it felt like my mind was on the verge of exploding.

I lost control.

And then—I used a power I didn't even know I had.

As if it had answered my call—

A call born from emotions that tore me apart.

My life was built on a lie.

Everything I believed in since the night my sister died...

Was nothing but a puppet show—masterfully written.

And the one who shattered that illusion...

Was the very person I had hated.

Who am I even lying to anymore?

I never accepted the death of the father I despised from the depths of my soul.

So I looked for someone else—

Someone to throw all that hatred onto.

And that person was Frey Starlight.

But fate had its own ideas.

Of all people, he became the one who freed me from that puppet show.

At the very least...

That emptiness inside—

It's been filled now.

Filled with hatred.

But this time—toward the right person.

Baylor Moonlight.

That cursed puppet master.

He never left my mind.

I felt like I was losing it...

Going mad.

The only time I felt some form of release—

Was when I faced those Nightmare creatures.

I wielded ice with complete freedom.

I felt like... my perspective had become clearer.

Sharper.

Stronger.

I shattered everything that came near—

With spears, swords—

And then those spiked ice vines, slithering like serpents, tearing my enemies apart.

I walked slowly, leaving a trail of frozen artistry behind me with each step.

My power was growing.

But still—

Not enough.

Not enough to kill him.

So step by step—

I will continue to rebuild the shattered pieces inside me.

That broken core—scattered into hundreds of fragments.

And when the time comes—

I'll tear him apart.

I embraced myself with wings of pure ice.

The puppet show is over.

But the performance isn't finished...

Not until you're dead, Baylor Moonlight.

...

...

...

—Frey Starlight's Perspective—

—Day 20 of the Island Trial—

Ten days left until the trial ends.

I'd tracked Sansa's location and was heading her way—

But I had to stop when I noticed that damn Lady of Eight Legs roaming nearby.

So I was forced to wait...

Until that cursed thing passed.

Sitting atop a massive tree, I watched that dumb creature wander around aimlessly.

"How long are you planning to stay here?"

Be a good little spider and go play somewhere else.

I scratched my head in frustration.

My condition was a disaster.

Twenty days in the wilderness brought back vivid memories of the Eastern Nightmare Lands...

It felt like returning to my roots.

And because of that, I was absolutely filthy.

"I need a bath..."

I doubt anyone could even come near me at this point.

If someone got a whiff of this smell, they might press charges for murder via stench.

I'd probably be dragged before Ivar to explain how I killed Temple students with my reeking aura...

Only to get expelled and sent back to House Starlight for a long punishment bath.

Lost in thought, I slapped my forehead with a tired sigh.

"This is bad..."

Crazy Frey was starting to resurface.

Staying in a Nightmare zone wasn't good.

That metaphorical switch in my brain might accidentally flip—and turn me into a lunatic again.

I leapt down and bolted toward the lake.

"Bath first."

I arrived quickly.

Gazing into the clear waters, I was just about to remove my armor—

But stopped when I sensed someone else nearby.

A closer look confirmed it.

He was sitting there.

Blonde hair.

Broad-shouldered, muscular frame.

His well-defined chest was fully exposed, along with his shoulders and that dragon tattoo across his arm.

"Daemon..."

I stared at him for a moment.

He did the same.

I wasn't sure what the right move was.

Should I attack him? Avoid him?

But he broke the silence first.

"What're you staring at? You gonna get in, or just gawk at me like some weirdo?

Or are you one of those guys into other guys?

If it's the latter, sorry—ladies only."

...

I felt stupid for overthinking anything in front of Daemon.

"Didn't expect you to be so chill with someone who might attack you any second."

The naked Daemon didn't even flinch. He kept relaxing like nothing mattered.

"Don't be an idiot. I'm bathing right now—I'm not gonna fight.

Besides, my body is my weapon.

I can handle whatever shows up."

"Fair point."

I removed my armor completely, revealing my bare body.

Six-pack abs. Chest. Arms.

I had it all—

But compared to Daemon, the size difference was huge.

I looked like a fit athlete.

Daemon looked like a professional bodybuilder.

I relaxed on the opposite side, letting my body unwind.

Daemon's eyes lingered on the snake tattoo along my left arm.

It was kind of funny.

Two shirtless guys.

One with a dragon tattoo.

The other with a serpent.

With a smirk, I gestured for him to look away.

"Don't stare too hard. I'm also into women—not gorillas like you."

"Bastard..."

Daemon smirked too, amused at me throwing his words back at him.

And just like that—

I ended up sharing a bath with the last person I ever expected.