

VILLAIN 45

Chapter 45 Against the Ice Queen (1)

-Frey Starlight Pov-

Everything had gone smoothly—hard work always paid off in training.

Sophia stood at the sidelines, observing everyone and stepping in only when she saw an opportunity to offer advice.

Sophia Tan, known as the Miracle of the Temple, had reached S-rank before turning thirty. Naturally, her guidance was invaluable.

However, she couldn't teach me much. The Ten Thousand Steps of Shadow technique I practiced was far too intricate for her to grasp.

That was understandable. Even I didn't fully comprehend it. I was merely following what I had memorized, moving on instinct alone.

Still, I felt I had made some progress in Shadow Adaptation. Clana wasn't the only one who had come to train with me this time—Danzo and Ragna had also joined in. It was as if they were making up for my previous escape.

Sparring against them was frustrating, considering how aggressive they were in combat, but at the very least, I had the chance to test different techniques.

I exhaled sharply as sweat dripped down my body.

Over two hours had passed since the practical training began.

Sophia must have noticed the time as well, as she clapped her hands together.

"Alright, that's enough for today. You're all free to leave whenever you like."

Some sighed in relief, while others remained indifferent.

Sophia was the first to leave, but as she did, I caught her looking at me—just as she had been doing throughout the entire session.

"Great... unwanted attention."

I ran my fingers through my hair, undoing the ribbon that held it in place. My long strands cascaded down my back.

It didn't matter if I drew some attention now. As far as they were concerned, I was just an A-rank talent. Without knowing about the system, they wouldn't expect me to surpass that.

"They'll lose interest soon enough... it's only a matter of time."

I lifted my hair, running my fingers through it. It was damp with sweat, irritatingly so.

"Damn it... If I didn't look this good with long hair, I would've cut it off ages ago."

Every time I saw my reflection in the mirror, I couldn't help but admire myself. Cutting my hair had become an impossible decision.

I wished I could keep this body when I returned to my world.

I was lost in thought when Clana's voice suddenly snapped me back to reality.

"Frey, what are you doing?"

I turned to find her staring at me.

"What do you mean?"

"This! Look at yourself—you're moving weirdly, touching yourself all over."

I frowned.

"What are you talking about? Can't I run my fingers through my own hair in peace?"

Clana sighed, turning away.

"I don't care anymore. Do whatever you want."

She left, leaving me alone.

"Sigh... No one understands me."

I absently traced my fingers over the tattoo hidden beneath my training shirt.

I miss you, my friend...

Lost in memories of my beloved sword, Balerion, a sudden tremor ran through my body.

"Damn it..."

I knew exactly what that meant.

I scanned my surroundings and quickly spotted the cause—a girl watching me from afar. White hair, crystal-blue eyes, a flawless figure... Seris Moonlight.

I clenched my fist, holding her gaze with equal intensity.

"Calm down, damn it... I'm in control here."

Forcing my body to stop trembling, I exhaled slowly.

In the end, Seris was merely surveying the area—she wasn't looking at me specifically.

"Ugh... how embarrassing."

She left without a second glance.

Damn it, Frey's emotions are messing with my senses.

"Looks like I'll need to punch myself again in the near future..."

Shaking off the thought, I turned away.

"I'm starving."

After returning to my room for a quick shower, I stepped out again, wandering through the temple.

"It's time to visit Shaheen."

Every time I entered the old man's tent, it felt like I had returned to my own world, even if only for a fleeting moment.

That feeling, along with the faint glimmer of hope the system offered, was what kept me going.

Without realizing it, the hour I spent with Old Shaheen had become an essential part of my routine.

After enjoying a spicy meal, I bid the old man farewell and returned to my room.

I was exhausted—so much so that I could've fallen asleep the moment I lay down.

But I forced myself to stay awake a little longer, opening my laptop.

I glanced at the task list, checking my progress for the day. As expected...

Side Missions:

Confess to one of the Elite Class girls → 200 Achievement Points (Completed)

Win a 1v1 against one of the following opponents:

Snow Lionheart → 1,000 Achievement Points

Ghost Umbra → 750 Achievement Points

Seris Moonlight → 500 Achievement Points

Slap Emperor Maekar Valerion → 10,000 Achievement Points

Wander inside the Elite Dormitory... naked → 500 Achievement Points

Current Achievement Points: 4900

I sighed.

"I'm still a long way from getting the anti-magic Ability..."

I might be strolling through the dormitory naked soon...

The thought made me laugh—this could very well be the riskiest move of my life.

Shaking my head, I ignored the missions and checked my stats.

Status:

Host Name: Frey Starlight (Dual Soul)

Class: Swordsman

Talent Rank: A

Current Rank: D

Strength: D-

Speed: D+

Agility: D

Endurance: E+

Aura: SSS

Magic: G-

Swordsmanship: Level 3 (Limit Broken: Can now reach Level 7)

Talents: {Swordsmanship}, {Aura Manipulation}, {Poison Immunity}

Combat Style: Ten Thousand Steps of Shadow

Skills:

(Hawk's Eye) – A-rank

(Phantom Steps) – A-rank

(seduction) – F-rank

Abilities: Shadow Adaptation 0/7

System's Note:

"You're like an annoying mosquito in this world. At least now you can bite, but in the end, you still get squashed."

I had long since stopped caring about the system's remarks. Paying attention to them would only piss me off.

Still, I had advanced to D-rank.

Soon, progress would slow as I approached C-rank, especially with only an A-rank talent.

"I might have to break my limit soon..."

If I wanted to accelerate my training, I needed to push my talent to at least S-rank. And for that, I needed one thing—

Achievement Points.

That had become a problem. The missions no longer provided enough.

I was betting on the main missions, but they were currently empty. Still, I was almost certain they'd appear when the temple's events unfolded.

"The Ultras Invasion..."

If my memory was correct, it would happen in a month. When it did, new missions would surely follow.

It would be a monumental event—the supposed safest temple in the world being breached.

I needed to be ready before that happened.

I sighed, leaning back in my chair.

"A lot of work to do..."

I was about to ignore everything and sleep when my eyes drifted to my final mission—the one thread of hope I clung to.

Final Mission: Win the Victoriad.

Time Limit: Two Years

Failure Penalty: System Seal for One Year

Reward:

10,000 Achievement Points

System Question: One guaranteed answer from the System Engineer, no matter the question.

What kind of answer would I get from the entity behind this screen?

Maybe returning to my world was something simple.

Or maybe... it was something ten times harder than winning the Victoriad.

Either way, it didn't matter—so long as I could go home in the end.

Suppressing my thoughts, I let sleep take over.

If I kept thinking about my world, the emotions I had buried would break free.

So, I simply closed my eyes and drifted into the quiet of the night.