

## VILLAIN 31

### Chapter 31 The Temple

- Frey Starlight Pov -

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"Huff..."

I took a deep breath, my gaze drifting over my battle-worn body.

"Haha... I look like a mess."

Superficial wounds, nothing fatal—yet injuries I should have avoided.

Life-or-death battles demanded absolute focus, total immersion in the fight.

But my mind had been elsewhere. How many times had I frozen at the sight of my opponents' corpses hitting the ground?

Fortunately, they weren't far above my level. If a B-rank assassin—or worse—had caught me in that state, I'd be the one lying dead right now.

"Kill unnecessary emotions."

I slapped myself and pressed forward.

"Mages are far more dangerous than I expected... When I was transported to that separate dimension, I couldn't stop it."

I had no defenses against magic spells—that was a disaster.

"I need to do something about that..."

Suddenly, a sharp pain shot through my head.

I clutched my skull, struggling to make sense of it.

A searing agony ripped through my body, forcing me to one knee.

"What the hell is happening?!"

Then I noticed it—one of the gashes on my arm was oozing with a thick, green liquid.

"Is that... poison?"

The pain intensified, the world spinning around me.

Damn it... Were those bastards' daggers coated with venom?

"What an idiot I am..."

They were assassins. Of course, they'd try to kill me, not just defeat me.

Damn it.

My reckless fighting had left me riddled with wounds—far too many for comfort. The poison had to be flooding my veins by now.

I cursed, gritting my teeth against the nausea and blinding pain.

"I have to do something."

Without hesitation, I pulled out my personal device.

Luckily, I had a solution.

I immediately purchased a new talent.

[Poison Resistance] – 2000 Achievement Points

Current Achievement Points: 6700

Damn this system...

The first talent cost me 500.

The second, 1000.

And now this one demanded 2000?!

The cost kept doubling every time.

I had no choice. I accepted the purchase, and as soon as I did, a new talent appeared alongside my others.

It felt like a piece of my very essence had been ripped away.

Seconds later, exhaustion swallowed me whole, and I collapsed into darkness.

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A soft breeze brushed against my face as my senses slowly returned.

When I opened my eyes, a familiar ceiling greeted me.

"Welcome back."

How many times had I woken up to this sight?

Smirking, I pushed myself up, finding myself in the bed—the very place where it all began.

Bandages wrapped tightly around my body, covering my wounds.

A sluggish heaviness settled over me, confirming I'd been unconscious for a while.

Just then, Ada entered the room, her face lined with concern.

"Frey... You're awake."

"Yeah... How long was I out?"

She hesitated at first but sat beside me when she saw I was fine.

"This is the sixth day."

"Shit."

I shot up immediately.

"That means the opening ceremony is tomorrow!"

Ada rushed toward me, alarmed by my sudden movement.

"Frey, you're still injured! What are you doing?!"

But she froze as I unwrapped my bandages, revealing my completely healed body—flawless, not a single scar left behind.

Since the incident with the Shadow Sect, my recovery had become unnaturally fast.

I grinned, extending my hand.

"See? I'm perfectly fine."

"Unbelievable..."

Ada hesitated, her eyes scanning my once-wounded skin. She even touched the areas where my injuries had been—only to find nothing.

I slipped on a black, long-sleeved shirt and sat beside my sister.

Now that she was convinced I was truly healed, she no longer hesitated. She finally asked the question I had been expecting.

"Frey, what happened? I found you unconscious, surrounded by corpses... At first, the doctors shocked me when they said you'd been poisoned. Then I heard you have poison resistance... None of this makes any sense."

I let out a quiet sigh.

It was only a matter of time before the world started noticing my talents.

I had been seen as talentless for so long—of course, reactions like this were inevitable.

For the next half hour, I explained everything to Ada—how I had been ambushed and what had happened after.

As for my poison resistance, I simply told her I had awakened it recently.

"So... someone wants you dead."

I chuckled at her words.

"Who would want me dead? The answer is obvious, Ada... There's only one damn old man who would pull something like this."

Ada placed a hand under her chin, deep in thought.

"Well, I wouldn't be so sure... Frey, a lot of people want you dead."

"Oh."

For a moment, I was reminded of who originally owned this body—Frey, the bastard.

But he hadn't even done that many terrible things yet... Was there really such a long list of people who wanted me gone?

"But I do agree with you... Leonidas is the most likely suspect."

I nodded.

"Did you find any evidence?"

She shook her head.

"No, they were professionals... They left no trace behind."

She paused for a second before continuing.

"But I already informed Lady Carmen. She'll handle things from here."

I sighed, rubbing my temples.

"I hope she does..."

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Oclas Mountains – Starlight Family Headquarters

Leonidas's office was thrown into chaos as the doors exploded inward, crashing violently against the wall behind him.

Yet, the old man didn't even flinch.

He barely raised his head before his gaze met Carmen's—her cold, piercing eyes locked onto him like a predator sizing up its prey.

Then, she struck.

"Hey, old man... Care to explain what the hell happened?"

Leonidas's response was indifferent, almost dismissive.

"Explain what?"

"You know exactly what I mean."

He shook his head.

"How would I know if you don't tell me?"

Carmen slammed her hands onto his desk with enough force to nearly splinter it. She leaned in, close enough to feel his breath, her tone dripping with mockery.

"How long do you plan to keep playing these games, old man? A whale like you, trying to swim in a fish tank... Haven't you had enough?"

Leonidas remained unreadable, his expression carved from stone.

"As I said... I have no idea what you're talking about."

Carmen's temper was infamous, and Leonidas's nonchalance only fueled the fire.

"I'm talking about Frey, dammit!" she snapped. "He abandoned his position, walked into hell itself, and barely made it back... So tell me—"

She grabbed the old man by his collar.

"Why the hell are you still after him?!"

For a moment—a fleeting second—Leonidas's eyes darkened.

A memory surfaced.

Himself, collapsed on the ground. Defeated. Humiliated.

Before him stood a man in his early thirties.

A closer look revealed the resemblance—Frey's face, but older.

Or rather, Frey's father.

The man gripped a massive sword, his black, vortex-like eyes swallowing Leonidas whole, stripping him of every ounce of pride.

The scene was burned into his mind.

Leonidas had vowed never to crumble again.

With a sharp motion, he shoved Carmen's hand away.

"For the last time... I don't know what you're talking about."

Carmen took a step back, a mocking smirk curling her lips.

"Still clinging to that inferiority complex against your brother's family?"

Just words—yet the sheer pressure that erupted from Leonidas's body was heavier than any blade.

His voice rumbled like distant thunder.

"Carmen."

"Watch your mouth."

Carmen studied him, intrigued.

Both of them were masters of the Stardust Technique.

Both were the only living practitioners to reach the seventh level of it .

Both held the rank of S+.

In other words, they were equals.

But Leonidas was older.

And no one knew what he was truly capable of.

Knowing this, Carmen chose her battles wisely.

"Fine, fine... No need to get all worked up."

She turned to leave.

But just before stepping out, she paused.

"Leonidas... Our time is over. Step aside for the next generation. Either that..."

Her gaze sharpened.

"Or find a whale your own size to fight."

Leonidas understood the warning hidden beneath her words.

Once Carmen left, silence filled the room.

A single strike of his fist reduced his newly replaced desk to dust.

"Damn it."

He hadn't expected Frey to survive.

That strike team was more than enough to take down a B-rank.

And yet, a D-rank child had walked away alive.

Was someone backing him from the shadows?

That was the only logical explanation.

Now, Frey was about to enter the Temple—beyond Leonidas's reach, under constant surveillance.

The old lion sat there, his mind racing.

First, his brother—Izan Starlight, the Second Lord.

Then, the third—Abraham Starlight.

And now, Frey.

His fist clenched tightly.

"I won't fail this time."

His resolve remained unshaken.

The battle against Frey was far from over.

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- Frey Starlight Pov -

I stood before a colossal gate.

No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't suppress my awe.

Towering walls stretched skyward, with a shimmering, transparent barrier forming a dome over them.

A dome that protected a sacred place—a city in its own right.

At last...

I had arrived at the Temple.

Today had been a series of shocks.

First, stepping into Belgrade, the capital where the temple resided.

Then, witnessing the Aerial Tramlines—massive trains suspended in the air, weaving through every corner of the vast metropolis.

And now, standing before the temple's entrance, on the verge of a new beginning.

The place was massive. Even from where I stood, I could see dozens of skyscrapers piercing the sky.

Ahead, an endless line of students moved forward, each undergoing rigorous security checks before being granted entry.

But I?

I had no reason to wait.

After bidding my sister farewell, I walked straight to the front.

Because I was one of the elite.

A towering man with a sharp gaze blocked my path.

His sheer presence was suffocating.

The fact that I couldn't sense anything from him only meant one thing—

He was leagues above me.

"Name."

A single, cold word.

"Frey Starlight."

For a split second, his expression shifted.

But just as quickly, it vanished.

With effortless precision, he tapped away at a holographic tablet in his hand.

A strange sight. Like a gorilla in a suit, flipping through digital documents.

Finally, he nodded.

"Frey Starlight. Elite Class. Rank B-9."

After confirming my identity, he gestured forward.

"This way."

Without hesitation, I stepped inside.

At last...

I had entered the Temple.