

VILLAIN 64

Chapter 64: Seeds of Doubt (2)

Days passed one after another...

I grew more and more bewildered by Feyrith's behavior—he had practically transformed into a saint.

He was even forging friendships with students from Class A, which only worsened my headache.

His actions completely contradicted those of the contractor.

And if Feyrith wasn't the one... then who was?

I was especially concerned because the invasion event was only three days away.

And that lingering sense of unease? It still hadn't disappeared.

It would creep up at times, then vanish again—leaving me even more uncertain.

The only good news was the update to the side quest list.

Most of the new side quests were ridiculous—things like skipping class or causing minor disruptions—but they were easy to complete, bringing me closer to my goal.

Unfortunately, the only remaining tasks were the kissing mission and defeating Ghost—who I could never seem to find.

I was lost in thought when suddenly, a muscular hand clamped down on my shoulder.

"What's with that dumb stare?"

I turned to find Danzo standing beside me.

"Nothing... just spaced out for a bit."

"Quit wasting time on pointless thoughts. Let's get out of here before I suffocate."

"Sure, but I don't see Ragna anywhere."

Danzo shoved his hands into his pockets and started walking toward the exit.

"No idea. He said he had something to take care of."

"I see..."

After walking beside him for a while, curiosity got the better of me.

"Tell me, Danzo... what do you think of the current situation?"

"What situation?"

"The assassinations, the contractors hiding among us. Who do you think they are?"

He was silent for a moment before answering.

"I don't know. And thinking about it won't change anything."

His indifference made me throw out a possibility.

"What if the rumors about me being one of them were true?"

"Then I'd just have to fight and kill you. Simple as that."

His bluntness made me chuckle.

"That easy, huh?"

He nodded.

"There's no point in overthinking it. Smarter and more capable people have already tried. The spies, the contractors—whoever they are, they'll reveal themselves eventually. When they do, we take them down."

I couldn't help but smile.

"Straightforward and simple."

I wished I could see things that way.

Eventually, we stepped out of the Elite Class building.

We found ourselves outside, standing around aimlessly.

"You wanna do something?"

Hearing my question, he answered immediately.

"I'm hungry."

At that, I took the lead, gesturing for him to follow.

"Come on, I'll have you try something spicy today."

He frowned slightly.

"Something spicy?"

I led him to a particular tent serving traditional food he wasn't used to.

The entire experience, from start to finish, was hilarious.

From the odd way of sitting to the surprise on old man Shahin's face when he saw an extra customer.

Not to mention Danzo's reaction when he took his first bite of the spicy food—he spat it out at me, yelling,

"Are you trying to kill me?!"

I caught the flying plate effortlessly and set it back on the table.

"Don't be a baby. That was just one spoonful."

Something about my reaction must have sparked his competitive side because he noticed I was already finishing my own plate.

"Give it here! I'll show you who's the baby!"

Like an enraged dragon, he kept exhaling fiery breaths after every bite but stubbornly finished his meal.

That hour passed in a way I hadn't experienced in a long time.

Somehow, it reminded me of the days I spent with my real friends in places like this.

I glanced at Danzo, sitting across from me, his eyes bloodshot as he chugged milk like his life depended on it.

Come to think of it... the main characters in this world were all inspired by my real friends.

Danzo was one of them.

I muttered under my breath,

"So this was bound to happen, huh?"

"Huh? Speak up, man."

I snapped back to attention.

"I said, how about another round?"

For once, his expression betrayed him—his face turned pale.

In the end, we didn't stay long and left the tent.

"That was a good meal."

Danzo, however, didn't seem to agree.

"Good meal, my ass... That was torture."

After chatting for a bit, we finally noticed something odd.

For some reason, the atmosphere was more chaotic than usual. Students were moving frantically, as if something big had happened.

I frowned.

More assassinations?

I quickly dismissed the thought.

No way... they wouldn't act before the major assault.

We blended into the crowd, trying to understand what was going on.

Then, Danzo spotted some familiar faces.

"Oi! You three idiots, wait up!"

Following his gaze, I saw Feyrith and his group nearby.

"So, you guys are here too..."

Ignoring Feyrith unusually friendly tone, I got straight to the point.

"What's going on?"

Feyrith hesitated for a second before answering.

"They've already found all the contractors."

"Huh?"

I barely processed his words.

As we made our way to the dorms, Feyrith explained properly.

"Apparently, the church has taken control... They sent envoys into the temple, triggering a large-scale purge."

"Since holy energy directly opposes demonic energy, the contractors were exposed immediately."

Danzo scoffed.

"And here I thought they'd be a real threat..."

I intentionally kept out of the conversation.

A purge like this never happened in the original story...

Once again, the changes were forcing themselves in.

But Feyrith's next words caught my attention.

"It's not over yet. We're next. Apparently, they've sent a high-ranking Saint Candidate to the Elite Dorms."

"The church is more serious than ever."

I was confused.

What unsettled me wasn't the church's actions or the premature elimination of the contractors.

It was Feyrith's calm demeanor.

If a high-ranking Saint Candidate had really been sent, Feyrith wouldn't be able to hide if he were the leader of the contractors inside the temple.

Which meant... was he not actually the one?

Then why...

Why had I felt that same sense of danger since the first time we met?

This had gone on for so long that I was getting sick of it.

That suffocating feeling, like a blade pressed against my throat.

It was time to find out the truth.

"Hawk's Eye."

I activated my skill, expanding my vision to 360 degrees.

Focusing my aura around my eyes, I pushed the ability to its limits, hoping to uncover something.

As I scanned my surroundings, time seemed to slow down...

Then, my eyes widened.

After all this time, I finally saw it—

That strange energy lurking in Feyrith's shadow.

Inside it... was someone I already knew.

Was that... Ghost?!

At last, I understood why I had always felt that sense of danger.

Because of how similar our abilities were, I was the only one who could sense him.

Ghost Umbra.

I let out a quiet laugh.

It seemed I wasn't the only one who suspected you, Feyrith.