## VILLAIN 431



Like someone stabbing a giant needle into my back and injecting torrents of knowledge straight into my body.
It was exactly as that damned Engineer had said.
Thanks to the Shadow Adaptation, my mind could now withstand the mask.
I always knew the Shadow Adaptation allowed me to adapt to my enemies, and it had helped me in countless battles so far, but I had truly believed it was limited to martial arts nothing more, nothing less.
Who would have thought that the true scope of this ability extended far beyond the battlefield itself, adapting me to any phenomenon I might face in life?
"What a terrifying ability"
I muttered without realizing it.
The Engineer said the Shadow Adaptation belonged to the path of the Law of Chaos, a tremendous power even by the standards of those who dwell in the heights.
Didn't that mean it was the only way I could break free from my predetermined fate shattering this wheel of destiny that kept dragging me along in its current?
After all, the future foreseen by beings like the Engineer and Agaroth could only be broken by something like this a power akin to their own.
Fully grasping that truth, the value of the shadow adaptation multiplied within my heart, and I finally understood its true worth.

I genuinely wanted to see what this ability could achieve when it reached the seventh level.

I couldn't imagine it but I knew it would be something truly colossal.
Then, in those few moments of thought, detached from reality, I felt a strange saturation.
As if the mask had finished transmitting all its information into my mind.
And then, as if by magic, my consciousness was swept away completely severed from the real world.
Thrown into a sea of darkness
The scene kept shifting until I suddenly found myself standing in a completely different place than where I had been just moments ago.
That's when weakness overtook me, and I collapsed to my knees before the sight that unfolded before my eyes.
And after a few brief moments
Despair finally consumed me.
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The moment he put on the mask, Frey froze in place, unable to move.
He looked like a soulless statue his black armor, the Nameless mask, and that white hair of his.

The Engineer found himself staring at him for some time, the faint blue light flickering within his cold eyes.

The Engineer had always hidden his face, revealing only his icy gaze.

Rarely did those eyes show any trace of emotion, no matter what circumstances he had endured through his long life.

But this... this was one of those rare moments that stirred even a man weathered by the passage of ages.

When he looked at him, it felt like he was witnessing the culmination of bitter struggles and relentless efforts that had torn his body apart, scattering his soul across countless places, leaving him with his fair share of suffering and despair—depths of pain that Frey could never even begin to imagine. What did the few short years of Frey's struggle amount to, compared to the millennia the blue-eyed man had endured?

What weight did the fleeting struggles of a mere human carry against a battle that spanned thousands of years?

It wasn't fair to the blue-eyed man. Perhaps no one else was insane enough to keep pursuing such a mad plan—one that he himself had drawn long ago.

But, cruelly enough...

Just seeing Frey wearing that mask made the Engineer feel satisfied—as if all he had done until now hadn't been in vain.

After all, Frey had no idea just how much he resembled him now...

That nameless king who once lived in the forgotten ages, carving his name into the annals of legend.

And after staring for a while longer, the Engineer realized he had let his emotions carry him away. He pulled himself back to that familiar cold facade, just as another figure appeared beside him.
A towering dark statue with an angry face.
"Watch him. In case anything happens," the blue-eyed man said curtly, while Angry simply nodded, holding his massive double-headed scythe.
Then, in less than a second, the Engineer vanished, returning to what he had been doing from the start continuing to build the sect, which by now had grown to a terrifying size, nearly rivaling the imperial capital of Belgrad, and was on the verge of surpassing it.
No one knew what the Engineer was constructing in that place
But one thing was certain—it was something dark beyond imagination.
— Back to Frey Starlight —
This time, Frey found himself plunging into a whole new kind of despair.
"What in the Creator of Hell is this?!"
The Nameless mask had already finished transferring all of its knowledge into Frey's mind.

But fully comprehending that knowledge was simply impossible for him, so the mask visualized it in a way that allowed him to access it whenever he wished. And this... is what led Frey to his current predicament. Standing in the middle of a vast, illusory world, he found himself inside an enormous library .. its towering shelves pierced the sky above. When Frey looked up toward the heavens, all he could see were endless books, blocking the sky entirely. Then, taking a few hesitant steps forward and gazing downward... He saw an abyss of books stretching below him, its depths unfathomable. It was like standing inside a colossal skyscraper, with floors both above and below ground. Except here, the floors were infinite in both directions—upward and downward. This was what it meant to possess knowledge as vast as the universe itself. "Am I seriously supposed to find the answer somewhere in this damned, endless sea of books?!"

The deeper despair took root in his heart, mixed with growing frustration at what he saw.

The more he looked at this bizarre library...

He had no clue where to start searching if he wanted to find the solution to save Danzo.

Perhaps the answer he sought was hidden inside one of those books.
But which one was it?
Was it close by?
Far away?
At the top?
At the bottom?
The longer he stared, the clearer it became just how hopeless this task truly was.
"This all depends entirely on luck"
Among millions of books, he might find the one he sought on the very first shelf. Or it could be buried at the very last.
Either way, he had only about twenty days left.
And that wasn't nearly enough to cover even a tenth of this monstrous library.
His chances were painfully slim, and with every second that passed, his despair deepened.
But Frey didn't sit idle. He immediately rushed forward, grabbing book after book, reading their contents as quickly as he could.
Chapter 432: The Weight of Cosmic Knowledge (2)

There were no titles on the covers of those dark volumes, and the information inside wouldn't appear until he opened them and flipped through their pages one by one.
Which meant he had no choice but to go through them all if he wanted to find what he was looking for.
But no matter how many books he opened, every single one spoke of the same subject.
After hours upon hours of nonstop reading, Frey finally slammed a book shut and shouted in frustration:
"What's with all this damned teleportation and space manipulation?!"
Even after spending so much time searching
It was always the same subject, over and over again.
Frey tried changing floors, hoping to escape it, but no matter where he went, he found himself facing the same thing.
On the first floor
The tenth floor
The fiftieth floor
The knowledge about teleportation kept showing up wherever he went, almost as if someone was deliberately toying with him.
Sure, teleportation was a powerful ability—but for Frey, who was searching for a way to save his friend, it was nothing more than a waste of precious time.

Forced to learn and memorize all this information... Frey suddenly remembered the vision he once saw of Nameless back in Londor. Back then, he clearly witnessed how teleportation and space manipulation were the very first things Nameless sought to master in his life. All for the sake of escaping his planet during the demon invasion. The teleportation ability belonged to the mysterious Law of Space, and Nameless had managed to create a powerful technique in that complex field all on his own. Now, wearing the mask of that enigmatic man, Frey found himself wondering as he flipped through yet another book: "Am I really going to be forced to relive everything that man experienced in his lifetime... in order?" If that was true, then it was nothing short of a nightmare for Frey. And so, the hours passed, one after another. Frey couldn't remember the last time he had consumed this much information in a single sitting. Eventually, it felt like his head was about to explode. Even though his mind automatically absorbed every bit of knowledge that crossed his eyes, he had barely scratched the surface of this ocean of information. The answer he was searching for drifted further and further from his reach.

And realizing the bitter truth of his own naivety...

Frey crashed headfirst into harsh reality once again.
After all, how could he possibly replicate that man's knowledge so easily?
It was simply impossible even if he spent his entire life flipping through those books.
That knowledge had taken Nameless an unimaginably long time to gather.
Nameless was immortal, unaffected by the passage of time, which meant the years he devoted to learning were limitless.
Unlike Frey, a mere human, who now had no more than twenty days at best to meet the deadline.
All he needed was a single piece of information one answer capable of saving his friend.
But that answer was lost within this endless sea of books.
It was like searching for a needle in a haystack.
Frey continued to stumble through that world in vain, endlessly learning about teleportation a subject he had no interest in whatsoever.
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When Frey finally moved again in the real world, the darkness of the sky had long faded, replaced by the light of the distant midday sun.
But it was already the third day.
As Frey opened his eyes, tearing the mask from his face
Dark circles had formed beneath his eyes, and exhaustion racked his body as though he'd been fighting for days without rest.
As his senses slowly adjusted to reality
The first thing his eyes saw were the dark buildings of the sect, and the figures of Angry and the Engineer.
Which only fueled the anger swelling within his chest.
"So, you've discovered the truth," the Engineer said coldly.
"So you knew all along."
Frey forced himself to stand, struggling against the mental exhaustion as he stepped toward the Engineer.
"How the hell am I supposed to find the answer I'm looking for in all that filth?!"
The worst part was that he was forced to learn in the order the library dictated, not in the order he wanted.
The Engineer simply shook his head, shining a light on Frey's ignorance.

"I told you .. the knowledge you seek is there. But finding it... that's entirely up to you." Hearing this, Frey realized the Engineer had known this would happen from the very start. "You could've just told me that from the beginning, damn you! How am I supposed to find what I need when all I ever get from that place is teleportation and spatial manipulation nonsense?!" It was completely absurd. Despite spending several days inside... The only thing he came away with was knowledge of teleportation. "You'll have to learn how to reach what you want by yourself. That imaginary world you saw was merely something your mind created to make the search easier. Whether you succeed or fail is entirely on you." Frey already understood what the Engineer meant. The library wasn't real ... it was an imaginary space within his mind, like a storage file containing all the knowledge he had yet to absorb. But even knowing all that, he still couldn't find the answer. Annoyed by the entire ordeal, Frey stood back up. "How the hell did that bastard pull it off again?" He muttered bitterly, before a violet light engulfed his body, wrapping him in a strange stellar aura. Then, in the blink of an eye...

Frey vanished completely before the stunned gaze of the Engineer, whose eyes widened in shock, unable to process what he had just witnessed.
Frey's presence had disappeared entirely.
And at that very moment
They both felt him reappear behind them, causing the Engineer and Angry to spin around instantly.
At the same time, a deafening crash erupted behind them as Frey collided with the wall of one of the dark buildings.
Amidst the rubble and dust, Frey slowly got up, clutching his head.
"Damn it I messed up the destination coordinates"
Though he looked frustrated by what had just happened
It didn't erase the shock on the blue-eyed man's face.
"There's no doubt about it"
He spoke without thinking.
Even though it was far weaker so weak it wasn't even worth comparing
That was still Nameless's spatial manipulation.
'In just a few days he's already managed to grasp an ability like that?'

His progress was ridiculously fast beyond anything the Engineer had anticipated.
But Frey didn't care about any of that.
After experiencing it firsthand, he quickly lost interest and placed the mask back on his face.
"I don't have much time left"
Every second that passed was precious—irreplaceable for Frey, who had a goal he was determined to reach, no matter the cost.
Ignoring the crushing exhaustion, he dove back into that imaginary world once more.
And there he was again, standing within the mysterious library.
He had already read countless books, and yet countless more remained, waiting for him.
Fully aware of this, Frey resumed his endless search, roaming back and forth, trying to grasp the ancient knowledge that had long been lost to the ages.
At that moment
Frey had no idea that his every move was being watched by those unseen eyes.
Eyes that observed him from one of the upper floors of the endless library
Every motion, every step Frey took none of it escaped that distant gaze.

From behind the slits of a dark mask, he simply watched in silence, while Frey remained completely unaware of his presence.
Though both of them gazed upon the world through the same cold openings of that mask
What they saw was vastly different.
For Frey, the future was still clouded in uncertainty, filled with countless unanswered questions as he continued to stumble in the darkness below running blindly down a tunnel lit by nothing but a faint, fragile thread of hope.
Always trying to reach the other side, just as he always had.
Chapter 433: Perfect Affection (1)
— Frey Starlight's Pov —
Four more days passed in the blink of an eye.
This marked the ninth day I hadn't slept since escaping from the Ultras Continent.
The dark circles beneath my eyes grew worse by the hour, deepening as I spent all my time buried in these complicated books, flipping through their endless pages one after another.
I was never much of a reader, but I found myself unable to stop, desperately searching for a way to save Danzo.
But time was far too short.
It showed me no mercy.

And so far, all I'd found was an endless stream of information about teleportation and spatial manipulation.
Teleportation was supposed to be an ordinary ability, governed by the laws of space. But somehow, Nameless had turned it into a world-breaking power.
He could appear anywhere in the universe, at any time, instantly. That was just one of his incredible abilities.
"No wonder he was able to teleport from planet to planet"
That was something I'd learned after combing through all these dense books, books that spoke of Nameless' history.
How many world-breaking abilities had he possessed?
In this world, Agaroth held the most if we were speaking strictly in terms of numbers.
But Nameless had owned quite a few himself.
Both of them stood at the pinnacle of the world's power.
Closing yet another book, I gazed at the countless shelves still waiting for me.
"Endless"
Nameless had spent thousands of years gathering this knowledge, taking advantage of his immortal, ageless existence.

What did I hope to accomplish in the few days I had left?



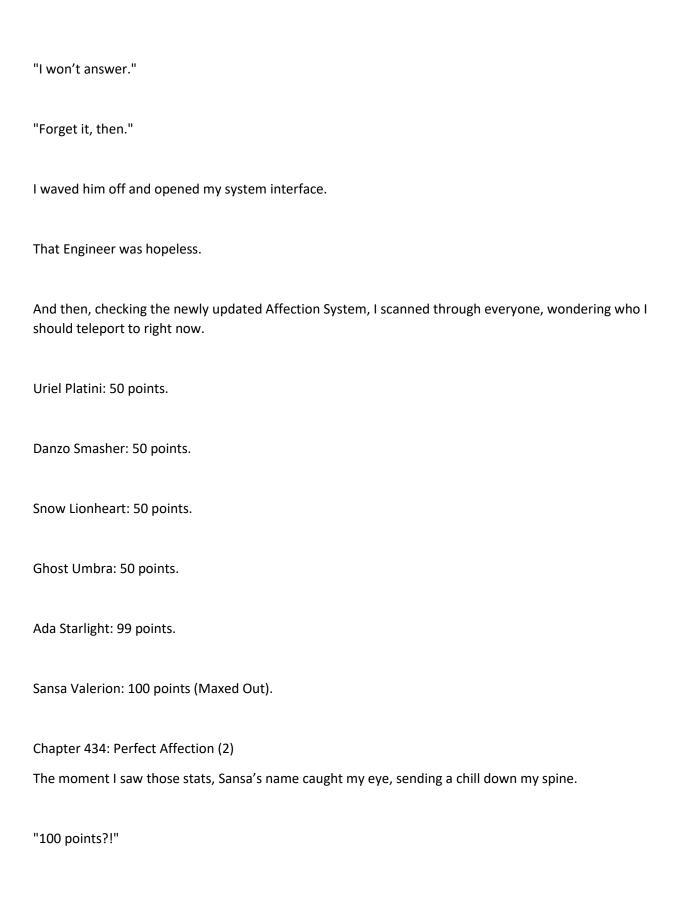


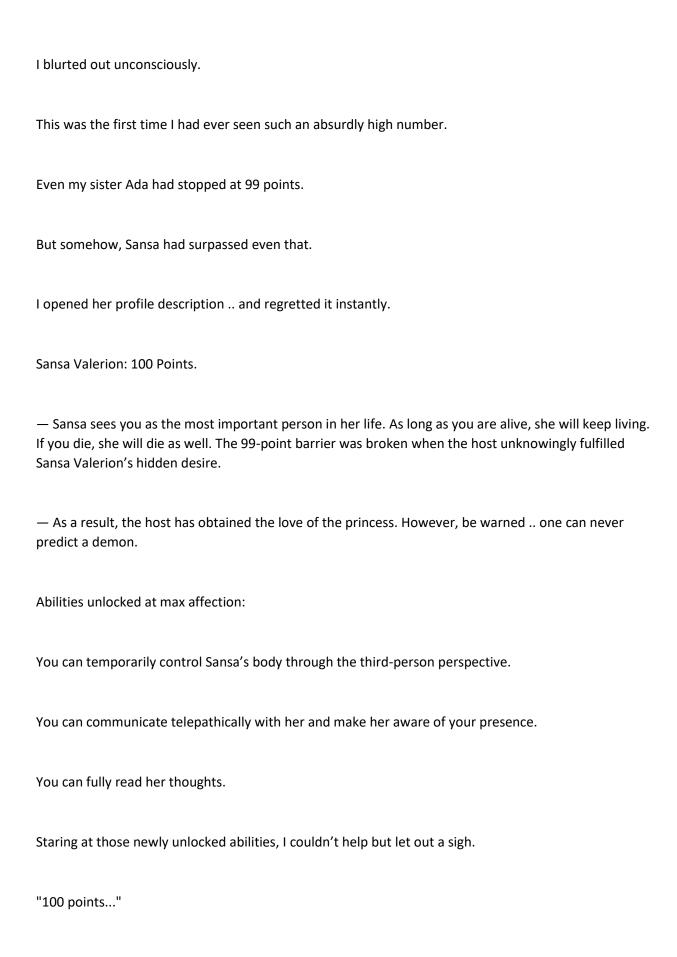




The dark circles under my eyes were darker than ever, and a sharp headache gripped me, followed by a crushing wave of fatigue.
But no matter how hard I tried to sleep, my eyes refused to close.
"What the hell is wrong with this damned insomnia?"
Sitting atop one of the skyscrapers the Engineer had built, I gazed quietly at the sky, trying to find a moment of rest.
But the headache refused to let up.
"I want to leave this depressing place."
Staying here wasn't doing my deteriorating mental state any favors.
Apparently, the Engineer overheard that, prompting him to step in.
"You can leave anytime you want, using the teleportation ability you gained here."
He spoke bluntly, and I frowned in response.
"What are you talking about? I can barely teleport short distances without crashing into whatever's around me. How do you expect me to pull it off across such a vast distance?"
True, my control over teleportation had improved—but achieving something like that in such a short time was still impossible.
But the Engineer, as always, had a solution.







I never imagined such feelings could ever form between me and Sansa.
That number—100—was terrifying in its own way, but I pushed it aside for now.
I needed to focus on the task at hand and leave that mess for later.
Using the third-person perspective, I checked on each of them one by one, searching for the right person to teleport to.
Ada was in what seemed like a large meeting with several people, so going to her wasn't an option.
I decided to avoid the princess for now as well.
And I couldn't teleport to Danzo's location either suddenly appearing inside the Silver Dragon's base would only cause trouble.
Turns out Snow was with Danzo at the moment too, so he was out as well.
That left me with
"Ghost."
He was moving stealthily through the streets of Belgrad, buying random daily necessities and stuffing them into giant black bags, walking quietly through the dark alleys.
I had no idea what Ghost was up to right now, but I decided he'd be my target.
So, without warning

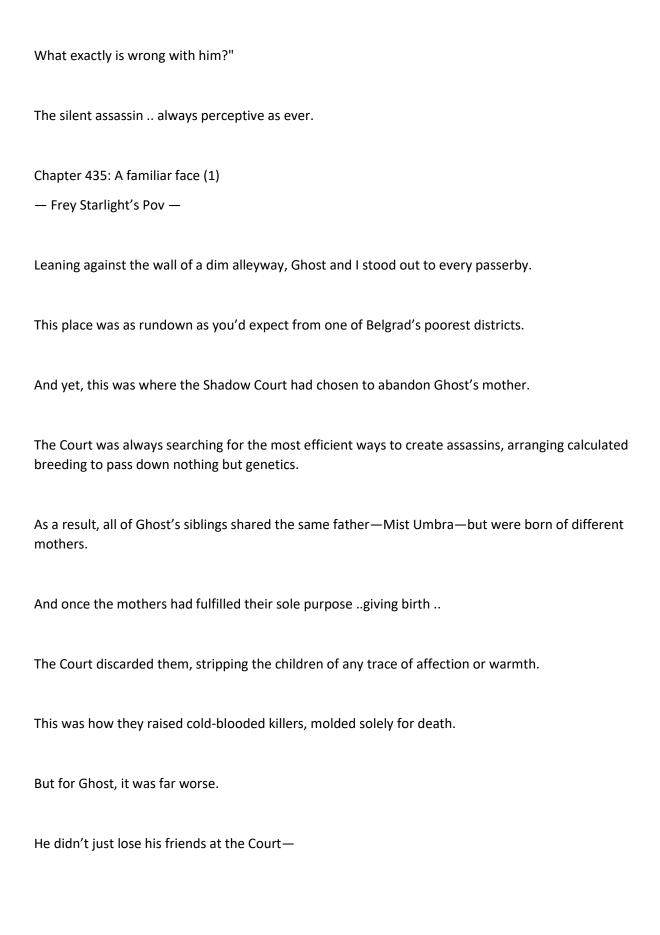
I used the teleportation I'd learned from those books.
Vanishing from sight, I left the Shadow Sect behind for now and returned to the Empire.
What should've been a difficult teleportation succeeded with ease, thanks to the support of the third-person perspective.
When I appeared in front of him, I saw shock flash across Ghost's face as he instinctively prepared to attack.
But he quickly calmed down, realizing who had just appeared before him.
"Frey? Where did you come from?!"
He asked, suspicious, while I scratched my head.
Standing together in a deserted alley, with no one else around,
I realized I had chosen the right person—Ghost preferred to remain in the shadows most of the time.
"I guess I've unlocked a new ability teleportation and spatial manipulation."
I said, focusing on him.
"What are you doing out here anyway?" I asked, gesturing toward the black bags.
Ghost glanced at me, then at the bags, his eyes revealing a flicker of doubt.
After all, he had no idea how I'd found him despite his high-level stealth.

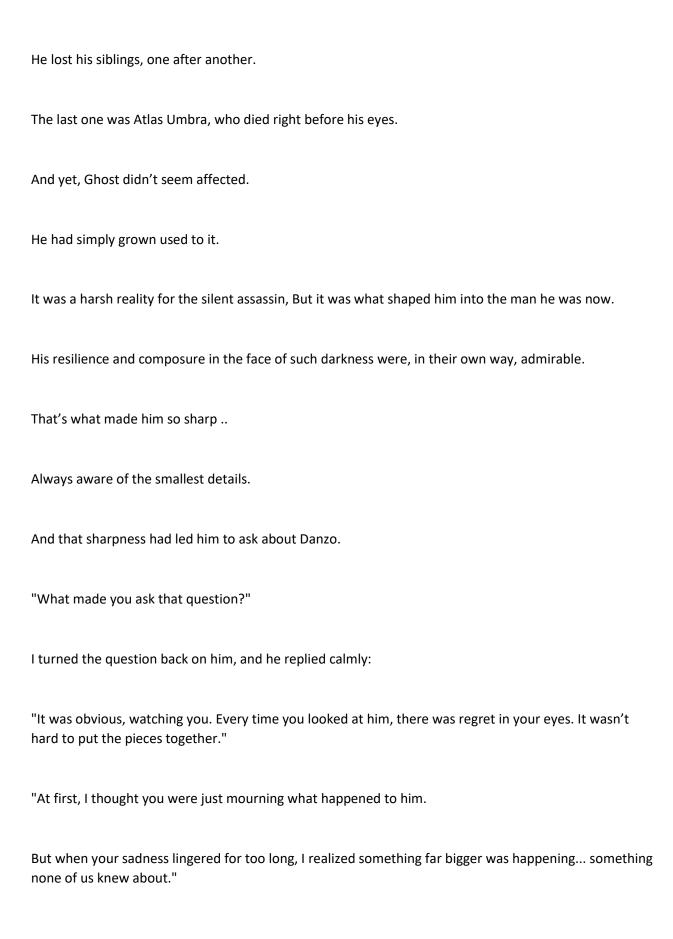
But eventually, he gave in, accepting that I was far from ordinary.
"Since you've already found me, there's no point hiding it from you."
He spoke calmly, as usual.
"Follow me."
"To where?" I asked quickly, but Ghost offered no further explanation.
And so, the two of us continued through the alleys of the capital, delving deeper and deeper into its shadows.
After a few more minutes of walking, Ghost came to a stop, his eyes fixed on a worn-down wooden house nearby.
"What is it?" I asked, but Ghost motioned for me to stay put as he approached the old house.
He knocked on the door and stood still, waiting for someone to open.
Then, a few seconds later
As the door slowly creaked open, Ghost vanished into thin air, leaving the black bags on the ground.
From behind the door,
A woman appeared she looked to be in her mid-thirties. Her hair was jet black, and her skin pale and unhealthy.

She lived alone, and life had clearly been hard on her.
But she immediately grabbed the bags Ghost had left, slamming the door shut with force.
It was as if she'd been waiting for this exact moment, hoarding the supplies to survive on her own.
Her reaction made it clear this wasn't the first time Ghost had come here.
It meant he'd been taking care of her for a long time.
Those black bags were packed with all the essentials for living, bringing her immeasurable relief.
Watching it all from a distance, I saw Ghost reappear beside me, a complicated expression crossing his face.
I couldn't help but ask:
"Who is she?"
It was a fair question, and Ghost didn't take long to answershocking me in the process.
"She's my mother."
"Your mother?!"
I blurted out again, unable to hide my surprise, as Ghost nodded.
"I don't get it Isn't the Shadow Court supposed to kill the mothers of all the children inside it?"
I blurted out again, unable to hide my surprise, as Ghost nodded.
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Honestly, I'd believed Ghost's mother had died long ago, leaving him only with his father
Mist Umbra.
Depriving children of their mothers was the Shadow Court's cruel way of creating strong assassins.
That's why I thought Ghost was no exception.
But he simply shook his head.
"That's just a lie they feed us to make us live in despair."
By making them believe their mothers were dead, the Shadow Court forged assassins shaped by loneliness and pain for generations.
But Ghost was far too sharp he uncovered the lie on his own.
He even managed to follow the trail that Mist Umbra, his father, used to track his mother, tracing it until he found her still alive.
Yet even though he found her, he couldn't approach her or speak to her.
If he did, the Court—always watching—might kill her without hesitation.
He had barely managed to stay hidden from their sight.
So, Ghost had no choice but to watch her from a distance, helping her however he could
Hoping, perhaps, that one day he might finally embrace his mother.



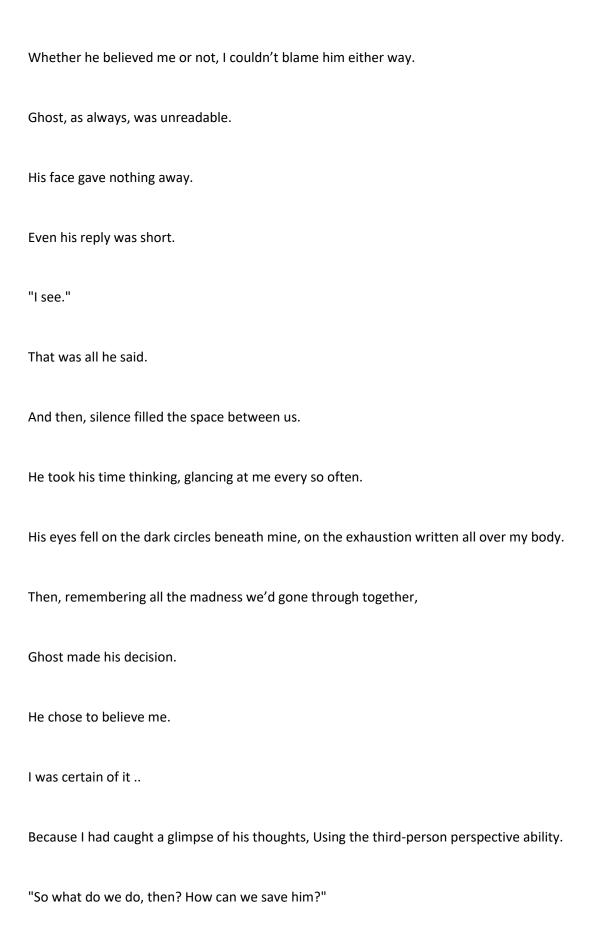
















"I suppose so."
If you counted all the days I spent in the Ultrass Continent, plus the days after our return and my time in the Shadow Sect
You could say I had gone nearly a whole month without eating anything, surviving on barely a few hours of sleep.
I had pushed my body far beyond its limits
I should've died long ago if I were still a normal human.
But the only thing it left me with was some hunger growls.
"What a cursed body"
I muttered with a tired smile.
Chapter 436: A familiar face (2)
"Let's go find something to eat."
There were a few nearby restaurants Ghost pointed out.
I wasn't really in the mood to eat, but I followed him anyway, hoping I could forgetEven for a little while
About Danzo, and the endless flood of information I had been drowning in.
"The restaurants around here aren't anything special, but they'll fill you up."



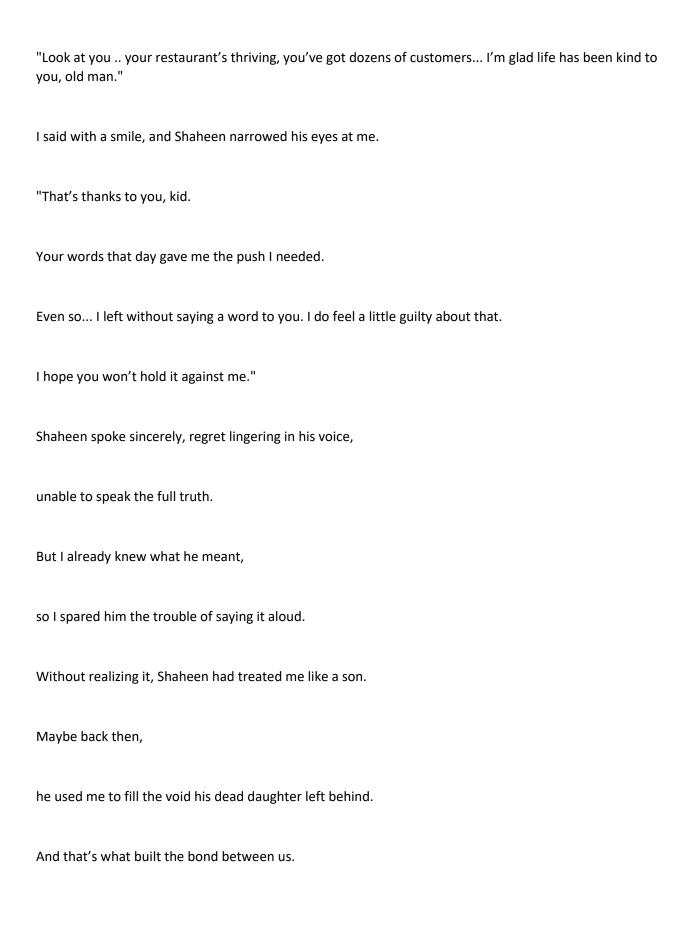


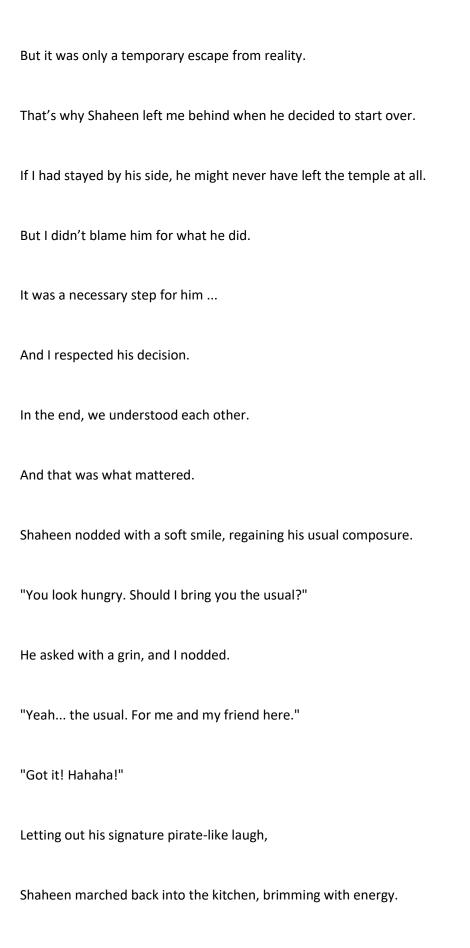
Everyone inside turned to stare at us as Shaheen dropped his iron ladle to the ground, freezing in place, shocked to see me walking in out of nowhere.
"You look like you've seen a ghost Shaheen, it's been a while."
I said simply, as the old man stared at me in disbelief, Rubbing his eyes repeatedly to make sure what he was seeing was real.
But he quickly started screaming when the leftover spicy food on his hands burned his eyes.
Letting out a muffled cry, his eyes now bright red from the heat, Shaheen spoke through the pain:
"Frey ah, hello. I didn't expect to see you"
Flustered, the old man took a long moment to calm himself down.
"Go wash your face first, old man.
We'll be waiting for you at one of your tables then we can talk."
I waved him off and took a seat at one of the wooden tables, Ghost beside me, silently observing everything.
Shaheen was still clearly shaken
you could see it in the frantic way he nodded before trying to pick up his fallen ladle
Only to drop it again.



Then back to me again, then Shaheen—
who was starting to sweat.
The silence dragged on until I stood up abruptly and slammed the table over him.
"What's wrong with you, damned old man?! Are you my ex-girlfriend or what?! Say something, for god's sake!"
Trying to crush him beneath the table,
Shaheen grabbed it firmly and shoved back at me.
"You filthy brat! Is that how you treat your elders?! I was actually embarrassed to face you, you know! I wanted to apologize and give you some free food, but now the only thing you're getting is my hairy old ass!"
"Oh, so now you're offering your ass to strangers, huh, filthy old man? No wonder you've got all these customers!"
"Your mouth's gotten bigger, kid. Maybe I should cut it off for you."
We shouted at each other in front of all the customers, both of us wrestling with the table.
I could've easily overpowered him, but I deliberately used the same amount of strength as him, making our ridiculous struggle perfectly even.
And after a few more minutes of nonsense,

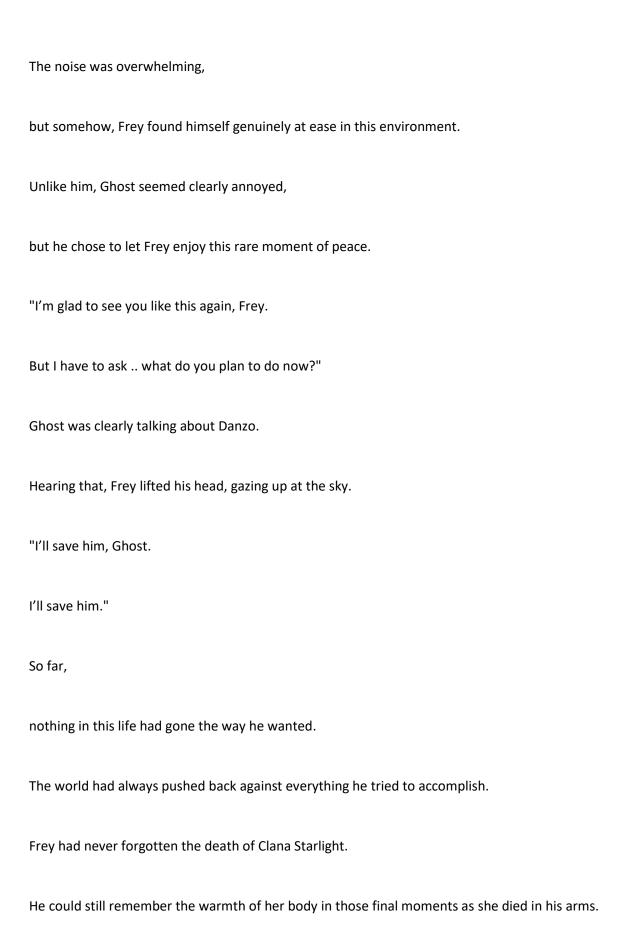
we finally set the table down again and sat back in our seats.
"Let's do this properly, kid." He said with a serious face, and I nodded.
"Go on, then."
With a nod,
Shaheen began to apologize.
"I'm sorry, kid for disappearing like that after our last conversation."
He bowed his head sincerely.
But I quickly lifted his head back up with aura control from afar.
"No need to apologize.
I see you've left the past behind.
There's nothing to regret you've done what I couldn't."
Shaheen had spent his whole life trapped in the temple, haunted by the ghost of his dead daughter, imprisoning himself within the walls of the past.
But he managed to break free from those chains.
And here he was now.

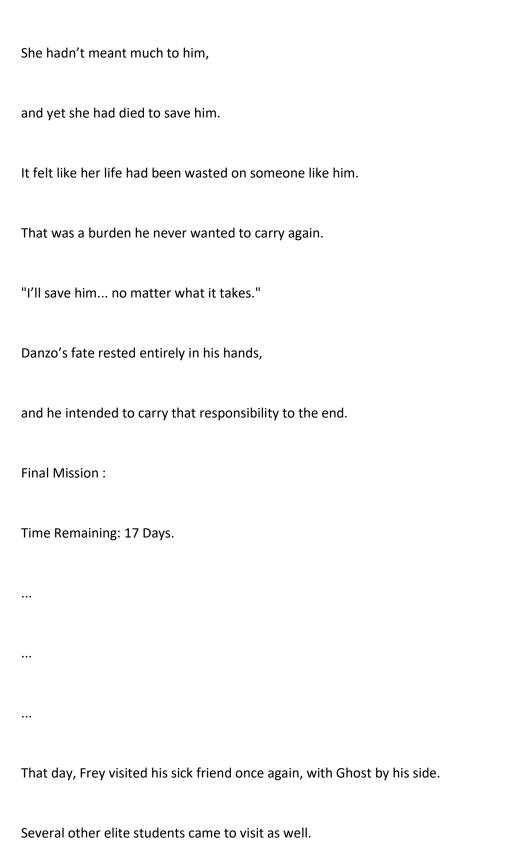






"You should've ordered something else, Ghost.
This kind of spicy food is one of a kind.
Either you fall in love with it and devour it
or you can't stand it and leave it untouched.
There's no middle ground."
Frey spoke with a rare smilesomething he hadn't shown in a long timeas he signaled for Shaheen to bring him another dish.
"Coming right up! Hahaha!
Frey, I see you still appreciate real spicy food! You have my respect!"
"Don't underestimate me, old man.
I'm tougher than you think."
"Haha! We'll see about that!"
Shaheen disappeared into the kitchen again, while Frey and Ghost sat quietly at their table.
The atmosphere around them was loud and chaotic, like a public café watching a football match a sport that had vanished hundreds of years ago.

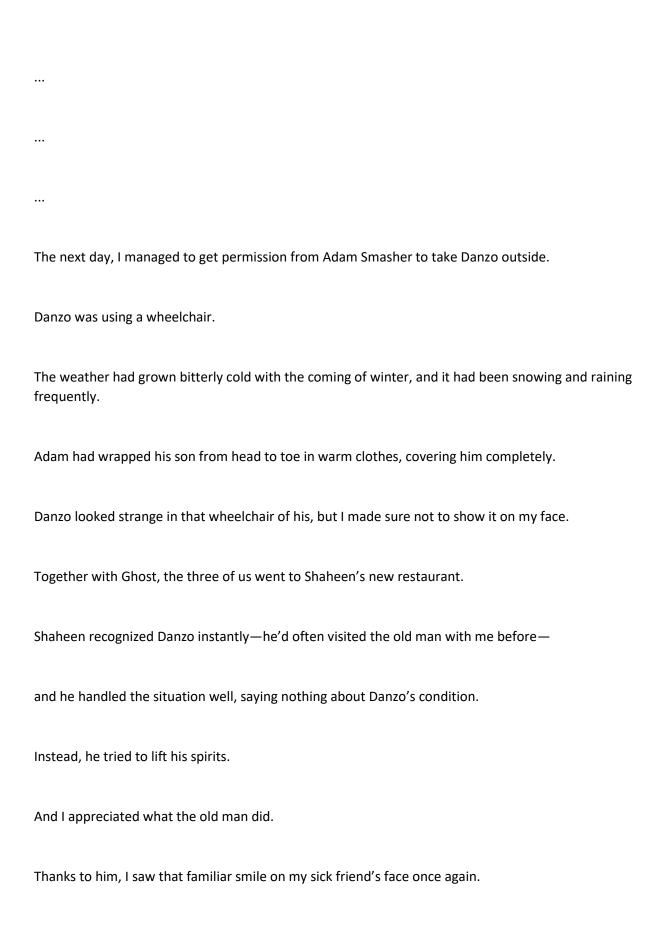


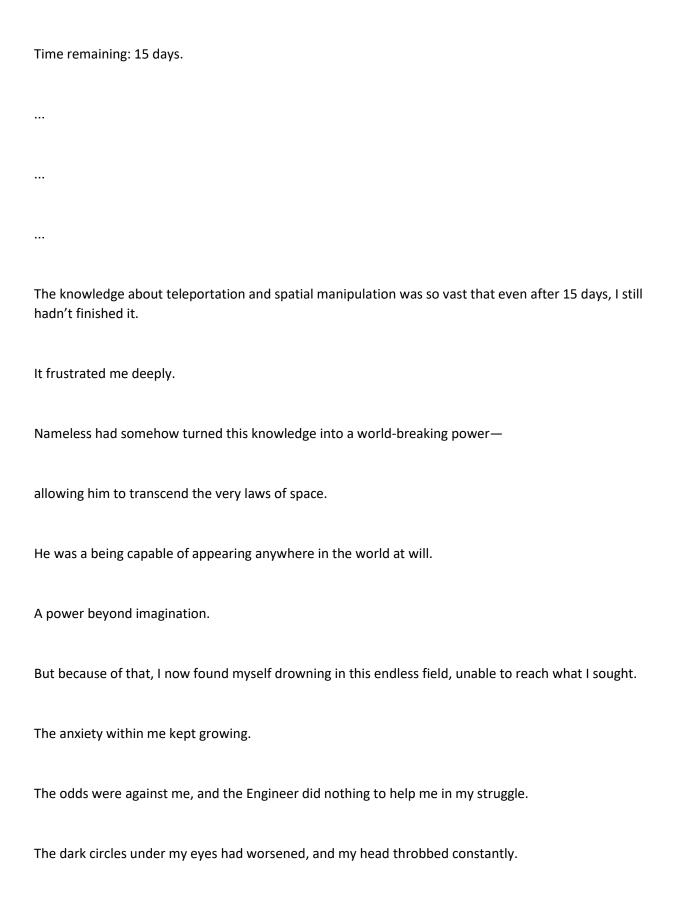


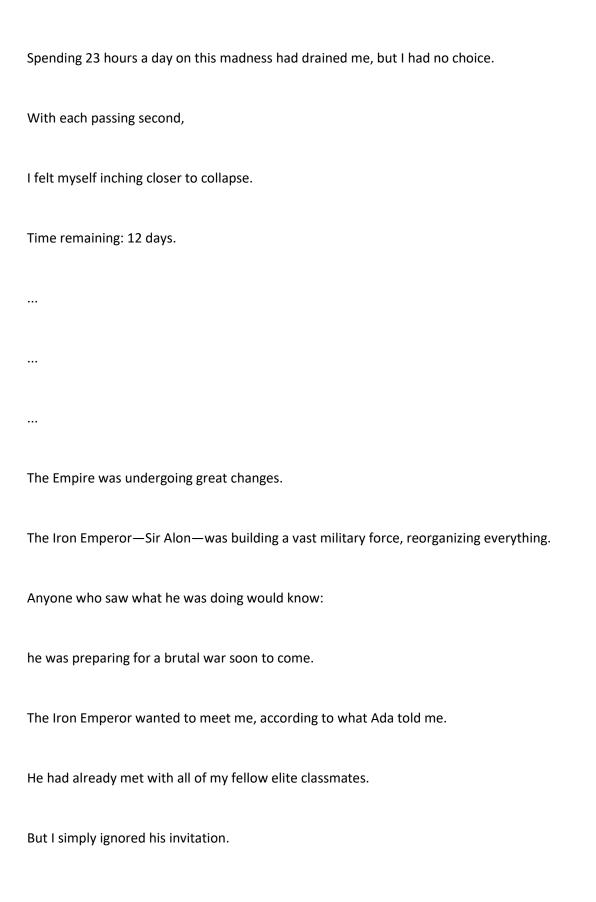
And by chance, Seris was there this time, having finally finished her duties toward her family.
The princess of the Moonlight family remained as calm as ever,
but there was a clear maturity in her demeanor now.
Due to the lack of church forces capable of using advanced holy power, Seris hadn't yet recovered her severed arm,
instead using a hand crafted from pure ice.
Wearing her black coat, she nodded to Frey, and he did the same.
After everything they had been through,
an unspoken respect had grown between them,
allowing them both to leave their hatred behind.
Whether it was Seris letting go of what Frey had once done to her,
or Frey setting aside his grudge against the Moonlight family and its tangled past.
Between them, Danzo sat quietly on his bed.
His skin looked much better than before,
but he was still pale compared to what he once was.



Barely half of the allotted time remained before the quest's deadline. And I hadn't made any progress so far .. a reality that pushed me to my limits. I gave up sleep, abandoned all comfort, and poured every second I had into the Nameless' library, a place holding all of his knowledge and wisdom. Searching for a solution, I spent 23 out of every 24 hours inside that place. Leaving the last hour for Danzo. I visited him every day now. Our presence by his side seemed to bring back a little life to him. His body was visibly improving day by day, which made his father happy .. and filled my heart with growing unease. As soon as my time with him was over, I would teleport straight back to the Shadow Sect and continue what I was doing. The sect had grown terrifyingly massive, its size breaking beyond the limits of the Black Mountain. Only God knew what that Engineer was trying to build there. Time remaining: 16 days.





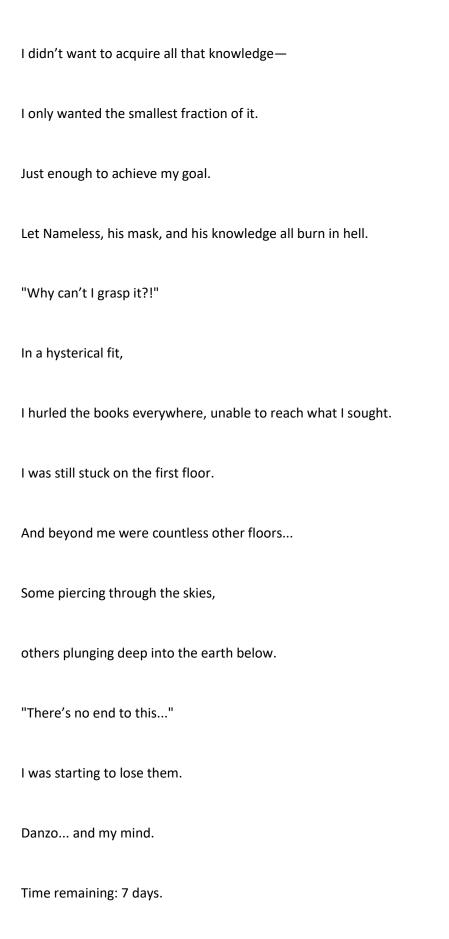


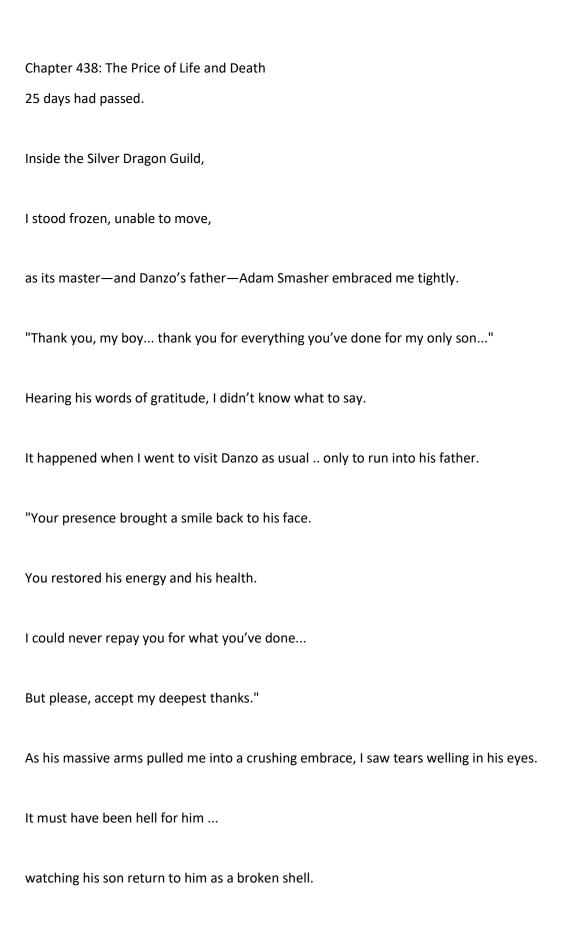




I hadn't seen much of Sansa lately.
She had been busy with her own situation inside the Imperial Family
a family where most of them wished her dead.
She had her own problems, just as I had mine.
But we didn't burden each other.
This time, we fought our battles alone.
Sansa had grown incredibly strong.
So I was sure she'd find a way to deal with her situation somehow.
But that didn't change the fact that I hadn't done anything to help her through her struggle.
"I'm sorry Sansa"
Time remaining: 10 days.
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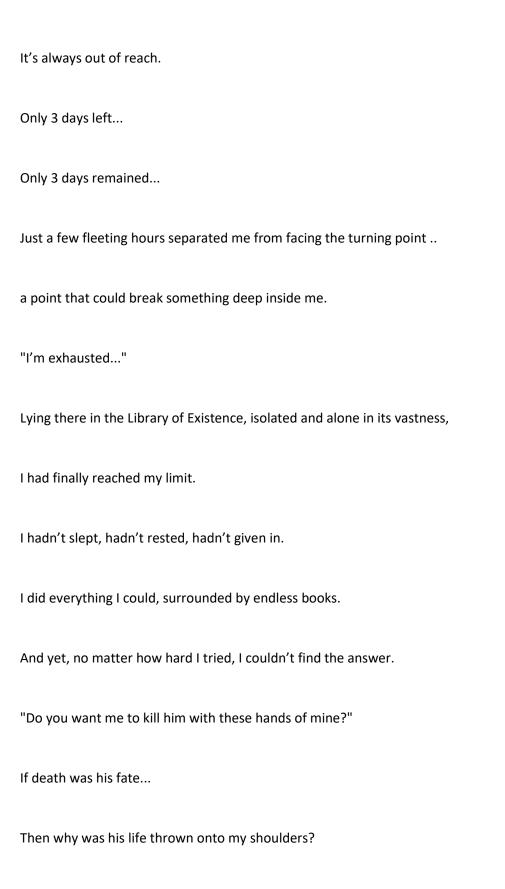


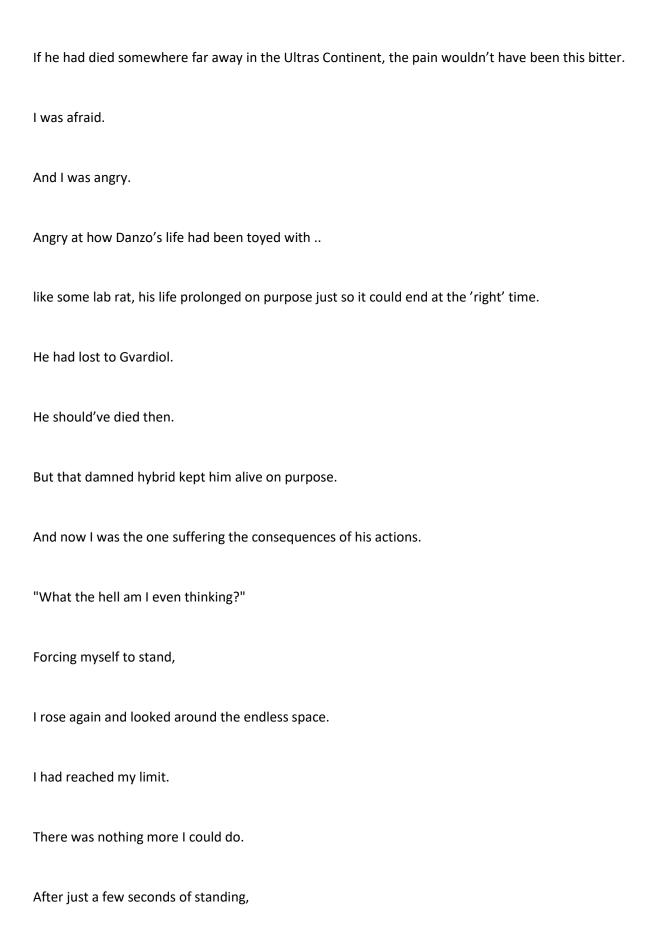


He had done everything he could.
But in the end, it wasn't enough.
And then, one day, I came—alongside Uriel—and brought his son back to life.
To him, I must've looked like a ray of hope piercing through the darkness surrounding them.
"My son didn't just gain a friend
He gained a brother.
Thank you for everything you've done for him, Frey."
With tired, hollow eyes blackened from exhaustion, and a clenched fist, I listened to his words, unable to give him any reply.
Thank me for what, exactly?
I wanted to ask him.
I hadn't done anything for his son.
Nothing at all.
Danzo was the one who had helped me time and time again.

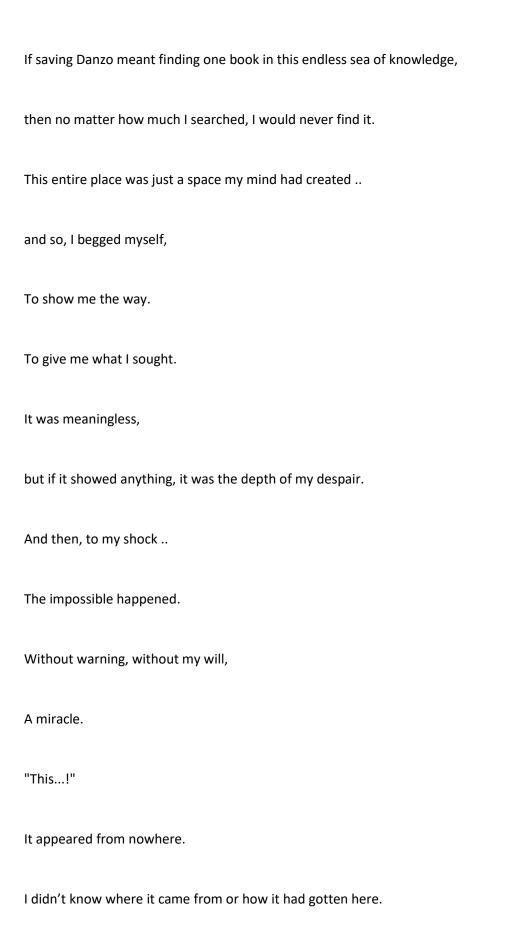
He was the one who preserved what little humanity I still had left—the part of me I never wanted to lose.
And now, when the chance finally came for me to return the favor,
I stood powerless,
receiving praise and gratitude from his father, who didn't even realize his son only had a few days left.
You shouldn't be thanking me.
You should be cursing me.
I clenched my teeth, trying to hold myself together
trying to say something.
But in the end, nothing came out.
I was already nearing the breaking point.
And so,
I just stood there, frozen,
until Adam Smasher finally let me go.

He smiled as he bid me farewell.
"Take care of each other, both of you. You're like sons to me now."
п п 
No, Adam.
No.
You're so wrong
"Your only son is the one lying in that bed.
No one else."
Time remaining: 5 days.
<b></b>
"Relentless effort does not guarantee success."
No matter how hard you try,
no matter how much of yourself you pour into it, Success is never promised.

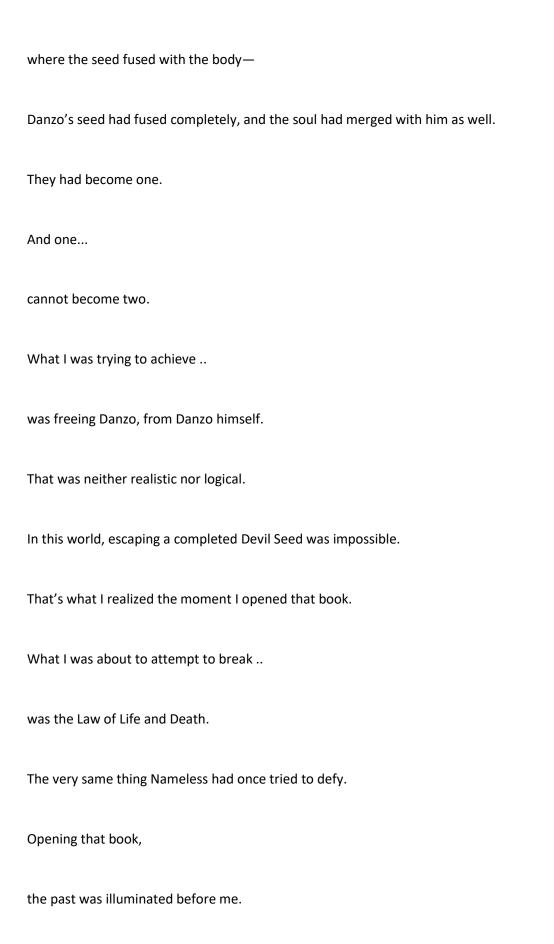




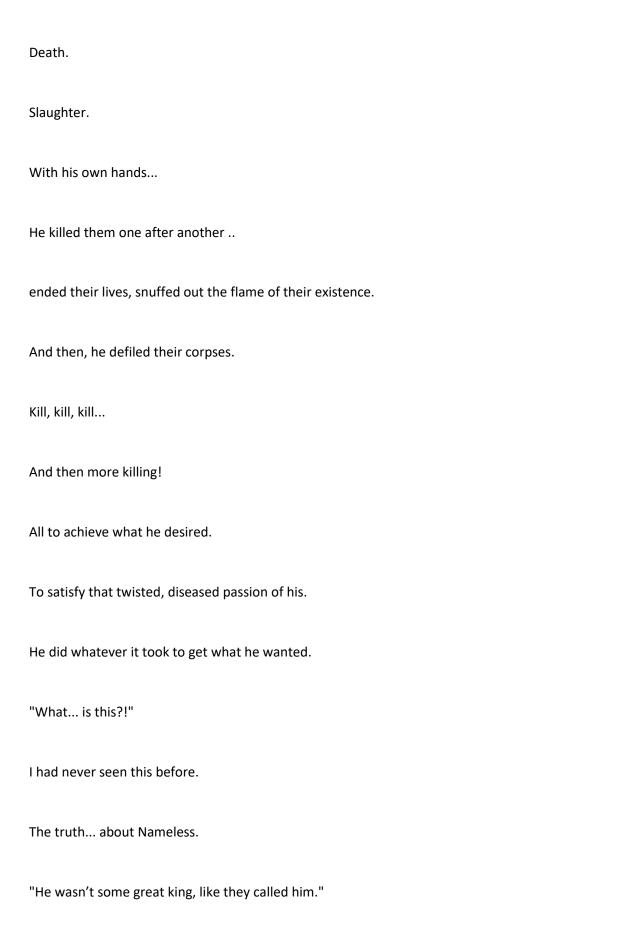


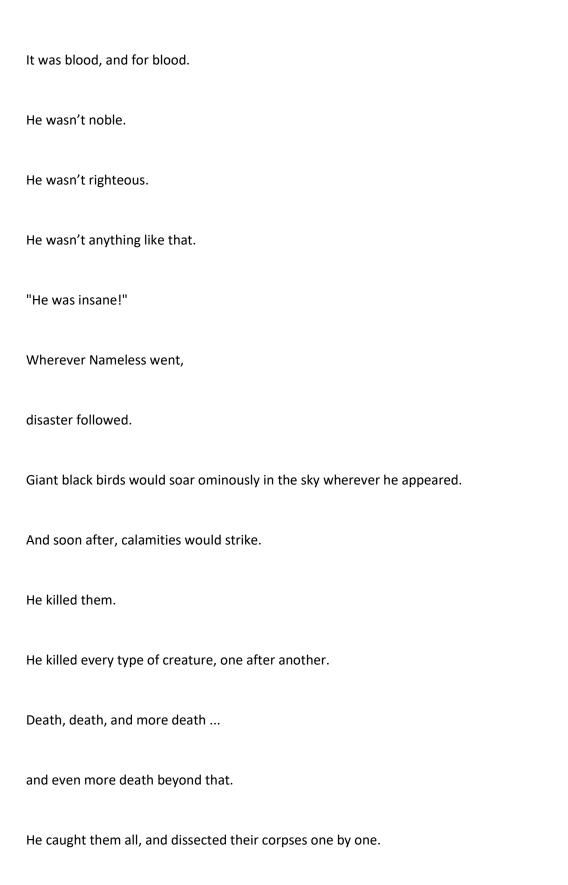


But a black, ominous book rested in my hands.
I didn't know if this was truly what I sought,
but I found myself opening it desperately, frantically searching for the answer hidden inside.
And the moment I opened it
My consciousness was thrown far away, into another world of memories.
"You have touched the forbidden."
There were laws upon which this world was built
Laws the Engineer had once spoken of.
If I wanted to save Danzo,
I realized I had no choice but to break one of those laws if I hoped to survive.
The completed Devil Seed was something unique.
A cursed tool invented by one of the most terrifying demons.
A soul resided inside that seed.
And unlike Sansa's incomplete seed—

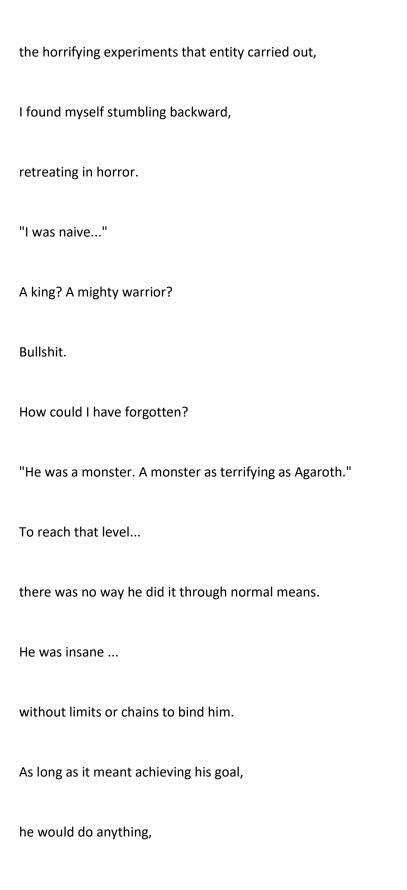


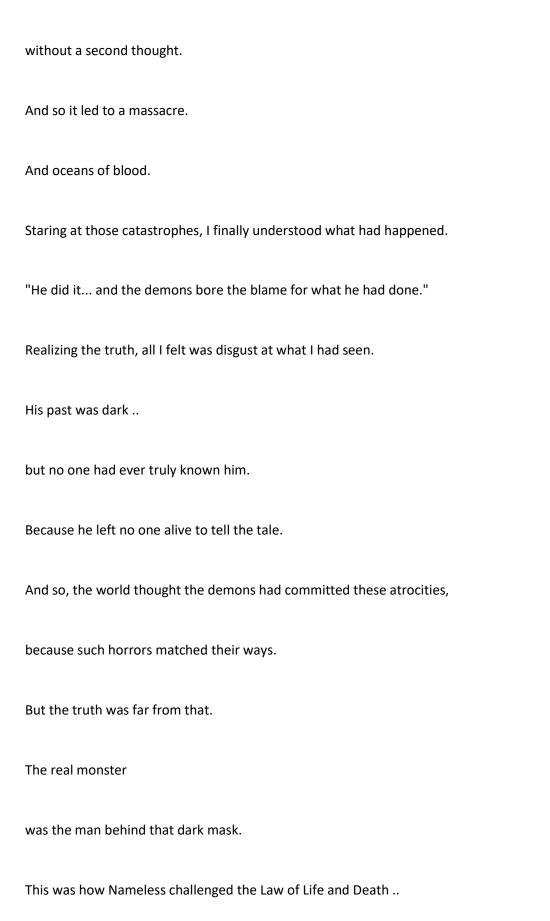
And my mind was torn apart by a cold voice that shook my soul.
"There is no life without death."
I heard it clearly.
Was that Nameless' voice?
Slowly,
I began to sink into the truth.
No life without death that's what he said.
So then, what had he done to reach that higher law that stood at the top of the world?
And in that moment,
I understood.
And my expression darkened.
As I stared at a horrifying sight unlike anything I had ever seen, my whole being trembled.
"What did you do?"
Blood.

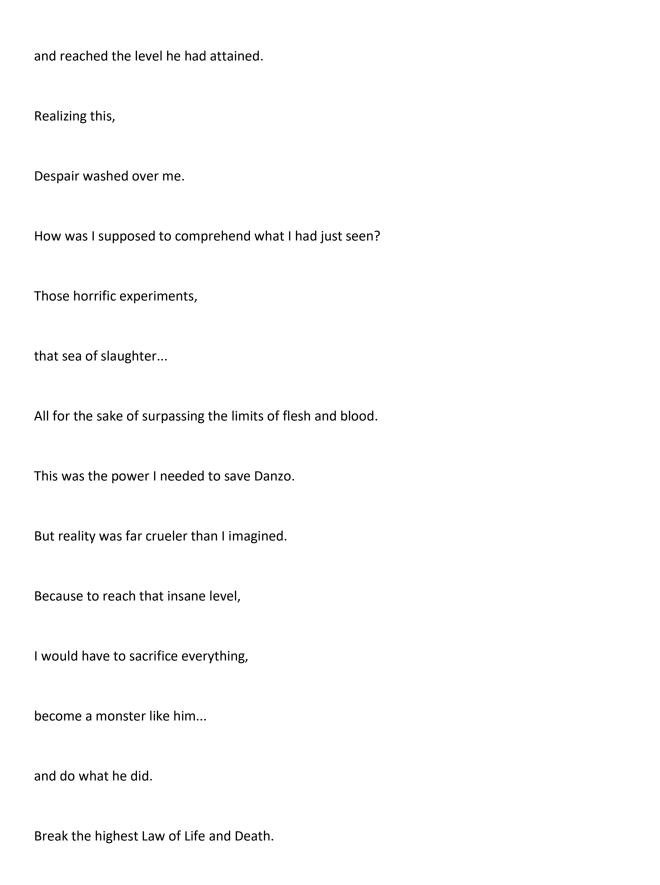


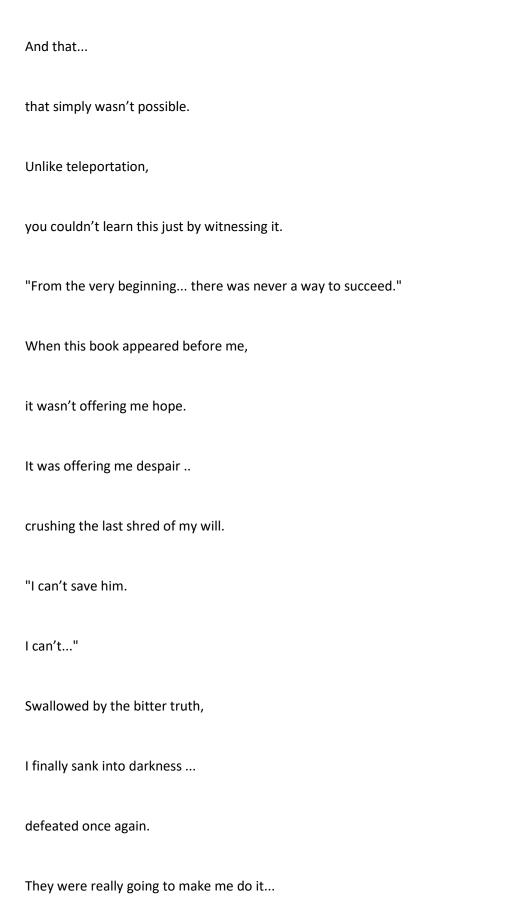


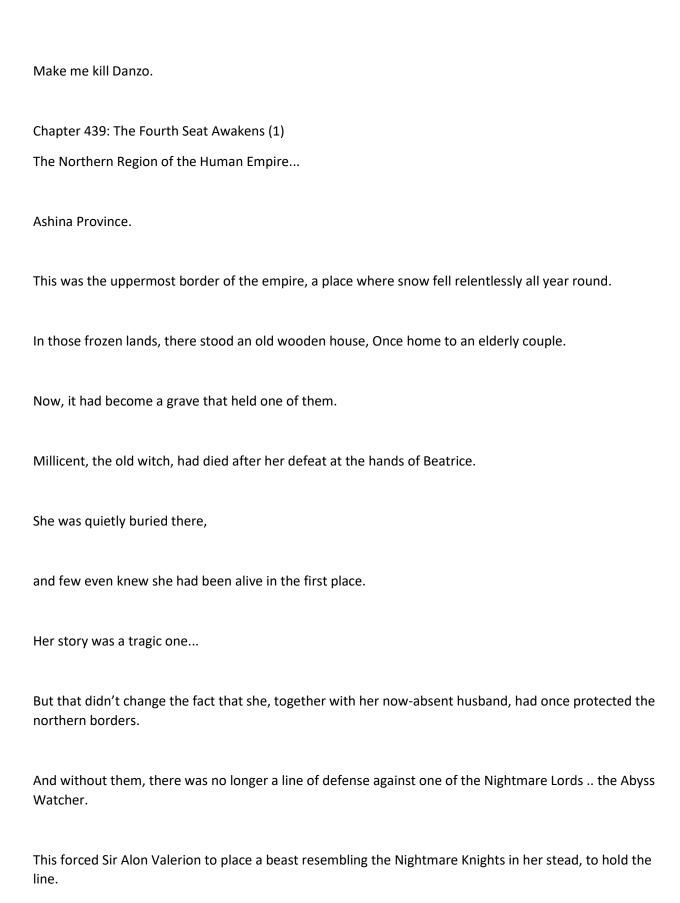
Cut them down to the smallest pieces,
until their blood became seas and oceans.
Nameless spared no one.
Neither the weak nor the strong.
Neither the young nor the old.
Neither the poor nor the rich.
He killed them all, and did whatever it took without hesitation to achieve what he sought.
Blood.
Blood.
And more blood.
He never faltered,
and he never stopped.
Alone,
he did what not even the demons themselves dared to do.
Frozen in place before that terrifying sight—



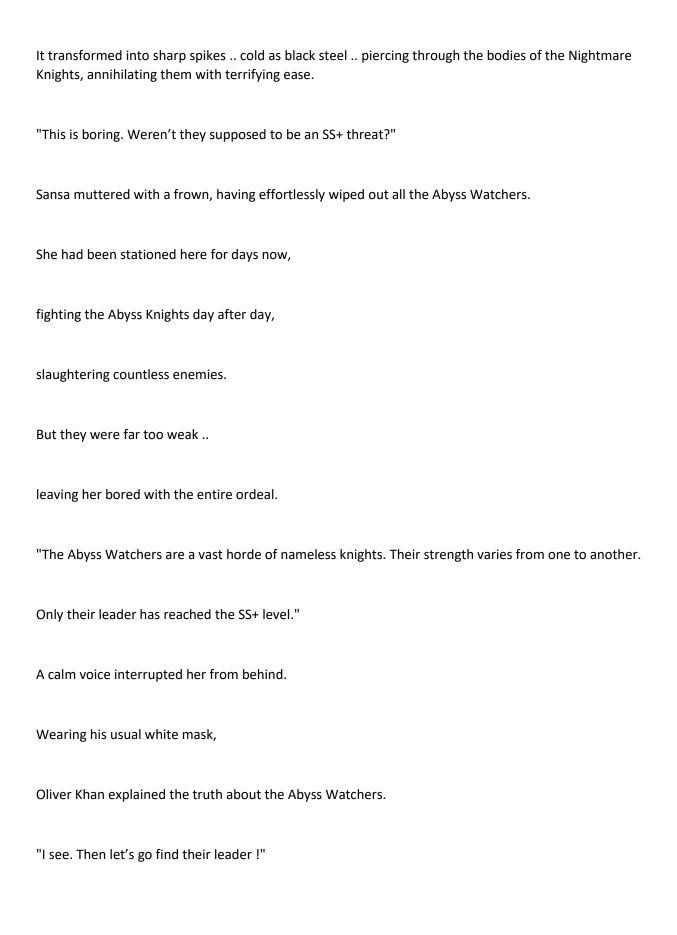




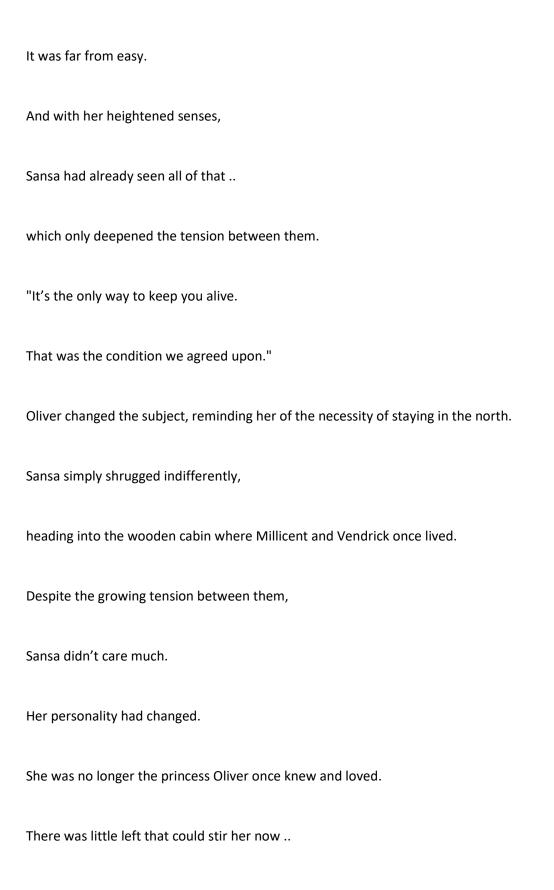


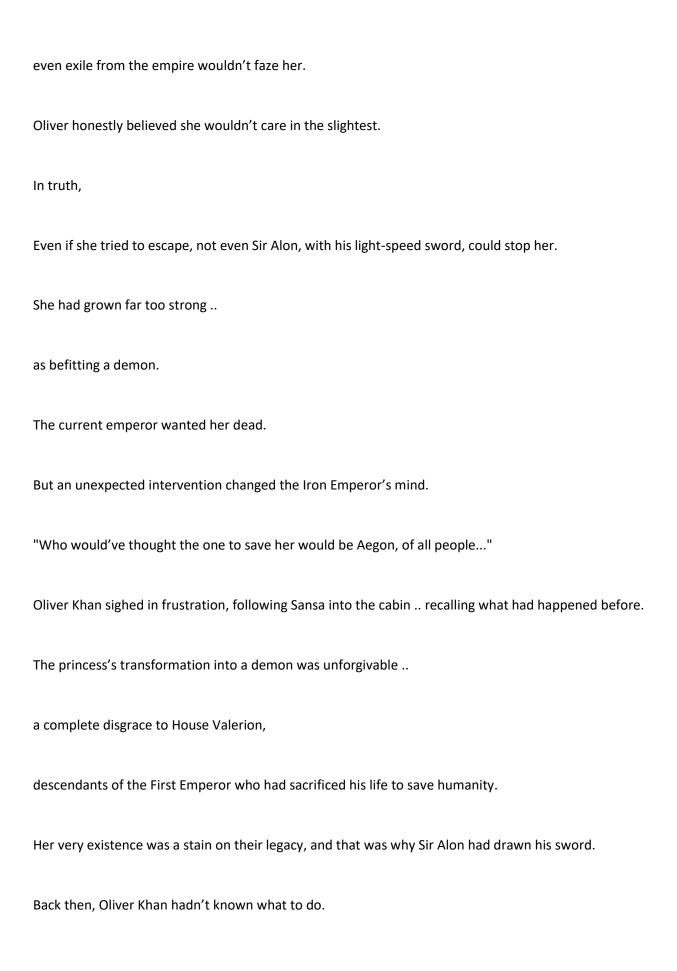


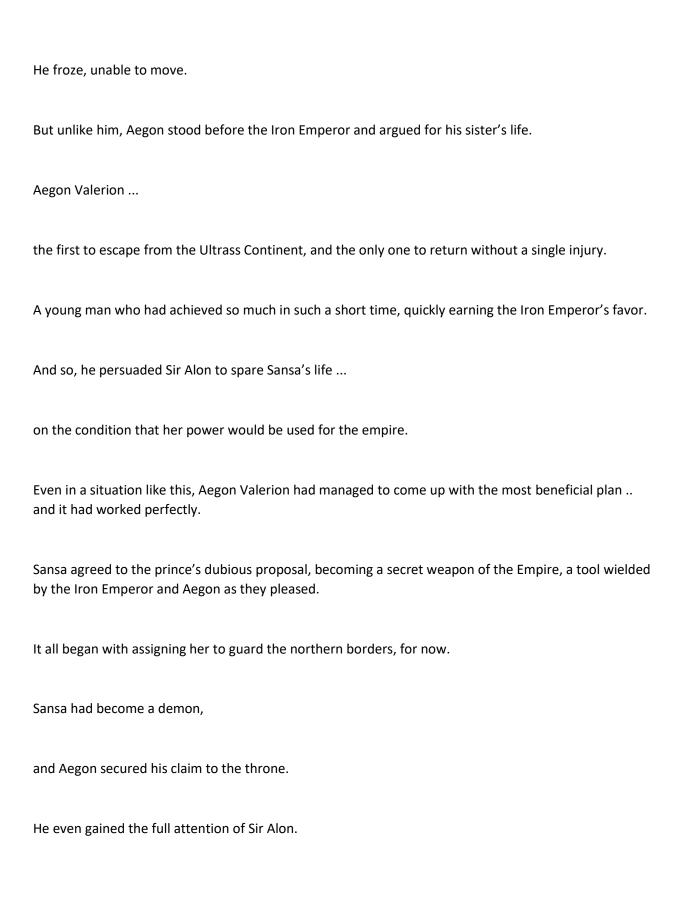
And so, amidst the beautiful snowy fields,
a fierce battle unfolded, spilling foul blood across the land without end.
The Abyss watcher's charged in vast numbers, rusted swords in hand,
desperately shielding themselves behind their tattered armor.
But their defense was meaningless against the dark shadowy tendrils that swept them away one after another.
Floating silently above them,
her dozens of black tendrils stretching from her back, Sansa slaughtered the Abyss Knights without mercy,
ripping them apart without pause.
With every drop of their blood that splashed onto the snow, the smile on the demonic princess's face grew wider and wider
Delighting in the bloodshed,
drunk on the thrill of the hunt, as her murderous intent swelled with each passing moment.
Her shadow spread so rapidly that it engulfed the entire battlefield in the blink of an eye. And in less than a second,

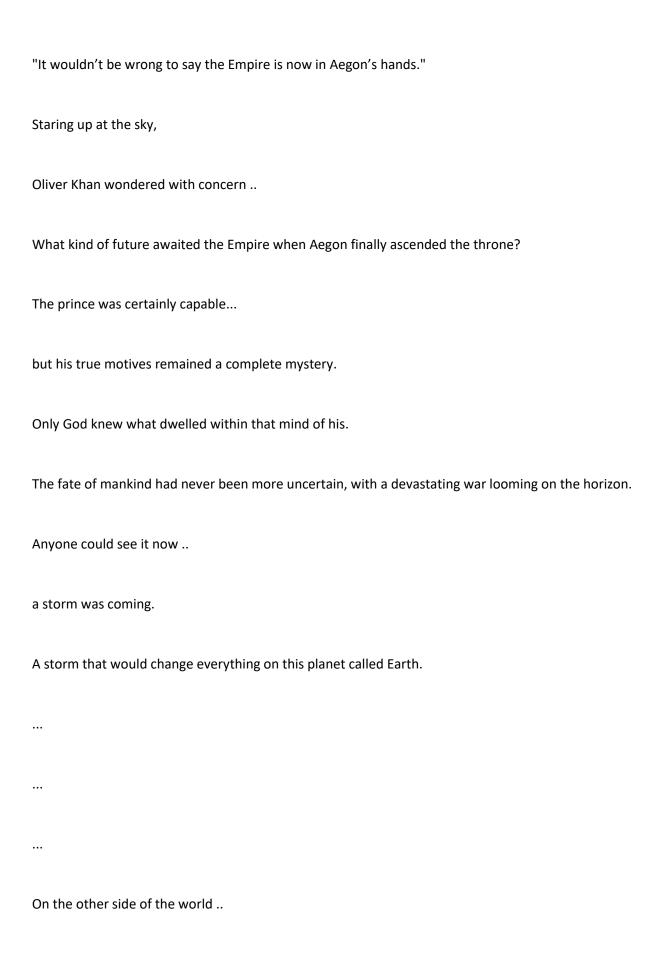


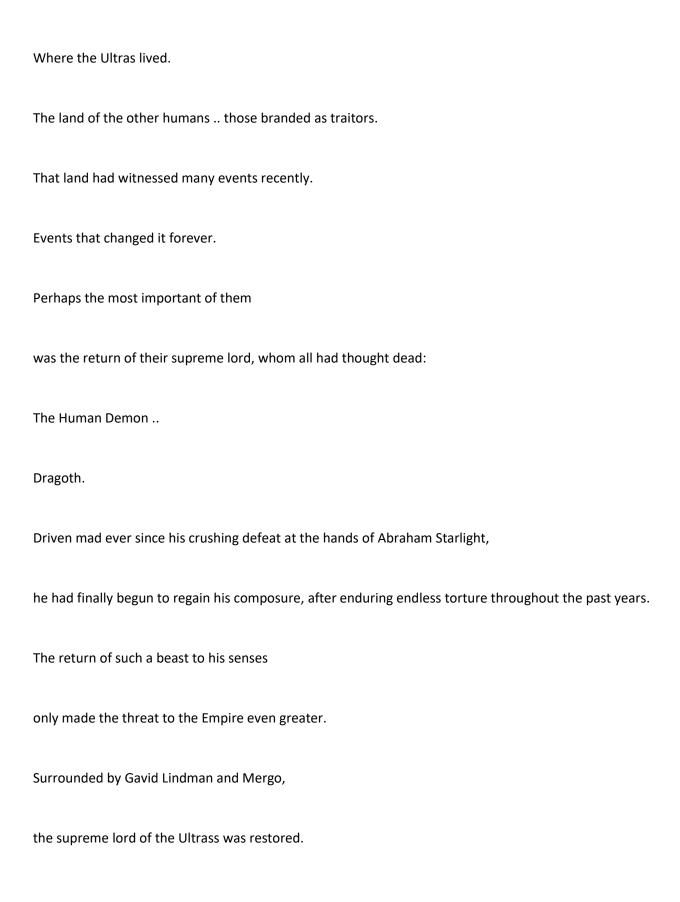


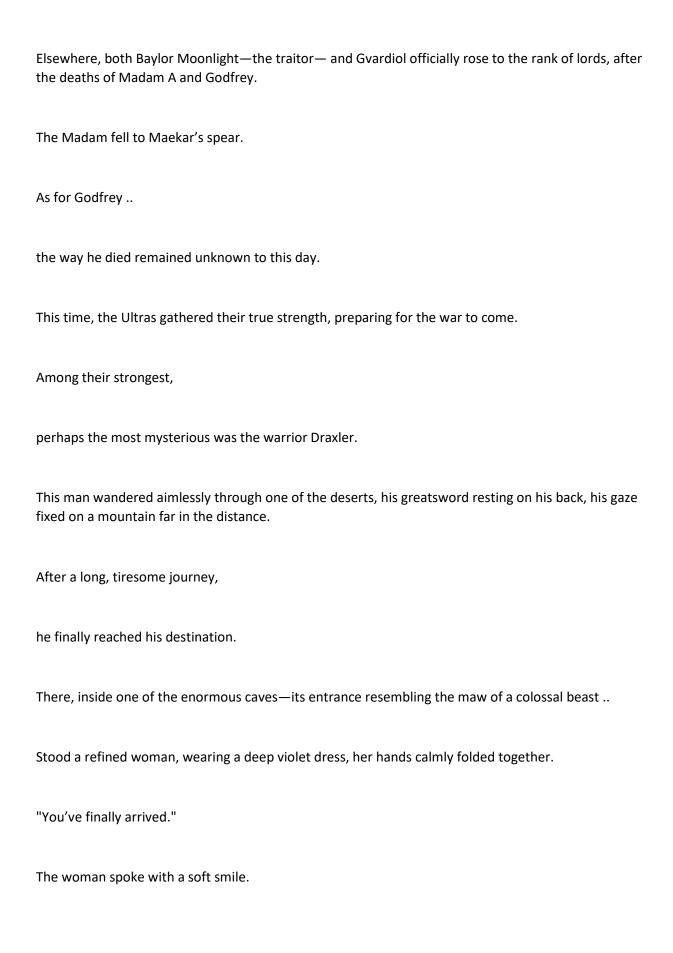


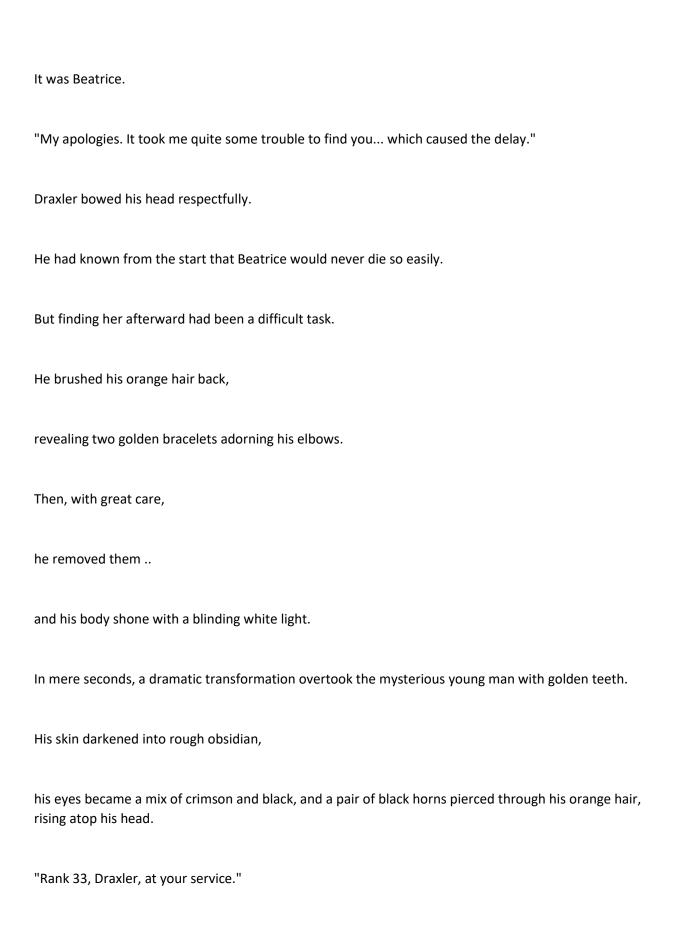


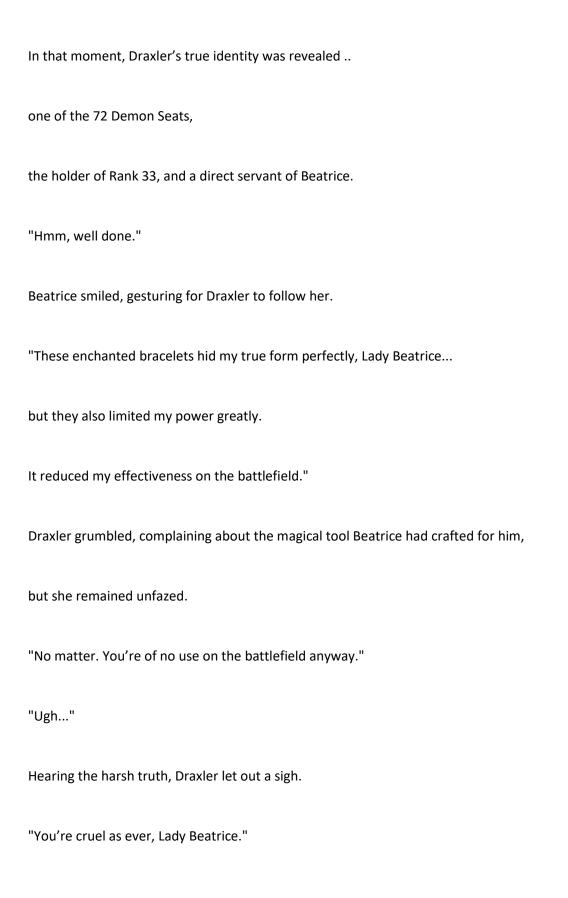










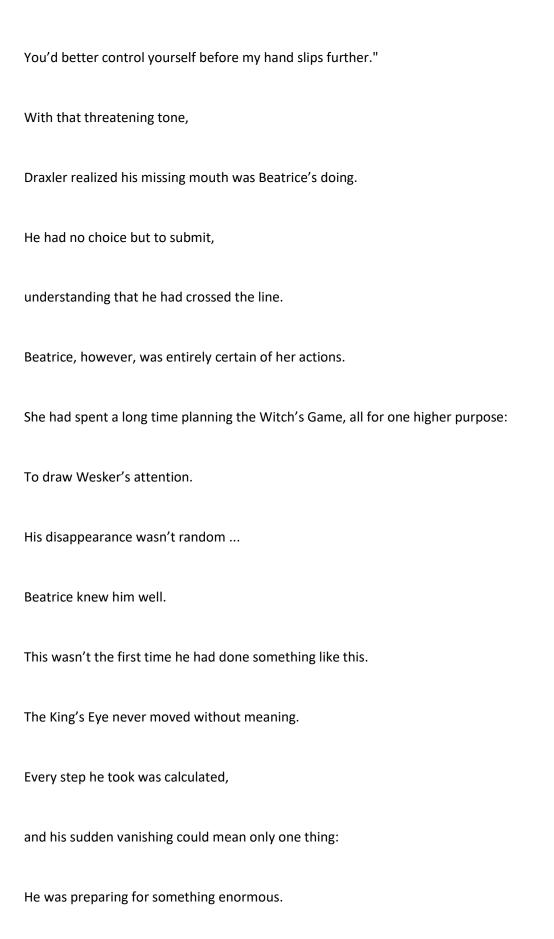




"Yes. That's the very reason I created the Witch's Game in the first place.
We succeeded he already appeared before me once."
The moment she mentioned him, excitement clearly spread across Beatrice's face.
She had finally obtained what she had long desired.
Chapter 440: The Fourth Seat Awakens (2)
"When I tried to kill those worthless servants, he appeared before me, stopping me in my tracks.
There's no doubt it was him.
That level of wave manipulation is something only someone of his caliber could perform."
Beatrice still remembered every moment of that encounter, when she had nearly killed Gavid Lindman and Mergo.
Just as she was about to strike,
time froze around her, reality flipped upside down, and a tremendous force pressed down on her, rendering her unable to move.
Hearing this, Draxler nodded.
"Hellmond is in complete chaos right now.
The Great King, Agaroth, and the First Seat, the Red Moon Crimson, have been dormant for a long time, and have stepped away from the battlefield."

"As for the Second Seat, Agares,
he vanished after his defeat against one of the Seven Supreme Powers.
Which leaves Shadow King Vayne as the strongest active demon among the upper seats."
Draxler paused for a moment, gathering his thoughts before continuing.
"Vayne has always been a strange and reclusive demon who follows only her whims.
She has no interest in leadership whatsoever, which left the Fourth Seat, Wesker, and the Fifth Seat, Marvas, to lead the upper demons."
Since the top three had withdrawn from leadership for various reasons,
the upper demons had split into two factions:
One led by the Fourth Seat, Wesker the Black Faction, which included demons like Beatrice and Astaroth.
The other followed the Fifth Seat, Marvas—the Red Faction.
Although they were part of the same hierarchy, the two forces were constantly at odds, their relationship tangled and strained.
Wesker was cunning and calculating,
often scheming from behind the scenes.

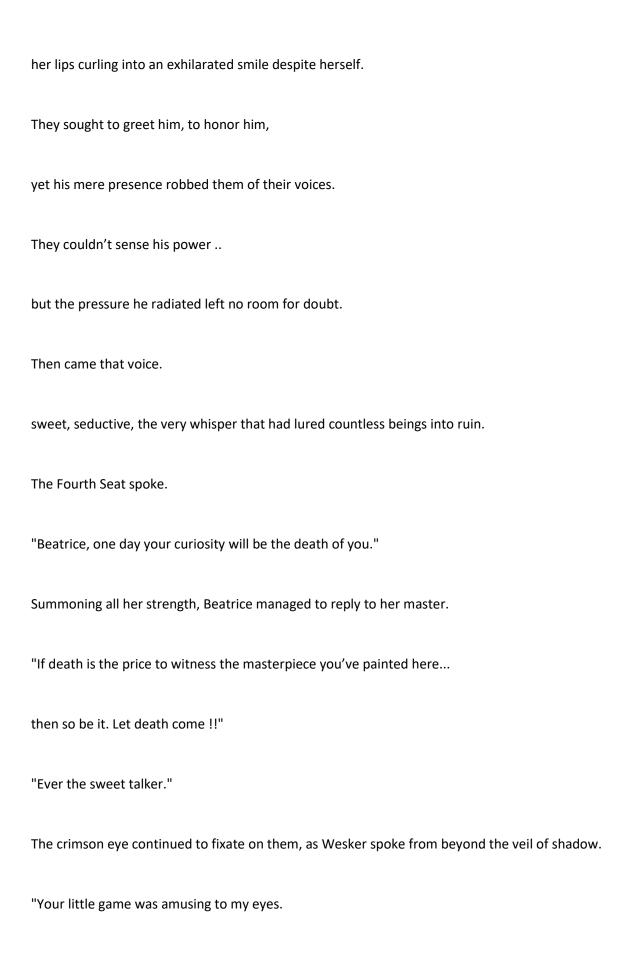
Marvas, on the other hand, was the oldest among the 72 upper demons, a seasoned war general with vast experience.
The struggle between these two forces had raged for years, especially after the higher ranks ignored them completely,
leaving them free to wage their own wars.
The power struggle was evenly matched,
until the Red Faction recently gained the upper hand after the sudden disappearance of the Black Faction's leader—Wesker.
This disappearance led Wesker's followers to search for him, their journey eventually leading them to Earth
the last place Wesker was seen.
Realizing this, Draxler stared at Beatrice's back, unable to believe what they were about to face.
"Is Lord Wesker really in this place?"
Draxler asked, but before he could say another word, his mouth vanished without warning.
Beatrice turned toward him,
holding her magic staff in hand.
"You talk too much, Draxler.

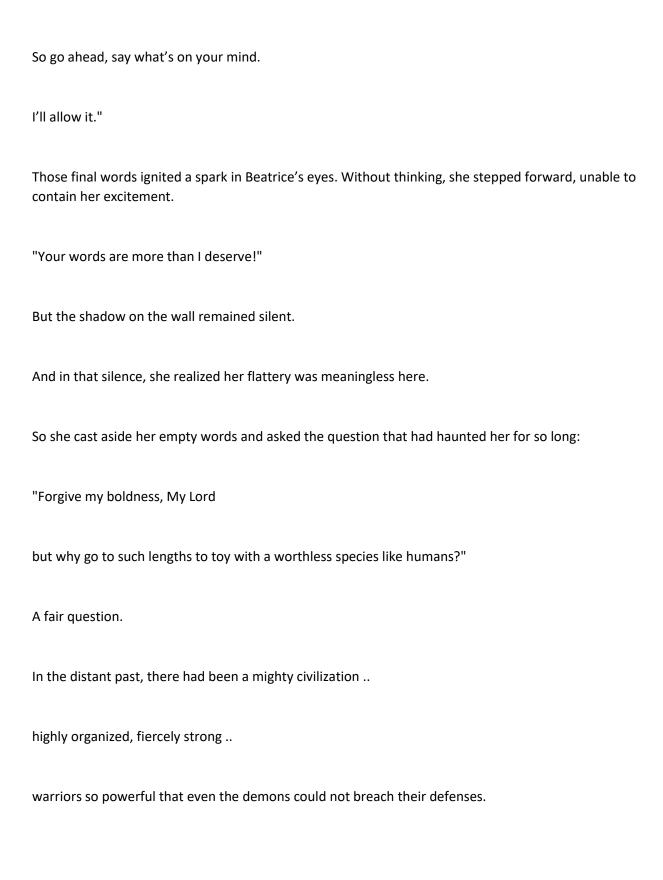


Beatrice had always been fascinated by the intricate schemes Wesker wove from the shadows.
The Witch's Game was nothing but a cheap imitation of her supreme master's grand designs.
That's why she wanted a front-row seat to the show the Fourth Seat was about to put on.
She was certain it would be spectacular.
As for Marvas and the Red Faction?
She wasn't concerned about them in the slightest.
Once it was over,
Wesker would deal with them easily.
She was certain of it.
At that moment,
Beatrice cared about only one thing
meeting him.
And that was why she had come here.
"He led me here himself."

It happened during the final battle against the Elite Class students.
Back then, Beatrice had felt a subtle current guiding her toward somewhere far away.
That was why she never activated her final magical trap, the one that would have annihilated Frey and his companions.
A witch like her had already accounted for the possibility that Frey might break through her defenses, so she had prepared an automatic trap that would trigger even without her casting it.
Meaning Frey's anti-magic would have been useless.
"I was guaranteed victory.
The Witch's Game was designed that way from the start."
Frey and his companions had zero chance of winning
unless some outside force intervened.
Who could have predicted that Wesker himself would intervene on their behalf?
In such a case, Beatrice had no choice but to yield.
And at that moment
She realized they had ventured too deep into the cave, the darkness around them growing heavier and heavier.
A darkness far from ordinary.

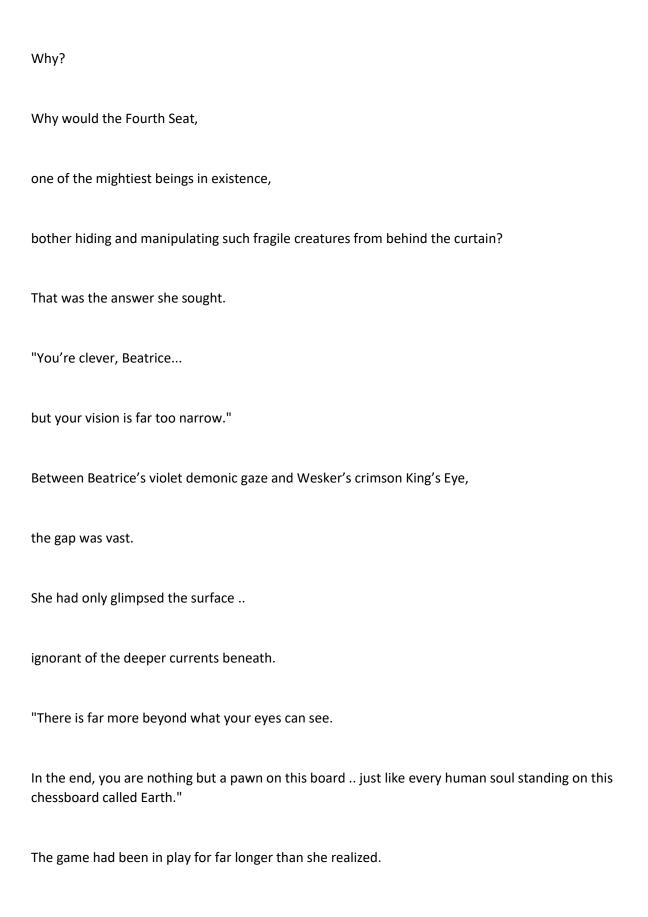
It was said that those who reached the higher realms of the SSS rank
possessed such overwhelming power
that those below SS+ couldn't even sense it
And so, Beatrice and Draxler stood frozen, unsettled beneath the crushing weight of the vast darkness that crept over their skin.
Slowly, the shadows gathered and converged, taking the form of a colossal silhouette stretching across the cavern wall.
It was a demonic shadow, its single crimson eye snapping open without warning
gazing straight into their very souls.
That eye did not merely see their bodies.
It pierced far deeper, laying bare their past, present, and future, holding their fate in its grasp.
"The King's Eye,"
Beatrice whispered, awe-struck.
Draxler dropped to his knees without hesitation, pressing his forehead to the ground.
Beatrice followed, bowing deeply,



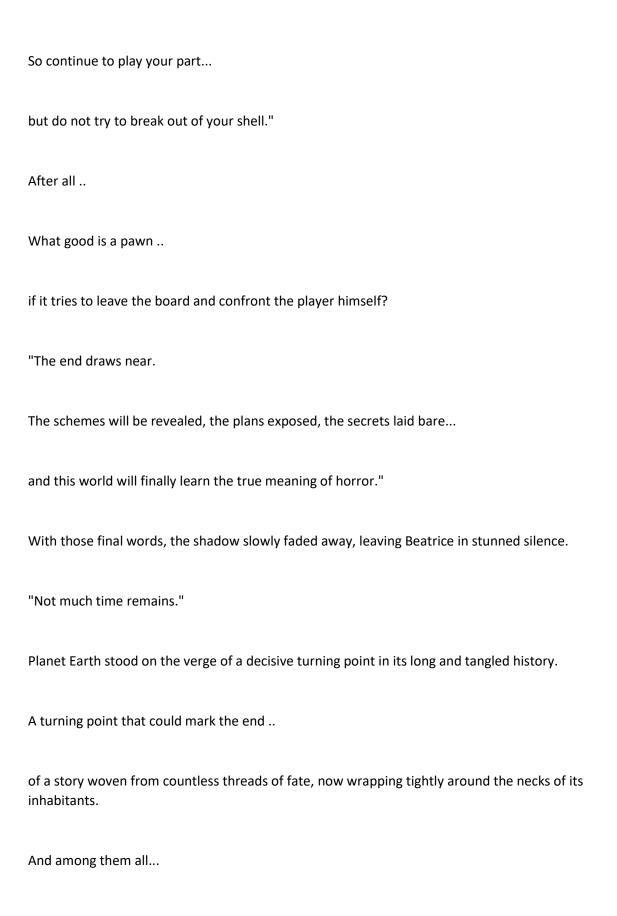


With a population of two billion, they were all hardened fighters, a race whose might forced the demons to tread carefully.
But in that age, Wesker vanished,
only to reappear hidden within their ranks.
From the shadows,
he plotted and schemed, turning them against one another within mere years.
They split into two warring factions,
blinded by petty disputes, unable to see the truth before them.
Thus began a catastrophic war.
Blood flowed without end.
That once-unbreakable civilization
crumbled overnight, reduced to a sea of corpses.
With only a few well-placed whispers
and a handful of masterful conspiracies,
Wesker destroyed everything.

One billion lives were lost in that war.
And then, at the moment of one side's triumph at the peak of their joy
Wesker appeared before them,
snatching away their victory and replacing it with utter despair.
He was a sadist who delighted in breaking souls.
Just as they thought they had won,
as their joy reached its peak,he descended upon them
slaughtering the remaining billion himself in a massacre that scarred the world's darkest history.
Wesker's dreadful reputation was born of acts like these.
But humans were not like that civilization.
They were far weaker.
Unlike that ancient race, who could repel the elite demons, Wesker alone could erase all of humanity from the face of the Earth in less than a day.
And yet, he hadn't.
So Beatrice could not help but ask herself:







Frey Starlight stood at the center of those tangled threads, gazing up at the sky,

weary and worn by the storm of events surrounding him.

Time remaining until the end of the final mission: 1 day.