

## VILLAIN 40

Chapter 40 I want to fight him (1)

-Frey Starlight Pov-

...

"How the hell did I end up in this mess?"

It was supposed to be a simple duel. An ordinary, straightforward match.

So why...

Why the hell was the entire place packed?!

I stood in the tunnel leading to a training arena, its stands towering on both sides. Everything seemed normal—except for the fact that every seat was filled.

Above me, the giant screens flared to life in a dramatic display, showing my face alongside Feyrith's.

Frey Starlight vs. Feyrith Earlet – Arena 2.

They were probably broadcasting the same thing outside.

"Whatever... It doesn't change what I need to do."

At the tunnel's exit, I grabbed one of the training swords provided and made my way forward.

Running my fingers along the blade's edge, I confirmed what I already suspected—it wasn't sharp.

"Blunted training swords, huh?"

These weapons were meant to minimize injuries during duels, but that didn't really matter. The moment I infused my aura into it, this sword would become a weapon of destruction.

"Damn... I miss fighting with Balerion."

Unfortunately, that wasn't an option right now.

Just as I reached the exit, a familiar figure caught my eye.

Sansa?

She stood there, her wavy blonde hair glowing under the arena lights.

"So you showed up after all."

"Did you really think I'd run away?"

She shrugged.

"Well, you are that type of person, after all."

I chuckled as I walked past her.

"Then I guess you don't know me very well, princess~"

From behind, Sansa watched me closely.

For some reason, the Frey she knew... felt different.

"Are you sure about this? He's ranked higher than you, you know."

I raised a hand, waving her off.

"Yeah... Just sit back and enjoy the show."

The deafening roar of the crowd filled the air as I stepped into the arena.

I ignored them, my thoughts still lingering on Sansa.

She saw the original owner of this body as her childhood friend, which explained her casual way of speaking to me.

But I wasn't the Frey she once knew, making it difficult to interact with her naturally.

I'd deal with that later. Right now, I had other things to focus on.

Shifting my gaze, I turned my attention to the blond-haired young man standing at the center of the arena.

Feyrith Earlet.

His long golden hair swayed slightly, his piercing blue eyes locked onto mine. A bandage covered his nose—probably from our last encounter. In his hand, he held a sword identical to mine.

"A swordsman, huh?"

His glare was intense—if looks could kill, I'd be dead a hundred times over.

"That bandage on your nose suits you."

At my smirk, Feyrith's grip on his sword tightened. He raised it, pointing the blade directly at me.

"Frey... you're going to regret this."

"We'll see about that."

As we squared off, a tall, dark-skinned man entered the arena.

His posture was straight as a spear, hands clasped behind his back. His presence alone reminded me of the warriors from my old world.

He stepped between us, his sharp gaze commanding silence.

"I am Choupo Moting, overseer of the temple's arenas. I will be the referee for this duel."

A surge of green energy erupted from his body, spreading across the arena and forming transparent barriers around us.

"The duel ends when one of you surrenders, is knocked unconscious, or is forced out of the ring. No lethal blows or excessive damage. If I see anything out of line, I will intervene immediately. Any objections?"

"No."

"No."

We both answered in unison.

"Good. Then... begin."

With that, Choupo Moting vanished, leaving me alone with Feyrith in the ring.

"If you want, you can call your friends over too. I don't mind making this a three-on-one."

A vein visibly twitched on Feyrith's forehead as he slammed his foot against the ground.

"Let's see if you're still talking when I bury you!"

The moment those words left his lips, the air around us shifted.

A green, ethereal aura wrapped around Feyrith as the wind began to gather around his blade.

"Wind affinity, huh?"

The currents intensified, sharpening into a blade of pure air.

So much for using blunted swords. At this point, I was sure his weapon could slice through iron if he wanted.

"He's not as weak as I thought."

Grinning, I watched my opponent.

"This just got interesting."

"Take this!"

Feyrith swung his sword in a vertical arc, sending a massive crescent of cutting wind toward me.

It was fast—blazing across the arena and leaving a deep scar on the ground.

The wind slash continued forward, slamming into the barrier with a loud boom.

The energy dissipated, leaving behind a massive gash in the arena floor.

But in Feyrith's mind, there was only one thought.

"Where is he?"

He looked ahead—only to find nothing.

"Well, well... that was a pretty decent strike~"

Spinning around, he found me already behind him.

His eyes widened in shock.

"How?!"

"How? It's simple. I'm just too fast."

"Bullshit!"

Feyrith swung wildly, unleashing three more wind slashes.

The audience gasped at their terrifying speed.

But to me?

"Too slow."

Dodging them was effortless. Feyrith was simply swinging at where I stood, rather than predicting where I'd be. With Phantom steps , I weaved through the attacks with ease.

Once again, his wind slashes crashed into the barrier before dissipating.

I circled him like a predator, watching as confusion flickered across his face.

This guy had some kind of inferiority complex toward Frey.

Which meant... if I wanted to break him completely, I had to crush him.

"Let's see..."

I raised three fingers in front of him.

"Three moves. That's all I'll need."

"Tch! Keep talking, coward! All you do is dodge!"

"No need to rush... The real show starts now."

With a grin, I shot forward.

---

-Snow Lionheart Pov-

...

...

...

I had always wished for a chance to attend a normal school—to live the life I was once denied.

That fateful encounter with Headmaster Bloodmader changed everything. Now, I was here, a student in the strongest class of the temple.

But I never expected... to feel this bored.

Yawn.

The instructor was explaining the fundamentals of swordsmanship.

His lecture was flawless—but I already knew all of this.

At this rate, I wasn't sure if the temple would teach me anything worthwhile. Maybe I should've continued following the Path of the Lone Sword instead of coming here.

I was still lost in thought when the lesson finally ended.

"Finally."

I stood up, ready to leave, but a girl blocked my path.

"Lara..."

Her silver-black hair framed her face as she smiled brightly.

"Hey, Snow. Want to go for a walk? We have an hour before our next class."

"I was actually planning to train."

Her smile immediately faded.

"Training again? Do you ever think about anything else?"

"..."

I remained silent.

"Seriously?"

Grabbing my wrist, she pulled me forward.

"Forget training for once and come with me. You'll regret wasting these days later."

I glanced down at her delicate fingers wrapped around my wrist.

Despite her fragile appearance, her grip was firm—almost like steel clamps. The calluses on her fingertips proved she had trained just as hard as I had, no matter what she said.

Lara Croft. A classmate... and the granddaughter of the Headmaster. She had latched onto me from day one.

She could be annoying at times... but I didn't hate it.

"Fine. Let go. I'm coming."

"Ah—"

Realizing she had overstepped, she quickly released my wrist, her face slightly flushed.

"S-Sorry."

"It's fine."

As we walked side by side, I turned to her.

"So... where do you want to go?"

Caught off guard, Lara fell into deep thought.

"Hmm..."

"For now, let's just get out of here and decide later. Sound good?"

I sighed.

"You had no plan, did you?"

Leaving the Building

We stepped out of the building without any trouble.

For most of the time, my mind was elsewhere, which seemed to irritate Lara. She was clearly trying to start a conversation, no matter how forced.

"Tell me... why did you enter the temple?"

Answering wasn't difficult.

After all, my goal had always been the same.

"To gain more power."

Lara tilted her head at my response.

"To become stronger, huh? Even though you're already the strongest?"

I shook my head.

"I'm still nothing but an insect."

"I wonder what the others would think if they heard the top-ranked student say something like that."

I was about to reply when the sound of hurried footsteps interrupted my thoughts.

A large group of students was rushing toward something in the distance.

They were in a hurry.

"What's going on?"

I asked instinctively, and Lara checked her smartwatch.

A few moments later, she had an answer.

"Looks like there's a duel."

"A duel?"

She nodded.

"Yeah. Two students from Class B decided to fight."

She read their names out loud.

"Feyrith Earlet vs Frey Starlight."

I didn't recognize the first name.

But the second one...

That was a name I remembered.

Lara suddenly smiled.

"Are you interested? Should we go watch?"

I shrugged.

"Like I told you before... I'm fine with anything."

Lara sighed.

"You never fail to surprise me with how indifferent you are... Fine, let's go. I don't have any better ideas for killing time."

"Alright."

And so, we made our way to the arena.