

## **VILLAIN 184**

### Chapter 184 The Princess's Move

Among students who fought to survive... and others who clashed endlessly among themselves...

Princess Sansa Valerion sat quietly inside her tree-hollow shelter.

Adriana was still there.

Jessica, meanwhile, had been coming and going regularly , gathering food, clean water, and supplies,

Even though the princess had never asked her to.

The last day in particular had been... oddly quiet.

Adriana hadn't approached the princess.

She hadn't spoken to her at all.

Jessica only spoke when it involved their immediate needs or survival.

As a result ...

Sansa often drifted into her own thoughts.

Adriana hadn't noticed at first.

But after struggling to sleep lately, shaken by recent events ..

She caught on to something unusual.

Sansa Valerion... never slept.

She sat in silence, lost in thought for hours.

Sometimes she wandered outside.

Then returned.

It was... uncomfortable, in a way.

Until that day came ..

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–21 days since the Island Trial began–

As usual, the girls sat within the massive tree.

Jessica was away at the moment.

Then, something changed.

Sansa's eyes lit up , she felt something.

Rain poured heavily outside, as it had so often lately.

The students had grown used to it.

Sansa walked to the entrance, peering outside.

The Baij corpses were still there—Jessica hadn't finished clearing them out.

But the rain had washed over the decaying bodies, cleansing them somewhat.

And from amidst those corpses...

Someone appeared.

Adriana tensed immediately at the sight.

Lately, even her own shadow frightened her—let alone something like this.

A figure emerged—

A young man, ghostly in appearance, with stark white hair.

But Sansa narrowed her eyes, studying him.

"Frey?"

With a faint smile, the boy stepped forward.

That black armor,

Those swirling, vortex-like eyes—

Dark lines traced beneath them,

A sign of sleep deprivation.

And yet, somehow,

He still carried a face that could be called handsome , Even compared to the other Temple elites.

Like a fallen prince from a long-lost wicked kingdom.

"Hello... Sansa."

The way he approached made it clear ..

He wasn't lost.

He had come here on purpose.

Adriana instinctively raised her spear ..

Sansa, however, didn't move.

Frey expected this sort of welcome—

Especially from Adriana, whose presence he hadn't anticipated.

So he made his intentions clear from the start.

"There's no need for hostility. I didn't come here to fight."

He glanced at the scattered Baij corpses around him.

"Looks like you had some visitors recently... and dealt with them well."

Sansa ignored the pointless commentary and went straight to the heart of the matter.

"Why are you here? Did you use points to locate me?"

Despite everything she'd been through lately

She was still a princess.

She wasn't blind

She had noticed Frey's sudden point drop, the exact 500-point deduction.

Connecting the dots wasn't hard.

And Frey... didn't deny it.

"I did.

I came here... for you, Sansa."

His admission only deepened the confusion ..

But at the very least...

She didn't see him as an enemy.

"You came for me, huh?

Then come inside. You're soaked enough as it is."

She turned her back to him and walked back into the tree.

Adriana was stunned.

Was she really going to let Frey inside?

She tried to speak ..

But Sansa didn't give her the chance.

Frey watched them both with a blank expression.

Then followed them inside.

Even he hadn't expected Sansa to be so... lenient.

But she had probably read his intentions long ago ..

If he meant her harm,

She would've sensed it immediately.

The moment Frey stepped into their private shelter,

He paused—his gaze scanning the space within.

It was surprisingly spacious.

Using simple resources, they had set up three separate sleeping areas.

Food and supplies were neatly stored to the side.

And the scent in the air ...

It was unmistakably feminine.

The kind of scent that could only come from a space occupied by three girls...

So much better than the filth outside.

Frey's senses picked up on everything... yet he didn't react.

The princess gestured for him to sit.

Adriana, on the other hand, distanced herself from him as much as possible.

Every time their eyes met,

the timid girl seemed to curl further into herself.

Frey chuckled, recalling how she once spoke to him so casually ... back when she didn't know who he was.

Humans are selective by nature.

They often go with the tide.

If someone is labeled as a "bad person" by one group, that label sticks ..

Following them all the way to their grave.

And Frey's reputation was... anything but favorable.

He knew that very well.

Now sitting before the princess,

the two locked eyes for a brief moment.

Both of them...

had the same black eyes now.

"So... do you have something to say?"

Sansa asked, leaning against the table Jessica had built earlier.

Frey crossed his arms,

and got straight to the point.

"Simply put... I need your help, Sansa."

I need help.

Sansa.

How many times had the princess heard those words from him in the past?

But this was the first time she'd heard them since surviving the Ultras.

Or rather ...

from this new Frey.

"What exactly do you need me for?"

Are you trying to form a team?

No...

You don't strike me as someone who would."

Frey shook his head,

then began explaining.

He had already decided—

He would reveal everything.

"I need your help dealing with your brother...

Aegon."

Sansa's expression darkened the moment she heard the name.

Adriana, meanwhile, sprang to her feet, unable to accept what she was hearing.

"Frey Starlight! How dare you try to turn Sansa against the prince like this?!"

Upon hearing her, both Frey and Sansa sighed at the same time.

Clearly, the clueless girl still only saw Aegon as the perfect prince ..

Unaware of his true nature.

In her eyes, perhaps Sansa and Aegon were just loving siblings,

merely caught in a rivalry...

"Adriana...

Please don't get involved in this.

I know better than you what I should or shouldn't do."

Ordered by the princess herself,

Adriana fell silent.

She hadn't expected Sansa to take Frey's side in front of her.

Returning to Frey ..

Sansa asked calmly:

"What happened?"

How had Frey earned Aegon's hatred?

Frey explained it briefly ...

He didn't tell her exactly how he had sabotaged Aegon's plan involving Kai Luc,

But he gave her a general overview, mixing a large part of the truth into his story.

After piecing it together ..

"Aegon rallied the entire third year against you..."

Just to get you eliminated from the trial?"

Frey nodded.

"That's right."

Sansa thought deeply.

For Aegon to label someone an enemy...

It wasn't a trivial thing.

Her brother saw people as pieces to play with ,Not equals.

But she also knew some of Frey's secrets...

About the strength he had been hiding.

She could understand how things reached this point.

"But I don't get it..."

Frey, with your current points, you've already passed the trial.

Why risk going all the way against him?"

In other words,

Frey had enough points to avoid elimination.

He could just stay out of trouble and let the trial end.

But that wasn't an option.

"One of the trial's rules states that I must reach the final rendezvous point.

If I'm eliminated before then, even with my current points...

I won't be allowed to enter the Victoriad."

The final rule of the island exam:

–Participants must reach the final designated zone, to be announced at the end of the trial.

Failure to do so will result in disqualification.

That single rule was a chain binding Frey.

Because he had to reach that point to secure his place in the finals,

it made him the perfect target.

The extremist group that wanted his head hadn't moved yet,

and he couldn't waste time dealing with the third-years.

Sansa stared at Frey for a moment...

Before finally asking a question that had lingered in her mind for some time.

"Frey..."

"What does the Victoriad mean to you?"

"Everything."

Frey responded instantly.

Seeing just how serious he was about it... Sansa didn't quite understand the reason ,

But she didn't press further.

"You need someone to keep the third-years off you until the trial ends... so you can reach the final zone safely."

Frey nodded, even though that wasn't entirely true.

What he truly needed was cover—

To handle the Moonlight faction without distraction.

But there was no point in telling Sansa that now.

She thought for a moment before giving her answer.

"Alright... I'll help you."

Frey blinked in surprise at how quickly she agreed ...

But masked it with a small chuckle.

"Sorry... I always seem to end up using our friendship like this."

In front of the apologetic Frey, Sansa shook her head.

"I'm not helping you out of kindness.

I'm repaying a debt.

You saved me once, remember?"

Her words pulled both of them back ...

To that day they faced Feyrith together.

If it hadn't been for Frey... who knows what would've happened?

The system played a big role, sure—

But it didn't change the fact: he'd saved her life.

And with that, Frey had gotten what he came for.

But he didn't even have time to lower his guard.

In one swift motion, he drew his sword ...Blocking a sudden ambush from the side.

Jessica Thievenin had returned ... And she didn't look friendly at all.

Frey instantly unleashed a wave of Dark Aura,

Pushing her back as she activated gravitational pressure to try and restrain him.

"Princess! Get back , I'll deal with the intruder!"

She probably assumed he had come to steal their supplies...

Or that he was after the points on their heads.

So she didn't hesitate to strike.

Frey recognized her—

And considered how to stop her without hurting her.

But he didn't have to.

SWOOSH

Out of nowhere, hundreds of black threads lashed forward,

Wrapping tightly around Jessica and binding her completely.

The strongest in the second year...

Couldn't do a thing against that power.

Tied down by the black threads, Jessica finally froze ...

Staring in stunned silence at the one responsible.

"Lower your aura... Jessica. He's a friend."

The princess's calm words left no room for argument.

Grudgingly, Jessica complied...

She didn't exactly have a choice.

On the other side, Frey was staring in silence...

At those threads—

Rising straight from Sansa's shadow.

For some reason...

His face darkened the moment he saw them.

Sansa released Jessica,

Then issued her next order without missing a beat.

"Jessica , go gather the remaining second-year students."

Still confused, Jessica didn't fully understand what was going on...

But Frey seemed to.

"Sansa... are you...?"

She nodded, confirming what he had already suspected.

"Since Aegon rallied the third-years to attack you... We'll have the second-years defend you."

Just as Aegon had the third-years backing him—

Sansa already held the loyalty of the second-years.

Frey had anticipated this type of support—

Which was why he chose her from the start.

"But Princess—if i leave now—"

"It's an order. I'll explain the situation later."

Jessica tried to protest—

But the princess didn't give her the chance.

Instead, she gathered her shadow...

And returned to Frey's side.

"Until Jessica brings everyone together, you'll stay here with us.

Frey—if the third year come for us before then..."

With a smile, she clasped her hands behind her back.

Her pitch-black eyes gleamed with absolute clarity.

"I'll handle them myself."

Frey stared at the princess standing before him.

Even he hadn't expected this outcome...