

VILLAIN 34

Chapter 34 Damn Main Character's

-Frey Starlight Pov-

"Go to your class..."

I moved instinctively toward the group on the left, my steps almost mechanical.

My eyes swept over them, my mind racing to match the faces before me with the characters I had spent countless hours imagining. I studied their features, their builds—every single detail.

They were the masterpieces I had created.

And now, they stood before me.

One by one, I recognized them. But then, my gaze locked onto a particular figure.

To my surprise... he was looking at me too.

He stood at the front, his expression unreadable. A crisp white jacket contrasted with his black jeans, and his stark white hair gleamed—cleaner than my entire existence. His golden eyes shimmered under the light, sharp features sculpted with an effortless elegance that would make any girl weak at the knees.

A guy so striking, he'd make even the top Korean idols cry in a corner.

He was different. Unique.

Most of the main characters were inspired by my friends, their personalities mirroring their real-life counterparts.

But not him.

Snow—the protagonist. He was a character I had based on myself. Or rather, the version of myself I wished I could be.

Everything I had ever aspired to was embodied in the man standing before me.

I couldn't stop staring.

Of course, he was perceptive. He noticed immediately and responded instinctively to my lingering gaze.

He must have taken it as some kind of challenge, because the next moment, a wave of aura washed over me, forcing my head to turn away.

"That bastard... he actually did it."

I was about to respond when a crushing pressure suddenly descended upon me, originating from the girl standing at the front.

"I appreciate your enthusiasm, but I'd be grateful if you saved it for when class actually starts, alright?"

She was petite, with white hair and delicate features, but the authority in her voice betrayed her youthful appearance.

Recognizing her was easy. After all, she was the only one with such a distinct presence.

Placing a hand elegantly over her chest, she introduced herself.

"Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Ellen White, President of the Elite Student Council. A pleasure to meet you all~"

I fell silent instinctively. After all, I had no intention of provoking someone with both a volatile temper and overwhelming strength.

"Hah?! A tiny girl like you is the president? What kind of joke is this?"

Ah, here we go...

A towering young man stepped forward—broad-shouldered, long black hair cascading down his back, sharp features set into a scowl. His physique was built to perfection, exuding raw power.

I chuckled the moment I saw him.

Ragna Cloud—one of the most unhinged characters I had ever written.

Striding forward, he raised his voice at the girl standing before him.

"Listen up, little lady. Step aside and quit the nonsense. If you're the president, then I'm the damn headmaster of this place."

Ragna shoved past her, scratching his head as he grumbled,

"Damn it... making me stand in line for some tiny girl? Are they messing with me?"

I held back a laugh, waiting for what was to come next.

You really shouldn't have done that, Ragna...

I watched as irritation flickered across Ellen's face, like a volcano on the verge of eruption.

She looked almost adorable, like a child whose candy had just been stolen.

But appearances could be deceiving.

Ellen's lips curled into a chilling smile before her voice rang out.

"First things first... kneel."

A single command.

A pulse of sound rippled through the air before slamming into Ragna just as he was about to ascend the stairs.

I watched in awe.

This was wind's superior property—sound.

Ragna collapsed to his knees, his entire body crushed beneath an invisible force.

His muscles strained, veins bulging as he fought against the pressure. But it was futile.

Ellen approached him slowly, step by step, until she stood beside him. With him forced to his knees, she was finally taller. That seemed to satisfy her.

She reached out, playfully stroking his cheek, her smirk widening.

"Look at this adorable little boy I found. Aren't you just precious? Big sis will take good care of you~"

"Hah?!"

Ragna's roar was filled with rage, his forehead veins pulsing dangerously.

His body erupted with a destructive aura, a desperate attempt to break free. But every word from Ellen only increased the crushing weight pressing down on him.

It was as if he were being buried beneath a mountain.

"Is the little boy mad? Is he mad?"

Ellen chuckled, ruffling his hair as if he were a child.

"I'll give you some candy, so don't be upset, alright?"

"You damn bitch!"

Ragna bit down on his lip so hard that a thin trickle of blood dripped from his chin.

With sheer determination, he slammed his foot against the ground, pushing himself up onto one knee. Even Ellen raised an eyebrow at that.

"What did you just say, you bitch? A child? I'll crush your tiny skull!"

The fact that he was resisting such overwhelming pressure was impressive.

But the show was about to end.

Ellen simply tapped his forehead and whispered,

"Sleep."

A single word.

A sonic wave pulsed into Ragna's skull, like a hundred war drums pounding beside his ears.

He collapsed, unconscious.

"These rude little brats..."

Ellen sighed. Despite her petite frame, she was already in her sixth year—five years older than the rest of us.

And she had just taken down one of the strongest talents here with two words.

Not surprising. She was powerful enough to leave the temple and carve a place for herself in this world.

She was about to continue when a girl stepped forward.

"Could you let this one slide... Miss Ellen?"

Ellen turned her attention to the girl, and I did the same.

Because I didn't recognize her.

But I had a vague idea of who she was.

She had wavy golden hair and luminous golden eyes.

Stunningly beautiful, her pale skin flawless, her figure elegant.

She stood before Ellen, defending Ragna.

"He's part of my class, so I take responsibility. My apologies."

Ellen's expression softened as a radiant smile spread across her lips.

"What are you saying?! How could I ever be mad at my dear princess?!"

All hostility vanished, replaced by warm affection, as she pulled the girl into a hug.

But there was no doubt about it.

This girl was the anomaly.

The Joker in the deck.

The princess who was supposed to die... and yet, here she was, alive.

I wondered how much damage that would do to the story.

After exchanging a few words, the princess returned to her place. Ellen followed suit, while Ragna's unconscious body was dragged away.

The rest of us simply watched in silence, too wary to speak—none of us wanted to be next.

"Ah~ Ah~ Sorry, sorry! Please forget what you just saw~"

Ellen clapped her hands together playfully before continuing, her smile cheerful as if nothing had happened.

"Alright, alright! A new year in the Elite Dormitory! But this year will be different, won't it?"

She paused before adding,

"You are the elite of the elite, the strongest talents in this world. Be proud of that."

Clapping her delicate hands together, she grinned.

"Typically, Class A is given priority over Class B—as you all know. But this year, things are different. And the reason is simple... step forward."

Ellen motioned toward both Class A and Class B. At her command, two figures stepped forward—a young man and a young woman.

The first was the princess from earlier.

The second was a young man who mirrored her perfectly—golden hair, radiant golden eyes.

The prince... Aegon Valerion.

"And for the first time in years, we have members of the royal family in the elite class! An exception was made by order of the Emperor himself!"

"This time, Class A and Class B are equal. The talent has been evenly divided. Prince Aegon Valerion will lead Class A, while Princess Sansa Valerion will lead Class B."

Ellen's excitement was palpable as she declared,

"This is a war between classes! Compete, fight, and collect as many points as possible! The winning class will receive countless privileges... and the victor will take a decisive step toward the throne. So give it your all!"

Sansa Valerion nodded with a blank expression, while Aegon mirrored her gesture with a friendly smile.

As for me? I could only frown.

Not long after barely escaping death, the Joker card was already interfering with my story.

In this world, gender or age held no priority when it came to succession—only the most capable would claim the throne. And now, it seemed they had dragged even the temple into their petty power struggle.

The main characters, who were supposed to be gathered in a single class, had been split into two.

Class A, which should have been far superior to Class B, had somehow become its equal.

"Damn it."

A headache pulsed at my temples. Chaos. My story had descended into utter chaos.

What would happen next? I had no idea. But for better or worse... we were heading into the unknown.

Lost in my thoughts, I barely registered Ellen's voice as she continued speaking.

"Your rooms are ready. The building layout is in your card, so check it later. Your school uniforms are also inside your rooms—so take a look~"

A school uniform? Great. Now they were going to force me into some high school outfit.

After a few parting words, Ellen and her entourage left, finally allowing me to breathe.

Around me, the others had already started forming groups—leaving me out of the picture.

They were fast.

In the distance, I spotted Adriana, the girl who had run away from me earlier. She flinched the moment our eyes met.

I sighed. I'm not going to bite you, you know...

At first, I assumed I'd be left alone, but unexpectedly, a familiar face approached with a playful smile.

"Hey there, cousin~"

A girl with white hair and black eyes—the unmistakable traits of the Starlight family.

I frowned.

"Clana?! What are you doing here?"

Instead of answering, she chuckled and pulled out a familiar black card.

"What am I doing here? Obviously, I came to my class. After all, I am part of the elite~"

Her name and rank gleamed in golden letters on the card: Clana Starlight, Class B-5.

She outranked me.

But... did a character like her even belong in the elite class? Did I ever write something like this?

Tilting her head, she smirked.

"What's wrong? Did you think you'd be the only one to make it into the elite?"

Rather than being annoyed by how she had closed the distance between us, I decided to play along.

"Honestly? I'm surprised. After all, I don't see Aemond anywhere..."

I expected her to be irritated. She did freeze for a second, but to my surprise, she simply laughed.

"My foolish brother ended up in the Abyss. Looks like he wasn't quite elite material after all~"

"That's a harsh way to talk about your twin brother. Almost makes me feel bad for him."

She merely chuckled in amusement.

"Don't bother, Frey. I don't care about that family, so provoking me is pointless~"

"Oh really? Hard to believe, considering your father tried to kill me, and your brother would love nothing more than to see me dead..."

Despite my pointed words, she leaned in closer.

"Relax. I'm not like my father or my foolish brother... There are very few things in this world that actually interest me~"

She reached out, placing her slender hand on my chest.

"And it seems... you've managed to catch my interest~"

A slight shiver ran through me, but I kept my poker face intact.

"What are you even talking about? Are you messing with me?"

"Not at all~ How could I ignore someone who survived an entire year in the Nightmare Lands? That alone was enough to stir my little heart~"

I instinctively took a few steps back.

Wait... am I being cornered by a 17-year-old girl right now?!

Judging by her growing smirk, she was thoroughly enjoying this. But then, just as quickly, her expression shifted.

"It looks like our little chat ends here. After all, you have a rather important visitor~"

Clana stepped aside, making way for someone else.

What now?

I tensed as I saw the Joker card approaching—Princess Sansa Valerion.

Clana gave her a slight bow before leaving, abandoning me to face the princess alone.

I had no idea how to react. Should I bow? Say something?

I didn't know much about her, except for one thing—she was supposed to be Frey's childhood friend. The one fated to die by his hands.

Sansa, however, ignored any formalities and greeted me casually.

"Hello... Frey."

Was our relationship really that friendly?

Trying to match her tone, I nodded.

"Hello."

"It's been a while... You've gotten much taller."

Under the watchful eyes of the crowd, she stepped closer—so close that there was barely any space between us.

I had no idea how to respond. At first, I assumed she shared a close bond with Frey, but her next move proved how naïve I still was.

Without warning, she grabbed my collar and pulled me down until our faces were nearly touching—so close that I could feel her warm breath against my skin.

Gasps erupted from the onlookers, but I remained frozen, waiting for her next move.

With an unreadable expression, she leaned in and whispered coldly:

"I know everything, Frey. We're in the same class now, so remember this—I'm watching you. Don't even think about making a stupid move... or don't be surprised by what happens next."

I locked eyes with her—Sansa Valerion.

Was she... threatening me?

It seems my expression betrayed me when I laughed in her face.

"I wouldn't mind being watched by a beautiful girl like you," I said lightly, "but don't get too close. As you said, we never know what might happen, right?"

Gently, I pried her hand off and stepped back.

"My hands are clean."

I raised them slightly in mock surrender.

Sansa's expression remained unreadable.

I had no desire to engage in a cold war with the daughter of the strongest living human, so without hesitation, I turned and walked away.

For now... I'd had enough of dealing with these damn main characters.

As I left, I failed to notice the golden-eyed figure watching me intently from the shadows.

Unbeknownst to me... I had already stepped into the spotlight.

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I let out a long sigh as I exited the building. Everything was a mess.

Pulling up my smartwatch, I accessed the class database. A detailed list of Class A and Class B appeared before me.

Class A:

A1: Snow Lionheart

A2: Ghost Umbra

A3: Aegon Valerion

A4: Dawn Polaris

A5: Scarite Sunlight

A6: Evan Sunlight

...

A10: Aron Smith

Class B:

B1: Seris Moonlight

B2: Sansa Valerion

B3: Ragna Cloud

B4: Danzo Smasher

B5: Clana Starlight

...

B9: Frey Starlight

"Everything has changed... The events are veering into the unknown."

I clenched my fists, reminding myself why I was here.

"Calm down... I don't have to worry about what happens to this world. I just have to do what I must."

With that, I walked away from the elite dormitory.

For now... I needed to get as far away from these damn main characters as possible.