

VILLAIN 39

Chapter 39 The True Face of Frey Starlight.

-Frey starlight Pov-

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After the commotion caused by Snow, everything proceeded smoothly.

One by one, everyone took the same test.

Snow wasn't the only remarkable one—several students possessed more than one element—but he was the only one who displayed three.

I wasn't particularly interested. As the author of this world, I knew everything.

What truly caught my attention was the princess. She was the only mystery here.

Like me, she was an anomaly—an extra who shouldn't exist in this world.

After Seris Moonlight revealed her affinity for water, it was finally Princess Sansa's turn.

Let's see what you've got, Princess.

Her father and brother both wielded fire, having even advanced to its superior form—lightning.

Naturally, I assumed she would have something similar, or perhaps light, like her ancestors.

That was my expectation. Reality, however, had other plans.

The princess stepped forward, her wavy blonde hair cascading over her shoulders, and placed her delicate hand on the device.

Instantly, an ink-black darkness spread, consuming the crystal in an abyssal void.

From the side, Alexander Fleming made a brief remark.

"Dark affinity. Very good. You may return to your seat."

Sansa gave a slight nod before walking away.

As for me, I was left utterly baffled.

In House Valerion's 300-year history, not a single child had ever been born with an affinity other than light or fire.

Yet she defied everything, possessing darkness instead.

I muttered under my breath.

"Just like me."

Frey Starlight was treated as a disgrace to his family.

Perhaps the same fate awaited Sansa.

Where the hell did this character even come from?

I never liked dealing with the unknown.

But now, I had no choice.

After the test, everyone returned to their seats as Professor Fleming began his lecture.

He was animated, gesturing dramatically with every word, his passion for teaching undeniable.

Even I found myself drawn into his explanation.

"Affinities! Yes, the very elements we are all born with..."

He wrote six words across the massive blackboard before continuing.

"Humanity is still far from fully understanding the complexities of aura. It's like exploring the depths of the ocean."

Rubbing his hands together, he posed a question.

"Now... can anyone tell me where these elements come from?"

Fleming's gaze swept across the room. No one spoke, but I noticed two students hesitating.

They half-raised their hands before lowering them, uncertain of their answer.

One was Adriana, unsurprisingly. The other was likely one of Class A's top students.

Seeing their hesitation, Fleming smiled.

"It's fine if you don't answer. It's a complicated subject."

He drew the outline of a human body—simple, yet effective.

Then, he shaded the interior with a radiant white.

"Let's say this represents aura."

"Every one of us is born with this energy within our bodies, though its quantity varies from person to person~"

"Now, does an affinity naturally come with this aura? The answer is no."

He picked up multiple colored chalks and drew small circles around the body—each color representing a different element.

"Elements aren't born within us. They come from nature itself. They are here, there, everywhere."

He gestured randomly around the room.

"To be more specific, these atmospheric particles serve as the seeds that give birth to the elements you rely on so much. They are called Sero."

Fleming then drew arrows from the floating particles to the body.

"The key lies here—our internal energy acts as a magnet. It naturally resonates with a specific type of Sero in the atmosphere, drawing it in."

"Aura + Sero = Element."

"Simple, isn't it?"

He chuckled, but the students' reactions varied.

Some nodded in understanding. Others looked indifferent.

Then there were those who were completely lost—like the muscleheads Ragna and Danzo.

Fleming continued, addressing an important point.

"I know what you're all thinking. This process isn't entirely random. Factors like heredity play a role. If one of your parents wields light, for example, your chances of developing that affinity increase."

He paused before pointing at me and the princess.

"Of course, it's not absolute. We have Sansa Valerion and Frey Starlight as living proof."

That bastard... Was he deliberately drawing attention to how our affinities contradicted our family legacies?

Fleming carried on as if nothing had happened.

I wasn't particularly bothered by being singled out for possessing darkness. If anything, it was the reason I had mastered the Ten Thousand Steps of Shadow technique.

But that didn't mean I enjoyed being toyed with.

Alexander Fleming... messing with me is a terrible idea.

Sansa, on the other hand, remained indifferent, her expression as apathetic as ever.

The professor was about to continue when he noticed that class time had already ended.

"Well, well, it seems that's the end of our fascinating discussion. Next time, we'll talk about higher-tier element's, so look forward to it~"

I didn't bother listening to his closing remarks—I was already out of the room.

Checking my schedule, I found my next class: another lecture.

"Combat Positions and Fighting Styles."

I sighed.

I hate school.

I was making my way down the hall when I sensed someone approaching from behind.

Turning, I saw a girl with white hair walking beside me.

"Hello, Frey~"

"...Clana? What do you want?"

With that same mischievous smile that always sent a shiver down my spine, she closed the distance, wrapping her arms around mine.

"We're family, so it's only natural for us to walk to class together, don't you think?"

I glanced at my arm, currently trapped between her chest.

"I don't mind, but... are you sure you want to be this close?"

"Why? Are you going to do something to me?"

I turned away with a neutral expression.

"Maybe."

She must have been waiting for that answer because she clung to me even tighter.

"Then go ahead... I don't mind~"

"..."

I remained silent against her provocation.

Expressionless, I kept walking, ignoring her grip.

"What's wrong, Frey? Changed your mind?~"

At that moment, I stopped.

"As you wish."

I shoved her against the wall and leaned in.

She was about to speak, but I grabbed her chin, forcing her to look at me.

"W-Wait, Frey, I—"

"Don't speak."

Her eyes widened as I brought my face closer.

"Clana... you're trembling."

I felt her body shake.

That teasing, playful demeanor disappeared, replaced by the expression of a startled girl.

"How cute."

I was about to steal a kiss when she pushed against my chest, forcing me to step back.

Seeing her reaction, I laughed.

"What's wrong? Didn't you say you wanted this? Why stop now?"

Her lips trembled as she lowered her head, stepping away.

"I... didn't think you'd actually do it."

"Of course I would. Did you think I'd just stand there blushing like an idiot?"

At my words, she shrank even further.

Raising my hands in surrender, I backed off.

"Luckily for you, I'm a gentleman, so I'll stop here. But don't expect others to do the same. So don't pull a stunt like that again."

She merely nodded before hurrying away.

"...Tsk."

That's the second time a girl has run away from me.

Not that I cared.

If the situation repeated itself, I'd do the same thing again. I mean, seriously—

What kind of man just stands there doing nothing when a girl throws herself at him?

As I made my way to class, I answered my own question.

A castrated one.

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This time, I found my way to class without getting lost.

The room was much smaller than the previous lecture hall—naturally, since this session was exclusive to Class B.

I made my way inside, choosing the last seat in one of the rows, keeping my distance from everyone else.

Clana was there too.

But she didn't dare look at me.

Good. Hopefully, this teaches her not to mess with me again.

A few minutes passed, and soon, the rest of the students arrived, taking their seats as we waited for the professor.

Then the door opened, and for the first time today, I found myself genuinely surprised.

A woman entered.

Long, flowing violet hair. A mature, curvaceous figure. Features so alluring they seemed almost unnatural.

Her gaze swept across the entire room before she made her way to the desk.

Wait... this is Professor Sophia?!

What the hell was she doing here?

I quickly averted my eyes as realization dawned upon me.

Sophia... In the original story, she was Class A's main instructor.

Yet somehow, she was standing here now—teaching Class B instead.

What the hell is going on?

The room erupted in hushed whispers, especially among the boys.

And honestly? Who could blame them?

Class B had its fair share of beauties—Seris, Sansa, and others—but Sophia was something else entirely.

Seris was beautiful.

Sophia was Sexy.

Not the same thing.

She had a level of maturity that the other girls in class simply lacked—the kind of presence that made it hard to look away. The closest comparison would be Carmen.

If I wasn't mistaken, she was in her late twenties.

Which, unfortunately for me, was very close to my mental age.

Troublesome.

Seated at her desk, Sophia casually tapped her fingers against the surface.

A simple motion.

Yet, it sent a wave of pressure rippling through the room, silencing everyone in an instant.

"The elite class is quite lively this year."

Her voice was smooth, rich—undeniably intoxicating—as she scanned the students once more.

A glimmer flashed through her violet eyes.

After a few moments, she smiled.

"Interesting... I see a few unpolished gems here. Some of you... I can't even see through."

She nodded, seemingly pleased, then stood up and moved to the front of the class.

"Let's skip the pointless introductions. My name is Sophia, an S-Class Awakener. From now on, I'll be in charge of this class."

Turning to the board, she began writing.

"Today's lesson is about Centers—starting with the Swordsman's Center. If this is your Center, you'll learn a lot. If it's not, you'll still benefit, as understanding it may help you in future encounters."

Then, flashing a playful smile, she added,

"So, pay close attention~"

And just like that, the lesson began.

Naturally, my eyes were drawn to her.

Tch. Damn you, Fleming... this is how professors should be.

An hour passed in the blink of an eye.

As Sophia wrapped up the lesson, she made an announcement.

"That's all for now. From this point forward, we'll be focusing on practical training. You have one hour to gather in the training grounds. See you there."

With that, she left, leaving the classroom buzzing with conversation.

Since I had no reason to stay, I stood up to leave—

Only for a hand to slam against my desk.

Looking up, I found myself face-to-face with the same blonde-haired bastard who had been glaring at me earlier.

"Well, well... if it isn't the famous Frey Starlight."

Behind him stood two others.

One was a hulking figure with sharp, rugged features and steel-gray hair. The other was a lean young man with striking green hair and narrow eyes.

"What do you want?" I asked, already out of patience.

I knew exactly who they were.

Feyrith Earlet, B-7.

Kyle Walker, B-8.

Jan Dover, B-10.

I wasn't familiar with their backgrounds, but I knew enough.

Feyrith smirked.

"Why so hostile, Frey? Aren't we friends?"

"...Friends?"

I frowned.

So this blonde-haired bastard was Feyrith Earlet.

If this guy was supposedly Frey's old friend, then it wasn't hard to guess what kind of person he would be.

"That's right. We're friends... don't tell me you've forgotten me?"

At this point, it was obvious they hadn't come with good intentions.

Deciding to humor them, I leaned back in my chair.

"Apologies. I have a terrible memory."

Feyrith sighed dramatically.

"How tragic. The fallen lord Frey Starlight has forgotten me. What ever shall I do?"

I raised an eyebrow.

Fallen lord?

Ah.

He must be referring to the fact that I lost my title to my sister.

So that was why he was acting so arrogant.

I let out a dry chuckle.

"Be careful with that fallen lord, my friend."

Hearing my warning, Feyrith's expression darkened. He was about to say something—

When a calm voice interrupted.

"Could you all stop this? We're still in the classroom."

Sansa.

For a brief moment, Feyrith flinched upon meeting the princess's gaze.

But he quickly regained his composure, puffing out his chest as he spoke.

"This isn't a fight. This is necessary for the sake of the class."

Neither I nor Sansa had any idea what he was talking about.

But he wasn't done.

Pointing at me, he continued his grandstanding.

"If we want to defeat Class A, we need to unite as one. And to do that, we must eliminate all lies, starting with this guy!"

I scowled.

What the hell was this idiot saying?

Some students chuckled at his ridiculous proclamation, but Feyrith pressed on.

"Frey Starlight here claims to have survived for an entire year in the Nightmare Lands. Can you believe that?"

Ah.

So that was it.

He wanted to challenge my credibility.

Naturally, his words drew attention.

After all, the story of my survival in the Nightmare Lands was well known.

"To set things straight, we need to expose all the lies—starting with him."

He pointed at me with exaggerated flair.

"How can I trust someone who spouts such nonsense? In the first place, how could a weakling like him survive there? Personally, I think Frey should stand before the class and—"

Feyrith never got to finish that sentence.

By then, my fist—shrouded in black aura—was already flying toward his face.

I was far faster than him.

The impact sent him hurtling across the room, crashing into the wall with a sickening thud.

Blood dripped from his broken nose.

He screamed, hands flying up to his face in shock.

I barely spared him a glance.

"Don't."

A single, cold command.

A wave of suffocating pressure surged from me, slamming into Kyle and Jan, who had been foolish enough to try ambushing me from behind.

They froze in place.

After surviving in the Nightmare Lands—after taking a life for the first time—the killing intent radiating from my body had sharpened into something terrifyingly real.

Hands tucked into my pockets, I strode toward Feyrith, who was still sprawled on the ground.

Sansa moved to intervene, but I stopped her with a few words.

"It's fine. I won't do anything reckless."

She hesitated.

That was all the opening I needed.

By the time I reached Feyrith, he was glaring up at me, mouth opening to yell—

I didn't let him.

My boot came down hard against his face.

"Shut up, idiot."

I pressed down, shoving his head further into the wall before stepping back.

Then, with a slow gesture, I motioned for him to follow.

"You wanted to challenge me, didn't you? Come on, then. Let's see if you can handle a real fight. I'll show you exactly how I survived a year in the Nightmare Lands."

Luckily, the next session was a practical one, allowing us to settle things properly in the temple's dueling arena.

Feyrith was just a child.

And the best way to deal with a stupid child like him...

Was to teach him his place before he got any ideas.

I stepped into the arena, anticipation thrumming in my veins.

By the end of today—

Everyone would know.

Messing with me was a terrible mistake.