

VILLAIN 48

Chapter 48 Enhance the level of difficulty (1)

-Frey Starlight Pov-

I slowly opened my eyes, immediately greeted by the sterile scent of a hospital—the one smell I had always despised.

"I don't recognize this ceiling."

Strange medical equipment surrounded me, most of which I couldn't even identify.

I sat up slowly, casting a sharp glance over my body, which was wrapped in layers of bandages.

A dull stiffness spread through my limbs as my muscles failed to respond as quickly as I wanted.

Though my external wounds had completely healed, it seemed my internal injuries hadn't.

That last strike must have put too much strain on my body, severely damaging my aura pathways.

With a sigh, I swung my legs off the bed and stood up.

"Things are getting out of hand... I'm not even sure if this is still the story I wrote anymore."

At that moment, a nurse walked in.

She froze at the sight of me standing, then quickly rushed over, gripping my shoulders.

"What do you think you're doing?! You're still injured—you shouldn't be out of bed!"

She tried to push me back down, but no matter how much force she used, I didn't budge an inch.

Brushing her hands away indifferently, I began peeling off the bandages wrapped around my chest and waist, exposing my bare skin.

"I'm fine. I've already recovered."

Her eyes widened in shock.

After all, it had only been a few hours since I was brought in, covered in wounds. Yet now, the body before her was unblemished—pale skin without a single scar.

A moment later, her face flushed red as she realized she had been staring too long. She quickly averted her gaze.

Ignoring her predictable reaction, I retrieved my temple uniform from my ring and put it on before heading for the door.

"Wait! You can't leave yet!"

I simply waved a hand at her as I walked out.

My destination was the reception desk, where I needed to retrieve my smartwatch and the belongings taken from me while I was unconscious.

A man in a formal black suit sat behind the desk.

I stopped in front of him and got straight to the point.

"I'm here to collect my belongings."

His face remained expressionless as he nodded.

"Name and class number?"

"Frey Starlight, Elite Class B9."

His expression flickered slightly upon hearing I was an elite student, but he quickly masked it.

He retrieved a card, a smartwatch, and a few gold coins, placing them on the counter.

"These are the items we managed to recover. Unfortunately, your clothes were too damaged and had to be discarded."

I sighed, taking my things.

"That's fine."

I was about to leave when the man stopped me.

"Also... these arrived for you."

He placed two glass vials on the counter, both filled with a pale green liquid.

I recognized them instantly—high-grade healing potions.

Picking up one, I frowned.

"Who sent these?"

The man, ever professional, recalled the details immediately.

"The first one came from A-3, Aegon Valerion."

As expected. So this was his first gesture of goodwill.

Wait... the first one?

"And the second?"

The man hesitated slightly before bowing his head.

"My apologies, but the second individual requested anonymity. They also kept their face hidden, so I couldn't identify them."

"I see..."

Taking both potions, I turned to leave.

"Thanks."

As I stepped out of the infirmary, I flipped the vials between my fingers absentmindedly.

I had a suspicion about who sent the second one, but I wasn't certain yet. It didn't matter for now.

Fastening my smartwatch onto my wrist, I powered it on.

Immediately, a flood of notifications popped up, displaying multiple missed calls.

Ada Starlight – 16 Missed Calls

Had the news already reached her?

I sighed.

"I'll call her later."

A glance at the time told me it was already 6 p.m.—I had missed all my classes for the day.

Might as well head back to my room.

As I walked through the temple grounds, the crisp evening breeze brushed against my face, a reminder that autumn was nearing its end.

From time to time, I passed temple students chatting and laughing amongst themselves, enjoying their school life without a care in the world.

Blissfully unaware of what the future held.

I paused for a moment, taking in the sight of the setting sun, then resumed my path toward the elite dorms.

Fortunately, I didn't run into anyone and slipped into my room unnoticed.

I sat at my desk and powered on my laptop.

Same interface. Everything in place.

I stared at the screen for a long moment before finally speaking aloud.

"Is there something you want to tell me, you damn system?"

Silence.

"Don't play dumb. Whoever's behind this screen, I know you're listening. I want answers—now."

Since the moment I woke up, this question had been clawing at my mind.

I had fought Snow Lionheart, faced his strength firsthand.

Maybe someone else wouldn't have noticed.

But I did.

I knew everything about the protagonist of my story. And one thing I was certain of—he wasn't supposed to be this strong at this point in the timeline.

This should have been his level without the ring that restricted his powers.

For him to display such strength while still wearing it... something was undeniably wrong.

As if in response, my laptop screen flickered.

A familiar jester emblem appeared, followed by blood-red text.

"As expected of the author... quite perceptive."

A sharp breath escaped me.

It actually responded.

"Who are you?"

My question was ignored as more text appeared.

"Due to the author's unexpected rate of growth, the world's difficulty has been increased to the maximum level—'Nightmare Mode.'

"All characters, both heroes and villains, will experience a significant power boost to align with the narrative. Additionally, previously ambiguous plotlines have been rewritten to enhance world-building."

"The first arc, 'Ultras Invasion,' has been adjusted accordingly."

"Main Quest: Survive until the end of the raid."

"Reward: 1,000 Achievement Points."

"Good luck... you'll need it."

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I sat frozen, processing what I had just read.

"You bastard system, hold it right there!"

Gripping my laptop, I leaned in, my voice seething with frustration.

"Answer me! Who are you? What do you want? Why did you bring me into this world?! And how the hell do I go back?!"

I bombarded the screen with questions, but the jester emblem had already vanished, leaving behind only the newly issued quest.

With a growl, I slammed my fist onto the desk, cracking the surface.

"Increased difficulty?"

Son of a—

So I struggle through the Nightmare Land, endure hell just to get stronger—only for the difficulty to be raised the moment I do?

So what was the point of all that suffering?

Was I just entertainment? A toy for someone's amusement?

At this rate, not just the protagonist—everyone would grow stronger. Every single one of them would become an obstacle.

Leaning back in my chair, I ran a hand through my hair, exhaling sharply.

"What the hell do I do now?"