

VILLAIN 65

Chapter 65: Seeking the Truth

- Frey Starlight Pov-

I entered the Elite Dormitory alongside Danzo, Feyrith, and his entourage, only to find a crowd of unfamiliar faces waiting for us.

It wasn't just the first-years—upperclassmen were here as well.

My gaze instinctively swept over them, searching for any notable figures. Sure enough, I recognized a few...

Individuals who would one day lead the coming war.

I remembered every moment I had written about them, and now, seeing so many of my own characters standing before me left me feeling utterly bewildered as an author.

At the center of the hall stood Ellen White, president of the Elite Student Council. She commanded the room effortlessly, organizing the crowd with nothing but her voice.

Beside her was a table, and in front of it sat a girl, flanked by two masked men radiating an overwhelming pressure.

But my attention was drawn entirely to her.

I had been wondering who the high-level Saint Candidate was that everyone had been talking about...

Turns out, it was her.

A young woman who appeared to be in her early twenties, with long blonde hair, part of it braided. Her deep blue eyes and mature, striking features exuded beauty, complemented by her well-proportioned figure.

She had finally appeared—one of the main heroines, alongside Seris.

Uriel Platini.

The most prominent Saint Candidate.

She sat calmly at her table, completely indifferent to the people around her, leaving everything to Ellen.

Then, Ellen's voice echoed throughout the hall, cutting straight to the point:

"First-years, step forward in order according to your number for the examination."

At her words, a boy with white hair and golden eyes stepped forward—Snow Lionheart, taking the initiative.

He sat before Uriel, who gave him a soft smile before speaking in a gentle voice.

"Please, give me your hand."

Snow complied without hesitation. In response, Uriel gently took hold of his arm.

She closed her eyes, and immediately, a golden aura surged around them, enveloping them both.

The entire hall fell into silent awe, captivated by the sheer purity of the power radiating from her.

Compared to this, the so-called "sacred power" of Emilia Atarax barely deserved the title.

Even from a distance, I could feel the weight of her strength.

As expected of the girl destined to become the Saint.

The examination didn't last long. As anticipated, Snow passed without issue.

One by one, students from Class A stepped forward, only for the same result to repeat over and over.

A tense atmosphere settled over the room.

Everyone here knew exactly what would happen if a Contractor was discovered.

After all, those masked figures weren't just for show.

But I wasn't concerned about that.

My attention was fixed solely on the young man standing beside me.

'What will you do now, Feyrith?'

By now, Uriel had finished with Class A and had moved on to Class B.

A particularly captivating sight unfolded as Seris sat across from Uriel—two of the main heroines, face to face.

Time seemed to slow as Feyrith's turn approached.

And then... the moment finally arrived.

I watched, my gaze glued to him, as the long-haired blonde made his way forward.

I scrutinized every single step he took.

There was no escaping this.

Even the old Frey wouldn't have been able to hide himself from Uriel's eyes.

It was simply impossible.

Right before me, Feyrith took his seat, extending his hand with a calm expression.

With her slender hands, Uriel grasped his.

As before, the golden light slowly engulfed them.

I held my breath, waiting for the moment when the dark power within him would awaken... But to my utter disbelief...

Uriel smiled before gently releasing his hand.

"Thank you for your patience. You may proceed."

Feyrith nodded and walked away unfazed.

Meanwhile, I stood there, frozen, unable to comprehend what I had just witnessed.

"He... is innocent?"

My thoughts raced, desperately searching for an explanation—only to come up empty.

There were only two possibilities.

Either he was truly innocent...

Or—

My name was called.

Letting out a slow breath, I steadied myself and stepped forward, taking a seat across from Uriel.

The girl before me was mature and breathtaking, beautiful enough to rival Seris Moonlight.

But at this moment, I had no room in my mind to appreciate her charm.

"Please, give me your hand."

I obeyed, offering my left hand. As before, she gently took hold of it.

The process repeated.

A pure aura flowed into me.

It was calm, gentle—so much so that it touched my heart.

At that moment, Uriel, who had kept her eyes closed, suddenly frowned.

Her reaction did not go unnoticed.

One of the masked men immediately asked,

"Is something wrong?"

A chill ran down my spine.

What now?

The thought of antagonizing the Church at this stage sent a shiver through me, but her next words doused me in cold water.

She let go of my hand and smiled faintly.

"No, it's nothing. He's clear. You may go, Frey Starlight."

I nodded and stood up, leaving as fast as I could.

Only when I was far enough did a sharp sting pulse through my left hand, making me realize what had just happened.

"Balerion you motherfucker ... You nearly got us killed !"

Meanwhile, Uriel continued examining students, but she couldn't shake off the memory of that boy.

Frey Starlight.

Unlike the others, she had felt something—something blocking her power from penetrating his body.

It had never happened before, which was why, for a brief moment, she had panicked.

Fortunately, the resistance didn't last long and quickly faded away.

She smirked playfully as she resumed her examinations.

"This year's first-years... aren't simple."

After that bizarre examination, I immediately returned to my room.

I frantically powered on my computer, unable to bear the uncertainty any longer.

A quick glance at my points.

Achievement Points: 9550

I was so close.

So. Damn. Close.

But at this point, I had no choice.

I was at a dead end.

My doubts were scattered.

And I couldn't afford any more uncertainties.

I needed proof.

And this damn system was my only lead.

Ignoring the author's advice, I decided to use an ability I had never touched before.

[Image]

A glimpse into the future.

By spending Achievement Points, the author could receive a single image of an event that would happen in one of the paths affecting them.

The farther the event, the higher the cost.

This was my lifeline.

Two days remained before the raid.

So, I set the date precisely two days into the future.

A notification popped up.

Snapshot of the Future

Date: 17/01/2428

Cost: 300 Achievement Points

"Damn it."

Even though the event was so close, the price was still steep.

But despite everything... I agreed.

I no longer had the freedom to refuse.

The moment I made my decision, a sharp wave of pain struck my mind, forcing me to my knees as I clutched my head in agony.

"What's happening now?!"

My reality turned upside down as the desk, the walls, and everything around me melted away.

Colors blended together, forming a new image before me—slowly but steadily.

I fought with all my might to focus, unwilling to miss a single detail.

And within seconds, my eyes snapped open.

The scene before me... I was looking down from the sky.

From this vantage point, I could see the entire temple—or rather, what was left of it.

What I was witnessing was horrifying: over half of the temple's grounds had been destroyed, and bodies, torn limbs, and shattered remains were scattered everywhere.

Some of those bodies... belonged to the main characters, making my heart race in a frenzy.

Before I could process the devastation and bloodshed, I was yanked back into reality.

I gasped for air, struggling to comprehend what had just happened.

The temple had fallen... The main characters were dead... Events that were never supposed to happen in the original story had unfolded.

I shot to my feet, frantically typing on my computer.

This wasn't what I wanted.

This time, I adjusted the time and reset the clock, praying I was right—praying I would get the outcome I sought.

Achievement points required: 300.

It felt as if those points were carved directly from my flesh, but I accepted the cost, bracing myself for the shock.

"Please... Just give me what I want!"

Unlike before, reality itself dissolved once again, reshaping into a new vision before my eyes.

This time, I saw the temple's students engaged in battle against a group of strangers, most of them clad in black.

The image displayed every member of the elite class, fighting with all their might.

I found myself focusing so intensely on the details that my eyes felt like they might pop out of their sockets.

At first, my heart sank—I couldn't see anything unusual.

But upon a second, closer look, I realized something crucial that I had missed.

And just like that, the vision faded, pulling me back to the present.

I sat there, staring blankly into space, before a strained smile stretched across my face.

"So... it was you."