

VILLAIN 63

Chapter 63 Seeds of Doubt (1)

-Frey Starlight's Pov-

"This is only natural... after all—"

"I am not Frey."

A heavy silence settled over the place as Sansa's face twisted in confusion.

"...Not Frey?"

I nodded.

"Then... what should I call you?"

Her question caught me off guard. Should I tell her my real name?

I quickly dismissed the idea.

"On second thought... I am Frey."

"Are you messing with me?"

"Not at all."

She exhaled a long sigh, stepping back slightly as she muttered under her breath.

"You know what's funny? As ridiculous as your words sound, I don't feel like you're lying."

"That's because I'm not."

At that moment, we both stood up, making our way back to class.

"You know, Frey... I've never once questioned this ability of mine. It's been with me since birth. But for the first time... you made me doubt it."

"..."

I remained silent.

Even I wasn't sure why I told her the truth. Was I supposed to say, 'Hey, I created this world—and you along with it'?

Or should I just tell her I reincarnated from another world?

Neither option made sense. The moment those words left my mouth, I realized how foolish it was—so I contradicted myself immediately.

She probably thinks I'm insane now...

I settled into my usual seat at the back of the classroom, waiting for the lesson to begin. From across the room, I spotted Adriana fussing over Sansa, worry etched on her face.

I was certain I had officially become Adriana's personal nightmare.

Before long, the rest of the students returned, and class resumed.

An hour of Sophia's lesson flew by—unlike the other lectures that always seemed to drag on.

Nothing particularly noteworthy happened, except for one thing: the strange shift in the relationship between Feyrith and his entourage.

It felt... different.

Or rather, Feyrith seemed to be treating them more kindly.

I'd be lying if I said that didn't bother me.

For the first time, I started questioning my own conclusions—my so-called knowledge of this world. That was why my laptop now rested on my desk, hidden from sight.

I was seriously considering using the Author's Advice feature to confirm the true contractor's identity.

But when I saw the updated pricing, I nearly lost my mind.

Random Advice: 100 Achievement Points

Direct Advice: 500 Achievement Points

The moment I saw those numbers, my face twisted in irritation.

Last time I used this ability, it only cost double-digit points.

How the hell did it suddenly skyrocket to this?!

I ruffled my hair in frustration, exhaling in defeat.

I couldn't afford to waste more points now.

The Anti-Magic was crucial to countering the upcoming attack.

I wouldn't be this cautious if the events had played out as they did in the original story—where the protagonist and the professors managed to repel the invasion.

But now... everything had changed with just three words.

[Difficulty Level Raised]

I had no idea which path we were heading down anymore. That was why I needed to prepare for every possibility.

Not to mention the skill I needed to steal from the man leading the invasion.

With a heavy sigh, I closed my laptop.

I had no choice but to rely on myself.

That, or... kiss every girl in class.

Just as I was about to make my move, a familiar chill crawled down my spine.

It happened the moment Sophia left the room.

I scanned the classroom carefully.

Not many people remained. Feyrith and his group...

Seris, whom I had been deliberately avoiding...

And the prince—Aegon.

No matter how much I focused, I couldn't pinpoint the source of this unease. It was starting to get under my skin.

I decided to leave before drawing unwanted attention.

As I stepped into the hallway, I spotted a familiar figure.

My cousin, Clana Starlight, was talking to a young man with white hair and black eyes.

He wore the white uniform of the Abyss Class, its emblem displayed on his chest.

The moment our eyes met, a wide grin stretched across my face.

"Well, if it isn't dear cousin Emond."

Damn. I completely forgot about him.

Emond's expression twisted in disgust the instant he saw me, as if he had just swallowed something rotten.

"...Frey."

"It's been a while. How's the Abyss Class treating you?"

This guy was the first person to pick a fight with me in this world, so naturally, I enjoyed provoking him whenever I had the chance.

Of course, bringing up the Abyss Class only reminded him of his failure to enter the Elite Class. The veins on his forehead bulged in response.

"You bastard..."

To my surprise, he immediately closed the distance between us.

Looks like his temper hasn't improved at all.

I barely had time to react before his clenched fist came flying toward my face—

But before he could land a hit, Clana swiftly stepped between us, blocking him.

"That's enough. If you two want to fight, at least do it somewhere I don't have to see it."

At her words, I raised my hands in surrender.

"I have no interest in fighting. I'd never dream of crossing swords with an Abyss student~"

Clana shot me a warning glare for continuing to provoke her brother. Meanwhile, Emond's face was turning red with rage.

"Don't get cocky, Frey! The class divisions mean nothing here! I can still crush you anytime I want!"

"Bold words. Just what I'd expect from an Abyss student~ We've been putting off our duel for too long. How about we settle things now?"

"Bring it on, you bastard—"

Before he could charge at me, a slender hand grabbed his wrist, yanking him back.

"That's enough. Frey, you do realize what a duel with him would mean right now, don't you?"

Her words snapped me back to my senses. I had let my excitement get the better of me.

I nodded in understanding, and she took that as her cue to drag Emond away.

He continued shouting at her, but she didn't let go.

She was right...

The Abyss Class and the Elite Class had a deeply rooted rivalry.

That was why it was rare to see an Abyss student wandering around here—Emond being an exception.

If I had fought him now and crushed him, it would have provoked a backlash from the Abyss Class—something I had no interest in dealing with.

The real hostility burned strongest among the second-years and beyond. Since we were still in our first year, we had yet to experience it in full.

The Elite Class nurtured those with exceptional talent, while the Abyss Class focused on hard work and perseverance, often taking in students with lower potential.

Their conflict wasn't ending anytime soon.

That day, I returned to my room, unable to shake the gnawing doubts in my mind.