

VILLAIN 50

Chapter 50 Unwanted Relationships

-Frey Starlight Pov-

...

...

...

The rhythmic sound of tapping filled the classroom as Sophia swiftly wrote on the massive board before us.

Today's lesson was about Wave Controllers...

Since this was her area of expertise, she provided more information than usual.

A week had already passed since I entered the temple.

In that short time, I had experienced a lot—dealing with the Emperor's children, facing the protagonist of the story I had written, and navigating through the various types of lessons.

This was one of the few classes where I remained fully attentive, and for two reasons.

First, Sophia's explanations were concise and easy to grasp.

Second... she was captivating.

"I need a woman like her by my side if I want to stay sane..."

I pushed down the irritating desires that came with my teenage body. I didn't want Sophia to notice anything unusual.

Fortunately, the lesson ended before my thoughts could spiral any further.

Sophia glanced at her watch before announcing,

"Alright, that's all for today. In an hour, you'll begin a new type of lesson, so make sure you're present."

"Hmm?"

I checked the schedule to see what she meant, and it didn't take long for me to understand.

"Survival Training."

I recognized it instantly. After all, the instructor in charge was the biggest lunatic in the temple.

As I idly adjusted my watch, a sudden thud caught my attention.

I looked up—along with everyone else—to see what had happened.

A familiar girl sat on the floor, her long purple hair slightly disheveled.

Her glasses had fallen... Adriana.

Standing in front of her was a lanky young man with green hair.

If I wasn't mistaken, he was one of Feyrith's lackeys.

B-10 Jan Dover.

Judging by the scene, they must have bumped into each other.

Adriana, ever timid, immediately apologized and reached for her glasses.

At that moment, Jan kicked them away.

She froze, her gaze locked onto him in shock.

With a sneer, he grabbed her by the hair and lifted her up.

"You little whore... I barely tolerate your presence here, and now you have the audacity to stand in my way?"

Adriana clutched his arm, tears forming at the corners of her eyes as she pleaded for him to let go.

"Shut up! Filth like you shouldn't even be here in the first place."

His voice slithered like a serpent's hiss, and with his sharp features and gaunt frame, the resemblance was uncanny.

I exhaled quietly as I observed from the sidelines.

Here we go again...

Classism and idiots like him existed everywhere.

Every student in the elite class came from a powerful background.

They weren't on the level of the Three Great Families, but families like Jan Dover's still held considerable influence, running some of the empire's most formidable guilds.

Of course, there were exceptions.

Take Snow Lionheart, the protagonist, for example. He was from a poor family—or, as Jan would call them, commoners.

But Jan would never dare to bully him.

And the reason was simple.

If he tried, Snow would grind his face into the dirt.

Unfortunately, Adriana was a different story. She likely came from a modest background and somehow found herself surrounded by nobles.

I recalled how she had run the moment she realized who I was—Frey Starlight.

Her quiet sobs pulled me from my thoughts.

In front of me was the classic scene of public humiliation.

Jan continued to insult her, yanking at her hair so hard that strands of violet scattered in the air.

She cried and apologized.

I frowned.

"Fight back."

That was what I wanted to tell her.

She was stronger than him.

With the exception of myself, the temple's ranking system was absolute. She was ranked sixth in Class B.

She should have easily been able to take him down.

Jan had likely orchestrated this entire encounter—bumping into her on purpose to stir up trouble.

There was no reason for her to back down.

And yet, no matter how long I waited... she did nothing.

She just apologized and cried.

"Pathetic."

I muttered under my breath.

Was she afraid of his family? Or was she just a coward?

Either way... I lost interest.

But just as I was about to turn away, a blonde girl appeared behind Adriana.

The moment Jan saw her, his expression changed.

She took advantage of his hesitation.

"Take your filthy hands off her."

Sansa reached out and lightly tapped Jan's shoulder.

A simple touch.

Yet an invisible force erupted from nowhere, sending him flying across the classroom and crashing into the wall behind me.

My eyes narrowed in intrigue as a black mist rose from her hand.

I didn't quite understand what had happened.

"Can a Wave Controller even do something like that?"

Behind me, Jan struggled to his feet, visibly shaken.

I laughed at the sight.

He didn't dare move—his instincts telling him he was in over his head.

Realizing the danger, he backed off without another word.

Meanwhile, Sansa retrieved Adriana's glasses and helped her up.

Adriana still trembled—especially upon realizing who had saved her.

"A-Ah... P-Princess... I-I'm sorry! I didn't mean to—"

Sansa smiled, gently placing a hand on her shoulder to cut her off.

"It's fine. You're not the one who should be apologizing. And just Sansa is enough."

Adriana frantically waved her hands in protest.

"N-No! How could I possibly—"

Once again, she was interrupted as Sansa leaned in close—so close that their faces were nearly touching.

"Enough of that. I heard you ranked first in the theoretical exam. Is that true?"

The bookworm hesitated, clearly caught off guard by the sudden shift in topic.

But she couldn't ignore the princess's question.

She timidly nodded.

"Y-Yes, that's right."

"That's amazing!"

Sansa grabbed her hands, laughing.

"How about studying together? I struggle with a lot of the theoretical lessons..."

From being bullied to receiving a study invitation from the princess...

Adriana looked bewildered.

It was probably too much for someone with a timid personality like hers, so she just kept nodding.

Sansa seemed to have expected this reaction. She simply laughed and dragged Adriana out of the classroom.

"Perfect! Let's be friends from now on!"

She deliberately emphasized the word "friends" before leaving, making it clear to everyone—

Messing with Adriana was no longer an option.

I sighed.

Well... that was one way to deal with the situation.

Though I didn't like it.

This wouldn't change anything.

Instead of standing up for herself, Adriana would now rely on someone else for protection.

I was about to leave as well when a hushed conversation caught my attention.

My enhanced senses picked it up whether I wanted to or not.

...

Jan had returned to Feyrith's side.

The two of them, along with Kyle Walker, made up Feyrith's Entourage.

Jan sat in sullen silence, muttering curses under his breath.

Meanwhile, Feyrith was practically glowing.

Kyle, confused by his good mood, asked absentmindedly,

"Feyrith... you seem happy."

Still smirking, Feyrith kept his eyes on the door where Sansa had left.

"Isn't she incredible?"

"Incredible?" Jan and Kyle echoed, baffled.

"The princess~"

Feyrith seemed lost in his own world.

"Kind, even to worthless commoners... breathtakingly beautiful, powerful, and of the noblest bloodline..."

"A Angel! She's a Angel!"

Jan's expression darkened upon hearing those words. After all, she was the same person who had thrown him off before—perhaps, to him, she really did seem like a demon.

Meanwhile, the tank, Kyle, scratched his head, letting out another casual remark.

"The most beautiful? Isn't the girl from the Moonlight family the most beautiful?"

Feyrith's brows furrowed at that.

"What's so beautiful about that machine?! Don't compare that thing to an angel!"

"She's perfect... the ultimate prize any man would dream of."

Neither Kyle nor Jan dared to respond after Feyrith revealed his emotions so openly.

On the other hand...

"Pfft—!"

A laugh burst from my lips as I overheard their childish conversation.

So... Feyrith had a crush on Sansa?

What a deluded fool.

That girl was completely out of his league.

I laughed even harder at the way he described Seris. She was sitting at the front of the class, meaning she had definitely heard everything—which only made it funnier.

Wait...

Could it be?

Was Feyrith making such a fuss earlier because he realized how close I was to Sansa?

"Pfft—!"

The more I thought about it, the harder I laughed.

"How childish."

Was this his way of proving himself to her? By beating me, the person closest to her?

At this point, I wasn't sure if he was just a fool, a child, or maybe... both.

My laughter clearly got under their skin, which explained why they were now rising from their seats and marching toward me.

Unfortunately for them, I no longer saw them as people.

Just a bunch of children throwing tantrums.

Luckily, I didn't even have to deal with them.

Just as the trio was about to reach me, two muscular figures bulldozed through them from behind.

"Move aside, you morons!"

Ragna and Danzo shouted as they plowed through Feyrith and his lackeys like a bowling ball scattering pins.

The two of them stopped in front of me, and Danzo pointed directly at me.

"Oi, Frey! What do you say to a spar before the next class?"

I stood up and nodded.

"No problem."

Ragna's grin widened as he cracked his knuckles.

"Perfect. This time, I'm taking you down."

"I'd like to see you try."

Without another word, I followed them to the nearest arena.

This was becoming something of a routine—sparring with Dawn and Snow in the morning, and now with Danzo and Ragna.

Before I knew it, I was getting closer to them.

It was good for my training, but I had been trying to avoid forming relationships.

Yet, that was proving to be difficult...

After all, they were reflections of my real friends.

I sighed, trailing behind them.

"Oh well..."

Inside one of the arenas, a muscular figure stood in the center, iron gloves covering his fists, while a shadow flickered around him at high speed.

Danzo suddenly launched a punch, sending a powerful aura wave surging toward me—but I dodged it effortlessly.

I leaped forward, hurling myself at him.

My sword was drenched in a terrifying amount of dark aura, but Danzo caught it barehanded, stopping it with brute force.

He counterattacked, but I either evaded or parried each strike.

"Come to think of it, I heard you survived a full year in the Nightmare Lands. That true?"

Dodging a punch aimed at my face, I swiftly slashed at his torso.

"Yeah... though I was just lucky."

With the back of his hand, Danzo knocked my sword aside before throwing another punch.

Amidst a storm of flying fists and black slashes, I found myself locked in a brutal close-range battle.

"Luck? You're telling me you survived on luck?"

"Not exactly. I was on the verge of death until I stumbled upon one of the ancient sects... I hid there for a year before returning once I was strong enough."

One of my slashes finally broke through his defenses, sending him skidding several meters back.

But thanks to his absurdly tough body, he remained unscathed.

He grinned as four aura-forged arms materialized around him.

"Not bad... Looks like you're not as much of a sissy as you seem."

I frowned, gripping my sword with both hands as a dark flame surged around me.

"Why do you guys keep calling me that, anyway?"

Danzo slammed his six fists together, unleashing a devastating shockwave in my direction.

"I'll tell you if you can block this!"

"As you wish."

I took a slow breath, focusing as the attack bore down on me.

"Ten Thousand Steps of Shadow : Black Cutter "

Just before the crushing force could blast me out of the arena, I severed it with a single slash.

Darkness tore through everything in its path, obliterating all obstacles, until I came to a stop—my blade hovering mere millimeters from his neck.

I forced a smile.

"Is that enough?"

Danzo sighed from the other side.

"You're such a pain to deal with..."

At that moment, Ragna stepped onto the stage.

"I'm next!"

Danzo shook his head as he walked off.

"Can't believe I'm struggling against a sissy..."

I frowned. "There you go again... What part of me looks like a sissy to you?"

Danzo gave me a deadpan look.

"Well... to be fair, you're actually Sissy Number Two. That other guy from Class A is Number One."

"Class A?"

Was he talking about Snow?

Danzo sighed as he left the stage.

"Oh well... You two are prettier than most girls I know. How am I supposed to deal with that?"

I couldn't help but laugh as I turned to face Ragna.

"You're a weird guy."

Our weapons clashed, sending sparks flying across the arena.

Unintentionally, I had begun forming the very connections I had tried so hard to avoid.