

VILLAIN 51

Chapter 51 Crazy Professor

We got a contract, everyone! This is a huge milestone for the novel, and it's all thanks to you, the readers.

Thank you all so much!

You can now support the novel with gifts and golden tickets alongside Power stones if you'd like—it's truly amazing!

Now, I'll leave you with the chapter.

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-Frey Starlight Pov-

I barely had time for a quick shower after my fight against the muscleheads, Ragna and Danzo.

Unlike me, they had gone straight to class, unfazed by the idea of washing up. That left me sprinting through the halls to catch the next lesson. Fortunately, I arrived just in time.

The classroom was unlike the others—it felt more like a museum. Artifacts, ancient scrolls, and even preserved monster corpses filled the space.

Among the gathered students, I spotted my classmates from Class B, along with those from Class A, a reminder that this was a joint lesson.

Just then, Snow approached me.

"You finally decided to show up. You're late."

I shrugged nonchalantly.

"The instructor isn't here yet, so I'd say I'm fine."

Snow considered my reasoning before nodding.

"I suppose you're right."

Smirking, I extended my hand.

"Tell me, how about a quick game of rock-paper-scissors?"

He frowned.

"Rock-paper-scissors? Why?"

"Just to pass the time."

Snow eyed me suspiciously for a moment but eventually gave in with a sigh.

"I don't see how this helps, but fine."

His agreement brought a wide grin to my face—I had gotten what I wanted.

Previously, when I dueled Seris in a friendly sword match and won, the system counted it as a legitimate victory and rewarded me with achievement points.

That realization led me to an important conclusion.

I didn't have to beat them in a real fight. I just had to win—at anything. Even something as trivial as this.

I struggled to contain my excitement at the thought of earning 1,000 free achievement points.

We raised our hands and called out in unison.

"Rock!"

"Paper!"

"Scissors!"

My grin vanished when I saw Snow pick rock while I had chosen scissors.

"Again!"

We went for another round. This time, I was going to win.

"Rock!"

"Paper!"

"Scissors!"

I picked paper. Snow picked scissors.

"Again!"

A third round. A fourth. A fifth.

"You've got to be kidding me."

I lost again.

"What the hell is going on?"

We kept playing... and I kept losing.

"Again!"

I was about to restart when Snow stopped me.

"Uh... Frey, I think that's enough. How long do you plan on playing?"

His words snapped me back to reality—I had already lost ten times.

"How the hell are you winning every round?"

As we joined the rest of the class, Snow answered casually.

"I can predict your moves."

"Predict them?"

My confidence wavered. If I couldn't even beat him in a simple game, how was I supposed to defeat him in a real fight?

I regretted making him this strong.

Meanwhile, the rest of the students explored the hall. One guy from Class A reached out to touch a statue, but before his fingers could graze its surface—

"Stop! Don't you dare touch that!"

A sudden voice boomed from above.

An old man dropped from the ceiling, colliding with the Class A student and knocking him flat on his back.

He immediately scrambled toward the statue, running his hands over it with excessive care.

"A statue containing over 90% aura and 10% other materials. A masterpiece discovered in the Nightmare Lands... There aren't many like it in this world! Your filthy hands have no right to touch it!"

He practically screeched, hugging the statue as if it were a long-lost lover.

I smacked my forehead.

The man was a complete mess—grayish-white hair, a ridiculous mustache, sagging skin. Short and wearing an expensive tuxedo that clashed entirely with his disheveled look.

A chaotic disaster in human form.

Everyone stared at him, unimpressed. Naturally, he noticed.

He scanned the room, muttering under his breath as he counted.

"One, two, three... ten... twenty-one—ah! Wait, I shouldn't count myself. That makes twenty students!"

He let out a delighted laugh.

"Finally! A decent number of students!"

As he continued mumbling, the prince, Aegon , stepped forward as the class representative.

"Excuse me, are you our instructor for this lesson?"

The old man frowned at Aegon, leaning in uncomfortably close.

"And who do you think I am?"

Aegon flinched at the bizarre behavior, taking a few steps back.

"My apologies... It's just that we were confused when we arrived and found no one here."

More importantly, how had he even come from the ceiling?

The old man stroked his mustache, ignoring Aegon as he walked toward the front of the hall.

"What a dull way of speaking you have... Anyway, yes! I am your instructor for the most important lesson you'll ever take at this temple—Survival Arts!"

He gestured wildly, slamming his fist against the wall.

"For years, fools have ignored my class! Barely anyone attended! All because of those idiots in administration! Why would they make my course an elective?!"

I knew what he meant. Classes were divided into two types—mandatory and elective. Naturally, the latter gave students the choice of whether to attend or not.

"Listen up, sprouts! I am Luca Bonatiro, your instructor! Do you know what we do here?"

A black-haired, bespectacled student from Class A muttered under his breath.

"Learn how to survive?"

Instructor Bonatiro immediately pointed at him with a sharp glare.

"Exactly!"

A pen materialized in his hand as he scribbled on the board.

"The Eastern Nightmare Lands, the Southern Nightmare Lands... the North, the Demon Sea... the skies once ruled by unknown creatures!"

Bonatiro slammed his pen against the board, his voice rising.

"The world is vast! Filled with the unknown! You pampered brats sleep soundly within the tiny Empire... but what if, one day, you find yourselves out there?"

"What if you come face-to-face with the horrors lurking beyond these walls? You are nothing but a tiny fraction of this world! How will you save your sorry hides when you know nothing?"

Silence. No one dared speak. We all understood that anything we said would only backfire.

Then he turned to me.

"Actually, I should correct myself..."

I watched as Bonatiro made his way toward me, pressing his face uncomfortably close.

"Our friend here survived an entire year in the Nightmare Lands! Tell me, what did you see? What did you face? What did you discover?"

His wide-eyed stare bore into me. Instinctively, I stepped back.

Seeing my reaction, the instructor paused.

"Hah... Talking about it must be difficult for you. We'll leave it for later."

I frowned. Leave it for later? Was this crazy old man planning to corner me again?

But he seemed to lose interest, quickly moving on.

"Listen up, sprouts! Here, you will learn how to survive. From navigating the Nightmare Lands' terrains to identifying monsters and dangers. From gathering food to staying alive, and more."

Bonatiro clenched his fist before motioning for us to follow.

"And we'll start with the basics! To the pool!"

Everyone frowned.

"The pool?"

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We trailed behind Bonatiro in a disorderly line as he rambled on.

"The Demon Sea has incredibly high density and an overwhelming amount of aura pressure, making movement difficult. So, you'll be learning how to swim and fight under similar conditions... You are the elite, after all."

Bonatiro pushed open the doors, revealing a massive hall with three enormous swimming pools.

It looked like one of those world-class sports arenas from my previous life.

He waved his hand lazily.

"You have ten minutes to change and get ready. Move it, elite sprouts!"

Just like that, the survival lesson had turned into a swimming class.

I made my way to the changing room, feeling like we'd hit the "beach episode" way too early.

The changing room was set up as if we were professional athletes, with our names marked on designated spots. My temple-issued blue swimwear was already waiting for me.

I stripped down and pulled on the tight, short swimming trunks that had been provided.

"Damn it... there's nothing for the upper body?"

Something like that should have been included. But maybe—just maybe—it was removed on purpose. A convenient excuse to get a better look at our physiques.

"Where's the logic in that?"

As I muttered to myself, I suddenly felt several pairs of eyes on me.

Turning around, I found everyone staring.

"What?"

I asked, just as Ragna and Danzo stepped forward, their eyes locked onto my left arm.

"Man, you've got a tattoo!"

Ah.

I had completely forgotten. Balerion's snake tattoo was fully exposed.

"That's sick! Is it real?"

I frowned as they reached out.

"Don't get too touchy, guys. It's just a tattoo."

I knew Balerion was impressive, but I was the only one allowed to touch him.

From the side, Aegon, who was still changing, chuckled.

"You never fail to surprise me, Frey Starlight."

I sighed, making my way toward the exit.

"If you're that impressed, just get one yourselves."

The boys filed out of the changing room, and the girls followed.

Naturally, all eyes turned to them.

They wore identical blue temple swimsuits—one-piece suits that highlighted their figures as they walked toward the pool.

It was a sight to behold.

Among them, Seris Moonlight stood out the most. That flawless, pale skin and perfectly sculpted figure...

Some were so mesmerized that I could literally see Feyrith and his entourage drooling.

I sighed and headed toward the first pool, where Bonatiro was waiting.

I had to admit—it was mildly amusing. But was all this excitement really necessary?

I'd understand if it were Sophia wearing something like this, but a bunch of seventeen-year-olds? It wasn't that impressive.

As the rest of the class gathered, my eyes wandered, catching sight of Sansa at the front.

As expected of a leader.

And yet, for some reason, I noticed something new.

"She's... really thin."

Her physique was decent, but compared to the other girls, she was noticeably slimmer.

Ever since I heard her story from Ada, I had unconsciously started paying her more attention.

I must have stared too long because Sansa met my gaze.

Her expression immediately twisted into suspicion and mild disgust—a clear misunderstanding.

I quickly looked away before things escalated.

Luckily, the instructor resumed speaking.

The Lesson Begins

"This session will last for an hour. In front of you are three pools," Bonatiro began, gesturing dramatically.

"The first pool closely resembles water before the Gate Incident—almost no aura and minimal pressure. It's the easiest and best for beginners."

He continued, standing in his expensive suit, looking comically out of place beside the pool.

"The second pool is infused with aura and has moderate pressure—considered an intermediate level. As for the third..."

He pointed toward it.

"That water comes directly from the Demon Sea. The aura pressure is extreme, making even basic movement a challenge."

His sharp gaze scanned the students.

"You will all start with the first pool and work your way up. If you reach your limit, you may return to the first pool at any time. I will be monitoring your progress and evaluating your performance, so put in some effort. Now, the first ten students, step forward!"

Hearing that, I moved ahead, followed by Snow, Danzo, and Ragna.

Ragna grinned.

"Let's turn this into a competition! Whoever reaches the third pool and stays in the longest wins!"

Danzo, always up for a challenge, immediately agreed. Snow gave a nonchalant nod.

I shrugged.

No harm in a little competition.

With Bonatiro's signal, we dove in.

The First Pool

The water was slightly heavier than what I was used to in my previous world, but with my current body, it wasn't an issue.

I surged through the water, causing a small commotion. The others followed suit.

Before long, we finished the first pool and rushed toward the second.

That's when disaster struck.

Ragna, in his excitement, lost his footing on the slippery ground. He skidded forward, crashing into Danzo, who in turn knocked into Snow and me.

"Damn it, watch your step!"

"What the hell are you doing?!"

The chain reaction caused a chaotic mess, prompting Bonatiro's wrath.

"You idiots! Do you think this is a game? Take this seriously!"

His voice, reinforced with aura, was especially grating, forcing us to regain composure quickly.

We dived into the second pool.

The Second Pool

The difference was immediate.

My movements slowed, and I felt the pressure against my body.

Bonatiro floated above us, his hands clasped behind his back.

"To advance, you must complete fifty laps back and forth. Don't get too excited just because you finished the first one."

A collective groan filled the air.

Then, everyone's aura exploded.

A dark force enveloped my body as well.

I shot forward like an arrow, piercing through the thick, jelly-like water.

At some point, my body started burning from the exertion, but I couldn't stop—not with muscleheads like Danzo and Ragna ahead of me.

After half an hour of relentless swimming, I finally completed the fifty laps.

My muscles screamed in protest from the continuous exertion.

Unfortunately, the two muscleheads, along with Snow, finished just a few seconds ahead of me.

Lifting myself onto the pool's edge, I let out a deep breath.

"Man... that was exhausting."

To my surprise, Danzo and Ragna immediately made their way toward the third pool.

Danzo, clearly frustrated at coming in second behind Ragna, seemed eager to reclaim his pride.

I sighed.

Where the hell were they getting all this energy?

I sat there, catching my breath, until a white-haired girl with black eyes approached and sat beside me.

"Hey... Frey."

I turned.

"Clana? So you're here too?"

She nodded, kicking the water with her feet.

"Yeah. Surprised?"

"Not really. You are a swordswoman, so it makes sense for you to have decent physical strength."

She nodded in agreement.

"True. But unlike you, I haven't finished the fifty laps yet... I barely made it halfway."

"Oh? Then why are you sitting here?"

She shrugged.

"I can finish whenever I want. No rush."

"Really? Well, good for you then."

I stared blankly ahead, only for Clana to suddenly grab my left arm.

"Look at you, Frey... where did you get this tattoo?"

I scowled when she touched it.

"Are you seriously doing this again? What if the same thing happens as before?"

This time, she didn't panic. Instead, she laughed.

"We're surrounded by elite students, with the instructor right above us. I doubt you'll try anything reckless in this situation."

...Damn it. She had a point.

Pulling my arm away, I distanced myself from her.

"Then don't touch me too much."

"Oh, come on. Can't you at least tell me where you got it?"

Ignoring her, I stood up with a frown.

"None of your business. I'm leaving."

Clana leaned back, smirking.

"You're really just gonna leave a hot lady all alone?"

I scoffed.

"What hot lady? I don't see one."

Tuning out my cousin's antics, I made my way toward the third pool.

Compared to the others, it was practically empty—only five people were there.

Including me, Ragna, Danzo, Snow, and Dawn.

Three from Class B.

Two from Class A.

Bonatiro strode through the air, his laughter echoing above us.

"You have ten minutes to adjust to the water before I start attacking... Think of this as real combat training."

I scowled. Bonatiro was an S-Class Awakened.

Were we seriously expected to withstand his attacks while struggling against the crushing pressure of this water?

I plunged into the third pool—only to be struck by an overwhelming force that threatened to drag me under.

Immediately, I unleashed my full power just to stay afloat and move.

"What is this water...?"

I wasn't the only one struggling. The others were barely managing to keep themselves above the surface.

Bonatiro, however, showed no mercy. With a flick of his finger, he smirked.

"Let's begin."

A small sphere of water formed at his fingertip.

Then, it multiplied.

Dozens of identical spheres hovered around him before launching toward us at breakneck speed.

Panic set in. Everyone flailed in a desperate attempt to dodge—

But it was useless.

Several of the hardened water spheres slammed into me, sending sharp waves of pain through my body—like I had just been shot.

I nearly lost control and sank.

"Shit—!"

Bonatiro let out a manic laugh, hurling more water projectiles with increasing speed.

"Dance for me, little fish! Move!"

The chaos in the pool had drawn a crowd. Onlookers gawked as we floundered under the relentless assault.

"You thought this was just a training session?!" Bonatiro's voice boomed. "This is only the beginning!"

Caught in the frenzy, we thrashed wildly, scrambling to evade the strikes of our lunatic instructor.

At that moment, I seriously questioned why I even bothered showing up to this class...

Author's Note:

A quick breakdown of the world's geography compared to our real world:

The Empire is centered where Europe once was.

The Arctic is now known as The Northern Nightmare Lands.

Most of Asia has become The Eastern Nightmare Lands.

Africa has transformed into The Southern Nightmare Lands.

The Atlantic Ocean is now called The Demon Sea.

The Americas have become The Ultras Territories.

Each Nightmare Land has its own unique terrain, creatures, and horrors. More details will be revealed in time...