

## VILLAIN 62

### Chapter 62 Signs of Disaster

The sky slowly darkened as the sun disappeared beyond the horizon.

Inside one of the temple's cafés, a well-dressed man sat, sipping his coffee while admiring the view.

At some point, he glanced at his watch—it was just past seven. Taking a final sip, he stood up, leaving a few silver coins on the table, much to the delight of the staff.

He strolled leisurely through the temple's vast grounds, which resembled a small city. Turn after turn, he found himself alone, having ventured deep into the dimly lit alleys.

Eventually, he stopped.

In the pitch-black darkness, his figure vanished entirely, leaving only his crimson eyes gleaming through the void.

He pulled out a strange device—a crystal with a deep violet hue.

With a single tap, an eerie silhouette materialized—a man clad in a black suit, his face completely obscured.

Though he appeared ordinary, the red-eyed man's reaction suggested otherwise. The moment the figure emerged, he knelt on one knee.

"Greetings, my lord."

The suited man remained unfazed, skipping pleasantries altogether.

"Is everything ready?"

"Yes, the preparations are complete. I await your command."

The faceless man gave a slight nod. Clearly, he had no interest in idle chatter, seeking to end the conversation as swiftly as possible.

Before vanishing, he left behind a final warning.

"Don't mess this up, Kai Luc. This is your only chance to ascend."

Kai Luc remained kneeling until the projection faded. Slowly, he rose to his feet.

His expression was calm, but the cracks forming along the nearby buildings betrayed his true emotions.

His fists clenched tightly, his crimson eyes burning with an ominous glow.

At that moment, no one knew what kind of storm was about to descend upon the temple.

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- Frey Starlight Pov-

Sweat dripped down my skin after hours of intense training. Over the past few hours, I had tested a variety of techniques, from solo drills to sparring with others.

Surprisingly, the experience had been more rewarding than expected—I even found new sparring partners.

The lingering heat in my muscles fueled my desire for one final match before calling it a day.

I was about to ask Snow when I noticed a tall young man with long blond hair approaching me.

With a friendly smile, he raised his sword.

"How about a duel?"

Seeing Feyrith's polite demeanor, I couldn't help but chuckle.

"You want a rematch?"

Hearing the teasing tone in my voice, Feyrith frowned slightly. But what he did next genuinely caught me off guard.

He bowed his head slightly.

"I apologize for my past behavior. I now realize how childish and unfair I was toward you. Frey, I don't expect you to forgive me, but I hope this can at least make up for it a little."

His words made me freeze for a moment, and even the others nearby halted their training upon hearing them.

I was stunned. Was this really Feyrith, the typical third-rate villain, saying something like that?

He was the one I had always believed was meant to replace the old Frey in this version of the story.

Everything pointed to him being the likely suspect, but recent events had started to challenge that assumption.

Still, since he approached me on his own, I wasn't about to waste the opportunity to dig deeper.

I patted his shoulder with a grin.

"It's fine. I overreacted back then too... No hard feelings."

"I'm glad to hear that."

After exchanging polite smiles, I made my way to one of the nearby arenas.

"Shall we begin?"

At my question, he nodded.

"Come at me whenever you're ready."

Raising my sword, I immediately shifted into combat mode. My previous friendly demeanor vanished, replaced by cold focus.

Feyrith Earlet... This might be my chance to bring you into the light and end this once and for all.

Skipping unnecessary warm-ups, I lunged forward, slashing with a surge of dark aura.

Feyrith reacted swiftly, deflecting my strike with a sharp parry.

Our swords clashed, locking together in a fierce struggle. He thought he had blocked my attack—until ten identical copies of myself emerged, striking simultaneously at multiple points on his body.

Sensing danger, he conjured several wind barriers, blocking my attacks in an instant.

Yet somehow, he immediately pinpointed my real position, launching a counterattack that forced us into a close-quarters clash.

Outside the arena, several spectators watched intently.

Standing side by side, Snow and Dawn observed the duel.

After the first exchange, Dawn muttered in surprise.

"Frey is more aggressive than usual..."

Snow remained silent, simply watching.

Meanwhile, I continued pressing Feyrith. He was much stronger than the last time we fought.

But I had anticipated that.

I quickly scanned the training ground, noting the presence of many people—most notably, Snow.

My goal was to push Feyrith into revealing his true nature. If he lost control, Snow and I would be able to restrain him.

The real question was—how?

No matter how much I pressured him, he wouldn't crack. If anything, he was handling my attacks too well.

If I unleashed my full power, this wouldn't be considered a simple spar anymore.

I sank into deep thought.

Think... How do I force him to use his demonic power?

Recalling what I knew about demon contracts, an idea struck me.

Demons were fueled by emotions—anger, hatred... and love.

A smirk crossed my lips as I took a few steps back.

Let's test this.

"You know, you've improved a lot... Feyrith."

At my words, he adjusted his stance.

"Glad to hear it. But I still have a long way to go."

"No, no—you're really strong. I bet plenty of girls would fall for you like this."

I lunged forward again, our swords clashing violently. Taking advantage of my close proximity, I threw out my next words.

"Girls like Sansa, for example."

For a fraction of a second, he froze.

I carefully studied his reaction.

I needed a response.

But instead of what I expected, he simply chuckled, pushing me back.

"I'd be happy if that happened."

A normal response?

Impossible.

I pressed further, determined to dig deeper.

"Oh? So you're admitting you like her?"

Despite our relentless swordplay, my voice carried through clearly.

He feigned calmness, answering nonchalantly.

"I can't answer that."

Seeing him pretend to be flustered, I intensified my attack.

"So I was right. But are you sure about that, Feyrith?"

"What do you mean?"

Sparks flew as our swords clashed with increasing intensity—a stark contrast to the nature of our conversation.

"What do I mean?"

I paused briefly before continuing.

"Honestly, your chances are close to zero... Feyrith, I'd suggest giving up."

Dark Aura surged as I unleashed a series of rapid slashes.

"She's a princess, after all... I doubt she'd ever fall for someone like you."

"She's out of your league, Feyrith."

Feyrith had been silent for a while now, doing nothing but defending.

I watched him, growing restless.

Come on... Do it. I just made you hear the words you hate the most. Fight back!

I waited for an angry outburst.

But instead, Feyrith simply smiled as the wind surged fiercely around him.

"Thanks for the advice, Frey... but I won't give up that easily."

This time, he attacked—but it wasn't the reaction I was expecting.

We clashed for a while longer, but in the end, neither of us could overpower the other, so we stopped.

"Good match."

He thanked me before walking away.

I watched his retreating figure, my expression unreadable.

What... was that?

If someone had mentioned Seris to the old Frey, he would've snapped immediately.

Yet, Feyrith Earlet barely reacted.

That was almost impossible. Demonic contracts were supposed to amplify emotions.

Could it be... that Feyrith wasn't the contractor after all?

I found myself unsettled.

For some reason, the chill I had felt earlier refused to fade—not even after leaving the training hall.

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That night, I returned to my room late, took a shower to wash off the sweat, and collapsed onto my bed.

I was exhausted and fell asleep instantly.

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## The Next Morning

As usual, I headed to class early.

Most of the lessons were dull—except for Sophia's.

I sat through Fleming's lecture on elemental affinities for what felt like the hundredth time.

Struggling to keep my eyes open, I fought off the overwhelming urge to sleep.

When class finally ended, I stood up and made my way toward two girls who were about to leave.

As I stepped in front of them, blocking their path, both Sansa and Adriana halted.

The latter instinctively hid behind Sansa.

By now, I was used to this reaction, so I wasn't surprised. Instead, I focused on the princess.

"Can I have a moment?"

Sansa frowned slightly, her brows knitting together.

"Do you need something?"

"I just want to talk."

"Then speak here."

I raised an eyebrow at her response.

Was she... mad at me?

"In private, if you don't mind."

Seeing my insistence, she stared at me for a moment before sighing in resignation.

"Go ahead first, Adriana. I'll catch up later."

At that moment, Adriana leaned in, covering her mouth as she whispered in Sansa's ear, clearly trying to keep me from hearing.

"Are you sure about this? You know the rumors about him. What if he—"

"It's fine. I'll be okay."

"But—"

"Adriana, I'll be fine. Just go."

I stared at them blankly.

What's the point of whispering when I can hear even the quietest sounds?

After a brief exchange, Adriana reluctantly left.

Meanwhile, Sansa and I stepped out of the classroom together.

We had an hour before the next lecture.

The moment I left the room, my body relaxed.

For some reason, the strange sense of danger I had felt earlier that morning returned the moment I entered the classroom, leaving me puzzled.

I decided to think about it later and focused on the girl in front of me instead.

She walked ahead, her face unreadable.

Since I knew she wouldn't speak first, I took the initiative.

"Is something wrong?"

She was clearly upset with me.

"I don't know. You tell me—" she said. "Is there?"

"I wouldn't be asking if I knew the answer."

Silence followed.

Soon, we reached a vending machine stocked with various drinks.

I grabbed a soda for myself before turning to ask what she wanted.

She simply pointed.

Iced tea, then.

After getting our drinks, we sat down at one of the benches nearby.

"So? What do you want?"

I took a sip before answering.

"First, can you drop the hostility?"

"What hostility?"

"This... this aura of yours."

"I have no idea what you're talking about."

I sighed.

I'd never understand this girl. Out of all the characters in this world, she was the only one I hadn't written, and that often made her a source of endless frustration.

"At least tell me why. I'm in a tough spot here."

She glanced at me before shaking her head.

"You've got some nerve, Frey. After pushing me away, you now act as if nothing happened?"

Pushing her away? Was she talking about that time?

Frowning, I responded.

"My reaction was natural. You were the one who doubted me."

"I only asked if you were okay. And of course, I doubted you! I know exactly what kind of person you are! Maybe you were deceived, or maybe you're after power and benefits... When people hear the name Frey Starlight, anything is possible."

Hearing her words, I lowered my gaze.

Ignoring her unwavering stare, I silently continued drinking.

She's not wrong. At least, if she was talking about the old Frey.

But that person was long gone.

I refocused on her when she pointed out something important.

"If you doubt me, then why did you follow me here alone?"

At my question, she tilted her head slightly and looked to the side indifferently.

"I simply realized that demons wouldn't waste their time dealing with an idiot."

At that moment, I nearly choked on my drink.

That was a dumb question.

Everyone had seen us leave together earlier, and some might even be watching me now.

I had forgotten she was a princess.

Choosing to ignore it, I got straight to the point.

"Let's just forget it, Sansa. Call it even."

"Just say what you need to say."

I took a moment before asking,

"Alright... This might sound strange, but have you ever felt like you were being targeted?"

She tilted her head.

"Targeted?"

"Yeah, like... do you ever feel like someone is watching you? Or maybe someone has been getting close to you a lot recently?"

Seeing how serious I was, she laughed.

"The only person who's been getting close to me lately is you. And the one staring the most is also you."

"Hah?"

My expression betrayed me.

Only then did I finally realize what she meant.

I smacked my forehead.

I had been observing her frequently after learning about her story... Had she noticed every single time?

Somehow, the coldness from earlier disappeared as the princess chuckled.

"I'm just messing with you. Why are you reacting like this now?"

"..."

Seeing my silence, she finally answered my question seriously.

"Let's see... I don't feel like anyone's watching me. I get a few stares here and there, but nothing unusual. As for people getting close to me... well, a lot of them do because of my status. Other than that, nothing else."

I lowered my head, deep in thought, before looking at her again.

"What about a confession? A love confession?"

My question made her pause.

After staring for a moment, she sighed before answering.

"Because of my position as a princess, no one can approach me that way. You already know that."

I knew most of my questions sounded ridiculous, but I had to ask them to confirm my suspicions about Feyrith.

She studied me for a while before speaking again.

"Why are you asking these questions now? Are you worried about me?"

I nodded in response.

"Yeah, I suppose so."

She hadn't expected that answer, which explained the surprise on her face.

I didn't want to admit that I had done it for my own reasons. Since I had already resolved things with her, there was no point in stirring things up again.

"That's not like you, Frey. Are you actually worried about someone other than yourself?"

"I do, from time to time."

Seeing that I didn't deny it, she idly played with her fingers.

"Well... there's no need to worry. I am a princess, after all. It won't be that easy to lay a hand on me."

I nodded. She was right.

If her situation was anything like Prince Aegon's, then there were surely unseen eyes watching us even now. There was no way someone of her status would be left unguarded.

A quiet pause followed as we both finished our drinks.

Then, almost absentmindedly, I asked,

"You once told me you can read emotions just by looking at someone's face, right?"

She nodded.

"Then tell me... what do you usually see when you look at mine?"

She remained silent for a moment before answering,

"If I had to put it into words... sadness. For some reason, that's the emotion I see the most."

"I see."

That was oddly reassuring. At the very least, my emotions and desires were still present—they hadn't completely faded away.

She seemed like she wanted to ask more, but in the end, she held back. Maybe because we weren't that close.

"To be honest, you've become harder to read lately... Everything about you feels different, like you're a completely different person."

I leaned back in my chair, answering her in a relaxed tone.

"That's only natural."

Our eyes met.

"After all... I'm not Frey."

Silence followed.