

VILLAIN 187

Chapter 187 Cursed Power

-Frey starlight POV-

I followed Sansa outside ..

And sure enough, our suspicions were right.

We were surrounded.

Dozens of students had gathered around us, each one releasing their aura without restraint.

"So they finally showed up..."

At the front of them stood Magnus Grell, the same guy I'd faced once before.

He looked like he was just about ready to snap.

His menacing smile locked onto me.

"You finally showed yourself, Starlight."

Magnus jumped down from the tree he'd been perched on.

He wasn't interested in dragging things out.

"This farce has gone on long enough."

He intended to strike—

To end it all in one swift blow.

"Magnus Grell. You'll stop right there."

Sansa stepped forward, halting him in his tracks.

Magnus frowned the moment he saw her.

The same went for the rest of the third-years.

"The Princess...?!"

What was Princess Sansa Valerion doing with Frey Starlight?

That's what crossed the minds of Magnus and his group alike.

But their orders were clear.

"I have no intention of overstepping, Princess , Please step aside so I may deal with the one standing behind you."

He was trying to remain civil, as much as possible.

Even as a loyalist to Aegon, Magnus knew better than to antagonize the princess.

The gap in authority was far too great.

Sansa shook her head, holding her ground.

"You and your men will stand down, Magnus, He's with me."

Magnus raised a brow and glanced my way.

"So not only are you a slippery rat, Starlight, but you've got the nerve to hide behind a woman too?"

Is that the kind of man you are?

A coward hiding beneath the princess's skirt?"

He had gone through hell trying to find me.

Had I not stopped to stay with Sansa, it would've taken him even longer.

And now he finds me here ... right next to the imperial princess.

Thinking on it... am I the kind of guy who hides behind a woman when the opportunity arises?

I looked at him and smiled.

"You're absolutely right ,That's exactly the kind of person I am."

I mean, is he seriously saying this—when he brought an entire army just to hunt me down?

I honestly find these kids completely irrational.

"Bastard..."

Magnus's rage surged even higher.

Even Sansa glanced at me, visibly puzzled by my response.

Trying to provoke me would backfire.

He'd get nowhere that way.

Magnus unleashed his aura ... a warning.

It was clear he was planning to fight with everything he had, unlike our last encounter with Daemon.

I stared at the blaze of fire-type aura surging from him.

Beside me, Sansa narrowed her eyes at the boy standing before her.

"Magnus. I told you clearly—stand down. You and everyone with you."

"Forgive me, Princess... but I can't obey that order."

Attack Frey Starlight. Finish him off. Without laying a hand on the princess.

That was probably what he had in mind.

With a quick gesture, Raegan drew two daggers, creeping around from behind.

They weren't planning to let me escape.

Seeing that they were moments away from attacking, I considered drawing my sword ,but Sansa stopped me.

"I told you... I'll handle this."

"Are you sure? Using your powers again?"

I knew how much she suffered because of that ability...

It was something usually wielded by the Ultras.

But hers was far more intense.

It resembled a shadow trait—but it wasn't.

It was something entirely different.

Something still incomplete.

Even I couldn't fully comprehend what it was.

Sansa smiled as her shadow began to expand.

That power had tormented her for so long—

She hated it with every fiber of her being.

But at the very least...

"I can use it in situations like this."

Magnus surged forward, cloaked in a terrifying pillar of fire, his fist glowing as he charged straight toward me.

He did his best to avoid hitting the princess as he zeroed in on me.

At the same time, Raegan Zenin silently slipped behind me at high speed—

A tank and an assassin.

I saw them both coming, thanks to Hawk Eyes.

But I focused more on Sansa.

I saw her golden blonde hair fluttering gently...

Some strands had already begun to darken into black.

That pressure she gave off—it was astonishing.

Magnus was right in front of me, a breath away , While Raigan was about to strike from behind.

But at the very last moment...

Whoosh-

Dozens .. no, hundreds of tiny black hands appeared from the void, grabbing them both.

"What the ?!"

"What the hell is this?!"

They both shouted in unison, frozen in place by the hands.

Magnus and Raegan struggled to break free, flailing madly,

But the shadows held them firm—

Then slammed them violently into a massive tree, snapping it in half from the impact.

Shocked and confused, the two glared at Sansa, stunned by the overwhelming aura she was emitting.

"Take one more step... and don't blame me for what happens next."

With a chilling expression, Sansa stared them down.

Even Magnus didn't understand what was going on.

Sansa's power wasn't a joke—and it was still growing stronger.

He looked at his body for a moment, remembering how she had thrown him like a ragdoll.

But retreating wasn't an option.

It was either this... or facing Aegon's wrath.

That was far worse.

Ready to strike, Magnus gathered his aura and assumed a stance.

Sansa saw everything.

How he positioned his body—

How he funneled aura to his core.

She saw it all clearly.

"Foolish idiot."

The princess extended her hand.

And the very next moment—

Boom!

An explosion erupted behind Magnus.

A terrifying black spear tore through everything in its path, piercing a massive hole through the trees behind him.

But just before that ... glancing to his side ..

Magnus finally noticed the severed hand... blood pouring from it in thick streams.

His eyes wide with shock, neither he nor I could process what had just happened.

Even with my Hawk Eyes, which allowed me to see everything clearly—

I couldn't track that spear's trajectory at all.

And Magnus... He clutched his shoulder in pain, stunned.

"Magnus!"

The rest of the third-years rushed toward their leader, surrounding him.

They slowly backed away, weapons raised at Sansa.

But she had already summoned dozens more spears.

"Let's clean up the trash."

She was about to unleash them—

But I grabbed her by the shoulder, stopping her.

"Hey, that's enough!"

If she released those things ,I wasn't sure their armor would hold in time.

She might actually kill them.

At my words, Sansa grabbed her head and began to steady herself.

Her shadow raged violently, letting off pulses of raw aura.

The third-years backed away quickly, disappearing into the woods.

Sansa held onto me tightly as she began to pull her shadow back ...

Amid the darkness,

I saw her struggling to keep the power from spiraling out of control.

And after several long minutes ...

Still holding onto me ...

The princess finally calmed down.

She could barely breathe, gripping me as if for dear life.

I slowly sat down with her at my side and looked into her face.

"Are you okay?"

"Yeah... I'm fine..."

She barely managed the words.

But after assessing the situation ..

I knew I couldn't stay with Sansa any longer.

That power of hers...

If something like this happened again, it could end in death for all of us.

Holding her trembling body in my arms, drenched in sweat...

I realized—

Staying here had been the wrong choice.