

## VILLAIN 29

Chapter 29 Exam Result

-Frey Starlight Pov-

...

After a quick warm-up, I surveyed the swarm of monsters encircling me—thirty-eight in total.

The exam was diverse, with each creature requiring a unique approach to defeat.

But that only mattered if I were weaker than them.

I suddenly recalled those novels I used to read, where heroes were transported to new worlds and forced to enroll in academies like the Temple.

Most of them faced trials just like this.

And, without exception, they all chose to hide their strength, pretending to be weak for the sake of strategy. They skulked in the shadows, claiming it was wiser to bide their time.

Then, at the perfect moment, they would reveal their true power and shock everyone.

Am I supposed to gasp and say, "Wow! The protagonist is amazing! I never saw that coming!"

What utter nonsense.

Why go through the trouble of acting weak, enduring humiliation, only to surprise everyone later?

Why not crush them from the start and spare myself the hassle?

Taking a deep breath, I unleashed my full strength.

"Phantom Step."

I surged through the battlefield, moving too fast for the eye to follow.

My first target—a rock lizard that had been crawling toward me moments ago.

With a single swing of my aura-infused blade, I reduced it to chunks of flesh.

Grinning, I moved seamlessly from one monster to the next, my speed never faltering.

"Let me show you idiots how it's really done."

A single slash severed the head of a crab abomination, and I pressed forward.

"The key isn't hiding my strength... it's hiding my trump cards."

I would obliterate everything in my path from the very start.

This world was out to kill me.

So I would make sure it understood—

Messing with me was a mistake.

The golem was tougher than I expected, but it shattered easily once I unleashed the Ten Thousand Steps of the Shadow technique.

By the time I stopped, I was standing in the middle of a blood-soaked battlefield.

Above me, the massive timer in the sky displayed my completion time—just under ten minutes.

I knew my performance would leave many in shock.

But not a single one of them would suspect that this was only a fraction of my true strength.

After all, I had that idiotic system on my side.

And Balerion.

No matter what came my way, I was prepared.

So come at me, you fools.

As I stood there, lost in my thoughts, a feminine voice brought me back to reality.

"Candidate number 5780, Frey Starlight..."

"Excellent work. You've completed your practical exam in record time. Please proceed to the next gate to continue your evaluation."

I smirked.

Of course, it was a record. I was certain I ranked among the top five, at the very least.

Even though I had designed this test myself, I only knew the protagonist's exact result. As for the others, I had only mentioned their rankings, so I wasn't sure exactly where I stood.

At best... I was second place.

First place? Impossible.

After all... the protagonist, Snow, had finished in just one minute.

I sighed, realizing I'd have to defeat him eventually.

But no matter.

I was confident I had secured my place in the Elite Class.

Beyond the fact that the main characters of this world were all there, the Elite Class came with privileges I desperately needed.

Not to mention, the entire first quarter of the story revolved around it.

When I reached the next gate, I found the two attendants from earlier waiting for me.

"Well done, Lord Frey."

I nodded.

"Thank you."

Their expressions remained unreadable, but their next words struck like a hammer.

"You performed admirably in the practical exam. Now, only the written test remains before the evaluation is complete."

The written test.

Damn it.

Why did I keep forgetting the important things?!

I smacked my forehead, realizing just how deep in trouble I was.

This damned exam revolved around this world's history, knowledge, and techniques—things I knew next to nothing about.

What the hell was I supposed to do now?

Ignoring my growing panic, the two led me to a secluded room, where a stack of papers filled with questions awaited me.

"You have one hour, Lord Frey. Best of luck."

Luck?

I was doomed.

At that moment, I recalled Ada's constant pestering—her repeated questions about whether I was prepared for the exam.

So this was what she had been talking about all along.

Damn it... If I scored too low, I might lose my spot in the Elite Class.

"What do I do...?"

Taking a deep breath, I forced myself to calm down.

Maybe—just maybe—I could figure this out using my knowledge as the author.

I glanced at the first question.

> The Alb Bear is a powerful abomination that inhabits the northern regions of the Nightmare Lands. Due to its extreme resistance to cold, it can only survive in frigid environments. This creature has been a persistent threat to humankind, attacking during snowstorms. However, humans have finally discovered its weakness.

Q1: What is the Alb Bear's weakness?

Q2: What is its classification?

Q3: What is its strongest weapon?

The moment I read the first question, I knew I was screwed.

I had never even mentioned this creature in my story! Where the hell did it come from, let alone its weaknesses?!

"This world keeps screwing with me."

Fine.

If it wanted to play games, I'd play too.

I wrote down:

Weakness: Its ass.

Hope they enjoy that answer.

I kept reading, but my hopes plummeted further as I realized the rest of the test focused on this world's technology—something I had zero knowledge of.

"I never thought I'd be turning in a blank test again... not since university."

I sighed.

At this rate, I wouldn't make it into the Elite Class.

Even though the practical exam held more weight, the written test still mattered.

Just as I was about to give up, my eyes landed on a question at the bottom—one about combat techniques and properties.

"Wait..."

Scanning the test again, I noticed several other questions—ones that piqued my interest.

"I know the answers to these."

As the creator of this world, I had put immense effort into building its power system.

Before I knew it, I had answered a significant number of questions.

"This might actually work!"

Though I couldn't answer everything, at least I wouldn't be submitting a blank sheet.

I tried recalling the original Frey's memories for help, but all I got were flashes of him harassing maids and fooling around.

"Tch... Useless bastard."

Eventually, the exam ended, and I left the room.

I had no idea what my score would be, but it certainly wasn't great.

The two attendants led me to a separate chamber.

"Normally, candidates must wait for their results, but we made an exception for you, Lord Frey."

I nodded.

"I appreciate it."

"Please wait here. Your results will be available shortly."

They left, and I was alone.

I hadn't felt this level of anxiety since university—waiting for my grades with bated breath.

The room was massive, easily the size of a small stadium.

It reminded me just how much funding the Temple received every year.

"They must be swimming in wealth."

Before I could dwell on it further, the two returned, holding a floating, transparent screen.

Without preamble, and with the same unreadable expressions as before, they announced—

"Congratulations, Lord Frey. You have been admitted into the Elite Class."

Their words were like ice water quelling the fire of my anxiety.

I exhaled in relief as I took the report.

> Frey Starlight, Candidate No. 5780

Practical Rank: 3

Theoretical Rank: 489

Final Rank: 17

Elite Class: B-9

So my written score wasn't a complete disaster.

And my practical ranking was exactly where I expected.

Looks like I landed in Class B after all.

I stared at my test report in disbelief.

The first answer was marked as correct...

Wait—was that thing's actual weakness really its ass?!

...

They're messing with me.

Fortunately, the Temple placed more emphasis on combat ability rather than theoretical knowledge. Otherwise, my ranking would have been far worse.

"Outstanding results, Lord Frey. Your combat skills, in particular, was remarkable."

"Yeah, thanks. So, when do we enter the Temple?"

I was eager—perhaps a little too eager—to see the Elite Dormitory, a place I had envisioned countless times in my mind.

"Apologies, Lord Frey, but only the regular students will be entering for now."

"What?"

What the hell were they talking about?

"The Elite Dormitory, along with the Abyss Dormitory, is isolated from the rest of the facilities. Since each one houses only a small number of students, you are free to do as you please. You won't need to enter the Temple until the official opening... which is a week from now."

"So, you're saying...?"

"Yes, Lord Frey. You are free to leave."

"Huh?"

Okay, I have to admit—I wasn't expecting this.

Was this even a thing? I don't remember writing any of this nonsense...

Who the hell is tampering with the settings of my story?!

And just like that... I found myself standing outside the examination center's gates while everyone else had already left.

Rejoice, Ada... Your brother is coming home early.

"Alright... how does this thing work again?"

I fiddled with the watch on my wrist.

Ada had given it to me before—for communication.

It was essentially a more advanced version of a smartphone.

After pressing random buttons, a three-dimensional screen popped up in front of me.

"Oh, that's cool."

Unfortunately, I had no idea how to use it.

So, I spent the next thirty minutes messing around until—finally—I managed to call Ada.

"Damn... I thought I'd be stuck forever."

The moment the call connected, Ada answered instantly.

"Frey...? That was fast. Did you finish the exam already?"

"Yeah... I need a ride."

"Huh? Did you fail?"

"The opposite. I got into the Elite Class."

"Oh... That's amazing!"

She couldn't hide the surprise in her voice.

It seemed she hadn't expected this.

"They told me I won't be starting until next week."

"Stay where you are. I'll be there soon... I didn't expect you to make it into the Elite Class, or I would've waited for you."

"Wait a second... You knew about this?"

Ada hesitated for a moment before responding.

"Yeah... but I didn't think you'd actually qualify for the Elite Class."

Sigh

"What exactly do you think I am?"

"Hehe, sorry. Anyway, I'll pick you up soon."

"Alright..."

These watches are really useful.

"Wait a minute... Now that I think about it, why didn't you guys give me one of these earlier? It would've been useful in the Nightmare Lands."

Ada tilted her head, giving me an incredulous look.

"Frey, are you trying to sound stupid?"

"What?"

"You know these don't work in isolated zones with constant fluctuations—like the Nightmare Lands."

"Oh..."

"See you later~"

With that, Ada ended the call, leaving me alone.

"I don't think I'll ever get used to this world..."

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Oclas Mountains – Starlight Family Headquarters

Leonidas tapped his fingers against his desk, each tap sending a wave of unease through Khalifa, who stood before him.

"The Mist Stalker, huh?"

Khalifa flinched at the name.

"Elder... I swear, I saw it with my own eyes!"

Leonidas scoffed.

"Spare me your nonsense. Are you telling me a mere F-rank brat survived that thing?"

Khalifa trembled, desperately trying to justify himself.

"I... I don't know how he did it. Whether it was luck or something else entirely—"

"Luck?"

Leonidas' tapping grew heavier, each sound reverberating like a death knell.

"Since when has luck been enough to survive a monstrosity that could kill both you and me?"

Khalifa shrank, his head lowering between his shoulders as he struggled to calm the enraged immortal before him.

"I apologize... I failed this time."

Leonidas shook his head.

"No. It wasn't your failure—it was mine."

"Elder..."

Just when Khalifa thought he had escaped the worst, a terrifying expression overtook Leonidas' face.

His eyes glowed with a chilling silver radiance.

"This time... I'll handle things my way."

An invisible force suddenly bound Khalifa in place.

He struggled to break free, but—

Tap.

Leonidas' fingers struck the desk once more.

A single tap.

A devastating wave of energy erupted, slicing the desk—and the entire room—clean in half.

Khalifa was caught in the destructive force.

Had he not reacted in time, he would have been split in two.

Even so, he wasn't fast enough—

His left arm was severed.

The masked man collapsed, clutching the stump of his missing limb, his screams echoing through the ruined chamber.

"Silence."

Leonidas' commanding voice was absolute.

Despite the searing pain, Khalifa clenched his teeth and obeyed.

"Remember this, Khalifa... I have no use for disappointments. Next time, you won't be able to dodge."

Khalifa could only bow his head to the ground in submission.

"Now, get out of my sight."

The moment the invisible restraints vanished, Khalifa activated his teleportation ability—vanishing from the ruined office.

Leonidas' silver eyes gleamed.

"Frey Starlight... Let's see how you survive this time."