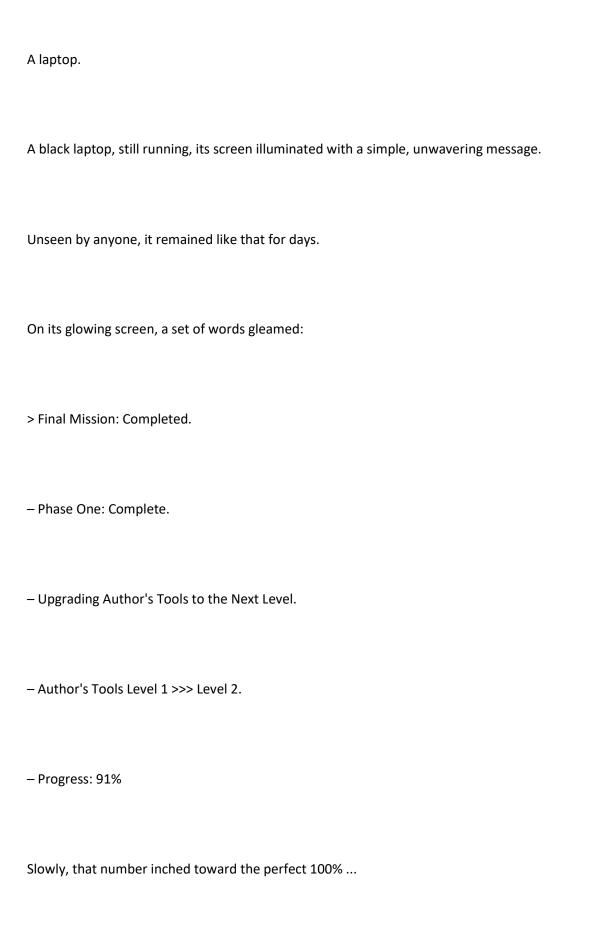
## VILLAIN 221

Chapter 221: To Live or to Die (1)
The days passed
And yet, that young man remained locked away in his dark cell.
From time to time, many came to see him his sister, his comrades.
But Frey Starlight never responded to anyone. He simply sat there, lost in a daze, occasionally falling into fits of hysterical madness.
He had been like this for days now.
His body, strangely enough, continued to heal on its own.
He refused food, refused waterrejected them all.
And yet, his body still functioned perfectly.

Every day, Frey Starlight became more of an enigma to those who watched him, as the empire prepared itself for his trial.
The victor of the Victoriadonce hailed as one of the greatest talents, the boy who defeated the chosen hero was now a prisoner, chained atop cold stone, awaiting the judgment of others to decide his fate.
Events unfolded quickly.
Yet far away from Frey, and the endless uproar within the empire
Back at the hospital that had witnessed Frey's madness and his suicidal outburst
That facility now lay in ruins.
Among the wreckage and the crumbling building,
you could still see broken medical equipment and a few lingering stains of blood.
Hidden among the debris was something no one had noticed:



marking the beginning of an entirely new chapter in the story of Frey Starlight.
Belgrad.
The day had comethe day that would determine his fate.
The fate of Frey Starlight.
Inside the Court of Lightthe place where the empire's most critical trials had been held throughout its historythe doors opened once more, this time for a boy who had only just turned eighteen.
The trial was made public. Every seat inside the grand courtroom was filled to the brim.
It was almost laughablethis was the same court that once sentenced the former temple head, Raphael Bloodmader.
Now, it was about to do the same to a mere student.
Special seats were reserved for the heads of noble houses, behind them the guild leaders, and the strongest awakened.

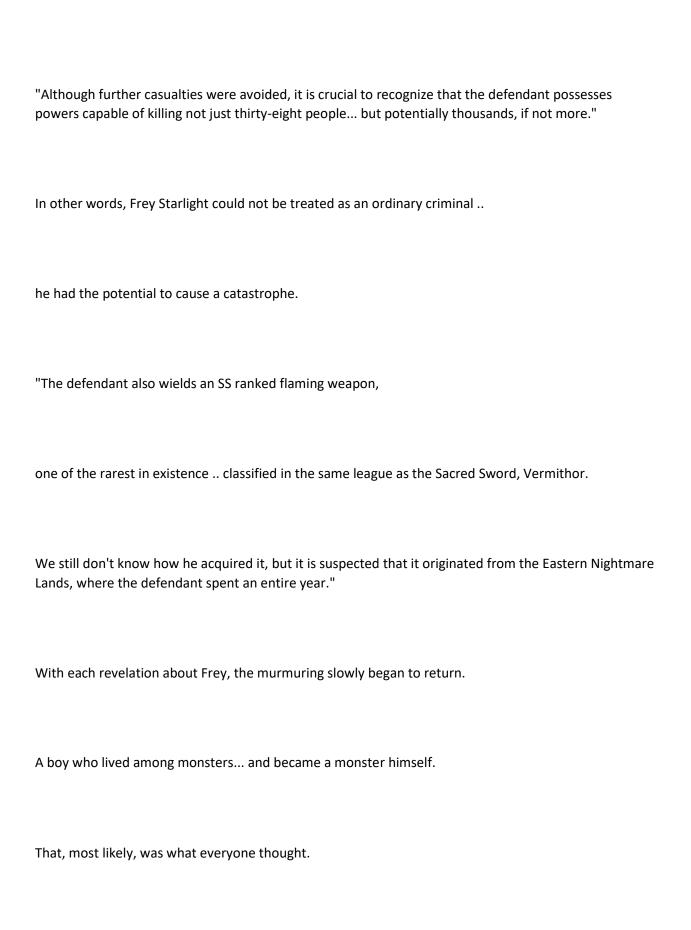
The courtroom was built in a circular fashion, with the accused standing in the center, surrounded by countless watching eyes.
Seated at the highest position, Emperor Maekar Valerion himself presided over the proceedings
the man who would ultimately decide whether Frey Starlight would live or die.
All of Frey's acquaintances were present his family, his peers everyone.
You could even see that strange alliance forming:
the Starlight and Sunlight families sitting together, side by side.
Aegon and Sansa sat near their father, while, strangely enough, Oliver Khan sat closer to Princess Sansa than to the emperor this time.
The sound of murmurs filled the courtroom as people whispered about the situation, but the entire hall fell silent the moment the great doors opened.
Through them entered Ivar Valerion, followed by two guards dragging a young man behind them.

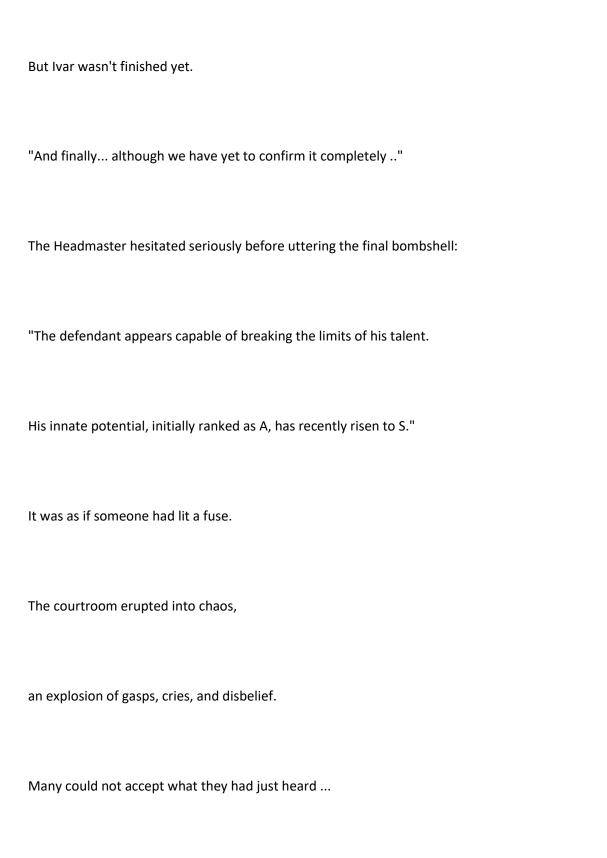


Ivar inspected him closely
"Don't bother resisting. The more you struggle, the tighter these chains will bind you."
ш_п 
Frey said nothing.
The chains wrapped around him were a special tool, crafted to imprison even the most dangerous criminals
tightening their grip with every attempt to resist, to the point where they could literally crush the victim's body.
Seated upon a wooden chair, bound in place,
Frey silently waited for the trial to begin.
And it was Maekar who finally announced it:

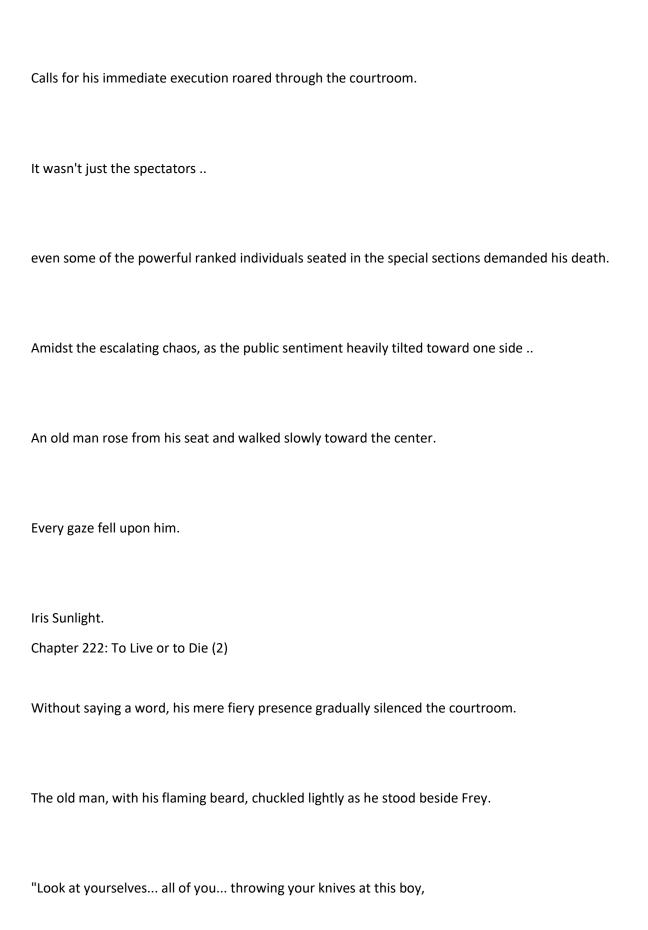
"Let the trial of the former Lord of House Starlight Frey Starlight begin."
The courtroom fell into complete silence for a moment, until Maekar continued:
"First let us present the defendant's crimes one final time for all to hear."
Responding to the Emperor's words, Ivar stepped forward and began.
"The crimes committed by Frey Starlight are as follows"
He listed the charges:
"He murdered thirty-eight individualsboth men and women during his rampage at the Temple Hospital.
All his victims were killed barehanded, without the use of any weapon."
Rumble

That first charge alone was enough to ignite a wave of indignation toward Frey.
The courtroom stirred with anger as murmurs and shouts for his execution filled the hall.
But all noise ceased the moment Maekar Valerion released his oppressive aura,
forcing everyone to submit under its overwhelming weight.
Without even glancing at them, the Emperor motioned to Ivar.
"Continue."
With a nod, the current Headmaster of the Temple proceeded:
"Second the defendant unleashed a devastating attack that could have annihilated the entire Temple.
Fortunately, it resulted only in material damage."
Ivar paused briefly before adding:

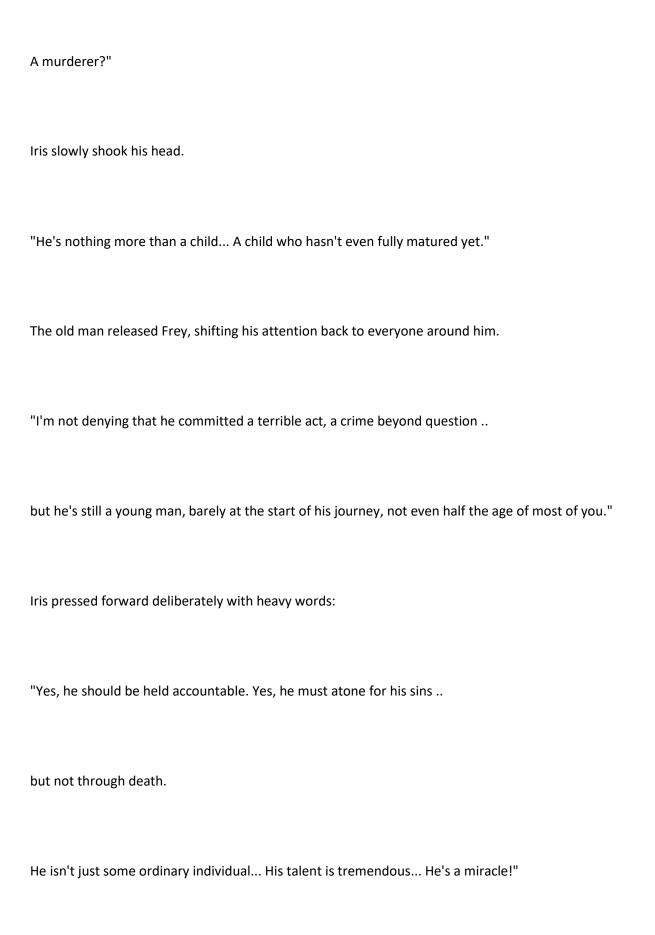


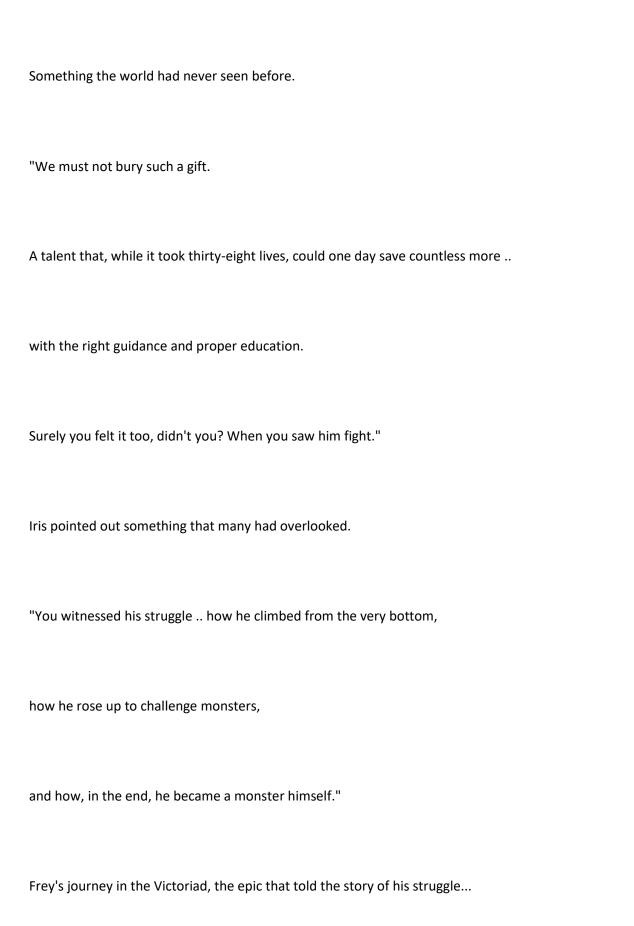


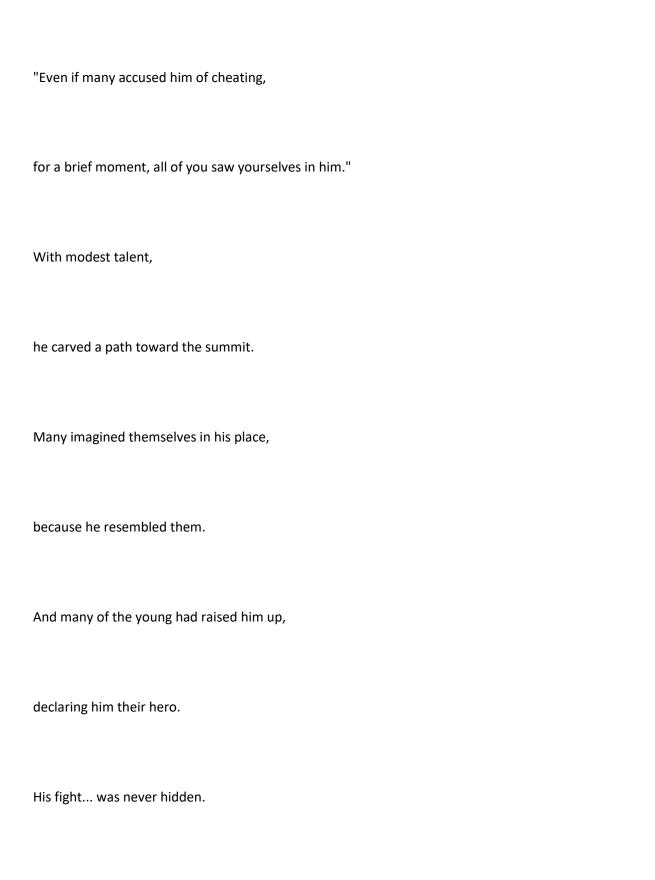
some gasped in horror, others flatly denied it.
Breaking the limit of one's innate potential was deemed impossible
a miracle.
A miracle achieved by this boy.
In other words, Ivar was telling them:
the boy standing before them was a monster whose bounds were unknown.
A monster whose path was unpredictable.
In the worst-case scenario
he could grow into the greatest threat they had ever faced.
That thought alone was enough to drive the masses into hysteria.



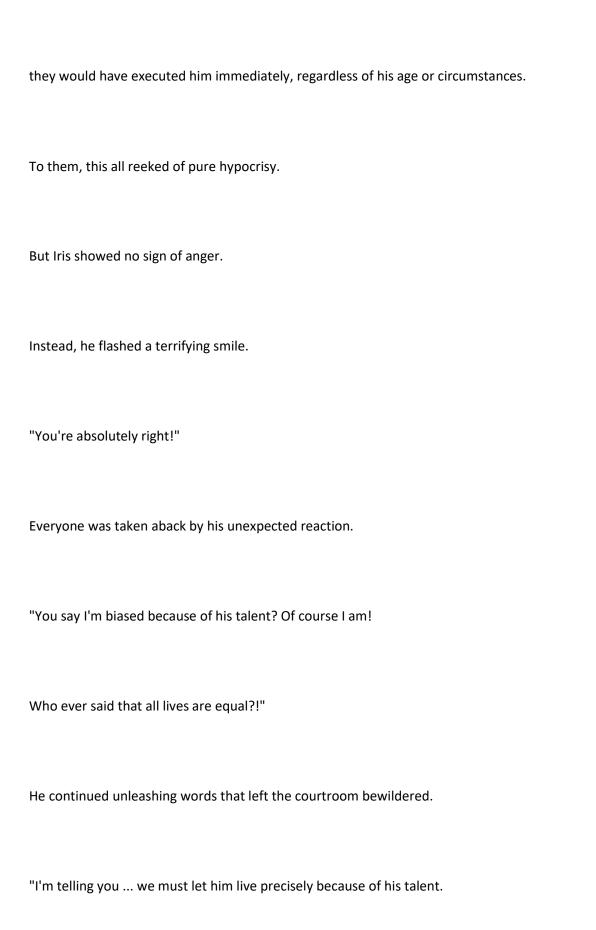
desperately trying to stab him."
He lifted Frey's head for all to see.
Frey, however, remained utterly vacant,
as if he wasn't even there.
His black eyes looked completely dead.
Everyone watched in heavy silence as they witnessed his face
a face radiating overwhelming despair and infinite emptiness.
"Tell me what do you see?
A criminal?



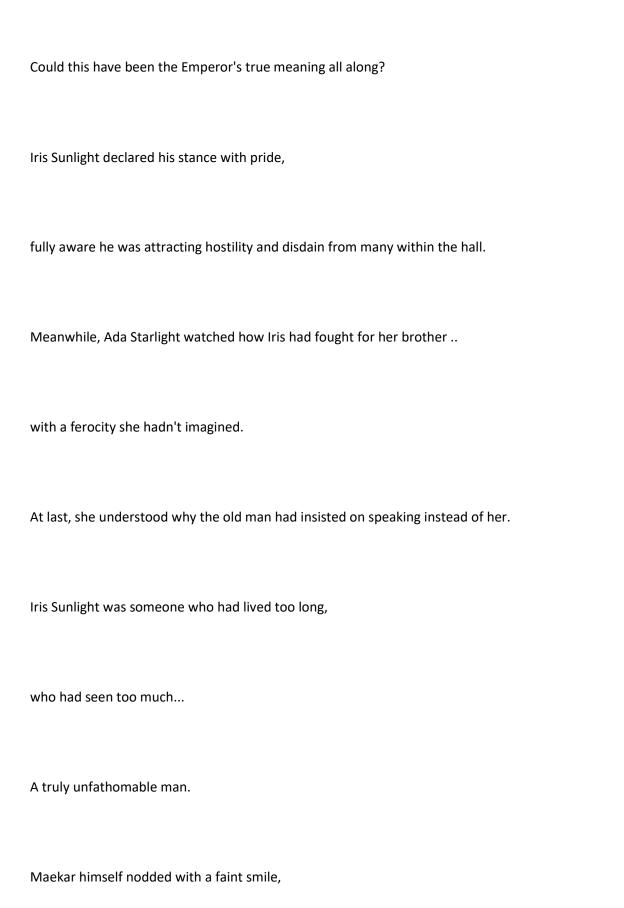


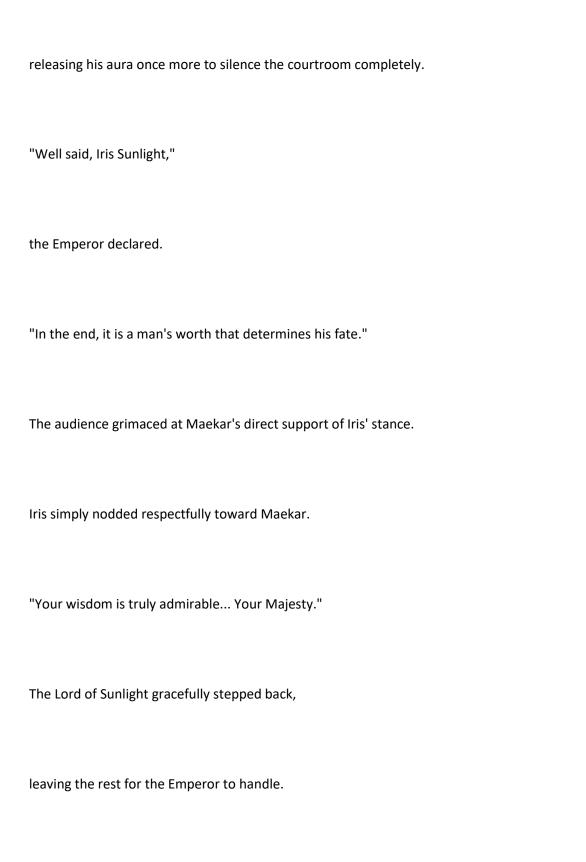






Because he is gifted,
because he can offer something extraordinary to this empire!
That is how worth is measured here nothing else."
Morality meant little in the world they lived in.
Double standards were the norm inside the empire that had survived countless horrors.
A person's life depended heavily on the value they could bring to the empire.
That was the truth Iris was delivering.
At that moment, Ivar Valerion's eyes widened slightly as he recalled what Maekar Valerion had said on that day:
"His worth will determine his fate."



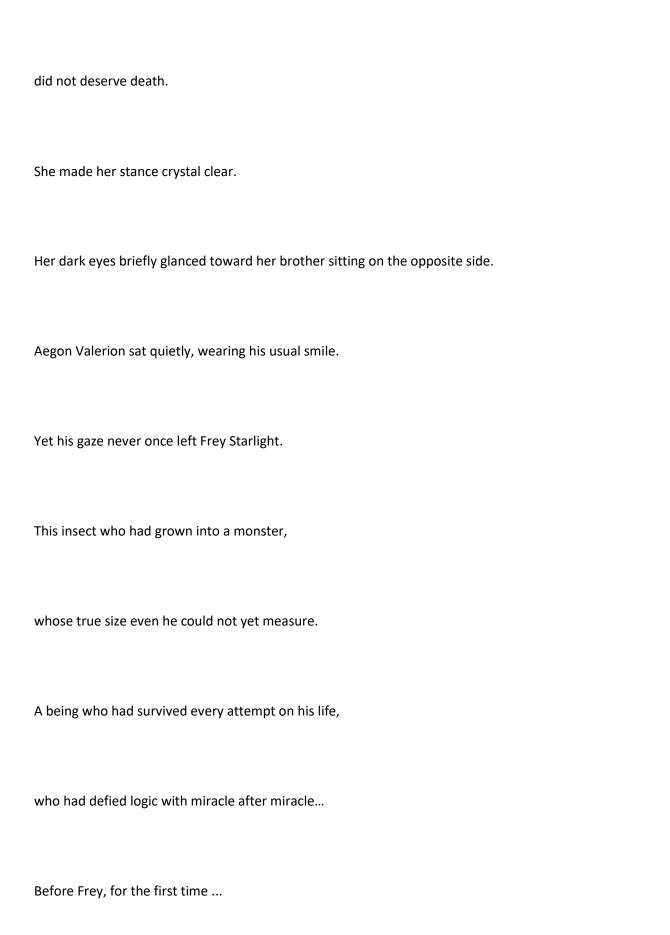


"I would now like to hear the opinions of everyone present."
In order, the courtroom allowed each major group to express their stance.
House Starlight
Their position was made absolutely clear by Ada Starlight's powerful statement:
they fully supported her brother and firmly rejected any possibility of his execution.
House Moonlight
To everyone's surprise,
Frost Moonlight declared that their house would remain completely neutral regarding the case.
He stated that any rumors about House Moonlight seeking Frey's death were merely fabricated by certain disgruntled members of their family.

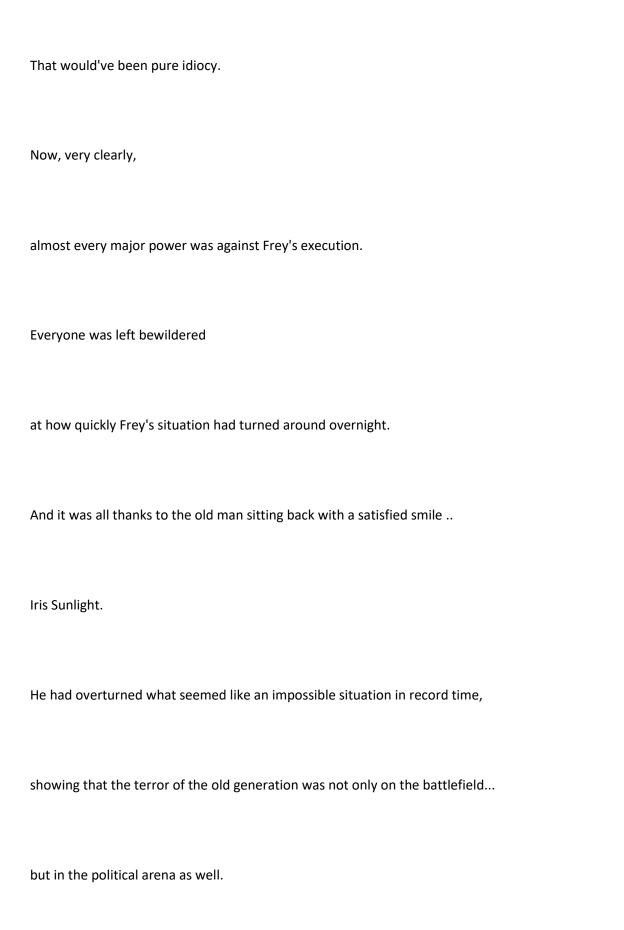
The young lord of House Moonlight showed clear maturity as he declared his family's stance without hesitation.
The Church.
They were perhaps the decisive factor, the main force that had demanded Frey's execution.
Yet to everyone's shock, the Church suddenly announced its neutrality!
Their sudden reversal, after being so vocal in calling for Frey's death, was blatant hypocrisy.
You could practically feel the suffocating frustration radiating from Blatter.
But he couldn't do a thing once the Hero himself declared his support for Frey Starlight out of nowhere.
Since Snow Lionheart was the bearer of Vermithor,
his decisions were seen as the embodiment of the Will of the Lord of light.

Opposing him would mean directly opposing their god's will—and completely destroying their credibility.
The High Priest was finally experiencing the dark side of appointing a Hero
becoming shackled to the whims of a 17-year-old boy named Snow Lionheart.
Blatter quietly wondered whether it was even possible to manipulate that young man anymore,
especially after gaining the constant backing of Saintess Yurasha.
It was a true disaster.
One that brought a subtle smile to Emperor Maekar's face.
The Emperor then requested the opinions of his children, since one of them would inherit the throne one day.
Sansa Valerion did not hesitate.

She openly and boldly voiced her full support for Frey Starlight.
"His execution would be the stupidest decision this empire has ever made since its founding."
With that powerful declaration,
having already helped dismantle the hidden forces that sought Frey's death,
and cleverly securing the presence of a major influencer like Oliver Khan at her side,
Sansa had gained a significant advantage with seemingly simple moves.
"You claim he's just a murderer
But to me, he's the man who saved my life when no one else would."
The princess spoke of how Frey had risked everything to save her inside the Temple.
A person like that



Aegon felt something he hadn't even felt toward his father, nor the Empire, nor the Ultras
Despair.
The despair of facing true defeat.
Frey Starlight had, quietly, become Aegon's top priority.
Calmly, Aegon expressed his stance:
"I will remain neutral."
The prince decided to play it safe.
Of course, he wanted Frey dead,
but he couldn't afford to be the sole open opposition.



Everyone could now feel the momentum of the court shifting completely in Frey Starlight's favor.
Yet Maekar had not announced the verdict.
There was still one person left whose voice had yet to be heard.
That person was Frey Starlight himself.
"I would like to hear what the accused has to say,"
Maekar declared, his voice echoing throughout the silent courtroom.
In other words, Maekar was giving Frey a chance to defend himself and perhaps tip the scales fully in his favor after all the support he had gained.
Finally, all attention was focused on the boy at the center.
Frey Starlight,

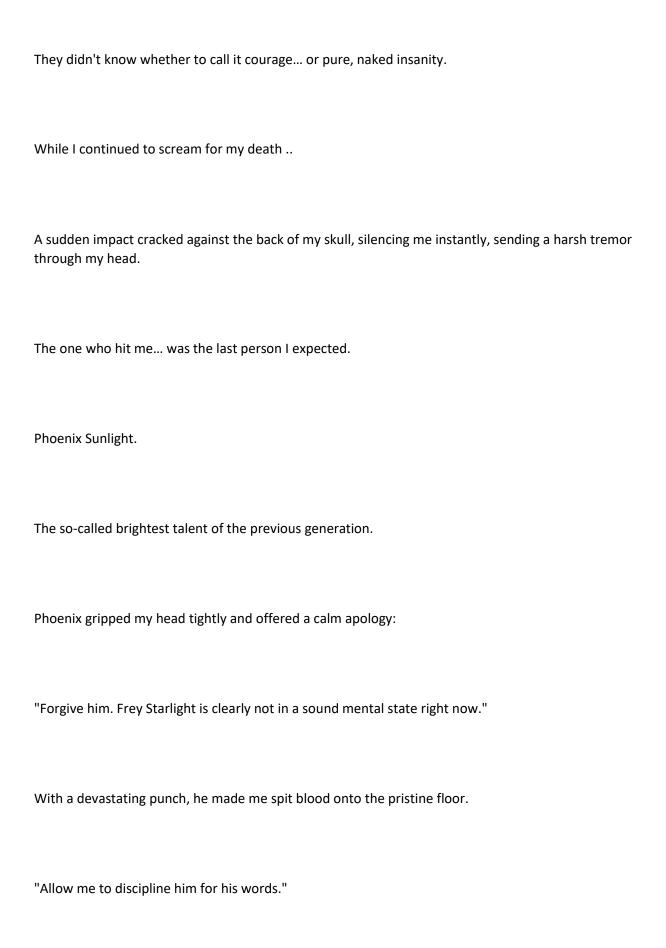
who had remained vacant and detached all this time, his eyes still staring blankly into the void.
Chapter 223: A Letter to My son
– Frey Starlight's POV –
So much noise.
So many faces.
Dragged straight out of that gloomy, quiet hole and thrown into this blinding light and obnoxious noise.
My head felt utterly empty.
Were they holding a trial for me now?
To decide whether I should live or die?
No why even bother?
Just kill me already.

But no, things were never that easy.
Why the hell did that old man Iris defend me?
What was all this bullshit they were spewing about "my value" determining my life?
Value?
What fucking value?
The value of your lives I was about to annihilate that day?
"I would like to hear the defendant's stance on everything that has happened so far and what he has to say."
Maekar Valerion spotlighted me completely.
They wanted my testimony.





Saving me?
Who the hell said I wanted to live in the first place?
"Kill me! I'm not sorry for what I did! Do I look like someone who regrets it?
If I regret anything, it's that I didn't wipe you all off the face of the earth that day!"
"Kill me! Kill me! Kill me! Kill me!!!"
My screams of madness filled the courtroom.
Confusion, fear, horror
all etched across their faces.
They didn't know what to make of it.

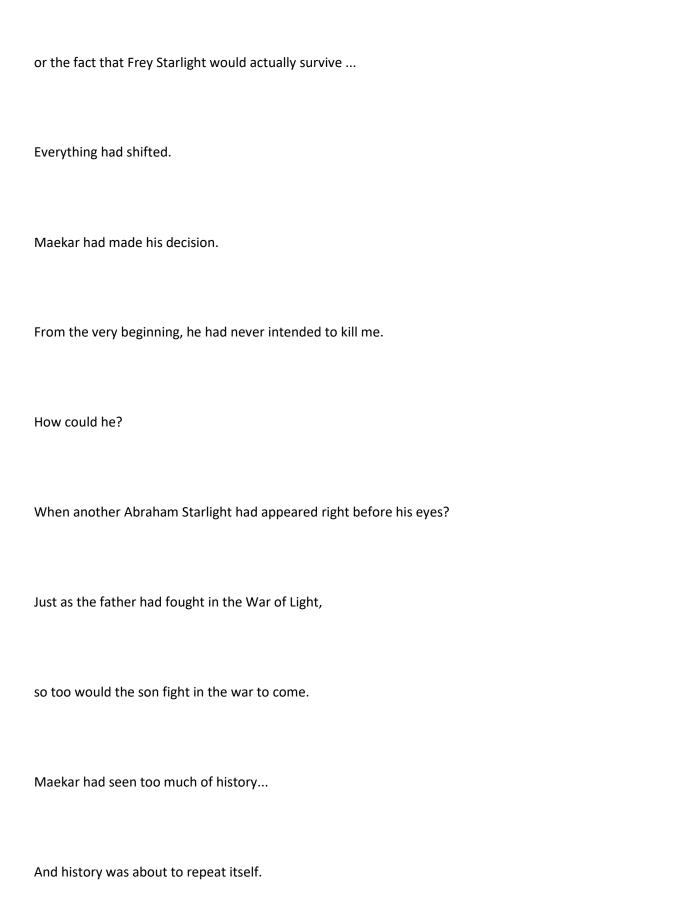


Punch!
Smash!
Kick!
I was beaten so brutally that the courtroom was almost painted with my blood.
Phoenix, now covered in my blood, turned calmly to the onlookers
Most of whom had no idea how the hell to react to the madness unfolding.
Phoenix Sunlight remained eerily composed as he continued to hammer me down.
"We supreme talents tend to understand each other very, very well."
He shattered the chains restraining me and grabbed me by the hair.

"Your Majesty, esteemed guests allow me to be selfish for a moment."
The brightest talent among them all,
Phoenix Sunlight, stepped forward with his proposal.
"Everyone fears what Frey Starlight might become in the future but let me ask you Does this look like someone who could threaten anyone ever again?"
Displaying my bloodied face to everyone, Phoenix continued:
"I could kill him with a single blow, break him without even lifting an arm.
So how about this?"
His eyes burned fiercely.
"Leave him to me. I will personally take charge of Frey Starlight, forging him into a sword this empire can wield in the wars to come



"On my honor, as a proud warrior of House Sunlight."	
"Then it is decided."	
Maekar's hand slammed onto the table, his voice final:	
"Frey Starlight shall be imprisoned within Alcatraz—the Prison of Time—for three months	j.
After that, he will return to the temple under Phoenix Sunlight's direct supervision.	
I grant you full authority."	
The courtroom was stunned.	
Whether it was Phoenix's stance,	
the mention of Alcatraz,	

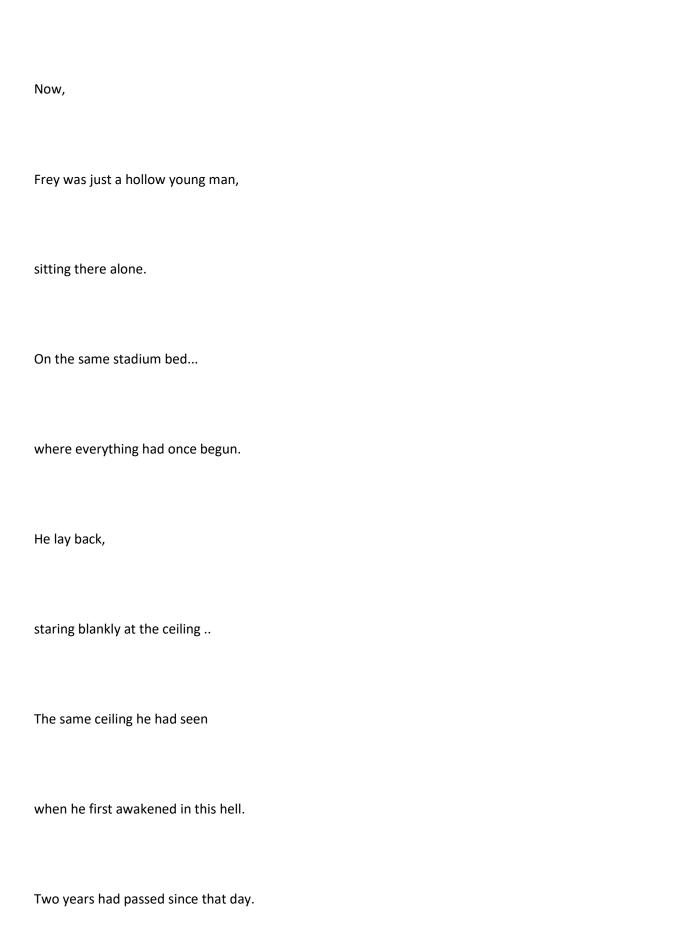


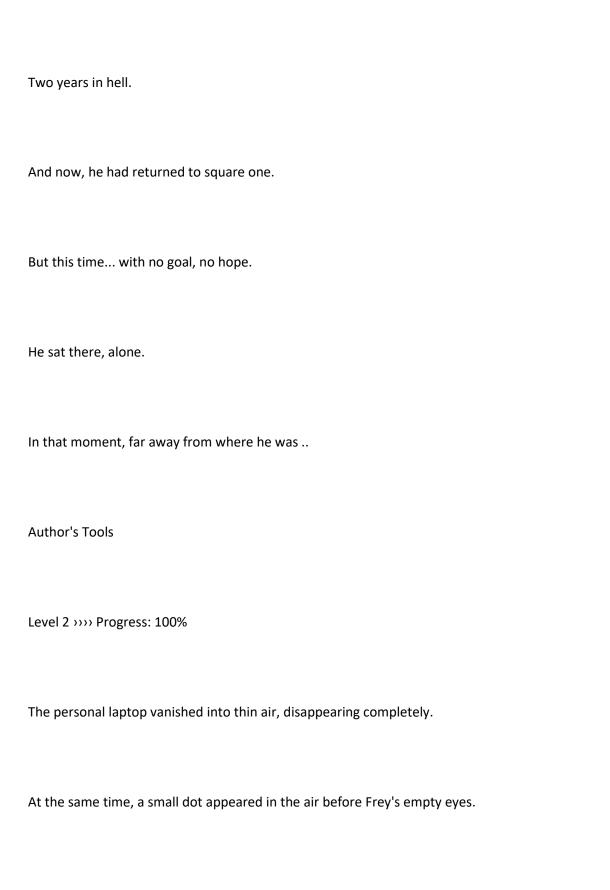
In a surreal twist, the trial finally came to an end.
The trial was over.
Everything was done.
At one point, things had been teetering dangerously toward disaster.
You could see it in the expressions of Frey Starlight's allies

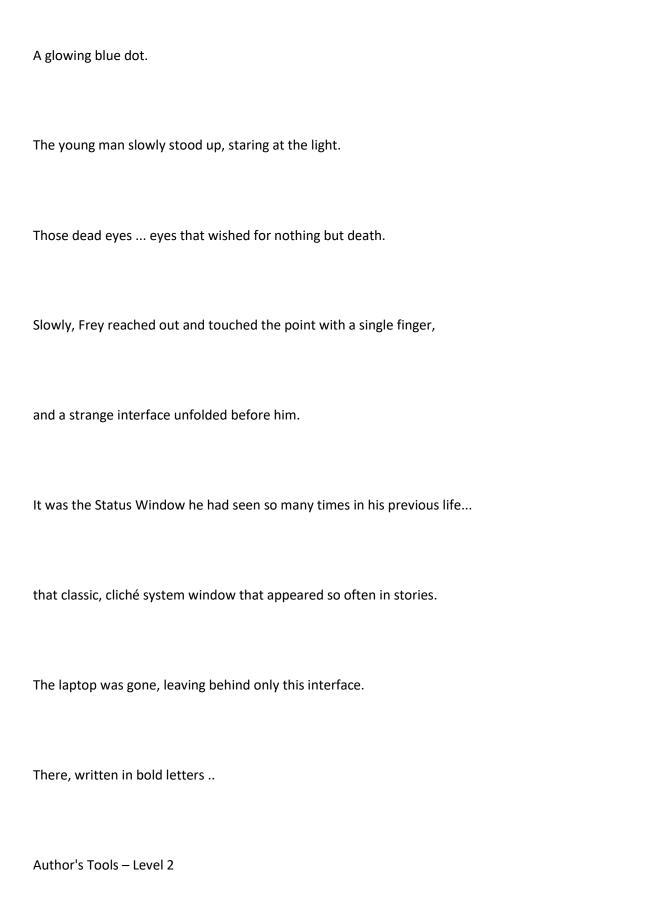
how Ada Starlight and Iris Sunlight nearly collapsed from sheer panic, when that mad young man nearly destroyed everything.
If not for Phoenix Sunlight's desperate intervention, it would have been a catastrophe.
Frey was saved.
Saved from all those who wanted him dead.
But who
Who would save him from the greatest danger of all?
Who would save him from himself?
After the trial, Frey Starlight was temporarily returned to the Starlight estate,
awaiting transfer to Alcatraz.
Alcatraz

the worst prison in the northern empire.	
A place cursed with powerful magic that warped perception of time,	
making days feel like endless years,	
while prisoners were subjected to daily inhuman torture.	
Three months inside that hellhole felt like an eternity.	
Ada Starlight was devastated when her brother's sentence was announced.	
But to Frey it meant nothing.	
What could three months of torture possibly change for someone like him?	
It all seemed laughably insignificant.	

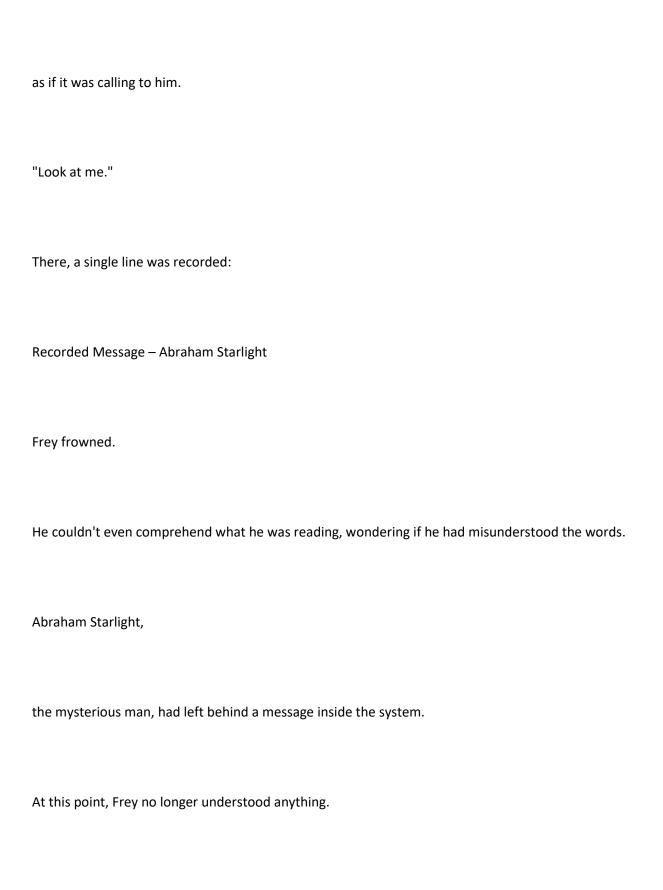
Frey Starlight refused to interact with anyone.
No matter who tried to reach him,
he gave no response.
He was nothing more than an empty vessel
staggering silently before their eyes.
Phoenix had saved him today.
He had vowed to rehabilitate him.
But what could he fill Frey with
when there was nothing left inside?
Even death had been stripped from him by Balerion's cursed restraint.



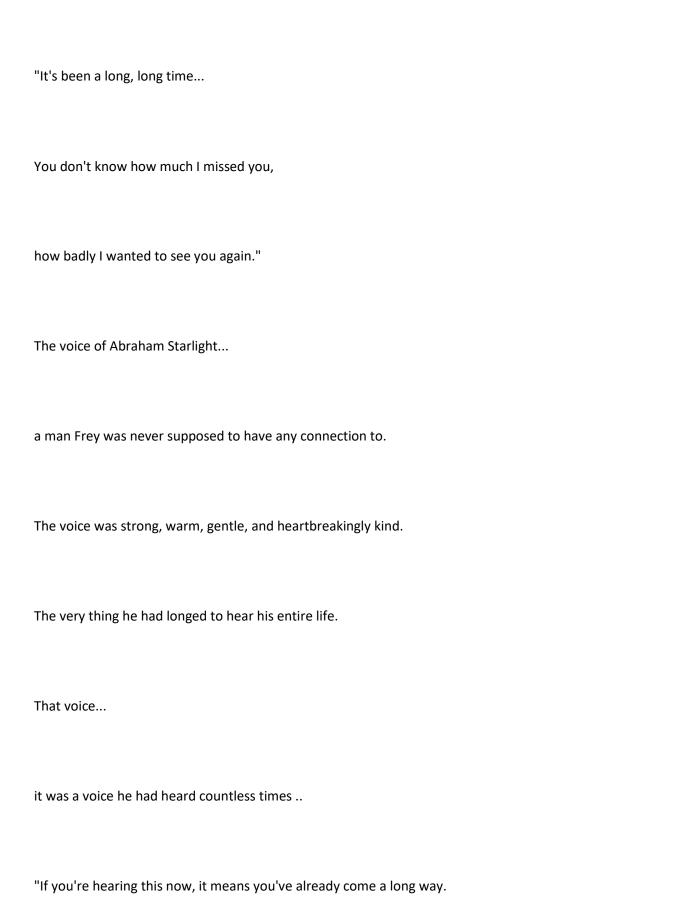




- Additional features and capabilities have been unlocked! Please review them.
Frey's expression didn't change in the slightest as he stared at the new functions.
They all seemed meaningless to him now.
"Got rid of the cursed laptop just to get this"
The Engineer was stubborn.
Unbelievably stubborn.
Frey Starlight was about to close the interface forever,
never intending to open it again.
But something caught his eye
A section at the bottom of the screen flashing faintly

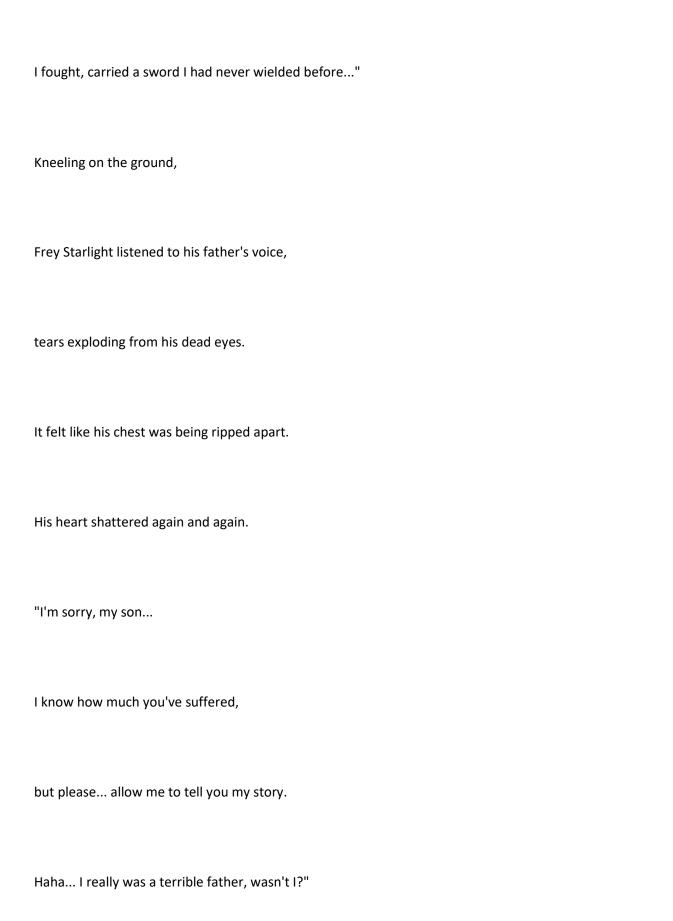


He simply clicked on it, wanting to know what that man
the one he knew nothing about had left for him.
The moment he pressed it, a magical sound echoed across the room.
A voice.
A voice that stirred Frey's dead heart,
forcing his eyes wide open.
"Hello, my son."
Just two words
but Frey jolted violently,
his lips trembling.



You've endured suffering I can't even imagine"
He paused.
Frey muttered under his breath, his whole body trembling:
"Don't don't use that voice"
He shook violently.
"Don't torture me any more than this"
Because that voice
that voice belonged to
"Before I tell you everything

I need to confess something, my son
You have no idea how shocked I was when I opened my eyes in this world"
No.
"You have no idea how stunned I was
to find myself inside the very novel you used to tell me about
My son."
Frey collapsed to the ground the moment he heard those words.
"It felt like a gift from you,
as if you had given me a second chance to live.
I searched for you everywhere, believing with all my heart that I would find you.



"NO!!!"
Frey choked on his tears and screamed:
"You were the best father I ever had!
Better than I ever deserved!"
He screamed from the depths of his soul,
but it was useless
the recording could not hear him.
It could only move forward.
"I know you've suffered more than anyone,

I know you're broken into pieces
But look at how far you've come.
My son, you have no idea how proud I am of you"
The words shook Frey's very soul.
"You deserve it, son
You deserve to know the truth.
So let me show you."
Without warning,
a blinding light engulfed Frey Starlight.
A light that transported him elsewhere.

"Let me show you
where it all began."
The light swallowed him whole
carrying him away
Into Abraham Starlight's memories.
Into the beginning of everything.
Chapter 224: Memories of the Fallen Star (1)
-Frey Starlight's Pov-
"Come to the place where it all began."
My father's words

They still echoed through my mind, even as the blinding light swallowed me whole, ripping me away from where I stood.
I felt the world around me twist and shift at a dizzying pace.
This was
"My father's memories."
With bloodshot eyes, I followed the sound of his voice the voice that stirred something long dead inside me.
Warmth surged in my chest as I found myself standing in a wide, dimly lit room.
A single cradle sat at its center, bathed in the soft silver glow of the moon filtering through the window.
Inside the cradle, a small infant slept his hair as black as ink.
He looked just like me. Just like Frey.

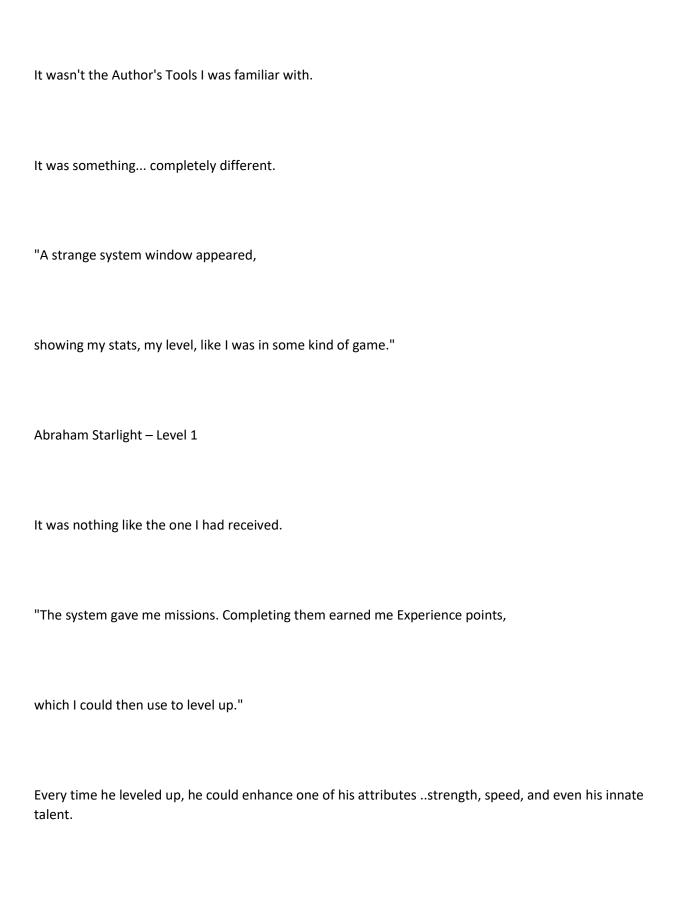
As I gazed at the tiny figure, my father's voice came alive again.
"When I opened my eyes for the first time I found myself inside the body of a newborn."
I kept staring at the sleeping baby.
Father's reincarnation was nothing like mine.
Had he truly lived his second life from the very beginning as Abraham Starlight?
Ignoring my swirling thoughts, I focused again on his voice.
"At first, I was lost. I thought it was a dream. But dreams don't last this long."
Days passed before my eyes.
I saw a man and a womanboth with black hair caring for the child with overwhelming tenderness and love.
They must have been from one of the Starlight family's branch lines.

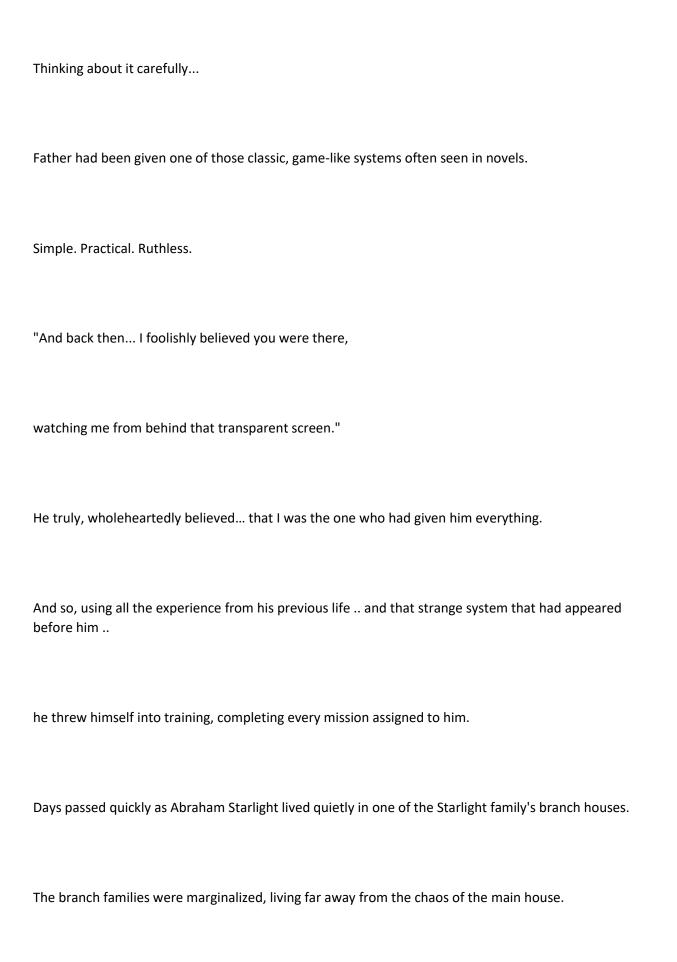
In other words
my grandparents.
"Once it became clear I wasn't dreaming, I realized I'd been reborn
a new body, a new family, a new reality. But the same memories."
I watched as the tiny Abraham grew, day by day.
I laughed quietly when I saw him stumble through his first steps, and grumble in frustration when he couldn't even manage the simplest things.
I witnessed every moment while my father's voice warm and familiarnarrated it all.
And deep down,
a part of me wished he'd never stop speaking.

"Even as I came to terms with my fate
I could never forget the final moments of my previous life that blinding light, that moment when everything fell apart."
Father
he never forgot.
He never forgot us.
"That's why, the moment I was old enough, I began searching for you.
Trying to uncover the truth behind it all."
From the time he could walk and speak properly, Father began learning about this strange new world he had been thrown into.
And with the knowledge of a grown man trapped in a child's body, he learned at an inhuman pace.



He was inside the novel his eldest son once created.
"For me, it felt like your gift."
A second life, given after the first was torn away.
"And when I realized that
something else appeared before me."
Just as his voice said so, I watched as a glowing point of light materialized before the four-year-old Abraham.
The moment he touched it,
an interfacea systemunfolded before him.
I blinked in confusion.





Because of that, Father grew up in a peaceful, healthy environment.
He lived his second life to the fullest.
"I made sure to treasure every second training harder, living better as a tribute to the gift you gave me."
His strength grew at an alarming pace, unnoticed by the world.
Day after day, Abraham Starlight trained with a sword, cutting again and again.
At a young age, he awakened the Starlight family's basic Light Affinity, earning the right to learn their secret combat style—the Stardust Technique.
"When my parents in this world gave me that technique, I saw the sorrow in their eyes."
The Stardust Technique was powerful, forming stars around the heart.
Each star drastically boosted the user's power and enabled devastating attacks.

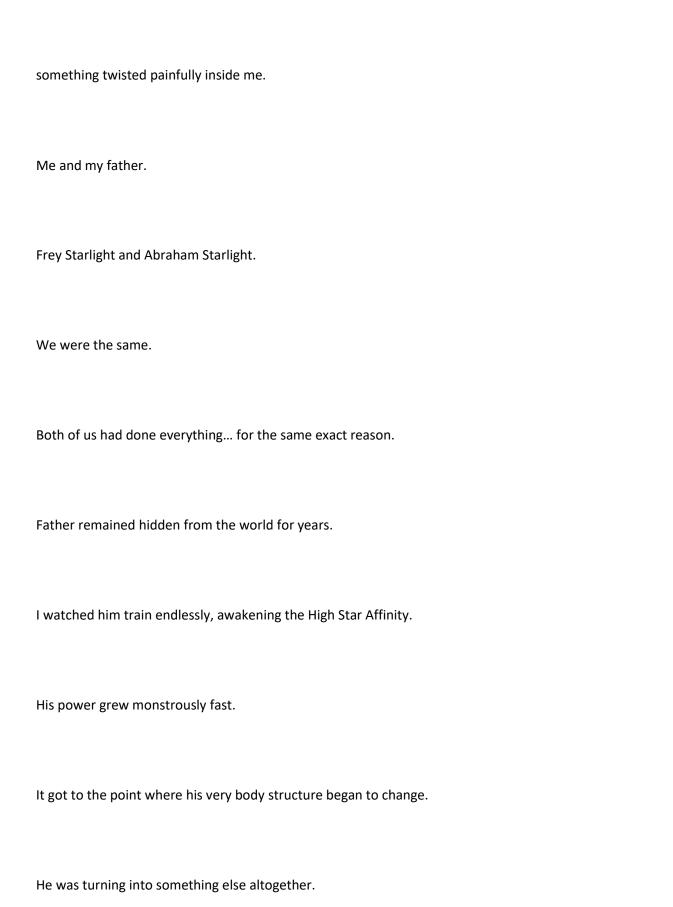
However, the branch families were suppressed for generations;
they were only allowed to cultivate the technique up to the Fourth Star.
Beyond that, they needed specialized secret methods
methods that the main family kept tightly locked away.
"I understood then. My parents were sad because they could only give me an incomplete technique. But even so it was enough."
Because the system he had received would forcefully break through the limits they couldn't.
"I was grateful for their love and support, but no matter how much I tried, I could never truly see them as my real parents."
It was impossible.
After all, my real father's age far exceeded theirs.

And so, the relationship between them stayed ambiguous parents who loved their son, and a son who saw them only as strangers.
Time flew by.
I watched my father reach fifteen years old.
And looking at him
he looked exactly like me when I first arrived in this world.
Father's voice continued narrating his journey:
"After spending years completing the system's endless missionssometimes hard, sometimes twisted, sometimes outright bizarre a new idea began to form in my mind."
At first, he believed that completing the missions would eventually lead him to me.
But they never stopped.



"When I turned fifteen, my parents offered to send me to the Temple Academy, since I had the talent for it but I refused."
The thought of living a "normal school life" again didn't appeal to him.
He wanted to stay hidden, out of sight.
"My plan was simple:
I would train in secret, pushing my strength to its limit.
When the time came, I would make a name for myself so loud and clear that my real family would recognize me."
He would remain hidden.
He would train like a madman.
And when he became famous enough,

he would send a message only his real family could understand.
That was the whole plan.
It was then that I finally understood why Father's name had echoed across the empire.
Abraham Starlight, the Miracle.
The Third Lord of the Starlight Family.
The strongest of his era.
All of it
for one reason alone.
"I just wanted to find my family."
Hearing those words

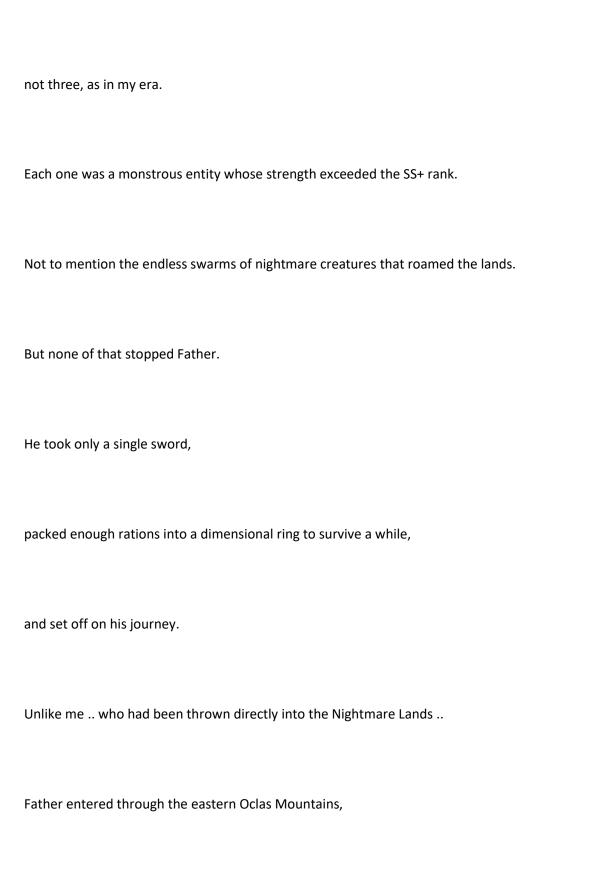


At that level, the system often sent him into the Nightmare Lands,
forcing him to trigger major events from the shadows.
Father executed them all perfectly
without leaving a single trace behind.
Abraham Starlight: Level 70.
Age: 20.
At just twenty years old,
Father's strength was already comparable to those at the SS Rank of our world.
He possessed a completely different perspective than I did.

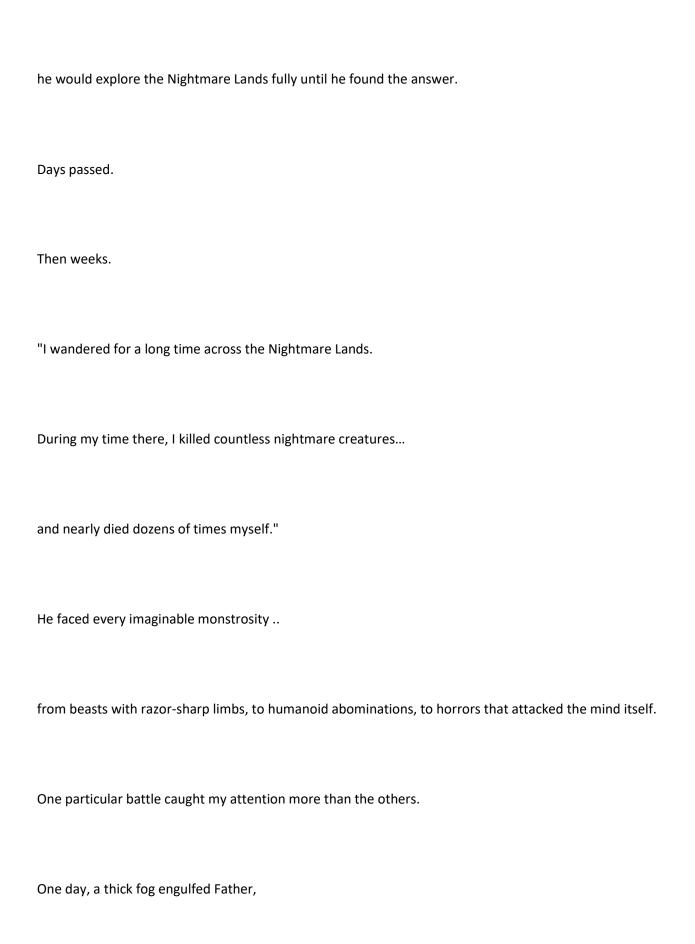
His method of training was something I had never even thought about
a hellish regimen that allowed him to control his aura so perfectly, he abandoned the concept of internal aura pathways altogether.
He simply let the raw force flow freely inside him without restrictions.
I kept wondering
How did he even manage it?
What kind of pain did he endure to survive his own power burning his internal organs relying only on the system's force to keep himself alive?
He had achieved something that even Ithe very author who created this world thought impossible.
On another front, after wandering the world and completing countless system missions,
Father noticed something else.



In his heart, he believed he wasn't the only one who had been given a second chance at life.
He believed that fate had distributed chances equally among all our family members.
And so he pressed forward.
Then, at the moment he fully accepted the reality of the world he lived in
"A mission arrived from the system."
A final mission.
One that commanded him to enter the Eastern Nightmare Lands
and reach its very end.
"I knew immediately this task was on a completely different level from anything I'd faced before."
At the time, the Nightmare Lands were ruled by four Nightmare Lords



and pushed forward in search of the truth.
···
···
<del>.</del>
The mission asked only that he reach the end of the Eastern Nightmare Lands
but it gave no further instructions.
Was he simply meant to cross the continent?
Or was there something specific he needed to accomplish?
Father had no way of knowing.
So he made the only logical choice:



causing him to hallucinate violently.
From my perspective, I clearly saw the entity haunting him:
A massive figure draped in black robes
its brain exposed atop its head
empty, hollow sockets where eyes should have been and a mouth full of jagged teeth.
It circled Father like a predator ready to strike.
I shuddered when I realized
I had once faced this thing too.
Had I really survived something like that?

Father was seconds away from falling into its illusion, but his quick thinking saved him.
I watched, stunned, as he stabbed himself through the side with his own sword
using the intense pain to anchor his mind and resist the hallucination.
It was a brilliant move, especially since he hadn't discovered the easier method of simply closing his eyes.
Once free from the illusion,
Father unleashed his true power
eight blazing stars spinning violently around his heart.
A strength comparable to the Second Lord of the Starlight family at the time.
And with a single, devastating slash of his sword, he unleashed a wave of blinding light one that obliterated the Mist stalker in an instant.

Seeing the destruction he left behind as he stumbled back, panting heavily
I realized once again just how terrifyingly powerful my father truly was.
The journey continued.
I was merely a third-person observer,
drifting rapidly from scene to scene,
barely noticing the passage of time
until I caught sight of the thick, rugged beard growing on Father's face.
His voice soon confirmed it:
"Six months inside the Nightmare Lands
Six months of blood, filth, and fighting the unknown and yet the mission still stands, just as it did on the first day."

In half a year, thanks to the fact that he had reached the SS rank and developed skills far beyond anyone his age,
Father had already explored most of the Eastern Nightmare Lands,
facing almost every type of creature lurking there.
All of them
Except for one.
"I kept avoiding it hoping I wouldn't have to confront it."
I watched from afar
as one of the worst nightmare creatures I'd ever seen revealed itself before me.
A monster I hadn't even written about

A being even I knew nothing about.
The Nightmare Lords I had created numbered only three.
That's what I wrote.
That's what I believed.
But the thing that now stood before me was not one of them.
Its roar was unlike anything I'd ever heard
a scream of sorrow, rage, and hatred.
The sound alone made my throat dry up.
It was a hulking beast, its body covered in thick, black fur, with two horns sprouting from its skull like a twisted crown.

Its face or what should have been its face
was nothing but a hollow cavity where a mind should have been.
The creature clutched its head and screamed again a desperate, agonized cry that seemed to shake the very heavens.
It was almost as if it was pleading to all who heard it:
"Give me back my brain Give me back what was stolen from me!"
That was the message I instinctively understood.
And it was the same realization that struck Father.
This creature was
"Amygdala one of the Nightmare Lords."

Father whispered its name, his voice heavy, as he drew the battered, scarred sword that had accompanied him through countless battles.
'To be honest I wondered if I could even kill it."
Father leapt high into the air, eight stars igniting fiercely around his heart.
Γhe light of the stars flared brilliantly,
piercing through the eternal darkness of the Nightmare Lands.
'I didn't know if I could kill it but I knew I had no choice."
To move even a step closer to his goalhe had to fight.
Even if it cost him his life.
The battle between Abraham Starlight and Amygdala was a catastrophe on every level.

The black behemoth let out a roar that shook the earth, spewing waves of black fire that consumed the sky itself.
A wave of darkness cleaved clean in half by Father's blade.
With a monstrous battle cry, Father hurled himself straight into the heart of hell,
crashing into Amigdala's overwhelming darkness.
This monster
this nightmare
scorched mountains, rivers, and forests with flames that could never be extinguished.
And still
the light of the stars shone defiantly within the endless blackness.
Father's blade tore into Amygdala's filthy flesh, but the creature's regenerative power was horrifying.

No matter how deep the wounds,
it kept fighting driven not by thought,
but by pure, mindless instinct.
It continued to spew black fire from every inch of its body.
I watched as Father cloaked himself in the aura of the stars, desperately struggling to survive.
A single white dot against a canvas of endless black.
They clashed over and over for what felt like eternity.
3 Days passed.
Their battle shook the very foundations of the world.

Amygdala wasn't an SS+ level monster for nothing.
I couldn't understand how Father survived that hellish onslaught.
Nor could I fathom how no one else noticed given the sheer scale of the aura disturbances they unleashed.
The battle was not in Father's favor.
Amygdala was a force of nature.
A walking cataclysm.
Those black flames didn't just erupt from its mouth they surged from its entire body, threatening to reduce everything to ash.
And in the middle of it all
Father's light continued to shine.

Were it not for the fact that he had shattered his aura pathways and allowed his body to harness aura freely,che would have been vaporized long ago.
The fight reached a deadlock.
Amygdala, covered in thousands of wounds, refused to fall.
On the other side, after three straight days of brutal combat, Father had reached his absolute limit.
And so
gathering every last shred of strength he had left
he leapt high into the sky, unleashing one final, suicidal attack.
He gathered every ounce of Star Dust aura he could muster around his crumbling blade, and struck!
At the same time, Amygdala unleashed a tidal wave of black fire to meet him.
When white and black collided

the world turned dark.
Father's sword shattered but it pierced through Amygdala.
From the other side, he too fell into the flames, losing consciousness.
The battle ended in a way that left me wondering
Who had actually won?
A cold sweat drenched my back after witnessing the hellish battle I had just seen.
Was this what it truly meant to face an SS+ ranked nightmare?
"Amygdala was far stronger than I had ever imagined,"
Father said,





The place that still remained a mystery to me even now.
Abraham Starlight woke up
Inside the Shadow Sect.
Chapter 226: Memories of the Fallen Star (3)
His world turned upside down as his senses slowly returned.
"It's him, isn't it?"
High search has been High
"It has to be him!"
"We've waited so long!"
When Father regained consciousness,
he wasn't alone.

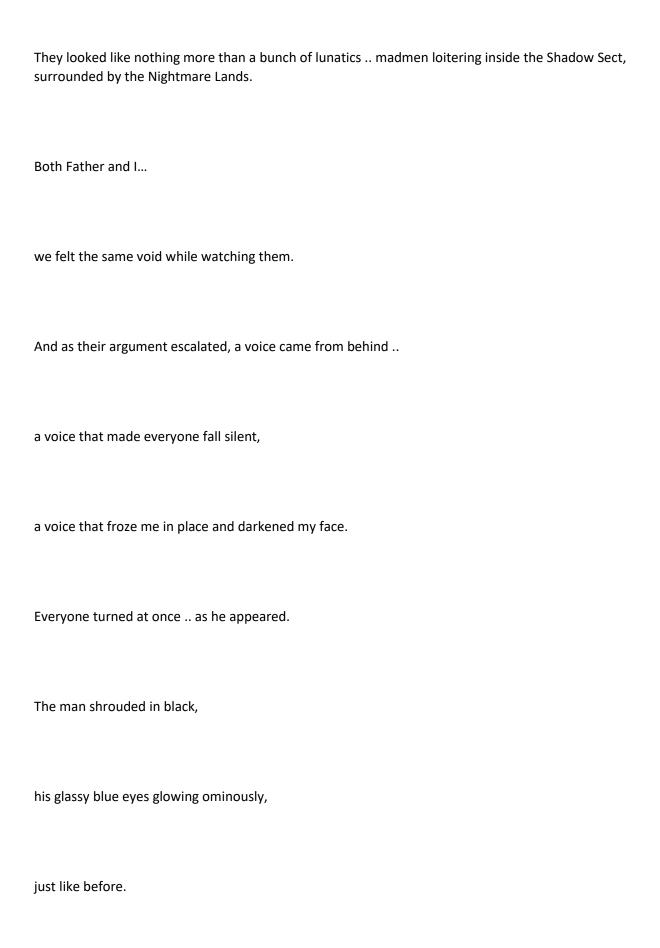




They all surrounded Father,
staring at him intently.
Their eyes held everything
longing, respect, obsession, admiration, and awe.
Father was confused.
And truthfully so was I.
No matter how hard I searched my memory
I couldn't recognize a single one of them.
At that moment, I heard Father's voice once more.

"That day, when they surrounded me I wasn't scared by them."
" But I was terrified by the fact that I couldn't sense a single thing from any of them."
After reaching SS rank, Father had developed an acute instinct
an ability to instantly gauge the strength of others, even those stronger than himself like Amygdala.
But now?
Nothing.
He couldn't read these people at all.
"Who are you? And how did I end up here?"
The moment he spoke, they all backed away, giving him space.
"See? You scared him!"

"It's not my fault! He probably freaked out because of your black skin, sis!"
"What did you just say?!"
Father shivered as the woman delivered a devastating punch to the boy,
unleashing a shockwave so powerful it shattered everything within its reach.
And yet
The boy stood there, completely unharmed.
"That's enough, Evankhell. You're the one scaring him."
"Even you!"
Those strange people began bickering amongst themselves.

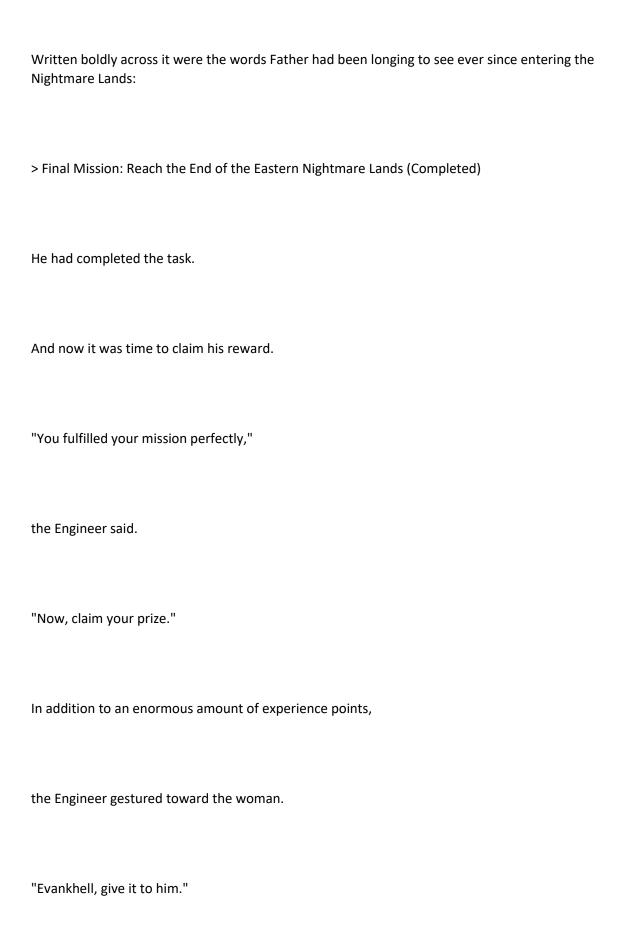


The only difference I noticed was
he now had two arms instead of one.
That bastard
"Step away from him,"
the Engineer ordered, his voice cold and absolute.
"He's not the one you've been waiting for."
The atmosphere shifted instantly.
Those who had seemed like a bunch of reckless fools just moments ago
their entire presence changed in an instant, becoming something monstrous.

They didn't unleash any visible aura,
but the void itself seemed to tremble around them as they glared at the Engineer with seething anger.
"What the hell are you saying?! He's not the one we've waited for?!"
Evankhell clenched her fist, stepping forward, pointing furiously at the Engineer.
"Didn't you say the time had come?! The one we've been waiting for all these years! If this isn't him, then why gather us here?! Damn you!"
Their rage boiled over.
"I told you never to trust him! He's not even human"
Despite the surging tension, the Engineer remained perfectly calm, as if none of it could touch him.
In a simple, detached tone, he spoke again:
"This man is the key to his arrival."

He pointed at Abraham Starlight, continuing coldly:
"He is necessary."
I could see the confusion written on all their faces.
Meanwhile, Father instinctively leapt back, widening the distance between them.
He didn't attempt to run
somewhere deep down, he already understood escape was impossible against them.
"Who the hell are you people?!"
he demanded.
"What were you mumbling about earlier? 'The key?' 'The one you've been waiting for?' What kind of bullshit is this?!"

Everyone stared at Abraham.
And the one who answered
was none other than the Engineer himself.
"You don't need to know that right now."
he said.
"Abraham Starlight, you want to find them, don't you? Your family. That's why you kept completing every task until now."
Father's expression stiffened as realization began to dawn on him.
"You you're the one behind the system, aren't you?"
In response, the Engineer simply opened a screen in the air.

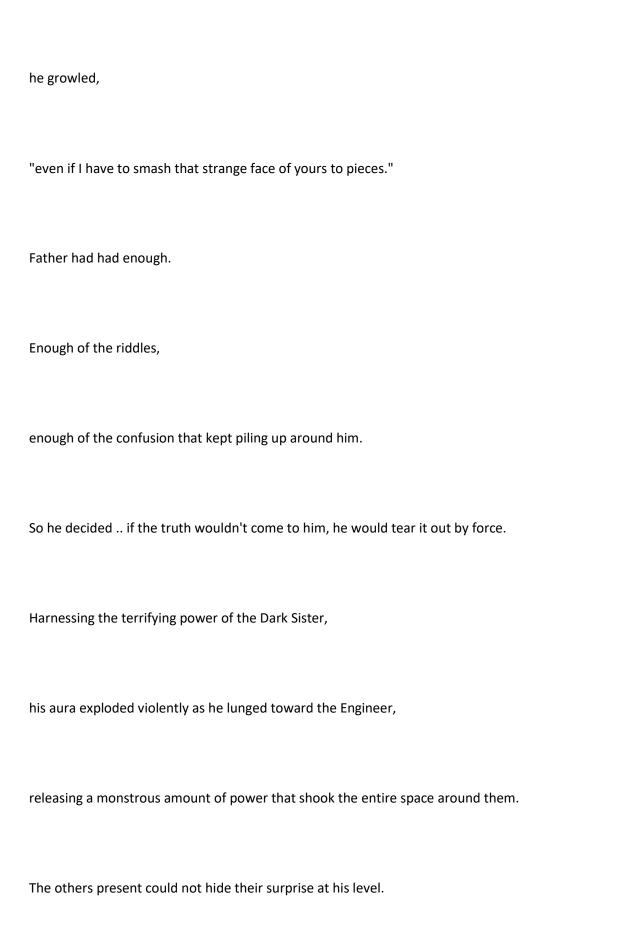


Evankhell hesitated for a moment before sighing heavily.
With a flare of aura between her hands, something materialized .
A black, cursed sword
a katana radiating an overwhelming, ominous power.
"Take it."
With clear reluctance, Evankhell tossed the sword toward Abraham Starlight, who instinctively caught it midair.
The moment he touched the scabbard,
Father felt it
the overwhelming power contained within that blade.



then looking straight at the Engineer.
"You what exactly are you? What's your connection to me? What do you want from me?"
Everything was a mystery to Abraham.
But surprisingly, the Engineer responded plainly.
"I am nothing more than an ancient will one that has lingered far too long, waiting for a certain event to come to pass."
"And what I want from you"
he said coldly,
"is for you to finish your mission to prepare the perfect vessel for his arrival. Nothing more."
"Vessel? Vessel for what?"

" "
The Engineer did not respond.
Meanwhile, the others those strange beings who shared his kind, beings like him stared at him in complete silence.
Father wanted the truth.
The truth behind everything that was happening, and what it had to do with him and the story his son once told him.
Gripping the Dark Sister tightly, Father's eight-star aura ignited
the full might of the Stardust technique surging within him.
He prepared to strike.
"You're going to tell me the truth"



"That man"
"No aura pathways"
What Father had achieved
mastering the legendary sword so seamlessly on his first attemptwas astounding even for them.
With a devastating strike, Abraham aimed straight at the Engineer, intending to kill.
But just before his blade could reach
it stopped, as if time itself had frozen.
"You are still unworthy to fight at this level."
The Engineer's hand ignited with cold blue flames as he moved.



Everyone listened intently, still shaken after what they'd just witnessed.
"The day we've all been waiting for is near,"
the Engineer said,
"and there can be no mistakes. I will not allow another failure like Cheon ma."
No one dared to speak.
Especially after hearing the Engineer mention that name
Cheon ma.
The Engineerusually so mechanical, so void of emotion
had, for once, let a flicker of feeling slip into his words.

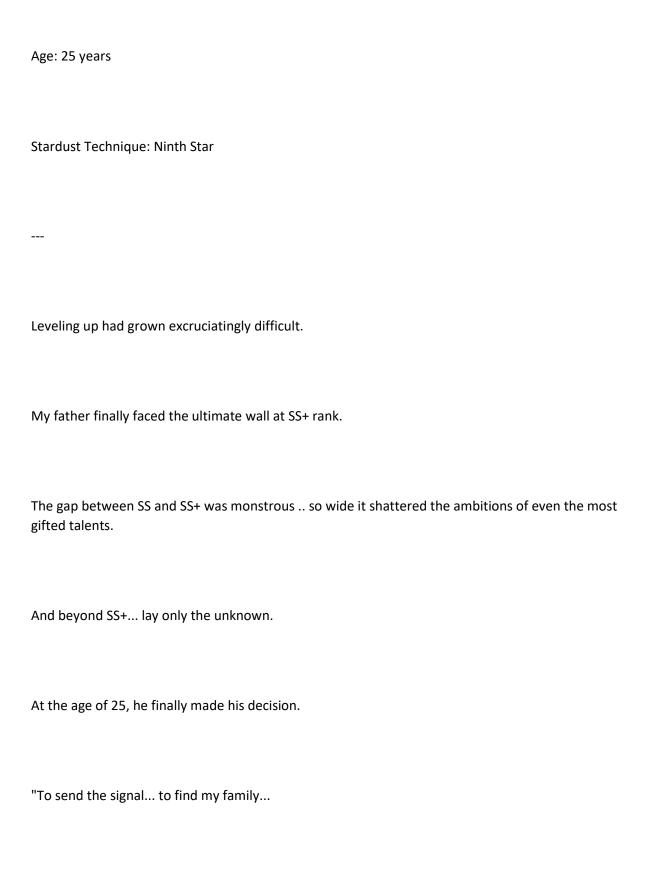
Longing.

Anticipation.
A hunger for a moment he could no longer delay.
That day
the preparations were completed.
For what was coming next.  Chapter 227: Memories of the Fallen Star (4)
-Frey Starlight's Pov-
Within the Eastern Nightmare Lands
Inside the walls of the mysterious Shadow Sect

Abraham Starlight lay unconscious, defeated by the Engineer in a single blow.
What happened was shocking, even to me the very person who had once written a novel about this world in excruciating detail.
Alongside the Engineer, I memorized the faces of the others and decided that no matter what, I would never forget them.
A dark-skinned woman, with black hair and a body so sculpted that her abs were clearly visible Evankhell, the previous wielder of the Dark Sister sword perhaps the blade was even named after her.
A boy who looked no older than ten, with golden hair and vibrant blue eyes.
A man with long black hair, standing perfectly straight, with a massive spear strapped to his back.
An old, withered man, almost bald, leaning heavily on a cane.
I would remember them.
I would remember every single one of them.

The scenes flashed quickly as my father awoke once more, only to find himself lying there alone.
The Shadow Sect had fallen silent again.
And the others had vanished without a trace.
"It felt as if everything I'd seen and heard that night was just a fleeting dream but that sword proved otherwise."
Gripping the Dark Sister tightly a pitch-black katana pulsing with immense power Abraham realized that what he had experienced was real.
It was no hallucination.
"Where will this path take me? Was following that strange system really the right choice?"
A journey into the unknown.
That's exactly what it was.

But my father didn't waver. He simply continued doing what he had always done.
He returned to the Starlight branch family's lands and resumed his training.
He lived his daily life to its fullest, blending in naturally with the world as if he had been born into it, as if he hadn't lived a completely different life before.
Everyone around him saw him as a mature young man far wiser and more composed than his age should allowand he gained deep respect, all while hiding the true extent of his strength.
"Stronger I knew I had to become much, much stronger."
Even when he thought he had enough power, the Engineer's effortless defeat had shown him otherwise.
He knew better than anyone no one could predict what the future would bring, nor what challenges awaited.
<b></b>
Abraham Starlight: Level 90



I decided to conquer the world."
Twenty-five years of training since his childhood.
Twenty-five years of wielding the sword, fighting without pause.
And now, he was ready to reveal himself to the world.
"The first step was the Starlight Family."
Being one of the empire's most powerful factions, it was the perfect starting point.
Thus, on that day, Abraham Starlight packed his belongings, said goodbye to his false family, and set out toward the Eastern Oclas Mountains the stronghold of the Starlight Family.
There were many tales later told about that day
A day when a young man appeared at the gates of the mighty Starlight Family, demanding a duel with the strongest warrior within.





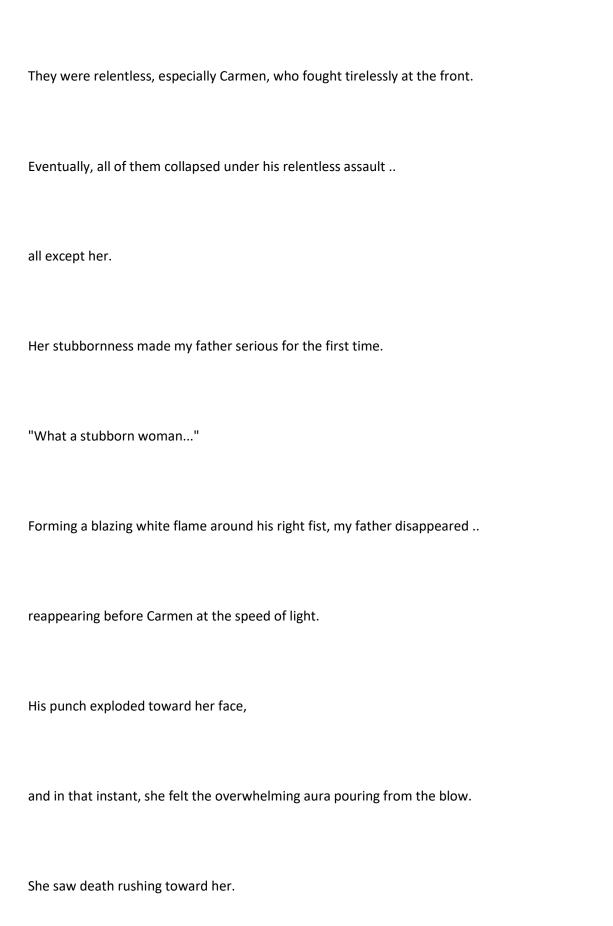
"You draw your swords against me Don't you realize these weapons are meant to kill?"
BOOM!
More bodies were sent soaring.
"So you want to kill me, is that it?"
BOOM!
Cold sweat trickled down my back when I saw my father hurl one of Starlight's strongest generals clear over a massive mountain like a mere punching bag.
"Since you want to kill me
Then it's only fair I respond in kind!"
That night, for the first time in Starlight's history, the threat came not from the Nightmare Lands
but from within the empire itself.

After crushing the faces of an absurd number of Starlight family warriors, the true elites finally began to appear one by one.
The Senate a council of powerful fighters ranked S and above descended upon him.
Among them, a woman resembling a wild beast charged forward, launching a devastating punch straight at my father.
Seven stars of the Stardust Technique blazed around her heart as she attacked.
But my father caught her fist effortlessly nullifying her attack completely.
Looking closer, I was stunned to recognize her.
Carmen Starlight.
She looked exactly the same as when I had last seen her
Was that even possible?

This was supposed to have happened long ago, yet Carmen hadn't changed at all as if it had just happened yesterday.
"Carmen Starlight was a sharp woman
I knew it the moment our fists collided."
My father's voice echoed through the memories as I watched him face nine elders of the Starlight Family alone.
Yet even against that number of elite-class powerhouses, he didn't lose.
"Who are you?! What do you want?!"
They all shouted at him in unison, even as their battle laid waste to everything around them.
"I simply wish to face your strongest.
I didn't come here to cause trouble.

I didn't even kill your guards only knocked them unconscious."	
He wasn't lying.	
Sure, he beat them half to death but he hadn't killed a single one.	
"Are you playing with us?!"	
I watched Carmen lunge at him with terrifying speed.	
But he dodged effortlessly, brushing her aside with casual ease.	
"Calm down and think If I really wanted to kill you, you'd all be dead already."	
"What the hell are you saying?!"	
BOOM!	





But just before it landed, his fist stopped a hair's breadth from her face
the shockwave alone obliterated everything behind her, leaving a massive fist-shaped crater in the giant mountain behind her.
Carmen's legs gave out and she collapsed before him.
Glancing at the imprint on the mountain,
she realized she had never been closer to death than she was that day.
"Will you listen now?
Or do I need to do more?"
After obliterating the Senate like they were mere toys
They finally realized the magnitude of the threat standing before them.

"W-What do you want?!"
"I've repeated myself so many times that my mouth's about to fall off
I want to face your strongest."
The strongest in the family.
The moment he uttered those words, a beam of light descended behind Abraham.
As if answering his call.
From within the beam, two elderly men emerged, unleashing their overwhelming auras.
Though the marks of old age were evident on their faces, their bodies radiated a terrifying level of strength as they stood tall like spears challenging the heavens.
They looked alike, a clear sign that a deep bond connected them.

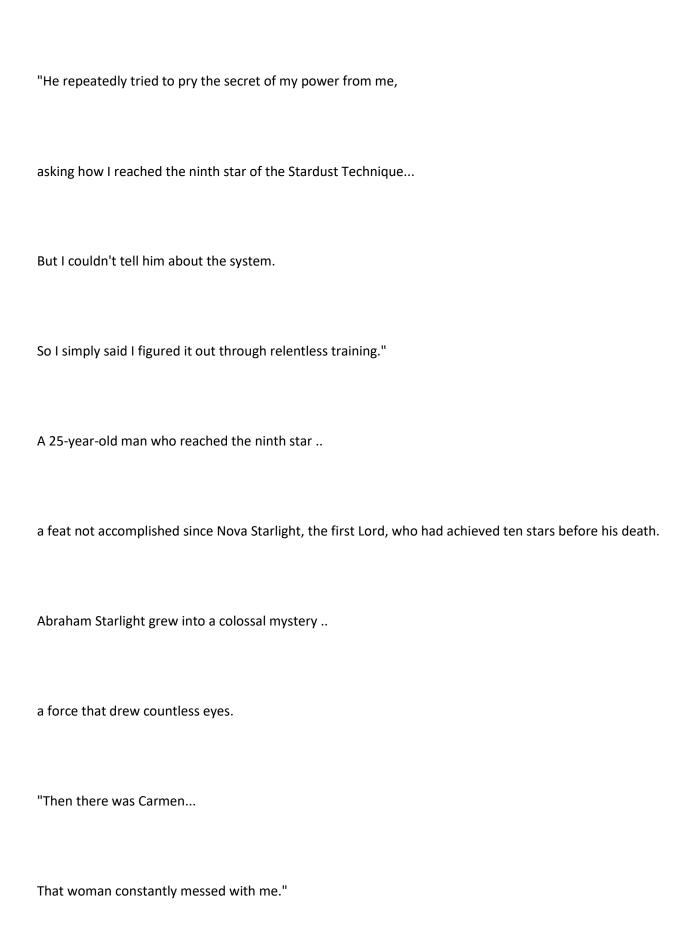
"What's going on here?"
Both were strong, but the true monster was the elder standing at the front.
"That pressure
So you're the current Lord of the Starlight Family."
Chapter 228 Memories of the Fallen Star (5)
The two elders were none other than the former Lord Izan Starlight and his younger brother the same face I had seen before Leonides Starlight.
The latter's light was faint compared to his brother's.
"And who are you?"
Lord Izan, with his long white hair and aged face, stared at my father, ready to strike at any moment.
Facing that crushing pressure, my father answered calmly.
"Abraham Starlight, from the branch family."

You could see the shock flash across the former Lord's face.	
"Why would a member of the branch family attack the main house?"	
Izan spoke as he drew his sword, unleashing a pressure that was no joke.	
"I haven't attacked anyone.	
I simply wish to fight you."	
Despite the overwhelming force bearing down on him, my father didn't flinch.	
"And why would you want that?"	
"To test myself."	
Without any warning, he unsheathed Dark Sister and pointed it directly at Izan Starlight.	

The old lord immediately unleashed his full strength, summoning eight stars of the Stardust Technique.
Yet even he broke into a heavy sweat when he saw his opponent manifest a ninth star.
Their swords clashed violently
their strikes splitting mountains and leveling the earth.
Izan Starlight was a monster at the very peak of SS rank.
One of the strongest in the world at that time.
But against Abraham Starlight, who had already stepped into SS+ rank and wielded Dark Sister, The old lord never stood a chance.
After a fierce and wild exchange of blows, Izan Starlight fell to one knee before Abraham his sword completely shattered.
Meanwhile, my father stood tall unharmed, unscathed, utterly pristine.

Abraham Starlight had won. Decisively.
"This is the end."
He sheathed his sword and slowly stepped back.
That day, news spread like wildfire
of a man who had toppled the Starlight Family by himself.
Everyone wondered:
Who was this man?
They thought they'd never see him again, assuming he was just some ghost provoked by the Starlights.
But they were shocked when they saw him casually wandering among the branch families afterward.
It made no sense.



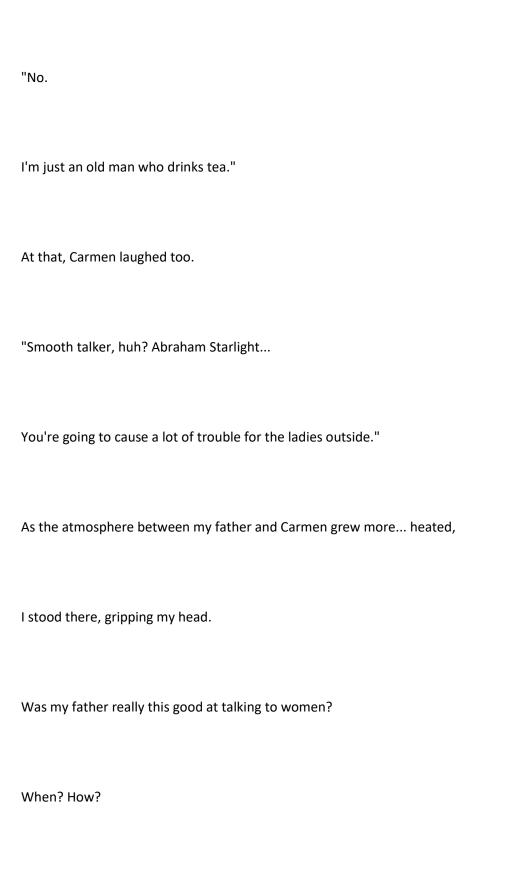


She often challenged him
either trying to kill him or sparring for fun.
"Especially after that incident"
During that period, tensions between the Empire and the Ultras were constantly flaring, and one day, a full-scale assault was launched by one of the Lords of the Ultras Gavid Lindman.
That day, Carmen Starlight would have died had it not been for Abraham intervening and saving her.
He utterly crushed Gavid Lindman, and the latter barely managed to escape with his life.
That event forged a strange bond between my father and Carmen.
A bond that was suspiciously friendly.
It made me wonder what kind of woman had Carmen been before I ever truly knew her?



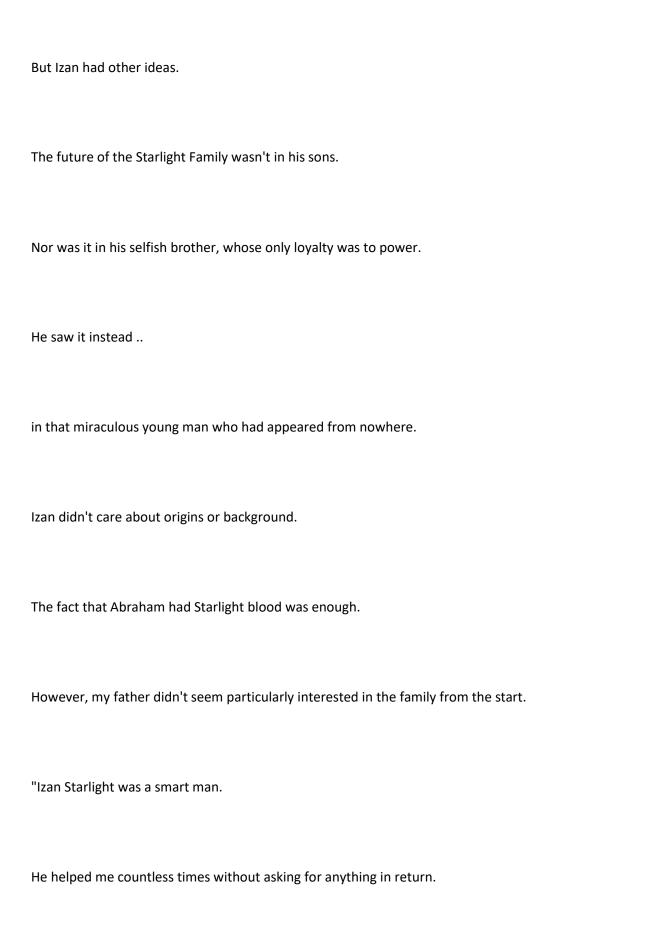
His polite refusal made Carmen pout.	
"Turning down an offer from an older lady, huh?"	
Smiling slightly, my father played along.	
"I never said I wouldn't drink with you.	
We could always have tea instead."	
"Wow~ The great Abraham Starlight who toppled an entire family a tea-lover?	
You sound like an old man."	
He wasn't the monster I'd seen that day.	
He was just a simple young man, carrying the weight of years he hadn't even lived yet.	

Carmen was much older than him, yet she didn't feel that gap at all when she was around him.
Despite all her grumbling, she honored his request and went rummaging through her kitchen for tea supplies.
My father watched her with a soft smile.
"You seem different here, at home."
"Different? How?"
"You're more like a housewife than the fierce warrior I once knew Peaceful, and unguarded."
At those words, Carmen stiffened for a moment
realizing she was alone with a man who could crush her easily if he wanted to.
"Do I need to keep my guard up against you, Abraham?"
Laughing, he pointed to the tea.



Did my mother even know what was going on here?!
I didn't want to watch anymore.
It felt so wrong.
Please stop I don't want to see this
Thankfully, my father managed to control himself till the very end and avoided a catastrophe.
I exhaled in relief as the memory continued
For a moment there,
I almost thought Carmen might have been my mother
<b></b>

In any case, surprisingly, the Starlight Family didn't hold any grudges against my father.
Izan Starlight was a sharp man, and he realized Abraham could become an incredible asset.
After all, they both bore the Starlight blood
even if one came from a branch family.
Izan was terminally ill at that time.
His sons were unfit to inherit the title of Lord, and that left only one contender
his ambitious younger brother, Leonides Starlight.
Leonides had lost to Izan in the past, but now he sought the position once again after learning about his brother's illness.

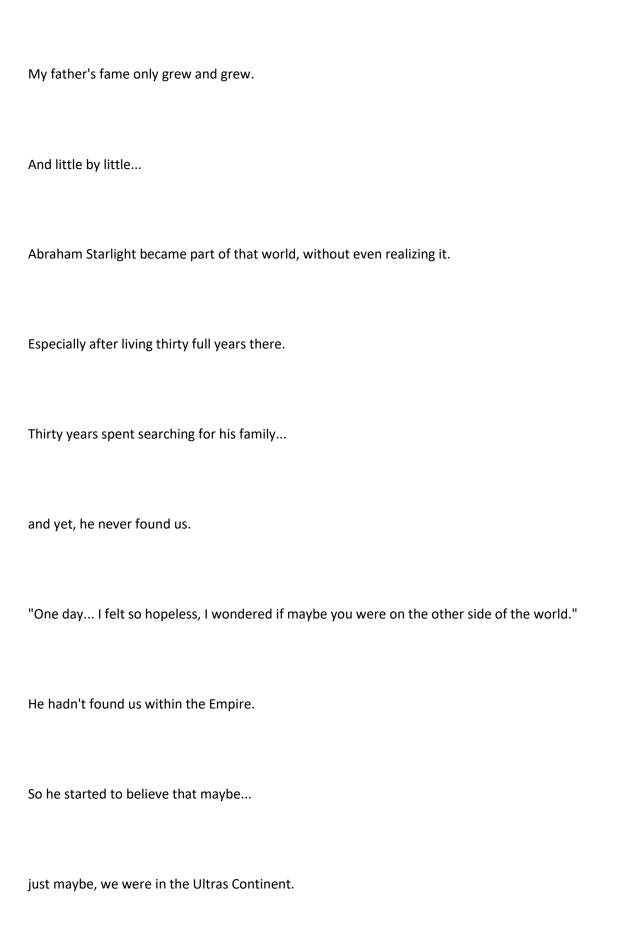


I truly respected him."
My father knew the old man wanted something from him.
But he didn't resent it.
Without even realizing it, he learned much from Izan
and benefited greatly from him.
Abraham Starlight slowly but surely became the Starlight Family's deadliest hidden weapon
without even knowing it.
At that time, as his fame continued to spread, my father tried desperately to send us a signal
To his family.

Every time he appeared publiclywhether during speeches in front of large crowds, or in broadcasts meant to be seen by all
he always tried to reach out to us, using words and phrases only we would recognize, or gestures only we could understand.
Small things
but enough to make my heart ache for the days we lived together.
Yet it was all in vain.
For years no matter how hard he triedhe received no response.
His repeated failures made him doubt whether we were even in the same world to begin with.
"I often wondered if I was the only one who reincarnated,
the only one granted a second chance at life."

He had no proof of our existence.
The only evidence he clung to was the story he once heard from me
and the Engineer's words, who had told him his son was "on the way."
"At the time, I convinced myself maybe I'd see you all someday.
Maybe it just wasn't time yet."
Maybe
if he grew stronger.
If he completed all the system's missions to the end
Maybe then he would finally meet us again.
Years passed.

One after another.
And during that time, so much happened.
"Abraham! Fight me!"
The young lord of the Moonlight Family, Drogo Moonlight—Seris' father—would often come to challenge him.
Back then, both my father and Drogo were SS+ ranks.
It was a golden age, with three SS+ level individuals in the Empire if you included Emperor Maekar Valerion.
I saw Drogo lose to my father again and again.
He challenged him ten times
and lost ten times.



It was a reckless idea, without a shred of proof
but it was possible.
"So I set off for that place."
The legends of Abraham Starlight were countless.
And this was one of them.
The day he invaded the Ultras Continentalone.
Chapter 229 Memories of the Fallen Star (6)
He crossed the Demonic Sea by himself, killing countless nightmare creatures that lurked within those waters.
And in the end
he made it to the other side.

The moment he breached their shores, he found them waiting.
The Four Lords of the Ultras.
Gavid Lindman,
Madam A,
and a tall, filthy man wearing a black mask that hid his disfigured face the former lord, Val.
Along with another figure clad in a plague doctor's robes and crow mask—
the former lord, Everblack.
Four SS level lords gathered to meet him.
"I see so you were waiting for me."

Unleashing the full pressure of his nine-star Starlight Aura, Abraham walked toward them with a face full of impatience.
The Dark Sister gleamed coldly in his grip
and without warning, he attacked.
That day, an earth-shattering battle broke out.
Abraham Starlight versus the Four Lords of the Ultras.
"I fought with the intent to kill.
But they were too damn stubborn."
Each of them wielded monstrous demonic contracts that turned their bodies into weapons beyond human limits.
And worse still

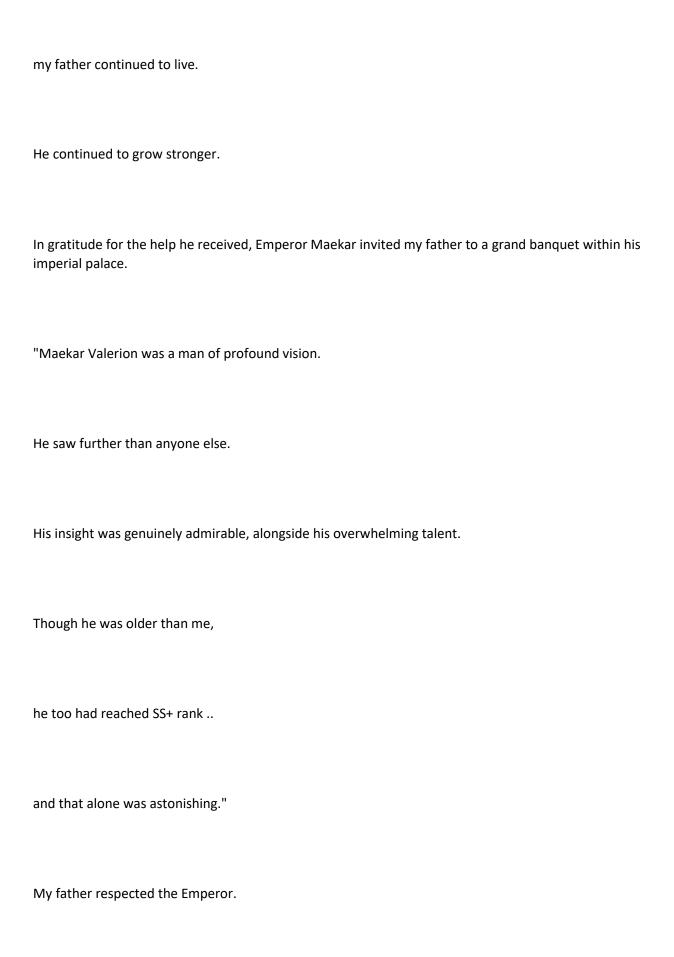


Those born with tainted blood had no future
their bodies doomed to rot away, infected by the very demonic power that ran through their veins, until they mutated into abominations.
I clenched my fists as I watched it.
This horror
was ultimately my crime too.
As the author—the creator of this world—
I bore some responsibility for what was happening there.
Those monsters that attacked my father were once humans.
Humans who had been forcibly infused with demonic blood.

Sometimes the process would succeed, creating what they called the "High-Blooded."
But those cases were exceedingly rare.
More often, the demonic blood acted as a deadly poison, killing us humans, twisting us into grotesque abominations
Into the creatures that assaulted my father without end.
Sometimes, mutations would occur turning the corrupted humans into even more horrifying monsters.
The stronger the demonic blood infused into them, the more powerful the resulting creature.
These monsters had roamed the earth for over three hundred years
I closed my eyes against the bloody battle unfolding between my father, the Lords of the Ultras, and those hideous beings.
Those monsters

They were what we now call the Nightmare Creatures.
The very creatures humanity hunted across the Empire, the same ones I had faced countless times myself.
They weren't monsters.
They were people.
Humans hunting humans
all this time.
A truth that should never be known.
My father Abraham Starlight
he knew it.
After a grueling battle against the Lords, the strongest Human Demon finally intervened

Dragoth.
He wielded one of the most powerful legendary swords in existence
the Moonlight Sword.
The aura released by that sword devoured all other forms of aura,
and even my father struggled against the onslaught as Dragoth and the four Lords surrounded him.
In the end, my father was forced to retreat
barely escaping with his life, thanks to the intervention of Maekar Valerion.
That battle only escalated the animosity between the Empire and the Ultras even further.
After that infamous incident

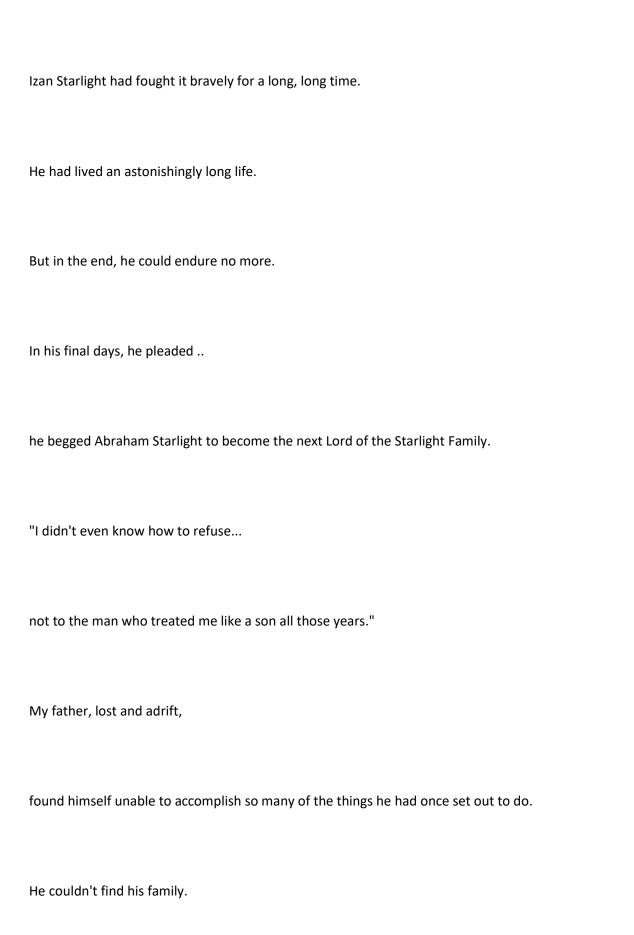


And the Emperor, in turn, was intrigued by him.
"That day, Maekar invited me to a one-on-one duel
A friendly match to strengthen our bond."
True warriors spoke with swords,
not at dining tables.
It was an unspoken rule.
And so, the duel was arranged in secret.
Only a handful of the highest-ranking officials even knew about it.
The battle lasted a long time



Yet my father never needed that sword in the first place.
The Dark Sister alone was more than enough.
His name was now on every tongue across the continent.
He had finally reached the height he sought.
But not the goal he truly desired.
He refused to give in to despair.
He had always seen this life as a gift.
"I made sure to live every day to its fullest,
out of respect for the blessings given to me."

Yet despite everything
he could never forget his family.
Even after thirty long years.
He never gave up.
He endured the hollow emptiness their absence left behind.
And then
came the meeting that changed Abraham Starlight's life forever.
"The former lord Izan Starlight had finally reached his limits."
At last surrendering to the illness that had slowly consumed him.
An illness that had no cure.



He couldn't break past the SS+ rank.	
And no matter how much he searched, he couldn't locate that mysterious Enginee	ır.
Abraham Starlight had reached a dead end.	
He stood at a crossroads where he slowly began to surrender to this new life	
and become a true part of this world.	
"I accepted."	
He accepted the offer	
to become the new Lord of the Starlight Family.	
"But there was a problem."	

Abraham Starlight did not possess the pure bloodline of the main family,
and despite his overwhelming strength and achievements, many opposed his ascension.
That was when Lord Izan Starlight made a proposal one that changed everything.
"He asked me to marry her his only daughter."
Lord Izan had many sons, but only one daughter a fragile girl who had inherited his incurable illness, leaving her so secluded that Abraham had never seen her before.
At first, my father refused.
He couldn't forget his family, no matter how many years had passed.
But under the relentless pressure of a dying man
he eventually agreed to meet her,
if only once, to judge for himself.

And so, it led to that day.	
Inside an isolated garden belonging to o	ne of the Starlight Family's main estates,
my father met her for the first time.	
She sat quietly in a wheelchair	
her legs had been paralyzed since birth.	
Her body seemed frail,	
and yet it radiated a quiet, undeniable	elegance.
When I saw her face,	
I froze.	

Just one look was enough.
I knew instantly who she was.
She was the mother of Frey Starlight.
The mother of this body I now inhabited.
Her face
She looked like a more mature version of my sister Ada
as if I were standing before her twin.
"That woman was like a blooming rose
A rose whose roots wrapped tightly around my heart, stirring emotions that had long since died within me."
I listened to my father's words,

expressionless.
"Even after all those years
She succeeded where everyone else had failed."
It was almost absurd
how one woman managed to fill the void
that had hollowed out a man like my father for over thirty years.
I didn't understand the feelings he spoke of.
Those emotions he described
I had none of them.



Anna Starlight.
The mother of Frey Starlight
I didn't even know what I was supposed to feel when I looked at her.
I watched how she met my father for the first time, how their relationship slowly built up, step by step.
"At first, I only saw her as a poor girl whom life had left unable to even walk."
Anna Starlight had been afflicted with Aura Decay Disease, a condition she inherited from her father.
She could no longer gather enough strength in her legs to walk properly.
She could barely take a few steps, and even then only with the help of others.
On top of that, being the daughter of the Lord of the family who kept her shielded from the outside world, her entire world began and ended within the confines of that mansion.

And yet even in her condition I saw that her smile never once left her face.
"I guess what I first felt toward her was curiosity How could she still smile so brightly despite everything?"
Abraham Starlight was a man who had traveled across the entire world, while Anna Starlight was a girl who had barely seen beyond her garden.
"When I first tried to introduce myself to her, she told me there was no need because she already knew everything about me."
Her father had protected her so much that he made sure to share every little detail about his life with her
And among those tales, there were many about Abraham Starlight.
Anna Starlight had become curious too after hearing all those grand stories, she wanted to see for herself what kind of man Abraham Starlight really was.
And just like that
From simple casual conversations to a friendly relationship to something much deeper.

Time passed, and Lord Izan Starlight passed away, leaving behind a will that named Abraham Starlight as his successor.
I saw my father visiting that secluded garden more and more often.
Outside, he bore the title of Lord and wielded his sword proudly.
But inside that garden, he was just a man who sat beside a woman.
Many had opposed him, chief among them Leonides Starlight, who wanted to claim the position of Lord for himself.
But my father crushed that opposition easily when he fought Leonides and broke him.
Bit by bit, my father spent more and more time with her, pushing her wheelchair around the garden
"Tell me, Abraham why do you look so empty?"
Anna asked him that question many times.

But he never knew how to answer.
"I don't know."
He had spent thirty long years chasing a goal from his previous life.
And in this life he had nothing.
He was utterly empty.
"Anna Starlight managed to understand me without me needing to utter a single word. She was so perceptive she read me like an open book."
I watched, little by little, as my father fell for her.
One day, Anna told him about her dream to see the world.
And he made that dream come true.

Without any warning, he lifted her up in his arms and took her out to see the world beyond those walls.
He soared high into the sky carrying her, while she clung tightly to him.
From that day on, he took her out every day.
Together, they traveled across the entire Empire.
The pair caught many eyes
this strange couple: a mighty man and a frail woman who couldn't even walk properly.
But who would dare touch her?
The man beside her was the strongest in the world.
Bit by bit, I saw life return to my father's face.
I saw how he laughed.

I saw how he smiled.
Those expressions were the exact mirror of my oldest memories the face he used to make when we all sat together as a family: my siblings, my mother, and I.
I should have been happy seeing him finally find a piece of salvation.
My father married her.
I heard all their conversations
How they fell in love with each other.
I even heard her happily talking about how she wanted to have two children a boy and a girl.
I listened.
And I watched it all.

I was supposed to feel happy.
My father had finally found peace after thirty long years of endless suffering and chasing an unattainable dream
A mirage he had pursued for far too long.
I was supposed to be happy for him.
But I couldn't be.
Standing there, witnessing everything,
I just couldn't.
I couldn't force myself to feel it.
Yes, I knew better than anyone what he had gone through,

The price he had paid,
The battles he had fought for us.
But even so
All I felt was suffocation.
A strange emotion that made my chest tighten without warning.
Such strange feelings.
Such incomprehensible emotions.
No matter how I looked at them,
All I could see was a happy family being slowly built from scratch.
But Father

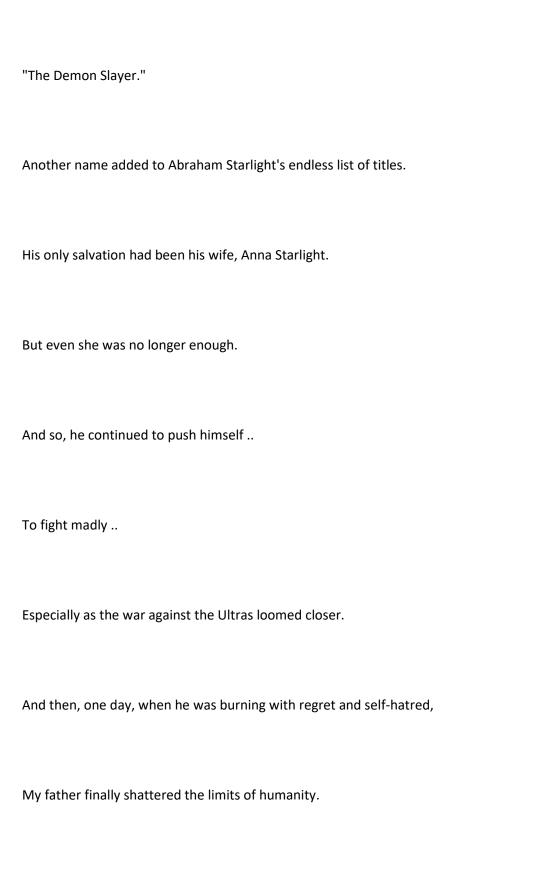
I know I have no right to say this.
And yet, what I felt at that moment
Was betrayal.
<del>.</del>
A year passed since my father married Anna Starlight.
And soon, they had their first child.
A beautiful girl who resembled her mother.
That girl was Ada.

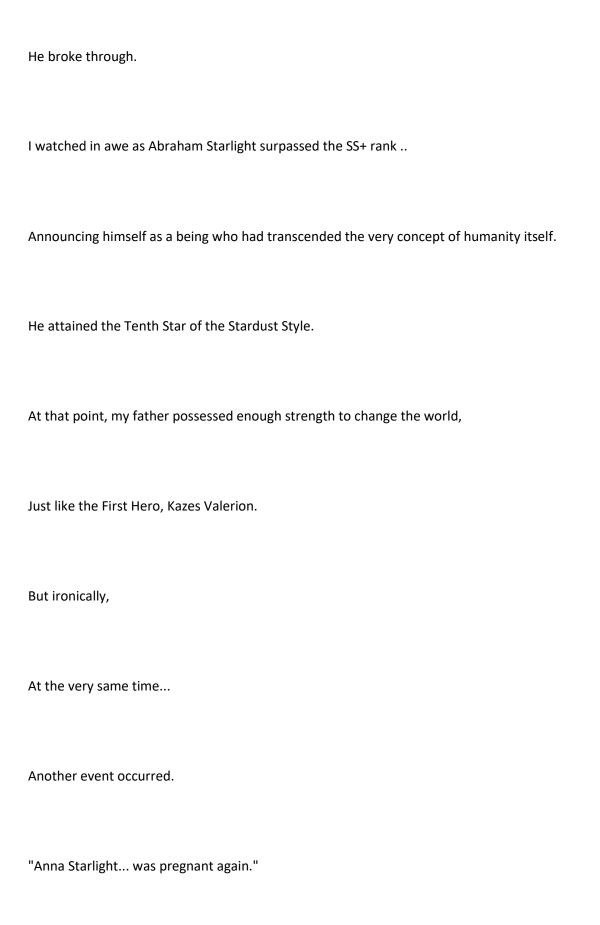
My sister grew up showered in love and affection from her mother.
As for my father, I often saw him avoiding her altogether.
"To be honest I thought I could finally forget the past, and its pain, after meeting Anna."
I heard my father's words words of a man who just wanted to escape reality, if only for a little while.
"But I couldn't. Every time I looked at her, all I could see was all of you how I held you all in my arms on the day you were born, how I watched you grow, day after day"
Ada Starlight constantly reminded him of the children he had lostOf me, and my siblings.
She was like a living embodiment of the memories he had buried deep within.
The emotions he had once pushed aside began to surge violently within him again.
How could he ever run away from a world built from the very story his own son once told him?

From the beginning, he was forced to live with his reality.
His indifference toward Ada planted seeds of negativity within her heart seeds that grew rapidly.
She thought her father hated her.
Maybe she wasn't good enough?
Maybe she had to work harder to earn his approval?
And so she did
She worked tirelessly to gain even a shred of his recognition.
While other children her age played games and laughed without a care in the world,
Ada Starlight was learning. Growing.
Trying desperately to become strong enough to make him proud.

"I saw how hard she tried"
My father saw it too.
But even when he tried to get closer to her,
He would pull away without realizing it.
Anna Starlight saw his struggles,
But she couldn't do anything, not when he never spoke the full truth to her.
Slowly but surely, Abraham Starlight was on the verge of losing not just his first family, But his second one too.
Abraham Starlight
He began to hate himself.

He blamed himself for everything.
All that negative energy, all that burning self-loathing,
He poured into relentless training and endless battles.
Training.
Fighting.
That was all he thought about.
He killed countless monsters,
And countless humans.
At that time, the Ultras lived in constant terror of him.
His sword reaped so many of them that the Dark Sister earned its infamous new title





That night, Anna Starlight told him
She was carrying his child.
At first, he didn't know how to react.
Another child another chance.
But before he could truly grasp the joy of it, another blow came.
One of the Starlight family doctors, who had been monitoring Anna's condition closely, sought him out in private
And delivered the cruelest news.
"That child must not be born,"
the doctor said.

Anna Starlight had already pushed her fragile body to its limits by giving birth to Ada.
Carrying another child would be too much
She would bleed internally, and die.
"Anna must abort the child,"
the doctor insisted.
My father
He didn't know what the right choice was.
But he knew one thing
He didn't want to lose his wife.
And so, shattered but desperate,

He agreed to the abortion.
To kill the child before it could be born.
But Anna Starlight
She refused.
She refused with a strength that belied her fragile body, Saying she would never kill her own child.
That she would rather die than do so.
Abraham didn't know what to do anymore.
But fate had even more cruelty in store for him that night.
That same night
The night Abraham Starlight would never forget

In the dark study he used as his sanctuary,
A guest arrived.
A figure cloaked in black, With glowing blue eyes.
After all these years
After all that time
They met again.
"That encounter was the final blow."