

## VILLAIN 55

Chapter 55 55: Reaching the Goal (3)

- Frey Starlight Pov-

...

"Wake up, my son... How long do you plan to keep sleeping?"

"Just five more minutes... Please, just five more minutes..."

My mother's voice was gentle yet persistent, but my bed had an irresistible pull—I couldn't bring myself to leave its warmth.

"Are you sure you want to keep sleeping? You might regret it later," she said, her voice tinged with something I couldn't quite place.

My father's voice followed.

"Your mother is right... After all, five minutes is far longer than what we were given."

Shake—Shake

I felt small hands tugging at my waist, urging me to wake up.

"Wake up... Brother."

Slowly, I opened my eyes.

My family stood around me.

I studied their faces, memorizing every detail. I did this every day—terrified that, one day, I might forget them.

"My son, why are you crying?"

"Huh?"

Finally, my mind snapped back into focus.

My body jolted upright, panic surging through me as I reached out toward them—

And then, in an instant, my world flipped upside down.

I was no longer in my bed.

Instead, I was slumped over a bus seat, my hand still reaching upward for something that no longer existed.

Touching my damp cheeks, I muttered,

"A dream... huh?"

I took a deep breath, adjusting my posture.

"Remember... Always remember what you have to do."

Sighing, I gazed out the window.

"How long was I asleep?"

I glanced at my watch.

Distance: 0 meters

Time remaining until the end of the exam: 23 minutes

"We're almost done, then."

I scanned my surroundings—Sophia was nowhere in sight.

In that case...

I pulled out my laptop and checked the mission list.

Bingo.

A new objective had appeared alongside the side quests.

Achieve first place in the exam.

Reward: 500 Achievement Points.

"Perfect."

That idiotic system always threw in missions like this, and I was more than happy to exploit them.

This might just be the easiest 500 points I'll ever earn.

As I navigated through my system's limited functions, my eyes landed on something that had been bothering me for a while.

Host Name: Frey Starlight (Dual Soul).

"...Still here."

That label—Dual Soul—had haunted me for some time now.

At first, I thought it meant that my soul and the original Frey's soul coexisted in this body.

I even wondered if he was still alive, somewhere deep inside.

But in the end, all that remained of him were instincts and habits—nothing more. I had been suppressing them more effectively lately.

Soon enough, not even Seris's presence would faze me.

"He won't come back to fight me for this body... right?"

That would be a real pain. I had no idea how I'd handle it.

And then, there was the SSS-Rank Aura.

A vast ocean of power lay dormant inside me, waiting to be used. But where had it come from?

The system? No, I doubted it.

That thing wasn't generous enough to hand me something like this for free.

"...Too many mysteries."

Pushing those thoughts aside, I stepped off the bus and took a deep breath of fresh air.

"I wonder how the exam is going..."

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Distance: 5000 meters.

Seris glanced at her watch. She had been flying for a while now. Beside her, Clana leaped effortlessly from tree to tree, her body glowing with an intense, blinding light.

"We took out four of them, and they took out four of us... We're even," Clana remarked casually.

Seris shook her head.

"No... We're at a disadvantage."

"And how's that?"

"It's not about numbers. It's about who was eliminated."

Seris paused briefly before continuing.

"They still have their four strongest fighters. Meanwhile... we lost our best."

She could still hear the voice from earlier—the announcement that Danzo and Ragna had been eliminated.

It had hit them like a thunderclap.

"Now that you mention it, this is bad... And on top of their strongest four, that monster Snow is still in play. Honestly, I can't even imagine him losing."

"And then there's that assassin, Ghost... Every time I see him, my body shivers for some reason. What do we do now? Do we even have a chance of winning?"

Seris remained silent for a few seconds before responding.

"We have one chance... No, I can't even call it a chance."

Unlike Seris, who glided effortlessly through the air, Clana had to keep moving, slashing through obstacles as she leapt. But that didn't stop her from chatting.

"So, what's the plan?"

"We need to regroup with the remaining fighters... or at the very least, find Frey Starlight."

Clana raised an eyebrow.

"Frey? I thought you hated him."

Seris's expression didn't change.

"That has nothing to do with this. Frey is one of the few who can stop Snow. Leaving him out would be foolish."

"I see what you mean... If we form a three-man team and take them down one by one, we might have a shot. But the real question is—how do we find Frey?"

"I have a way... but it's not guaranteed."

Clana smirked.

"As expected of the Ice Queen—you always have a plan."

Seris ignored the compliment and continued flying.

"For now, let's keep moving."

At this point, Clana had given up trying to have a normal conversation with Seris. She wasn't offended by the cold response; she simply voiced her thoughts without a care.

"But seriously, that guy is something else... From the disgrace of the Starlight Family to this? Who would've thought he'd become so powerful?"

Her words seemed to strike a nerve, as Seris's expression darkened.

"Yes... He has become strong. But through twisted means."

Clana frowned.

"What do you mean, twisted? Are you saying he relied on some external power?"

Seris ignored the question.

"Let's focus on what we came here to do."

She shut down any further discussion.

Seris recalled their previous duel.

She hadn't challenged him for no reason—Seris was sharp. She had suspicions about Frey and wanted to test his strength firsthand.

She had a certain hypothesis... but no proof.

Until she did, she would observe from a distance.

For now, she closed her eyes and focused.

"We need to locate him."

A soft blue glow enveloped Seris's body before a sonic pulse spread outward.

"Skill: Isolated Wave."

This ability allowed her to scan the area around her, detecting movement within a 2000-meter radius.

Unfortunately, it didn't reveal identities—only presences.

After activating the skill, Seris confirmed four individuals.

Two of them were particularly close.

"Which one is Frey?"

If she chose wrong, it could spell disaster.

But—neither of them was Frey.

After all, she had no way of knowing that he was still over 5000 meters away, near the bus.

At that moment, two figures rapidly approached.

"Clana, get ready. We've got company."

She didn't know if they were allies or enemies, so she prepared for the worst.

Then—

A surge of violent aura tore through the air as a colossal rock wall erupted, blocking their path.

Seris hovered in place, frowning, while Clana skidded to a stop.

A mountain-sized wall stood in their way.

Atop it, a young man with black hair and crimson eyes stared down at them.

His flaming sword burned fiercely as he raised it.

"Sorry, but this is the end of the road."

A ferocious firestorm erupted from the attack, surging toward Seris at blistering speed.

She reacted instantly. Frost enveloped both of her hands, forming a massive, bell-shaped ice dome.

The flames crashed against the frozen barrier, melting its surface—yet failing to breach it.

Clana's sharp gaze flickered toward the young man who had launched the attack, her eyes narrowing in recognition.

"Dawn Polaris, A-4... Be careful. He's a dual-element wielder."

But before she could say more—

Dawn was already upon her.

"The one who should be careful... is you."

Clana's sword was in her hand in an instant. Their blades met in a clash of steel and sparks.

But—

A single strike turned into two, then four, then eight—sixteen in the blink of an eye.

Dawn wielded his sword as though it were an extension of his own body, his movements terrifying in their precision.

"What the hell...?"

Despite her desperate defense, fresh wounds kept appearing on Clana's body.

Each time she closed a gap in her guard, Dawn exposed a new one.

"Is swordsmanship at this level even possible?"

She gritted her teeth, struggling to keep up—while Dawn merely laughed.

"It's pointless."

Her fate had been sealed the moment she crossed blades with him.

After all, in terms of pure swordsmanship—

Even Snow himself was beneath him.

His innate talent, Sword Master, granted him an overwhelming advantage.

At that moment, dozens of ice swords materialized in the sky, all aimed at Dawn's back.

They shot forward with deadly precision—fast and relentless.

Yet, Dawn didn't even turn around.

Because—

A surge of Stellar Aura erupted from him, obliterating the ice swords in an instant.

And it didn't stop there—

The shockwave continued forward, striking Seris head-on.

She reflexively shielded herself with her wings, but the impact was too powerful.

The force sent her hurtling backward, slamming into the ground.

Shaking off the impact, Seris scowled.

She recognized this power.

From the depths of the forest, bathed in an overwhelming blue radiance of Stellar Aura, he emerged.

His golden eyes burned as he raised his sword.

"Let's end this test."

In that moment—

Seris Moonlight stood face-to-face with Snow.

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At the Frontline...

Ghost came to a stop, boredom etched across his face.

He lazily checked his watch.

Distance: 7200 meters

Time remaining: 16 minutes

The towering mountains stretched before him.

It wouldn't take long to reach the border.

"I'll stop here."

Finding a sturdy tree, he reclined against the trunk, arms folded behind his head.

His part in this test was done.

For now, he simply lay there, savoring a rare moment of peace—

Until a deep frown crossed his face.

"How annoying."

Before he could react, his form melted into the shadows.

A split second later—

The tree he had been resting on was reduced to splinters, torn apart by a devastating barrage of wind blades.

Ghost reappeared on the ground, running a hand through his hair.

"Can't a guy nap in peace?"

Above him, a lone figure hovered in mid-air—

A young man with long, golden hair.

Feyrith.

For some reason, he looked utterly livid.

A storm raged around him.

"Tsk."

A colossal tornado descended upon Ghost.

He dodged effortlessly—

But the moment he moved, the ground shuddered violently.

The terrain fractured, breaking apart and launching skyward—

Trapping Ghost within it.

From a distance, Jan manipulated the earth, causing powerful tremors.

As a massive boulder soared through the air, Kyle Walker leaped onto it, his fist swelling with monstrous power.

With a single punch—

The entire rock exploded.

Ghost, caught within the debris, plummeted—

Only for Feyrith to unleash a wind blast, reducing the fragments to dust.

For a brief moment, the trio assumed victory—

Until Ghost reappeared below, hands tucked casually into his pockets.

"Nice teamwork. Now... can we end this? I really don't feel like fighting anymore."

Ignoring his words, Jan and Kyle rushed forward, launching a relentless assault.

One was fast and unyielding—

The other was brutally powerful.

Yet, Ghost didn't even lift his arms.

Dodging effortlessly, he weaved through their attacks.

Boredom was evident in his expression.

As an assassin, close-quarters combat was a death sentence.

But against these two?

He couldn't even be bothered.

If Danzo or Ragna had fought him head-on, things might've been different.

But Jan and Kyle?

They weren't a threat.

While effortlessly dodging, Ghost sighed.

"Guys, I'm not even fighting back. Just let me go, will you?"

"Damn it!"

Jan and Kyle cursed, frustration mounting as they failed to land a single hit.

Then—

A voice rang out.

"Step aside. I'll handle this myself."

Reluctantly, the duo backed off.

Feyrith stepped forward.

"Hmm?"

Ghost's curiosity stirred as he studied the man before him.

Feyrith's aura surged—

Fast.

Too fast.

Ghost's expression darkened.

"His aura... it's approaching C-rank."

Without hesitation, Feyrith unleashed a relentless storm of attacks.

Ghost sighed and finally pulled his hands from his pockets—

Twin black daggers flickered into his grip.

Some attacks, he parried. Others, he dodged.

"Feyrith Earliet, huh?"

His eyes sharpened as he studied his opponent.

Above them, dozens of tornados formed, all locked onto him.

"Were you always this strong?"

Something was wrong.

Feyrith was far stronger than he had been in his battle against Frey Starlight.

The difference was staggering.

The tornados crashed down—

Ghost clicked his tongue.

"Looks like I'll have to take this seriously."

When the dust cleared—

Ghost was nowhere to be seen.

Somehow, he had appeared behind Feyrith, his shadow-infused daggers slashing toward his neck.

Feyrith intercepted the attack with his sword, their faces inches apart.

"Tell me... Are you the one who eliminated Sansa?"

Ghost's brows furrowed in confusion.

"Eliminated who?"

A powerful gust blasted him away—

Followed by another storm of razor-sharp wind blades.

"Answer me!"

Ghost sighed and sank into the ground.

"I have no interest in eliminating more people. Extra work is a pain... especially against maniacs like this. I'll just stall for time until the test ends."

As Ghost flickered between shadows, Feyrith relentlessly bombarded the area.

It continued for a while—

Until—

Feyrith, on the verge of unleashing a final, devastating attack, abruptly halted.

A loud announcement echoed through the battlefield.

"Fatal Strike!"

"Fatal Strike!"

"Jan Dover B-10 and Kyle Walker B-8 have been eliminated."

Feyrith's expression twisted.

"What the hell is going on?"

And then—

He turned—

Just in time to see a blazing arrow streaking toward him.

He barely managed to conjure wind barriers, deflecting the projectile at the last second.

Perched atop a tree, a girl with an elegant blue bow had already nocked another arrow.

Lara Croft.

"Oops~ Your friends were dumb enough to drop their guard. I just couldn't resist."

She had sniped them in the head.

A punishment for their carelessness.

Ghost reappeared nearby, stretching.

"Great. Now you can fight while I go somewhere else."

Lara frowned.

"What?! Let's finish him together while we have the chance!"

Ghost sighed.

"Why should I?"

Before she could argue—

A deafening roar shook the air.

"You bastards... Are you mocking me?!"

Spheres of wind manifested, distorting the space around Feyrith.

Ghost and Lara froze.

"Wait... those orbs...? That's a privilege exclusive to Wave Controllers!"

Lara's voice trembled.

"Wasn't he a swordsman?!"

Ghost narrowed his eyes.

"Forget the orbs... these waves... Upper-Tier Property... Sound?"

Neither of them understood.

What the hell was happening to Feyrith?

And then—

Feyrith unleashed hell.

Ignoring all strategy, he simply erased everything in sight.